

an eye could see that they came of the very best stock. And the little Baroness,—he had never seen a baroness before,—was somebody, too. She possessed manner,—that indefinable thing they called manner,—there was no mistake about it. He had no means of knowing, of course, that she was struggling hard to make a living in the “artist colony” down town.

Well, well, it is a strange world, after all. You never can tell, mused the little pastor as he stood in the entrance of his church with half-a-dozen reporters and watched the strange company disperse,—some in motors, some in hansoms, and others on the soles of their feet. A large lady in many colours ran for a south-bound street car. He wondered who she could be. The cook, perhaps.

Lieutenant Aylesworth was saying good-bye to the bride and groom at the Grand Central Station. The train for Montreal was leaving shortly before ten o'clock.

The wedding journey was to carry them through Canada to the Pacific and back to New York, leisurely, by way of the Panama Canal. Lord Fenlew had not been niggardly. All he demanded of his grandson in return was that they should come to Fenlew Hall before the first of August.

“Look us up the instant you set foot in England, Sammy,” said Eric, gripping his friend’s hand. “Watch the newspapers. You’ll see when our ship comes home, and after that you’ll find us holding out our arms to you.”

“When my ship leaves home,” said the American,