

## HENRY OF NAVARRE, OHIO

knew the immensity of distance between the souls of bachelor and benedick; but, "Always the same, old scout," reassured Whitaker.

"Then," said Henry, patting his tie, "we — might as well go down to breakfast, had n't we?"

"I'm with you," returned the best man, guiding his huge friend to the stairway. "Gee, Henry! You're a happy man!"

**A** MEN," said the clergyman, and Henry, turning, stooped and kissed the bride.

Among the faces, familiar and unfamiliar, that confronted him in the great living-room of the Grosvenors, the freckled visage of his stanch friend Whitaker stood out like a beacon on uncharted seas. A grim smile played on Whitaker's lips as he marshaled the ushers to their task; a smile that softened now and then as he caught sight of Miss Grosvenor's — no, Mrs. Chalmers' — eyes, or intercepted a glance from the bridegroom Henry. So far, thought Whitaker, it had been easy; but any parrot could stumble