

"Mama won't let you."

"And I will sell your pony, Jack."

"You can't until I get him, daddy." He remained firm.

"Four minutes, Jack."

"But if you do not tell me," said Retta, "I will never love you again."

"You're a goose, Retta."

"Time's up," laughed Grace. "I have found the only fellow that can keep a secret. Go and tell mama. The pony is all right."

"Mama, the secret is somebody is going to marry Mr. Grace."

"I suppose so," said Harry, "some day."

"No, now-day," said Jack.

"Dear Mrs. Swanwick, I am like a child for the joy of it. It is Miss Clementina."

"Well, that is almost as good as the other," cried Harry. "Nonsense, Madge! I must. Archer is engaged to Mary Fairthorne."

"I told you," cried Madge, "I was sure he would tell."

"Well, you dear people, my belief is again justified. No one can keep a secret. I owe you much, Mrs. Swanwick; and this, too, in a way."

"Upon my word, Madge," said Harry, after Grace had gone, "I must have a bottle of champagne to-day. I hope nothing more will happen this week."