

"Peter," observed Caleb, "looks th'oulder—by full dree minnits."

"Paul went to school afore me," said Peter, "by two days—along o' measles."

"Look 'ere," decided Caleb, "let Paul gi'e her away, an' you, bein' the better spokesman, can propose th' health o' the bride an' bridegroom."

This satisfied them, and so it was arranged at the wedding. I am not going to describe the ceremony—at which I had the privilege of holding my friend's hat—beyond saying that woman, as is usual on these occasions, was a success, and man a dismal failure. There was one exception. When little Susie Clemow, who at Mr. Fogo's express desire was one of the bridesmaids, identified the bridegroom with the strange gentleman who had frightened her in the lane, and burst into loud screams in the middle of the service, I could not sufficiently admire the readiness with which Peter Dearlove produced a packet of brandy-balls from his tail-pocket to comfort her, or the prescience which led him to bring such confectionery to a wedding.

At the breakfast, too, which, owing to the dimensions of the Dearloves' cottage, was perforce select, Peter again shone. In proposing the health of Mr. and Mrs. Fogo, he said—

"On an occasion like the present et becomes us not to repine. These things es sent us for our good" (here he looked doubtfully at the cake), "an' wan man's meat es t'other's p'ison, which I hopes" (severely) "you knowed