

"They'll be after us as soon as he does arrive," vouchsafed the doctor, who was proving his right and title to the wings of the caduceus, though some might insinuate the sinuous part as well.

"How well you mimic Jack's voice, Mack!"

"Oh, yes!" I had two years' interne service in a throat hospital. But it's not difficult to throw your voice towards your roof, so to speak, as Herbert does—I wonder why your father favors him before me?" and he pressed a warm kiss on her not unwilling lips. The tones, Herbert's, rather startled her.

"Father was standing in the kitchen door as I ran out. Did he see you?"

"I think he saw my back, but Herbert and I are about the same size and build—and this ulster collar is deep. Possibly it is the farm and the sheep."

"Yes, he has a fine farm and beautiful Southdowns. I never could, believe me, love that voice. Please do not use it any more. There is no necessity now." She turned her fair face towards his full, dark one. He thought of the stars and blue o'erhead, though night.

"I haven't a fine farm, dear, nor beautiful Southdowns, but I have a sheepskin no one should be ashamed of, and life and hope—may I hope, darling? I love you dearly."

For answer, being not unaccustomed to driving horses, as most country girls like to be on certain occasions, Mary reached for the reins and took them in her own hands.

"We have a sheepskin at home, too—it's inside the front door—magenta."

"Quit your baaing! I'll prove you out."

They were approaching the near-end of St. Vincent. She returned the lines.

"Mary, I have the ring and the license, and the pastor is awaiting us at the manse before going to the tea-meeting. I arranged it all with him this forenoon when making a call here. Then we can go on to the tea-meeting as man and wife. His wife and maid can be witnesses."

"Father and mother will be so angry, and all the people will say we eloped."

"I shall fix all that," he replied, reading acquiescence in her answer, and directing "B-11" to the clergyman's residence.

They took the minister and his wife into the cutter—at least, Dr. McAlpin took his wife, and the minister his—a little crowded, but jolly.