

that part of the day should be spent in preparing a place for the mock ceremony. Miss Thurston was the gayest of the gay, and peals of merry laughter awoke answering echoes from rock and cliff. Only, once or twice, when alone in her tent, her cheeks paled as she wondered what Arthur Carlson would do, for he had looked determined the night before.

"Well," said Miss Thurston to herself, "your word is given now, Margaret Louise Thurston, and a Thurston was never known to break the word."

In the late afternoon her friends came to dress her for the wedding. They draped her in some fluffy, white dress, which filled out the girlish white form to the best, coiled the luxuriant brown hair around her head, and placed a bunch of simple mountain flowers at her belt. Never before had she looked so beautiful nor so defiant. A commotion outside the tent announced Carlson's return, and Miss Thurston, surrounded by laughing friends, went out to meet him.

"Margie," said her cousin John, striding up to her angrily, "this farce has gone far enough. Carlson is certainly demented. He has brought a full-fledged parson with him without even mentioning that this is all jest. You must put a stop to it at once, for it is a downright shame to trifle with such serious things to this extent."

At these words Miss Thurston grew very pale, but her friends laughed and said: "Of course he is not a real minister, John Shepherd. This is only part of the joke."

"Yes, he is a real minister," was the reply, "for I heard him preach in the village only last Sunday."

At this moment Mr. Carlson came up. He, too, was pale, but his dark eyes burned with an intense fire.

"Miss Thurston," he said, "I was in terrible earnest when I said what I did last evening. In proof of which I have procured license and minister. Will you be my wife?"

Those who had been most forward in urging on the joke were now most earnest in dissuading their friends against such a highly-improper proceeding, but Carlson's intense eyes were upon Margaret's face, and his voice said: "You and I have lived for fun all our lives; let us now be married for fun."

The very demon of recklessness took possession of Miss Thurston's spirit.

If Carlson had asked her there, before them all, to marry him for love, she would have turned away, shocked and grieved—but for fun; yes, she would dare as much as he, and she immediately stepped to Carlson's side, remarking, in a laughing tone: "Yes, Mr. Carlson, I will marry you for fun."

"Margie, this cannot go on. What will your father say and feel?" and her cousin stormed up and down before the tents, appealing first to one and then to the other, but all to no avail.

At this moment the minister, whom Mr. Carlson had secured, stepped out of his tent, and the young people took the places which had been prepared for them when a mock ceremony had been in view.

A silence fell over the little group as the solemn words of the beautiful Episcopal service fell upon their ears. Then rang out the responses: From the bride, low and defiant, from the groom, clear and determined.

"That ye may so live together in this life that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting." Margaret never forgot these words. In coming days she repeated them over and over to herself until she almost prayed to have them blotted out from her memory.

By the time the ceremony was finished the audience had concluded that the affair had been planned beforehand in secret, and that they were the dupes of the joke. Accordingly, never was company gayer than theirs that night, and the merrymaking was continued into the morning hours.

The camp broke up in a day or two, Mr. and Mrs. Carlson parting from their friends in apparently high spirits. Arrived at their home, where the news had preceded them, the culprits were received with real forgiveness, for, undoubtedly, the match was a splendid one. Judge Thurston's family had been known and honored in the community for years; while Mr. Carlson was the junior member of a large and wealthy firm dealing in fine imported goods.

Two weeks passed after their return in which Arthur saw but little of his wife. Judge Thurston's summer-residence was a number of miles from the city, and the gentlemen could only run down over Sunday. On these days the two were as uncomfortable as possible in each other's presence and avoided being left alone together.

One quiet Sabbath evening Arthur