

there, don't cry. Why, you ought to feel quite proud that I think Jeanie is worth taking such a lot of trouble for."

"So I do feel proud, Mr. Page," Mrs. Wade cried, struggling between tears and smiles, "so I do. But I can't help thinking that it's all so useless and so unnecessary. If only my husband had not got this—this craze in his mind, there is no reason why you and Jeanie should not have been married pleasantly and happily, and not a single word have been said about it except of real thankfulness that the child had married so well."

"Well, but you see," said Buttons, "he happens to have got this craze, as you very rightly call it, so there's no more to be said or done except to get round him as best we can. If only Sergeant Wade had told me he didn't trust me, I'd have run away with Jeanie before this—at least, I'd have had a hard try for it. But you see he did trust me to do nothing of that kind, and he told me so, so I was regularly cornered."

"It's the same with Jeanie," sighed Mrs. Wade vexedly. "She has promised her father, and she'll stick to her promise. For my part," the poor soul went on, "I have come not to believe much in duty