

knowin' that gal longer'n what you has, Doc. An' w'en she's sot on a thing she's sot on it tho'ough an' complete. They ain't no movin' her a tall. An' if'n I is any jedge she is sot on remainin' where she is at ontill she is married."

Brutus sighed. He was a tender-hearted man and hated to guide his friend to the slaughter. But his own happiness meant much. He spread his hands wide in a gesture of grudging consent. "Well — go ahead an' marry her."

Elijah cleared his throat and bobbed his head. "Guess you is got to, March."

March Clisby muctuously rubbed the palms of his hands together. "That brings on mo' talk —" and he hesitated modestly.

"Which?"

"A gal like what Corena is — she ain't gwine stan' fo' no six-bits weddin'. She is gwine deman' all the trimmin's an' a reg'lar sho'-nuff honey-moon."

"Ain't it the truth?"

"An' I cain't 'ford it!"

"Oh!" Elijah was beginning to see a light. "We is gave you enough a'ready, March."

March started to rise. "If'n tha's how you feel bouten it, Dr. Atcherson, I reckon I ain't got to marry her, is I?"

Brutus forced the victim back into the chair. "Yes, you is," he grated. "How much this heal swell weddin' an' honeymoon gwine cos'?"

The prospective bridegroom set his figure at a minimum: "Th'ee hund'ed dollars."

"Make it two hund'ed an' fifty."

"Th'ee hund'ed is the rock-bottom price an' I is