

tion, so preparations must be made to welcome and entertain the entire population. Katherine would have much preferred to be quietly married in their sitting-room, with no one but her own people to look at her; but Mrs. Burton protested loudly at this, and even Jervis took sides with her, saying that everyone would surely be disappointed if shut out.

"But you don't mean to ask everyone?" exclaimed Katherine.

"I expect everyone will want to come," Jervis replied, with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

"Do you mean to ask Oily Dave, Bobby Poole, and all that lot?" she cried in dismay.

"If they will come I shall be delighted to see them," he answered gravely.

"But Oily Dave——" she began, then stopped as if she had no words adequate to the expression of her feelings.

"Tried to kill me once, were you going to say? I know he did. But perhaps if he had not fastened me in, to drown like a rat in a hole, you would not have come to rescue me; and as that fact so much out-balances the other, why, I feel rather in Oily Dave's debt than otherwise."

It was the Sunday after the men had started with the mail for Maxohama, and Jervis was walking with Katherine in the woods above the first portage, while the laughing chuckle of the ptarmigan sounded on all sides.

Katherine began to smile at the figure her wedding guests might be expected to cut, then cried out in alarm: "Oh dear, whatever shall we do if the bishop comes, as you have asked? What will he think of such a mixed medley of folks?"