

## The Steps of Honor

The maid came to announce dinner, and they hurried off to make a few elementary preparations.

The meal was eaten hastily and almost in silence. Each had matter for thought. The professor missed his little Persis, and was reckoning up exactly how many weeks it would be before she returned from her honeymoon abroad. Mrs. Wollaston missed her, too; but, in spite of everything, her mind worked busily, and, in a certain sense, cheerfully, over the changes she would make in the cottage for the new guests' occupation.

Before dinner was ended she left the table to array herself in the very gown and bonnet she had worn at Persis's wedding yesterday. *She* would be dressed like a lady, at any rate, she said to herself, as she put them on.

When she descended the carriage was already there. Mr. Wollaston stood beside it, the door open, to hand her in.

"Muir is marrying as I did," he said, as she appeared; "he's taking her out of pity."

With her foot on the step and her hand in his she turned and looked at him.

"And Agatha is marrying as I did," she answered, quietly; "she's taking him to save his life."

For a second they remained thus, smiling into each other's eyes. Then, with a lilt as light as in 1861, she sprang into the carriage and they started for the wedding.

THE END