

for Captain Fenton. I directed him to the car in the rear.

"Captain Fenton," I heard him say. "Has Miss Kirk any flowers?"

"You mean a bridal bouquet, Nicky?"

"Um-hum."

"Yes, Nicky. She made a special request for the big shaggy asters in my yard, so that we need not leave them all alone. Why?"

"Because. My mother has a bush covered with the loveliest white roses, and she says I can and I want to give them to Miss Kirk."

"Well, Nicky," Claymore answered, "it is usually a man's privilege to furnish flowers for his bride, but it shows how much I think of you that I let you do it this time."

Nicky left in highest glee and in the shortest possible time was back with a fragrant bunch of sweet, white roses and maidenhair fern, tied with white satin ribbon.

Then Saundy came, with a large blue envelope that contained, he said, his wedding gift. Claymore slipped his arm around me as I wonderingly drew out a folded document.

It was a deed of the MacPhaill Mines, willed over, on the death of Saundy MacPhaill, to Claymore Fenton to be held in trust for Saundy Fenton and his heirs.

The import of this did not reach me for some moments. When it did, the fact that Claymore