

the news of some great victory had just been announced, so many and so public were the rejoicings. Almost immediately there was mooted the idea of a public wedding, and the idea was immensely popular. It was, however, quite distasteful to Martin, who, like his brother, preferred to be quietly left alone. But that was not to be thought of. The chief men of the town pleaded hard with their hero, but unsuccessfully, until Tom, of all men, added his voice to the rest, telling Martin that, after giving the matter earnest, prayerful thought, he was convinced that it was the right thing to do, as it might be made an occasion for universal thanksgiving. Besides, Tom said, the good folks had been disappointed greatly in not having Martin with them when they had feasted joyfully at the news of the great victory of Santa Cruz, and he felt that they were certainly entitled to have their kindly wishes considered now.

So Martin reluctantly consented, and went to tell Grace. He had consulted her before as to her wishes on the matter, but she had told him, with a sweet air of perfect confidence, that whatever his will in the affair might be, it would certainly be hers. She had no thoughts, no aspirations, no ambitions apart from him, and anything done which would let the outsiders know something of his noble nature would give her joy beyond expression. The acquiescence of Martin was speedily public property, and all classes combined, according to their ability, to make the occasion one long to be remembered in Lyme. Remembering the efforts made at the