

"I'll just run up stairs and tell Jane that I shall not come back here, and, Gordon —"

"Yes?"

"I want something else with all my heart."

"What, more? I am growing impatient."

"I want Delia Beaseley and Cale for witnesses —"

"It is wonderful how a man can make plans and a woman undo them when she has her way! I was intending to be married by a magistrate, and then carry you off unbeknown to Cale and Company, and telephone to them later. Now, of course, they shall be with us."

I left word with Jane to tell her mother to be at St. Luke's chapel promptly that afternoon at five; it was a matter of great importance and that Mr. Ewart would be there. At which Jane looked her amazement, but had the good sense to say nothing.

We left the house together. Together we rode up the Bowery. We procured our licence, and together we rode on the electrics up to the Bronx and, afterwards, had our luncheon at the café in the park on the heights. As the short November afternoon drew to a close, we rode down to St. Luke's. It was already five when we entered the chapel.

Delia, Cale and the Doctor were there, waiting for us; but they spoke no word of greeting, nor did we. They followed us in silence to the altar where, with our three friends close about us, we were made man and wife.

At the end of the short service, the two men grasped my husband by the hand. But still no word was spoken. It remained for Cale to break the silence; he turned to me.

"Guess you've found the trail all right this time,