

"You are not afraid, are you?" said the bridegroom, man-like, letting her feel the support of his arm.

"Afraid? No, indeed; I am just happy—happy! There lies the world before us, Stuart; *our* world, because, more than any other man's, yours were the brain that conceived it and the hands that brought it to pass. Let us go down quickly and possess it. Tell Mr. Gallagher that he may run as fast as ever he dares." Then with a sigh of contentment and a comfortable nestling into the hollow of the strong arm of protection: "Was there ever another wedding journey just like ours, Stuart, dear?"

THE END