

"We will go to them at once," exclaimed Jack,

Elsie and Grace at first gave a most decisive negative to the proposal; but before noon they had yielded to the entreaties of their lovers and the missionary had agreed to tie three knots instead of one.

The next morning the white chapel was filled with the inhabitants of the settlement. The missionary entered, followed by his young guests. The other pair were before the altar.

"Mose, as sure as I'm alive!" Jack ejaculated, as he caught sight of the third bridegroom.

Mose looked over when he heard his name uttered, and the merry twinkle was again in his eyes.

The ceremony was brief, the one service uniting the three couples.

As they left the neat church, Elsie looked fondly into her husband's face and asked:

"Jack, do you know when I first learned to love you?"

"Tell me, Elsie," answered Jack.

"It was when Angus gave me his copy of your beautiful chant to read," said Elsie. "I understood your thoughts, and I wanted to be with you forever."

Jack gave his bride one proud, fond look and pressed her arm more tightly to his side.

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Home again!

Mr. and Mrs. Lester were again on the steps welcoming the wanderers.

"A nice way to treat the old folks," laughed Mr. Lester, as they all stood in the hallway removing wraps.

"You should not have trusted two young girls with two handsome young men," cried Elsie, as Jack helped her off with her cloak.

"I shall not do so again," Mr. Lester retorted, laughing over his speech as much as the others.

"If I have lost Gracie," Mrs. Lester observed, "I have found another daughter to fill her place."

"And one who will try to love you as much as Gracie does," Elsie added, as she kissed the loving mother.