

THE STORY OF A GENTLEMAN

Zachary Blake had already made the *amende honorable* by holding out his hand to St. Hilaire and saying bluntly: "I have misjudged you, Mr. Bayard, and wrongly suspected you. I can only ask your forgiveness."

"There is nothing to forgive, it was just a mistake."

"I realize," continued Blake in his straightforward way, "that as between yourself and my daughter things have gotten outside of the boundaries of my empire; I can only say that I give her to you willingly, but——"

"O Mistaire Blake, pardon me for the oversight, but in the excitement I forgot," interrupted St. Hilaire, with great courtliness. "I have the honaire to ask in marriage the hand of your daughter, Miss Blake."

"There is nothing, Bayard, which we can refuse, but——"

"Mistaire Blake, I do not ask it as a reward for what I may have done. Before that Miss Blake had promised to be my wife, which in America, I think, is all that is necessary; but of course I ask you, sir."