

near the pile of cordwood, ready to run at a moment's notice.

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Carpenter.

"Gustave. But you ain't the man."

"I ain't, eh? Did n't you whistle a minute ago?"

"I ain't supposed to. I cough. Say, do you know if a wedding has taken place here? I am a witness."

"Oh, I see. He said he'd bring one. Are you alone?"

"I don't know. It feels like a crowd every time I cough. Are you the preacher?"

"No, I'm the bridegroom's cousin. We've got to get in through a window. I couldn't find my key. Would you mind giving me a leg?"

"A leg? Nothing was said about legs," said the waiter, moving away. Carpenter laughed.

"I mean a boost up to the window."

"Oh! Sure."

"There's one in the rear I can smash. We'll get inside and light up. I can open the door from that side, too. Come on — follow me." They turned the corner and