

"Well, well, it is n't much. Joe came and sat by me, and, as we talked over our adventure, he cut that true lover's knot between the letters. I did n't seem to mind, and spun away till he pointed to it, saying, with the look that always made me meek as a lamb, 'May it stand so, my little Betsey?'

"I said 'Yes, Joe,' and then — well, never mind that bit; — we were married in June, and I spun and wove my wedding things afterward. Dreadful slack, my mother thought, but I did n't care. My wedding gown was white lutestring, full trimmed with old lace. Hair over a cushion with white roses, and the pearl necklace, just as you see up there. Joe wore his uniform, and I tied up his hair with a white satin ribbon. He looked beautiful, — and so did I."

At this artless bit of vanity, the girls smiled, but all agreed that grandma was right, as they looked at the portraits with fresh interest.

"I call that a pretty good story," said Walt, with the air of an accomplished critic.

"Specially the wolf part. I wanted that longer," added Geoff.

"It was quite long enough for me, my dear, and I did n't hear the last of it for years. Why, one of my wedding presents was four hams done up elegantly in white paper, with posies on 'em, from the Major. He loved a joke, and never forgot how well we fought with the pigs' legs that night. Joe gave me a new sleigh, the next Christmas, with two wolf-skin robes for it, — shot the beasts himself, and I kept those rugs till the moths ate the last bit. He kept the leavings of my