

ure. They started on the trip, and so did he; and after much watching and waiting he at length met her sufficiently aside to converse in common tones. His lips were parted to speak, when she threw up her arms and cried:

“Gracious heavens, his ghost!”

“No, no, my dear, I’m not a ghost; I’m your husband.”

“You’re not! you’re not! I say you’re not! you’re a ghost! Don’t come an inch nearer me, or I’ll scream for Mr. Thottle. You were brought home with your head blown off, and I buried you decently, and there are hundreds of people to prove it; and what do you want to haunt me for? Haven’t I mourned enough for you? Don’t everyone say that I nearly mourned myself to death? Didn’t I spend fifty dollars in mourning, and didn’t I weep every day till Mr. Thottle came to me and told me that it was a sin and a folly to mourn so much for a thing that Providence had willed? And now, after being mourned for in the latest style for more than six months, you want to come back; but I tell you plainly, after mourning so long, I will not be disappointed now, so there now.”

At this Mrs. B. turned and fled like a deer, and before Mr. B. could rally his bewildered senses she was out of sight. Mr. B. now saw the true state of affairs, and that he had his choice of two evils, namely, to submit to the new order of things