

were a sergeant like yourself, or even a promising young private, you would give her to me. Well, here I am, a promising young private, and I therefore claim your promise."

"Mr. Page," said the sergeant, "you have got the best of me. I see that I was a fool, an utter fool, to think that I could keep love back where love had made up its mind to go. I'll make a clean breast of it, sir, I'll tell you exactly what is in my mind—I was wrong—I made a mistake, but all the same my girl ought to thank me for being the means of proving you for her."

"I am sure she will," cried Buttons, heartily. "Then you will give her to me?"

"Certainly I will, and my blessing with her," cried Sergeant Wade, heartily too.

"Stay," put in Jeanie, disengaging herself from Roger Page's arms. "You both leave one important factor out of the question. I am not going to marry a private soldier at any price, don't think it for a moment."

She drew herself up, looking very stiff and firm for a moment, but then the mischievous dimples began to sparkle about her mouth, and Buttons burst out laughing.