

Then he caught her to him.

"When, Jean? When? To-morrow? Monday? Monday at the latest!"

But this time he did not have his way. They waited two weeks. A woman must assert herself occasionally.

There was much to be done in the two weeks. Susan had to be trained to the ways of the household. The town apartment was made ready. The farmhouse was put in order for the winter, though not entirely dismantled.

"It must look pretty for the wedding," Mrs. Bonner insisted. "Yes, I know it's to be a quiet wedding but it's to be a pretty one. My heart's set on that."

She was in her element now, buying from catalogues, running down to New York in search of more to buy, brushing aside Jean's protests, spending with both hands.

"There's something very stimulating about an oil well," she explained happily. "It gushes, you know. Mr. Pryor says ours is a gusher. I feel that I have to gush, too; but no matter how fast I gush I can't seem to keep up with it. Mr. Pryor and Teddy are investing most of the money where we can only get the interest. That seems a dull way to use a gusher, doesn't it? But I dare say it's wise, and at least I can have a beautiful time getting you ready.