

told her that having begun my education he intended to finish it by making me mistress of his home and heart.

To say she was astonished is to say very little. But the plan of my life unrolled before her, and representing no parting, save that of a "right of way" commended itself by degrees.

When we were alone she said gently—"It is a little rash, you know, Rosaleen. You are so young."

"But so is he," I said. And then she laughed.

"In heart, yes. I think he will never be old."

"You said that long ago," I told her. "And it is quite true."

FINIS