

Wedding Bells in the Governor's Mansion 461

drive. When he reached Independence he sprang into a carriage and ordered the driver to take him direct to Oakwood. What had happened he did not know and he did not care. Of one thing he was now sure—Sallie's love and the swift end of their separation.

His heart was singing with a great joy as he drove over the familiar avenue through the deep shadows of the woods, and turning through the gate saw the light gleaming from her room.

"God bless her, she's mine now—I hope I can take her home to-night!" he cried.

She had walked down the drive to meet him. He leaped from the carriage, kissed her and asked,

"What is it, dear?"

"McLeod wrote him about our marriage, and now he swears he will bring a suit to annul it. Leave your carriage here and come with me. If he don't send these lawyers away and receive you, I will be ready to go with you in an hour."

"Queen of my heart!" he whispered. "You are all mine at last!"

She called her father from the library into the parlour and stood on the very spot where Gaston had writhed in agony on that night of his interview with the General.

He started at the expression on her face and the tense vigour with which she held herself erect. His suit had not been progressing well with his lawyers. They had tried to humour him, but had declined to express any hope of success in such an action. He saw they were half-hearted and it depressed him.

"Now, Papa," she firmly said, "It will not take us ten minutes to decide forever the question of our lives. If you take another step with these lawyers,—if you do not dismiss them at once, I will leave this house in an hour, go with the man of my choice to his home, and you will