

sure you would not mind," she said, flinging her head up with a proud gesture, although the laughing light had come back to her eyes.

"I think, my dear, that the man who marries you will be so supremely fortunate that it will matter nothing whether the ceremony is performed in a cathedral or an Indian dug-out," he said, with a gravity that showed the words to be no empty compliment, but the sincere expression of what he felt.

Katherine's lips quivered, but it was a day for smiles, not tears; so she laughed in the nervous fashion with which she was apt to cloak all deep emotion, and said: "I suppose the store may be regarded as the middle way between the cathedral and the dug-out; anyhow, it will be cleaner than the latter by a good long way. I shall tell Nellie to-night that you are quite satisfied to be married in the store, and then perhaps her scruples will vanish."

"We will hope so, at all events," he answered. "The easiest way to issue invitations will be to chalk a notice on the board outside the store, inviting anyone who wishes to be present at the wedding of Miss Katherine Radford with Jervis Ferrars, date to be fixed later on. That had better be attended to to-morrow, so that the intending guests may have time to get their finery all in readiness."

"Oh, what finery it will be!" exclaimed Katherine, with a ripple of amused laughter. "There will be the oddest assortment of garments that anyone can imagine. I believe Oily Dave possesses a 'top' hat, and that will be certain to appear."

"Never mind; we shall survive, I dare say, and so will the bishop if he comes," Jervis answered;