

Frank Yale went down to his cellar and presently came up from thence with a bottle of champagne. Having cut the wires and popped the cork, he filled three old-fashioned glasses.

"Gentlemen," he said, "now we will drink champagne to the health of Lord Arnold and his future wife, wishing them both a long life and happy one."

They rose, the glasses, brimful with sparkling champagne, met in the air with a merry tinkle.

"Long live Lord Arnold and long live his wife," they cried. And Yale to make everything complete, started the time-worn melody, "For he's a jolly good fellow." And so lustily did they sing it that the little rector, who happened to be passing, put in his head to see what it was all about. There was enough champagne left to fill a glass for him, and he speedily joined in the chorus with a rich bass voice that made a very musical accompaniment to the voices of the others.

THE END.