

suddenly she shrieked out, clutching at the door-post. "It is an omen—my wedding-night."

"Ay," says I, "which be your bridegroom, he that calls out or he that is silent? Call on him and he hears not."

Peal after peal went up now from her, and the house was awake with alarm. I turned away, leaving her on the door-step, and mounted the mare. As I cantered off into the night I cast a glance behind me, and a group was gathered at the door, and in that group lay Mrs Anne fallen in a swoon, with the sleeping figure on the horse before her.