

"Mr. Page," he exclaimed.

"May I come in?" asked the well-known voice, which set poor Jeanie trembling like a leaf.

Then the sergeant pulled himself together and made way for their visitor, and immediately Roger Page, wearing the full-dress tunic and forage-cap of a lancer regiment and of the rank of a private, walked in and saluted the ladies, that is to say he saluted Mrs. Wade, and then made one stride across the room to Jeanie and caught her in his arms.

"My love—my love," he murmured, then held her away at arm's length, the better to look at her. "You have been ill, my darling," he cried. "You are as pale as death, and trembling, shaking in every limb. What does it all mean?"

"What does this mean?" asked Jeanie, laying her trembling little hand on the worsted lace of his tunic.

"Yes, what does it mean?" cried the sergeant, finding his voice at last.

Roger Page turned around to face him. "You have an uncommonly short memory, Sergeant," he said, in just the old officer's tone. "You ought to know better than anybody what it means. It is not quite five months ago since you refused your consent to my marriage with your daughter and told me if I