

of being married unless Vera were present. And, after all, what are two months when you have a whole lifetime before you? I am sure that Charles agrees with me."

"I don't, indeed," Evors said, candidly. "Still, I am not going to be disagreeable, and Beth knows that she has only to look at me with those imploring eyes of hers to get absolutely her own way."

They left it at that, and gradually drifted apart again. When Vera and her husband returned presently to the Grange, the setting sun shone fully in their faces, flinging their shadows far behind. Venner paused just for a moment under the sombre shadow of a clump of beeches, and drew his wife to his side.

"One moment," he said. "We have not yet decided where we are going. I have everything in readiness in London, and I suppose that you are not lacking in the matter of wardrobe. Don't tell me, while having everything that woman can want in the way of dress, that you have nothing to wear."

"I won't," Vera said, softly. "My dear boy, cannot you see how glad I shall be to be alone with you at last? Everything is going well here, and Beth is entirely happy. You have been very good and patient, and I will keep you waiting no longer. If you so will it, and I think you do, let it be to-morrow."

Venner stooped and kissed the trembling lips held up to his. Then very silently, their hearts too full for further speech, they turned towards the house.