

"I do not blame you, Harry, my boy," his father said heartily. "Of course you are very young, and under ordinary circumstances would not have been thinking about a wife for years to come yet; but I can see that your Jeanne is a girl of no ordinary character, and it is certainly for her happiness that, being here with her sister alone among strangers, she should feel that she is at home. Personally she is charming, and even in point of fortune you would be considered a lucky fellow. What do you say, mother?"

"I say God bless them both!" Mrs. Sandwith said earnestly. "After the way in which Providence has brought them together, there can be no doubt that they were meant for each other."

"Do you know I half guessed there was something more than mere gratitude in Jeanne's heart when she flamed out just now; did not you, mother?"

Mrs. Sandwith nodded and smiled. "I was sure there was," she said.

"I did not say anything about it when we came in," Harry said, "because I thought it better for Jeanne to have one quiet day, and you know the young ones will laugh awfully at the idea of my being engaged."

"Never you mind, Harry," his father said; "let those laugh that win. But you are not thinking of getting married yet, I hope."

"No, no, father; you cannot think I would live on Jeanne's money?"

"And you still intend to go into the army, Harry?"

"No, father; I have had enough of bloodshed for the rest of my life. I have been thinking it over a good