

pany. Well, now that we have such a large amount in the business perhaps that is as well. The shares are already at par again."

Benway Chase was there too and sat close beside Mabel Skinner—a new Mabel, full of ambition and who no longer chewed gum.

"Some day we'll do it too, Mabel," he whispered.

"Oh, you go on!" she answered, but looked immensely pleased nevertheless.

The organ pealed forth and slowly the procession moved down the aisle of the church, the bride leaning lightly on the groom's good arm. They came out into the sunshine of the late winter day and both Ethel in her veil and Barton in his khaki were glorified by it. The automobile that was to take them to the Clayton home was in readiness and they entered it.

"Mine—mine at last!" he breathed, when they were safe from the eyes of the curious crowd.

"It's like a dream—it doesn't seem real!" she murmured, with eyes that spoke volumes as she beamed on him.

"Only a week before I have to go to the front again!" he groaned.

"Let's not think about that, Frank—let's think only about how happy we are."

"Just as you say, Ethel." He drew her closer, glanced hastily around to make sure they were not observed, and kissed her. "Wonderful, this getting