

In about three minutes the Marchese wuz laying in de Snow and de Marshall wuz on his way to Jenny to Teller.

“My Darling,” he said, “I am a Freeman no more if I Layer round here much longer. The Marchese tried to Cook my goose and I had to Teach him his manners.”

“Willey live?”

“I think so, but I must fly! Will you come?”

“I am yours—”

“Quien,” he said, and Tooker in his arms.

She wanted time to Draper self in glad rags.

“All right,” he said, “but don’t be Slocum quick. Der’s no time for fare-Wells. We must Ford de Flood on a Campbell and Byrne our Brydges behind us. Der’s no turning Back.”

Dey traveled all dat night, and de next day dey came to a country church. He hired a Farmer to throw Rice at dem, and he had de great pleasure to Walker up de center isle to the tune of Nancy Leigh.

L. J. BYRNE.