

## Joy Comes to Chapel

"Don't I sweeten the pill?" she asked, laughing at him, and her laughter was bewitching.

"It was fortunate you did not tell me at first that you were an heiress," he said, grimly. "Now, I suppose, it is too late to plead that you got me to agree with you under false pretences."

\* \* \*

There was no reason for delaying the marriage, and there was every reason for hastening it, seeing that two young people were head-over-ears in love with each other, and that the Quixotic pride of the lover yet stood between him and what his beloved would do for him.

Once married, Godfrey Barron accepted his wife's will, and allowed all that surgical skill could do for him to be called to his aid. He had to endure great suffering and the pain of many unrealised hopes before the bunch of distorted and twisted muscles of his right arm began to be pulled into place and to have sensation in it. He said himself that the agony he had to endure was sweet, since it proved that there was yet life in the injured muscles. In time they regained much of their former usefulness, too late indeed for him to take up the sword again; but, perhaps, he did not grieve greatly for that, since he had chosen the ploughshare rather than the sword. His son must go a-soldiering like his father before him, and make up for his father's failure; and it was enough for him now that he could lift the child with his right arm and set him on his shoulder, while he and Maeve walked side by side.

All trace of the haunted house has disappeared in the ball-room of a stately Dublin house. Only now and again one remembers to have passed it in the dark of a winter afternoon, or the darkness of night, dreading