

He said them; over and over—in my ear—on my lips—

“Is that enough, or shall I repeat—”

“No. Wait a minute. Saundy has a license and has arranged for everything to be ready in the church to-morrow at ten. I will wear your seal ring till we get to Spokane. We can pick the others together there.”

So it is settled that way, Nan dearest. We are going to drive to California in my brown car, leaving at ten to-morrow. Won't it be heaven? The drive through the Walla Walla and Cœur d'Alene in October days! A gypsy jaunt right down into the perpetual summer of the lower coast, where we shall be waiting for you and Montague.

I must pack suitable clothes for my trip. Will finish this the very last minute before I go.

The last morning of Janet Kirk.

This sounds like an obituary, but it isn't. Not a bit of it.

We are all packed. A camping outfit, double de luxe, fills the tonneau of the car. It fills me with joy that Captain Fenton—I mean Claymore—has never once objected that I am to furnish and drive the car for our honeymoon. That should augur well for our future together.

Early this morning came Nicky, very dressed up and business-like. He inquired with dignity