

knee." In speaking of the matter with Harold he said, "but remember, my boy, to fall in love before you marry. Don't do anything in haste."

"I have done that already, father," he replied.

"So, so, young man! Then these frequent journeys of yours of late meant something, eh?"

"Yes, father, they meant a good deal to me," replied the son.

"Well, who is the lady? Do your mother and I know her?" inquired Sir Richard.

Harold's only answer was to sing softly

"In the corner of my heart
Where nobody can see,
Two eyes of Irish blue
Are looking out at me."

"An Irish girl, is it? How do you know I will take an Irish daughter?" queried his father.

"I am sure that, when you have seen her, you will love her, and when you know who she is, you will receive her with open arms," confidently rejoined Harold.

"What is her name?"

"Kathleen O'Hara."

"What!" shouted Sir Richard, "the daughter of my old friend Maurice O'Hara?"

"The same, sir," answered his son.

"Why did you not tell me of your intentions before, Harold?"

"Well, to tell the truth, sir, I preferred waiting until I was sure of my position and was able to give you a pleasant surprise."

"And you are sure of your position now?"

"Yes, father. The dear girl has promised to be my wife whenever I wish."