

"Oh, Geoffrey!" said the young woman. "We have half an hour yet."

"No protracted farewells!" he said jocularly. "Ghastly. Good-bye both of you, and God bless you!" He jumped in the cab and was gone.

At the foot of the gang-plank the young woman caught sight of a little round body of agitated mien. "Mrs. Colliflower!" she cried. "How sweet of you to come see us off!"

Mrs. Colliflower, speechless with agitation, nodded and blinked and pressed a little bouquet upon the girl. It was carefully hidden under tissue paper; the stems were warm and moist from her hand. As the young woman started to unwrap it Mrs. Colliflower found her voice.

"Oh, don't open it!" she faltered. "It's—it's only my geraniums. They would look so common among the grand flowers. But I thought since you praise them—"

"You dear!" said the young woman warmly, and kissed her cheek. "They shall have the first place in my cabin!"

"My dear, I hope you'll be as happy as a queen! I wish you were going to be near so I could keep watch over you. The first year is so important. Never cross a man, my dear. Get your way by seeming to give in. And listen——!"

From this point the conversation was carried on in whispers.

Meanwhile the absurdly happy young man had caught sight of a friend. "Archie!" he cried reproachfully. "You're a fine pal! Why didn't you come to my wedding?"

"Too high-toned for me," Archie grinned.

"Nonsense! There were only half a dozen there. That was not friendly."

"I don't mind you," said Archie, "and her—me and her get along fine. But that Parran fellow—he's all right, too, but he puts me out of face. He don't mean to, but he reminds me that I talk like a mutt and act like a boob. Look here, kid, I brought you a little present, a pair of binoculars, for the voyage."