

I'll boil some fresh eggs for his supper, and I'll make some cocoa. I'll have a nice jug of milk cocoa and a plate of eggs all ready by the time he wakes.

She fetched a steupan, some milk, and half-a-dozen new-laid eggs. Soon the cocoa was made and poured into a big jug, the eggs just done to a turn were put upon a plate; they were brown eggs, something the colour of a deep nut.

"I could fancy one myself," thought Hetty; "I can't eat nothing to speak of for hours. Oh, I do wish the pain in my side 'ud get better."

She pressed her hand to the region of her heart and looked around her. The firm kitchen was now the picture of comfort—the fire blazed merrily. Hetty had lit a large paraffin lamp and placed it in the centre of the table; it lit up the cosy room, even the beams and the rafters glistened in the strong light; shadows from the fire leapt up and reflected themselves on the slippery floor.

"He's very white and very still," thought Hetty; "maybe he has slept long enough. I think I'll wake him now, for supper's ready."

Then came a scratching at the window outside, and the fretful howl of a dog.

"There's Rover; what's the matter with him? I wish he wouldn't howl like that," thought Hetty. "I have dogs that howl. My-be I had best let 'em in."

She ran to the kitchen door, flew down the passage, and opened the door which led into the yard.

"Rover, stop that noise and come along in," she called.

The great dog shuffled up to her and thrust his head into her hand. She brought him in to the kitchen. The moment she did so he sat down on his haunches, threw up his head, and began to howl again.

"Non-ense, Rover, stop that noise," she said. She struck him a blow on his forehead, he cowered, looked at her sorrowfully, and then tried to lick her hand. She brought him to the fire; he came unwillingly, sinking down at last with his head to the still figure on the settle.

"Queer, what's the matter with him?" thought Hetty. "They say, folks, that dogs s-e things we don't; some folks say they see spirits. Aunt would be in a fuss if Rover went on like that. Dear, I am turning nervous; fancy minding the howl of a dog. It's true my nerves ain't what they were. Well, cocoa will spoil, and eggs will spoil, and time has come for me to take 'em in."

"Who is there?" she called through the keyhole.

"John Bunder," came the answer, "and he believes Preacher Buckle pretty quick, too."

"He's waiting a matter of importance, my wife rashedly called me downstairs to attend to the matter in hand, while she retired. And still more rashedly I opened the door a crack and demanded to know what was wanted at such an hour."

"It's John Bunder and Kate Springhouse wants you to marry 'em preacher," said the big fellow whom I saw stamping to and fro on the porch. "And you'll hev to do it quick."

"Indeed," says I, "and this is a nice hour to wake an honest preacher for such a purpose."

And then my curiosity getting the better of my discretion I unchained the door and opened wider the crack that I might obtain a good view of the party at the gate. There were three of them sitting in a light spring wagon, to which were attached two lively mules. In the moonlight I could just discern the small form of Kate Springhouse clad in white, and seated in front beside her burly lover, young Bunder. I realized at once that this wedding was fraught with not a little danger to me, and hence decided to act cautiously.

"I would prefer that you and your friends would go elsewhere," I said to the man outside. "For instance, over the mountains to B' the-r."

"Before I had finished my objection the girl screamed: 'Th-y've come!' The big fellow on the porch threw his weight against the door with such violence that I, a small man as I am, flew backward to the door with such force as to partially stun me. When I recovered my senses I found my self on the hind seat of the wagon, with a man at each side, and H'ny Bunder, his sweetheart clinging to him, before me, madly lashing the mules.

"He has come to," one of the men whispered.

"Kate Springhouse gave a little scream of joy, which was followed by another of fear, and an involuntary seizure of her lover's arm."

"I hear them," he said, "but we will be married before they catch us."

"As I sat there in that rough, rushing, bounding wagon, hatless, with no protection from the autumn winds other than a light horse blanket my kidnappers had thrown about me, the words of an old sermon of mine came back to me, bringing endless comfort. It was from the first clause of Proverbs 1:17—'B'ter is a dry morsel.' In that discourse I made a point of the fact that anything is better than nothing; that we are as better than not being; that better is a dry morsel than no morsel. Now if you refer back to First Kings 2:

"Excuse me for interrupting, doctor," I exclaimed. "But I shall certainly attend church in P'nsington to hear your discourse, but for the present about this elopement!"

"Pardon, pardon," said the minister, righting his cigar. "I was wandering, to be sure. The young people lost no time in explaining what was wanted, and I, realizing that the quicker it was done the closer to home they would have me, was not unwilling to begin. We had by this time struck into the road that we were following, and were swinging along at a steady run. The light wagon swayed to and fro so that I had difficulty in retaining my seat when I stood up to perform the ceremony. The bride and groom remained seated, for the latter was busy with the driving."

Scarcely had the first words left my mouth when we heard behind us a faint call to stop, and turning I saw a buckboard drawn by two dashing horses, just appearing into view over the brow of the hill a quarter mile behind. I saw the moonlight gleam on something that savored of guns, and a cold chill crept over my frame.

"It's p!" exclaimed the bride. "But go ahead, Mr. Buckle. It will do no good to let your teeth chatter."

"My teeth did chatter, and with cause, for beside the scantiness of my garb, the persons following us fired a gun. I heard the report and ducked, and I am positive that a bullet whistled a few inches above

my head, with that peculiar sound we read so much of in war history. The marriage ceremony is really very short, but performed under such conditions it seemed to me endless. But at length it was done.

"I suppose you will let me off now?" I said, for I could hear clearer than ever the clatter of horses' feet behind us, and knew that our pursuers were closing. I did not want to witness the meeting.

"Not just yet, doctor," said one of the big fellows at my side. "The marriage certificate next; and the heaviest signs first."

"And with that he drew from his pocket the needed paper. Mary Springhouse put her name in the proper place, and then young Bunder signed. The rattle of the wheels came louder, but we were in the woods and could not see the pursuers.

"My turn next," said I, seizing the pencil from the groom.

"Not on your life!" yells the big fellow who held me. "Heaviest first."

"And with that he seized the certificate and pencil and witnessed the paper. Then he leaped off behind and disappeared in the woods. We had emerged into the clearing where we saw the bridge when a call to stop came to us again. I dared not look back, but I saw the whip fall on the mules, and they plunged forward with a lightened load, for the second witness had signed and left us. There was a report, and again I seemed to hear the whistling bullet intended for the groom, a fact that caused me to involuntarily start to jump, to find my escape balked, for the bride clung fast to my blanket.

"Sign the certificate!" she screamed. "I signed—a very peculiar signature, to be sure, but it satisfied her, and she expressed her satisfaction by giving me a push that sent me flying from the vehicle into the road by the bridge.

"When I regained my senses I was lying in the ditch at the roadside, my feet partially immersed in the waters of the creek. My position was such that my prostrate body could not have been seen from the road, and the pursuers must have driven by the spot, little suspecting that one of the chief and most unwillful actors of the drama lay bleeding within a few feet of them. For bleeding I was; my head was badly cut; my back and sides bruised so that every step caused me misery. I listened attentively, but heard no sound of hoofs or wheels, and so determined that the pursuit was now far away. Weary, cold and wounded, I set out for home, five miles back along the dreary road and through these lonely woods. The sun was just rising when I dragged myself up the steps of the parsonage and fell exhausted into the arms of the agonized Mrs. Buckle."

"Did Henry and Kate get away safely, doctor?" I asked.

"Yes they did," was the reply. "That was why I got away too. The little affair created such enmity between the two families and myself that they refused to contribute longer to the church. But, as Solomon says in Proverbs 5 and—"

"P'nsington!" bawled the brakesman, banging the door open.

"I did not hear the verse from my companion, for it was lost in the clanging of bells, scraps of breaks and the scuff of passengers' feet."

"I've enjoyed meeting you immensely, sir," said the divine, seizing my hand. "I hope we will see you at our church if you ever stop here. Good-by."

"And he was gone. I sighed and righted my pipe.—N. Y. Evening Sun.

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Fox River, Oct. 6, by Rev. J. Shorpy, Ray Mac-Dougall to Ida Hatfield.

Wells, Sept. 23, by Rev. T. Trotter, William A. Bishop to Emma Egles.

Truro, Oct. 1, by Rev. A. L. Goggin, Daniel Smith to Christiana B. McLean.

Aylesford, Sept. 29, by Rev. J. M. C. Wade, George Chas. B. Raby to Edna Brown.

Westville, Sept. 5, by Rev. W. L. Parker, O. S. Dienham to Ella M. Keen.

Yarmouth, Oct. 8, by Rev. J. H. Foshey, Herbert K. Pool to Ellen W. Grant.

Sydney, Sept. 29, by Rev. J. Forbes, James A. Grant to Mrs. D. Campbell.

Stewiack, Oct. 6, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, Arthur B. McLean to Esther Dunlop.

Hillsborough, N. S., Sept. 29, by Rev. J. H. West, Charles N. Ness to Sadie Eady.

Bridgetown, Sept. 29, by Rev. Henry Howe, George Cummings to Selma Barten.

Fredericton, Sept. 29, by Rev. Mr. Hartley, Geo. Little to Mrs. Susan Gayton.

Middleton, Sept. 29, by Rev. Joseph Gault, S. W. Barteaux to Louise Stoddard.

Meadow's, Sept. 3, by Rev. J. A. Cairns, K. D. McLean to Laura McConnell.

Barraois, Aug. 6, by Rev. G. L. Gordon, John R. Laurie, R. E. McBurnie.

Dartmouth, Oct. 7, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, George W. Brush to Martha E. Ealtz.

New Glasgow, Oct. 5, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, Alonzo Whalen to Annie Teed.

New Glasgow, Sept. 22, by Rev. A. Rogers, John W. Robertson to Maggie Miller.

New Glasgow, Sept. 29, by Rev. A. Rogers, Edward E. McLeod to Sarah G. Walker.

Plymouth, Oct. 5, by Rev. Wm. Knollin, Ransom G. Allen, George A. Churchil.

Baddeck, Sept. 23, by Rev. D. G. McDonald, William G. Moffat to Mary McLean.

North Salem, Oct. 5, by Rev. John Murray, Harvey A. Creighton to Nora B. Parker.

Paradise, N. S., Sept. 28, by Rev. B. B. Kinlay, S. Wilkinson to Jennie Bell Johnson.

River John, Sept. 3, by Rev. G. L. Gordon, Root E. Mackay to Mary T. Mackay.

Charlottetown, Oct. 7, by Rev. James Thompson, Charles H. Hiney to Nellie Mackie.

Halifax, Oct. 1, by Rev. Dyon Hagge, Corporal John Appleby to Johanna Fa mer.

Bass River, Sept. 29, by Pastor Clark, Cyrus A. McBurnie to Zebina Agnes Recker.

New Annapolis, Sept. 29, by Rev. G. L. Gordon, John O. Murdoch to Jennie Bell Johnson.

Caledonia Mines, Oct. 6, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, Frederick Lewis to Mary Campbell.

Mehone Bay, Sept. 26, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, Charles A. Hardy to Agnes L. Purdy.

Dartmouth, Oct. 7, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, Herbert H. Frizell to Jeannette Williar.

Moncton, Sept. 29, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, Murdoch G. McLeod to Katie Carmichael.

Upper Clements, N. S., Oct. 7, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, Charles A. Hardy to Agnes L. Purdy.

Mahone Bay, Sept. 31, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, Essone Zimas Wentzel to Ida Veniot.

Folly Village, Oct. 1, by Rev. Wm. Dawson, Gregory U. Quahut to Cassie Johnson.

Acadia Mines, Sept. 29, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, William D. Scott to Bessie W. Gough.

Acadia Mines, Sept. 23, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, Loyd I. Farnam to Minnie L. Gough.

Yarmouth, N. S., Oct. 3, by Rev. H. D. Townshend, Erastus Gray to Lillie Hubber.

Hidden, Sept. 23, by Rev. Thomas Cumming, Robert H. Kennedy, to Bessie J. Ross.

Publico, Harbor, Oct. 7, by Rev. Geo. E. Staritz, Albert Downey Frost to Ada M. Smith.

Tatamagouche, Oct. 1, by Rev. Dr. Sedgewick, W. A. Campbell to Minnie Suberland.

North Salem, N. S., Oct. 5, by Rev. John Murray, Harvey A. Creighton to Nora B. Parker.

Hodson, Pictou Co., Sept. 21, by Rev. G. L. Gordon, William McDonald to Mrs. Sabina Allen.

St. Margarets, Sept. 24, by Rev. F. Pattinande, James Gambohan to Mary Jane Buckley.

Rockland, N. B. Sept. 29, by Rev. J. D. Mackay, Rev. Lewis P. Parker to Annie L. McKelvie.

Jamaica Plains, Mass., Sept. 23, by Rev. A. W. Nelson, Wm. O. Nickerson to Lizzie Bell Morel.

Country Harbor Mines, N. S., by Rev. D. Edwards, Frederick B. Byrdie to Melvina Davidson.

London, Oct. Sept. 30, by Rev. Geo. M. Innis, Charles W. Rowley of Yarmouth to Fannie Woodman Smith.

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