

as originally planned." Both Eleanor and Windomshire signified eager affirmation in more ways than one. "Then it seems to me a simple case of coincidence, which may be explained later on. Why discuss it now? I am in reality a minister, Miss Courtenay, and I am here to unite Miss Thursdale and Mr. Dauntless in the holy bonds of matrimony. I trust we may expect no interference on the part of Mr. Windomshire?"

"Good Lord! No!" almost shouted Windomshire, claspings Anne's hand in a mighty grasp. "That's what we are here for ourselves — to be married — but the damned parson has deceived us."

Jim Carpenter came out of his trance at this. "Say, are you the fellow Rev. Smith was to marry? Well, he won't be here. There's a surprise pound party at his house and the whole town is there. He could n't leave to save his soul. It's the way he gets his living."

"Oh, Anne!" cried Windomshire, in real despair.

Anne slipped into the breach with rare old English fortitude. She addressed herself sweetly to Mr. Derby.

