

She blushed, and as he did not speak, she went on with a little laugh: "Why, Tom, aren't you going to propose to me?"

He sat up and took her in his arms.

"Sure I will. But—"

"There's no but. Not this time, Tom!"

"There may be."

"Why?"

"Well, sweetheart, formerly, when I proposed to you I used to say: 'I love you. Let's get married.'"

"That'll be plenty this time, too."

"Oh, no, it won't, for this time I am going to say: Dearest, I first saw you, I first loved you, back home in America, out on the Killicott, when I was a plain American horse wrangler and rode the range. I—well—got sort of engaged to you when I was a German for the time-being, dressed in the blue and crimson of the Uhlans of the Guard. And now, honey, will you marry—a soldier of France? That's, if they'll have me?"

And her reply was sturdily, uncompromisingly Western American:

"You just bet I'll marry you, Tom. You just bet I'll be the wife of a soldier of France. And you just bet those Frenchmen will be tickled to death to get you. If they aren't—I shall talk to them!"

Then she kissed him.

THE END