

suddenly lifted from the broad breast, to be turned, in mute surprise, upon the speaker.

"What did you say?" she gasped.

"I'm in love—the very worst way," he hurried on, fingering his cap.

"And not with me?" she cried, as if it were beyond belief.

"Well, you see, I—I thought you were drowned—couldn't blame me for that, could you? So—I—she was awfully good and sweet and—by George! I'd like to know how a fellow could help it! You don't know how happy I am that you are in love with Veath, and you don't know how happy it will make her. We were to have been married a week ago but—" he gulped and could not go on.

Grace's eyes were sparkling, her voice was trembling with joy as she cried, running to his side:

"Is it really true—really true? Oh, how happy I am! I was afraid you would——"

"And I was equally afraid that you might—Whoop!" exploded Hugh, unable to restrain his riotous glee a second longer. Claspings her in his arms, he kissed her fervently; and all three joining hands, danced about the room like children, each so full of delight that there was no possible means of expressing it, except by the craziest of antics.

"But who is she?" broke out Grace excitedly, as soon as she could catch her breath.

"And where is she—can't we see her?" put in Veath, slapping Hugh insanely on the back.