

cows they were milking and how many turkeys they sold lately. The wives debated churning, making doughnuts and cup-cake, and one was in the middle of—

"The quilt was really scrumptious, forty-four log-cabin blocks, with enough pieces to——"

Jingle! jingle! came the clamoring sleigh-bells, and the bridal party drove up to the chapel.

Up the aisle they came, slowly, as the music drew them on. At the altar stood the prison chaplain, whom Ronan had invited, and the aged pastor of the Church. Elsie, in her new chair in the corner, had the chief joy of her uneventful life. Few such well-matched pairs have made the responses in the grand old service. More than one maiden sighed with longing, as true manliness and modest beauty stood there, to be mated for life, "to have and to hold from this day forth;" and, when they were sealed in wedlock, the grave and reverend seniors agreed that a bridegroom more gallant, a bride more bewitching, had never graced old Delhurst church. The music broke forth again as he led her to the door, and they were driven to the Lawson home, where revelry ran high all evening and far into the night. Indeed, it was cock-crow when the last group left.

Phil Elliott and his wife had come all the way from Millbank to attend the ceremony, and after the supper, Beverly said:

"Did you ever unravel the mystery of that ghost in the mill, of which you told us in the prison?"

"Yes," chuckled the Captain; "when we got