

"She does!" said the Doctor, still aghast.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Colonel. "To-morrow? We are off to-morrow!"

Larry swung upon him eagerly. "Before we go, sir. There is lots of time. You see we do not pull out until after three. We have all the morning, if you could spare me an hour or so. We could get married, and she would just come along with us, sir."

Jane gasped. "With all those men?"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the Colonel. "The boy is mad."

"We might perhaps take the later train," suggested Jane demurely. "But, of course, Papa, I have never agreed at all," she added quickly, turning to her father.

"That settles it, I believe," said Dr. Brown. "Colonel, what do you say? Can it be done?"

"Done?" shouted the Colonel. "Of course, it can be done. Military wedding, guard of honour, band, and all that sort of thing. Proper style, first in the regiment, eh, what?"

"But nothing is ready," said Jane, appalled at the rush of events. "Not a dress, not a bridesmaid, nothing."

"You have got a 'phone," cried Larry, gloriously oblivious of difficulties. "Tell everybody. Oh, sir," he said, turning to Dr. Brown with hand outstretched, "I hope you will let her come. I promise you I will be good to her."

Dr. Brown looked at the young man gravely, almost sadly, then at his daughter. With a quick pang he noted the new look in her eyes. He put out his hand to her and drew her toward him.

"Dear child," he said, and his voice sounded hoarse and strained, "how like you are to your mother to-night." Her arms went quickly about his neck. He held her close to him for a few moments; then loosing her arms, he pushed her gently toward Larry, saying, "Boy, I give her to you. As you deal with her, so may God deal with you."