

"That is what I was going to propose," said Jennie. "And now listen to the story I have to tell you, and then you will know why I came to Russia."

"Don't tell me anything you would rather not," said the young man hurriedly.

"I would rather not, but it must be told," answered the girl.

The story lasted a long time, and when it was ended the young man cried enthusiastically in answer to her question,—

"Blame you? Why, of course I don't blame you in the slightest. It wasn't Hardwick who sent you here at all, but Providence. Providence brought us together, Jennie, and my belief in it hereafter will be unshaken."

Jennie laughed a contented little laugh, and said she was flattered at being considered an envoy of Providence.

"It is only another way of saying you are an angel, Jennie," remarked the bold young man.

They crossed the frontier without interference, and, once in Germany, Jennie took the object of so much contention and placed it in the hands of her lover.

"There," she whispered, with a tiny sigh, for