

I'm goin' to wait until I am a grandma—ever to get married."

At length it was all over. There was to be no distant wedding trip. The married pair had decided to drive quietly back to their cottage home. For a few days Blessing was to stop with the Thigpen children, under "Aunt Milly's" tender and efficient care.

For the short drive Chris had scorned 'Lonzo's suggestion of an automobile, and, in its place, insisted upon using the aged Uncle Daddy and his station hack.

The bridal pair got in, not without certain handfuls of thrown rice, and one enormous bow, tied by the junior Ossie, to the back of the battered vehicle, and having started, joggled along on the old dirt street in what would have been silence, but for the laboured groans and squeaks of ancient rusty springs.

Chris was abstracted, labouring, as it seemed, with some inward problem which could not be shared. His wife, smiling happily, was content to wait, until the overburdened heart could ease itself. As yet these two,—predestined, and strongly suited, had scarcely dared the touch of lovers' hands.

The old hack jogged along, sagging preposterously on the side where the bridegroom fidgeted.

Nearing the Gaither home his agitation—rather than call it turbulence—increased so noticeably,