

itchy dance music. Even Elijah Atcherson allowed a corner of his mantle of dignity to slip as he circulated through the crowd, his bellicose basso rising triumphantly above the din.

And finally the midnight hour approached and the blushing bride retired to her boudoir to don travelling garb. Brutus Herring and Elijah Atcherson cornered the bridegroom in the hallway and pressed a thin envelope into his willing hand.

"They's fifty dollars, March. Tha's over an' above what we is a'ready gave you. You is sho' done yo' work tho'ough an' we wants you to know that we 'preciates it."

March was overcome with emotion. "You is both too good. Doin' what I is done did ain't nothin' tall fo' such fine fellers like what you-all is."

"Hmph!" grunted the pessimistic Elijah. "Jes' wait until you is been married a yeah!"

Meanwhile, in the sanctity of her room, the bride had divested herself of veil and bridal gown. She stood proudly before the dresser mirror in all the pristine glory of white satin ribbon and fluffy lingerie. There came a light tap on the door and it cracked open tentatively. "C'n I come in?"

Corena looked up into the tiny, contrite face of Mayola Kye. There was no resisting a penitent Mayola. "Shuah, Miss Kye—you is mos' welcome."

Mayola entered the room and stood uncertainly before the other woman. "I is done you dirt, Corena," she blurted, "an' I is sorry."

Corena impulsively kissed her. "Tha's all right, Mayola; tha's jes' all right. You—you—"