

The widow had already guessed it. She rose and extended her arms. Mary gazed for one moment eagerly at her and then rushed into them. Turning sharp round, March threw his arms round Bounce's neck and embraced him for want of a better subject; then hurling him aside he gave another shout, and began to dance a violent hornpipe on the floor, to the still further horrifaction of the kitten (which was now a feline maniac), and the general scatteration of the mingled mass of crockery and cream. Seeing this, Bounce uttered a hysterical cheer. Hawkswing, being excited beyond even savage endurance, drew his scalping-knife, yelled the war cry and burst into the war dance of the Seneca Indians. In short, the widow's cottage became the theatre of a scene that would have done credit to the violent wards of a lunatic asylum—a scene, which is utterly beyond the delineative powers of pen or pencil—a scene which defies description, repudiates adequate conception, and will dwell for ever on the memories of those who took part in it like the wild phantasmagoria of a tremendous dream!

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Of course, a wild man could not be induced, like an ordinary mortal, to wait a reasonable time in order to give his bride an opportunity of preparing her trousseau. He was a self-willed man, and a man of a strong mind. He insisted upon being married "out of hand, and have done with it." So he *was* married