

"Oh, why were you so slow, Larry? Why did you delay so long?"

"Slow?" cried Larry. "Well, we can make up for it now." He looked at his watch. "It's nine o'clock, Jane. We can be married to-night."

"Nonsense, you silly boy!"

"Then to-morrow we shall be married, I swear. We won't make Helen's mistake." And he told her of Helen Brookes's supreme regret. "We won't make that mistake, Jane. To-morrow! To-morrow! To-morrow it will be!"

"But, Larry, listen. Papa——"

"Your father will agree."

"And my clothes?"

"Clothes? You don't need any. What you have on will do."

"This old thing?"

"Perfectly lovely, perfectly splendid. Never will you wear anything so lovely as this."

"And then, Larry, what should I do? Where would I go? You are going off."

"And you will come with me."

But Jane's wise head was thinking swiftly. "I might come across with Papa," she said. "We were thinking——"

"No," cried Larry. "You come with me. He will follow and pick you up in London. Hurry, come along and tell him."

"But, Larry, this is awful."

"Splendid, glorious, come along. We'll settle all that later."

He dragged her, laughing, blushing, almost weeping, to the study. "She says she will do it to-morrow, sir," he announced as he pushed open the door.

"What do you say?" said the Doctor, gazing open-mouthed at him.

"She says she will marry me to-morrow," he proclaimed as if announcing a stupendous victory.