

THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

The Lace Wale,
OR
THE RUNAWAY MARRIAGE.

Founded on fact, except as to names & places.

By ENG.—A FARMERSVILLE BOY.

(Continued from last week.)

"You won't say anything agin the lace wale at that price, will you?"

"That depends on how it's to be done," said Mr. Cromwell. "What is your plan?"

Mrs. Cromwell then related what Mrs. Vasey had done, adding "I'm sure if Mary Vasey could learn the trade in one month, Susan can learn it in less time, for, you know, she's quick to learn anything."

"Well," said Mr. Cromwell, "if you send Susan to that school, you will have to do so without my consent."

"Why," replied Mrs. Cromwell, "we can limit her time to go and come, and I'll speak to the mistress to have an eye to her, and I guess it will be all be all right."

They argued the question at some length, but so intent was the old lady on having the lace veil that Susan was sent to the sewing school and everything seemed to be going on all right till one day, near the end of the month, Susan failed to be at dinner. Half after twelve, no Susan; one o'clock, no Susan. Mr. Cromwell, horse-ship in hand, left post haste for the school house. On arriving there, the first word was, "where's Susan?" The mistress had not seen her that day. In great perplexity he then began an enquiry among the neighbors with the same result, till one old matron who wished to pride herself on being the first to break the news, exclaimed with a loud laugh, "La! sir, don't you know that Susan has gone to Providence to be married?"

"To be married!" shouted Mr. Cromwell. "In the name of common sense, who to?"

"Why, to Roddy Gibson, of course," replied the matron, "we all knew of it this fortnight, but we thought it was none of our business, and so we said nothing about it. I suppose you will wonder how and when they did their courting. Well, you see, Roddy used to meet her at the turn of the road and walk with her to the school house, and they do say that for the last few days, they didn't appear to be in any great haste to get there, either."

With this information, Mr. Cromwell left for home in great haste, muttering as he went that "that thousand dollars will have to be paid now. Edwards knew what he was about when he got that will registered. A fine set of neighbors, surely! Knew all about it this fortnight, and wouldn't tell us. I wonder if they'd give the alarm if they saw our house on fire. I doubt it." And thus by the time he reached home, he had worked himself into a furious passion. Mrs. Cromwell noticed his peturbed state of mind, and at once exclaimed—

"Why, Oliver, what in the world's the matter with you? Are you crazy?"

"Enough to make a man crazy," he shouted. "Where's Joe? Tell him to harness Dobbin as quickly as possible. I'm going to Providence

with all speed. Here's a pretty spot of work, and all come of your 'arnal lace wale. Susan's gone to Providence to get married."

"To be married!" screamed his mate. "Is it possible, and who is he, and when and where did they make the bargain?"

"Oh, that feller that fixed our house, he waylaid her on the road to the sewing school, and now you see what's come of it. Is the carriage ready?"

"Yes, sir," answered Joe.

"Why, Oliver," said Mrs. Cromwell, "there aint no use goin' to Providence. They'll be married before you can get there."

"Spouse maybe they will, but it sha'n't be said I didn't try," was his reply.

"Well, Oliver," said she, "If you will go, I'll go with you." So saying, she drew on a bonnet and a light shawl, and in less than one minute they were on the road to Providence, going as fast as Dobbin could be persuaded (by the free use of the whip) to go. They had proceeded but little more than a mile, when they saw Roddy and Susan coming very leisurely along. They immediately stopped old Dobbin, got out and stood one on each side of their wagon, some twelve or fourteen feet away, each a whip in hand, waiting the approach of the runaways. Roddy saw the movement, and putting whip to his high-spirited animal, passed by on Mrs. Cromwell's side of the wagon on the keen run, not forgetting to give Mr. Cromwell's horse a smart blow with the whip as he went by, which Mr. and Mrs. Cromwell in their excitement failed to notice, so that when they turned toward their horse, he was nowhere in sight. After standing awhile in a kind of stupor, Mr. Cromwell ventured the remark, what has become of our horse?"

"Gone to Providence to be married," said Mrs. Cromwell, "and now you may go and find him if you can. I don't pity you one bit. I told you not to come. And now I may walk home in these old, thin shoes, and then suffer with rheumatiz in my feet and ankles, dear knows how long."

"Couldn't you wrap your face wale around 'em?" said Mr. Cromwell. "I'm sure it would cure 'em right off."

"I haven't got any lace wale," she shouted, "nor don't suppose I will, now Susan has gone and got married." She then threw her whip in the middle of the road and began moving towards home, while Mr. Cromwell with a whip in each hand started in some haste toward Providence, in hopes of finding his horse somewhere on the road. In this he was not mistaken, for Dobbin had worked all through spring work and did not feel very ambitious. As soon, therefore, as he found there was no one urging him, he began slacking his speed and in less than a mile he had stopped and was eating grass alongside the road. Finding things all right, Mr. Cromwell managed to get home as soon as his wife. But how they spent that evening we are left to conjecture. We know, however, that Roddie took his wife home to his mother's till he got his own house finished, and the

Concluded on next page.

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Farmersville, Feb. 15th, 1885.

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