

a fright. There were tears in her *eyes* (which were blue and very like poor Will's), but there was a charming colour in her cheeks, as she exclaimed,—

"Oh, Major Digby, you frightened me to pieces! I wanted to finish this before you came, and mother said the coach was sure to be late."

"I thought there would be just time for me to see how the tablet looks," said Major Digby, picking up the book. Then he drew Susan's arm into his, and turned with her towards the chancel wall.

"How do you like it?" he asked as they stood in this confidential attitude.

"Oh——" said Susan, in a most eloquent monosyllable.

"I've been thinking a good deal lately," observed Fred—when he had conscientiously examined every letter of the inscription. "I've thought I'd ask you something—and I wanted to ask you here—just as we are now. It seems appropriate, as I first heard about you from poor Will. Do you think, Susan, as you could like me? I liked you the first minute ever I saw you."

When the Major returned with Susan (not more than half an hour later), her sisters instantly perceived that something had happened, and as instantly resolved to get it out of her at bedtime. But before then, Major Digby had requested an interview with the Vicar in his study, where he asked and obtained permission to pay his addresses to his daughter Susan. The Vicar called Susan in, to her great confusion, and solemnly blessed them both in good old-fashioned style.

Major Digby's adventures after he married Susan Perkins, though quite as interesting as anything that had yet befallen him, cannot here be so much as hinted at. It must suffice to say that Mrs. Theodosia did not leave him her money; but I never heard that either he or Susan allowed this disappointment to trouble them much. I believe, indeed, that he was more put out, when Lord George Germaine was made a Viscount, for his eminent services during the American War.