

MAIL CUBAI

Isle of the tropic sea,
Infant of Liberty,
The people welcome thee
From long oppression;
The free lands of the West,
Enfold thee to their breast
And bid thee live at rest
An honored nation.

Hail, Cuba! young and fat
Thy gifts are rich and rare,
And in thy balmy air
Are peace and healing;
Thy destiny is wide,
With sister States allied,
Thou standest in thy pride
To right appealing.

Thy hope is not in vain,
Today the people reign,
And every fretting chain
Is burst asunder;
From all this hemisphere
The crown must disappear,
That peace may never fear
The tyrant's thunder!

Lo! the new day is nigh,
While thrones in shadows lie,
And blazoned on the sky
Is freedom's story;
Beneath her warming sun
The frozen streams shall run
Till all the world is won
To share her glory!

—Richard L. Dawson in New York Press.

WIGGLESBY'S WOOING.

When a man has lived to the mature age of 40 outside the pale of matrimony and during the last half dozen years of that period has scarcely looked at a woman, there is very little hope for him.

Such, at least, was the case with Hezekiah Wigglesby. Whenever Wigglesby saw himself in his mirror, which happened once a day, when he shaved himself (not being vain or a woman, Wigglesby had no occasion to consult it often), he had a deplorable habit of addressing congratulatory remarks to his reflection in the glass on the fact that he—him and the shadow—were "able to get along without the silly sex," as Wigglesby alliteratively expressed it.

I use the term deplorable, and it certainly is, deeply so, when an otherwise sensible man is addicted to talking to himself in the glass and trying to deceive himself into the belief that he is a perfectly happy and contented old bachelor, when such a thing is an utter anomaly and impossibility.

Wigglesby knew at the bottom of his heart that the life he was leading was unsatisfactory and incomplete, that his daily self-congratulations were a hollow mockery and a farce, and one thing more than all else that caused him to realize this was an occasional glimpse which was vouchsafed him of a plump young widow who had recently moved into the roomy old farm house across the way.

For years the place opposite had been what is known as an "abandoned farm," but it had lately come into the possession of Mrs. Wiltsey, a substantial and pleasant-looking widow, who, in company with a younger sister, had moved from the city to engage in the fascinating and (sometimes) profitable pursuit of chicken raising.

Until they came Wigglesby's daily vision had been undisturbed by the sight of a woman, save when one happened to drive by, and in that case there was no law compelling Wigglesby to look at her—and he usually didn't.

Wigglesby attended to himself after a fashion of his own, which was certainly original, though it would probably bother him some to secure a patent on it.

He had a way of making a bed, for instance, so that nobody on earth except Wigglesby himself could tell which end was intended for the head and which the foot, and sometimes he couldn't. And when it came to baking flapjacks, a dish of which he was very fond, Wigglesby usually distributed the dough impartially over the top of the stove, the griddle and the floor, so that when he got through preparing the meal the kitchen looked as if the battle of Bunker Hill had been fought over again on the spot, with dough for ammunition.

It was one of those interesting occasions—when Wigglesby was struggling with a refractory batch of flapjacks, I mean—that he received his first call from Mrs. Wiltsey, the plump widow across the way. He had a griddle full of flapjacks baked on one side, and he was making a heroic effort to turn them over, using a table knife for that purpose, so that they could bake on the other, when a pleasant face suddenly appeared in the half-opened doorway and a musical voice said:

"Excuse me; this is Mr. Wigglesby, I presume."

The flapjack which Wigglesby was in the act of turning dropped with a thud to the floor, and poor Wigglesby turned all the colors of the rainbow at once and incoherently stammered.

"N—n—no; I m—mean yes, I'm M—Mr. Wiggles—I should say Wigglesby; and—"

"And I'm Mrs. Wiltsey, your new neighbor, and I can't find my tack-hammer, and I would like to borrow yours for a while if you don't mind lending it. But I see I'm interrupting your work, and—pardon me, but your flapjacks are burning. Allow me to turn them for you, won't you? There! now they are all right, but you really need a—"

"Oh, no; n—no I don't!" interrupted Wigglesby, hastily. "Really—I—"

"Why, yes you do, Mr. Wigglesby," calmly went on the plump widow; "you need a regular pancake turner. They only cost a few cents and you

would find it ever so much handier than a knife for such work."

"Gosh! that was a narrow escape. I thought she was going to say a—wife," muttered Wigglesby to himself as he dashed out of the room in search of the tack hammer.

"Thank you very much," said Mrs. Wiltsey, with a grateful smile, when Wigglesby returned with the required article. "It is real kind of you to lend your hammer, and I will surely bring it back the minute I'm through with it."

"You're welcome, I—I'm sure; and—there's no hurry about bringing it back," Wigglesby managed to stammer as his fair caller took her departure with the hammer.

After she was gone Wigglesby was unaccountably nervous and dejected. His bachelor bosom had suddenly become filled with a vague unrest, a new, strange longing. Could it be that, after all, there was something lacking in the life he was leading? He wandered restlessly about from room to room, and somehow the big house had never seemed to him so empty as it did then.

Next day there came a timid knock at the door. Wigglesby's heart jumped up into his throat, and he straightway forgot every word of the gracious speech he had planned so carefully.

"Just my luck!" he groaned, and then hastily pulling himself together, he started for the door, groping blindly about in his mind in the meanwhile for his mislaid speech. Before he had reached the doorway he had found it once more, and all might yet have been well were it not for the fact that instead of bringing back the hammer himself, Mrs. Wiltsey had sent it by her younger sister.

When Wigglesby opened the door and saw a girl standing there with something in her hand extended toward him, the smile on his face suddenly vanished and he waved her away with, "Don't want anything today, Miss. I never buy from—"

"But I don't want you to buy it," she laughed. "This is your tack hammer, and my sister said to tell you she was ever and ever so much obliged for the use of it."

"Er—excuse me, Miss," stammered Wigglesby. "I took you for a—one of the confounded—er—I should say, female agents, and I—fact is, I—er—oh, Lord, why didn't your sister come with it herself? Then this wouldn't have happened."

And with this somewhat lame and incoherent conclusion to his attempted apology, Wigglesby seized the tack hammer and fled, leaving his astonished caller still standing at the door.

When Maud Maxwell (for such was the young woman's name) upon her return laughingly related to her sister the particulars of her interview with Mr. Wigglesby, she wound up by saying: "Don't you think he must be a trifle cracked, Kittle?"

And with a smile of superior intelligence the astute Kittle (otherwise known as Mrs. Kate Wiltsey) dryly observed:

"I guess not—that is, no more cracked than any old bachelor is."

From which it is evident that the plump widow did not have a very exalted opinion of a man who preferred to "flock by himself."

But to return to Wigglesby. For several days after the hammer episode he spent the most of his time drifting uneasily about his house and grounds, and casting furtive and frequent glances across the way to see if perchance his fair neighbor might be coming to borrow something else.

A woman, he reasoned, is always losing things; and, of course, Mrs. Wiltsey would come over to borrow again. For where else could she go except to her nearest neighbor? So Wigglesby kept on the qui vive, with his entire collection of farming and household equipments in readiness for lending at a moment's notice. But, alas! the plump widow came not, neither to borrow nor to lend; and finally Wigglesby was in despair. He even began to think seriously of sneaking across the way some dark night and stealing some of Mrs. Wiltsey's tools, so she would be compelled to come the next day and borrow of him.

Somehow he felt that he must secure another interview and get better acquainted with her in some way, either by hook or crook, and at the same time he kept wondering why it was that he was suddenly taking such an interest in the woman—or, at least, in one woman.

The reader has probably guessed the truth; Wigglesby was in love, but being a new experience to him he did not fully recognize the fact. He knew that something ailed him, but wasn't exactly certain what it was. He had a general sort of idea, however, that the society of the plump and pleasing widow across the way would be good for his complaint, and when an old bachelor reaches that stage there is some hope for him yet.

For a fortnight Wigglesby waited in vain for a second call from his new neighbor, and then it occurred to him that perhaps she was waiting for him to return her call; or maybe she didn't consider her borrowing expedition a call at all and was waiting for him to make the initial call on her. Wigglesby wasn't very well up in the etiquette governing such matters, but he finally decided that in any case it would be only neighborly to call and let her know that his services and the resources of his establishment were at her disposal at any time she should happen to need them.

So, shaving and dressing himself with unusual care, he betook himself across the way, and was in the act of ringing Mrs. Wiltsey's doorbell when the plump widow herself came around a corner of the woodshed, in her working clothes, and with a clucking and protesting pullet under her arm.

"Why, good afternoon, Mr. Wiggles-

by," began she smilingly, and without the slightest trace of embarrassment, "I'm so glad you happened to call as you did. Perhaps you can tell me how to make this hen stay on the eggs until they're hatched. She has been setting two weeks, and now has taken a notion to quit. This makes the third time I've caught her off the nest in the past two hours."

"Why—why don't you fasten her on," suggested Wigglesby, with a sudden burst of inspiration.

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Mrs. Wiltsey. "I thought of doing so, but wasn't just sure whether it was right or not. Just hold her a minute, will you, while I hunt up a rope to tie her down with."

And the next thing Wigglesby knew he was standing there alone, looking very foolish but happy, with that balky hen tightly clasped in his hands, while his hustling neighbor had vanished in search of the requisite cord to secure the fowl on the nest.

She presently returned with it and offered to relieve Wigglesby of his charge, but Wigglesby said: "No, it will take at least two persons to properly anchor that pullet on the nest, and seeing that your sister isn't on hand to render the necessary assistance, I would just as soon help you as not."

From this it would seem that Wigglesby was improving very rapidly. "It is very kind of you, I'm sure," said the plump widow, favoring Wigglesby with a grateful smile, which upset him so he came near dropping the hen he was holding. He quickly recovered himself, however, and meekly followed his neighbor as she led the way to the nest.

"There they are," exclaimed Mrs. Wiltsey, when they reached the spot—"thirteen as fine eggs as were ever laid; and—I wonder if you think of it—I wonder if the number has anything to do with her acting as she does? You don't suppose the hen has counted the eggs and found out that there were thirteen of them and that is why she refuses to set any more, do you?"

"Shouldn't wonder," said Wigglesby. "All females are so plaguey—I mean all hens are so superstitious, you know."

"Are they? I didn't know it." "Yes," hastily responded Wigglesby, congratulating himself on the fact that Mrs. Wiltsey hadn't noticed the bad break he came near making; "but this hen might as well make up her mind to set, thirteen or no thirteen. If you will take her a minute I think I can fix the nest so she will have to stay on it."

Mrs. Wiltsey relieved Wigglesby of his burden, and then he looked wise and went on:

"I suppose the surest way would be to bore two holes in the bottom of the nest, then stick her legs down through and tie them fast under the nest, but—"

"Are you sure the eggs wouldn't fall through?" anxiously inquired the owner of the hen at this point.

"Er—I was just wondering about that myself. I don't think tying her on the nest is going to work very well. Wait, and I'll see if I can find a box to turn upside down over her. If I can get one small enough, and then put a weight on it to hold it down, she's got to set whether she likes it or not."

"But I'm afraid I am putting you to an awful lot of trouble, Mr. Wigglesby."

"Not at all; just as soon come over and—help you set a hen every day if you want me to. Just as soon as not."

Oh, yes; Mr. Wigglesby was progressing.

He finally found the right sort of a box, and he and the plump widow between them got the hen under it and the box properly weighted down, and then Wigglesby said he guessed it was time he was going.

"But," he added, thoughtfully, "I'll—er—come over again tomorrow to help get this hen out and feed her and put her back on the nest again. She'll have to be taken out and fed once a day, and of course you can't do it alone."

"But my sister will be home tomorrow. She has only gone for the day, and when she gets back she can help me if I need any assistance."

"Oh, well," said Wigglesby, in an injured tone of voice, "if you prefer her assistance to mine—"

The widow broke in with a gay little laugh, and then suddenly grew sober.

"All right; you may come again tomorrow—if you wish," she said demurely.

A week later the hen (which had been fed and watered daily, and encouraged to stick to her post by her two faithful attendants) hatched out a dozen downy chicks, and when Wigglesby took them from the nest and placed them in Mrs. Wiltsey's apron she glanced down at them in motherly fashion, and cooed:

"What tiny, helpless little things they are! One cannot help loving them!"

"I suppose not," said Wigglesby, gloomily. "I wish I'd been hatched instead of born, and they maybe somebody'd love me."

"Why, you great goose! You are perfectly eligible on that score; but I hadn't heard that you had asked anybody yet."

"I haven't, but I'll do so at once if you've got time to listen, Mrs. Wil—I mean Kittle."

"Plenty of time, seeing it's you," whispered Kittle, and during the next few minutes that apronful of chickens narrowly escaped smothering, while the old hen clucked anxiously about, and nearly expired of nervous prostration before her offspring were finally restored to her safe and sound.—Denver Republican.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Straw as Mulch—Profit in Geese—Prepare Ground Well for Oats—Farming on Shares—Etc., Etc.

STRAW AS MULCH.

In grain-growing localities farmers have a cheap supply of excellent mulch in the straw of the grain crops they raise. In most cases no better use can be found for this than to use it as a mulch for trees set recently. If the ground is plowed the soil under the tree should be covered with at least enough straw to keep the surface soil loose and friable, air is enabled to enter it, and this is absolutely necessary to give vigorous growth to the roots. Quite often, in planting trees, deep holes are dug in the subsoil, and earth without any vegetable matter is thrown to the surface. Some mulch around the tree so far as the subsoil extends will prevent it from becoming hardened and excluding air.—Boston Cultivator.

PROFIT IN GEES.

In our anxiety to make profit from chickens we often overlook the fact that among the domestic feathered tribes there are others that may be profitably raised. There are many things in favor of the goose, and not the least of them is the fact that they require less food when growing than either chickens or ducks. Then they are less liable to disease than any other fowl and can be profitably raised in large numbers. The Toulouse is the best general-purpose breed, being docile and too large and clumsy to fly. To raise geese successfully a suitable place must be given them; plenty of grass and free access to water both winter and summer, is about all that is required. Most farms have some portion which can be readily turned into a goose ranch with profit.—Atlanta Journal.

PREPARE GROUND WELL FOR OATS.

Of all the other crops, none is so carelessly put in as is this one, writes Thomas Shroyer, of Ohio. I have seen farmers plow their ground so wet that it was impossible to get it in order, and as a result a poor crop is secured. Last year I knew a twenty-acre field that had not been plowed for two years. It was a wheat field which had been seeded in corn the previous year. An immense crop of weeds had grown up after the wheat. A few of the weeds were raked off. The oats seed was sowed on the hoed ground, which was then gone over with a spading harrow, and that was all the labor put upon the field. As might be expected, there were no oats to cut. Good crops have been raised by sowing in stalk ground, plowing in with the double corn plow and then harrowing, but this is an uncertain plan.

Last fall I had my oats ground plowed, as I always try to do. The field was an old meadow. It broke up hard and rough, but now it is in splendid condition. The rains and freezing have leveled and mellowed it, so that a single harrowing will put it in fine condition. A day or two of good weather will fit it for the harrow and drill. The oats can be put in before the other ground will be fit to plow. The great advantage is that it can be put in early and in good condition.—Orange Judd Farmer.

FARMING ON SHARES.

Tenant farming is on the increase. There are several plans. Perhaps the most common is for the tenant to furnish all stock, as well as all labor, dividing equally the crops. Sometimes the landlord furnishes the horses and feed, and receives two-thirds of the crop. The cost of fertilizers, when used, is divided according to the share of crop received. The tenant usually has house, garden and firewood free. He must deliver the landlord's share of the crop to the nearest station.

Farming on shares has advantages as well as disadvantages. The owner of the farm gets more money out of it than he could by farming it himself, supposing, of course, that he is not blessed with boys to do the work without hiring help. That is to say, where the owner has to hire extra labor for all the work incidental to raising and harvesting crops, he will save money, as a rule, by getting some good man to farm for him for a share of the crop. The trouble often is to get a good man. They are not plentiful. Unless care is taken, the owner will bargain with one who is "no good," and who will make nothing (but trouble) for himself or the owner either.

The greatest disadvantage of the tenant system is the difficulty of keeping up fertility and appearance of the farm when rented. The owner can, and certainly should, in the contract, reserve the right of naming the rotation of crops, require the tenants to haul and spread the manure, and do all the farming in a husbandlike manner. And yet there are many things that could be done to help the fertility, as well as the appearance, of the farm that a tenant cannot be expected to do. After all, whether it is better to farm on shares must depend on the circumstances surrounding each particular case.—John A. Todd, of Virginia.

DEHORNING CATTLE.

Dehorning cattle has been extensively practised in many parts of the country. In the dairy sections the need and the advantages of dehorning are not as well understood as on

the ranges where cattle run together in large herds. The subject is attracting attention just at present in this State, and the bulletin on dehorning now being distributed by the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station will be read with unusual interest.

The following conclusions regarding dehorning are taken from the bulletin:

Dehorning is to be recommended because dehorned cattle are more easily cared for than those with horns, and because dehorned cattle enjoy life better. "A great deal of suffering is prevented by the removal of horns."

To dehorn mature animals, clippers should be used that will remove the horn perfectly at a single stroke and in a moment of time.

When it is skillfully performed, animals do not give evidence of great suffering as an effect of dehorning. The tissues injured in dehorning are not very well supplied with nerves and they are quickly cut through. Good evidence that dehorning is not very painful is the fact that cattle will resume feeding immediately after being operated on, and the yield of milk in cows is not perceptibly affected. Compared with castration of colts and calves, dehorning may be considered painless.

Those who are familiar with the operation of dehorning and the results of it are its most enthusiastic advocates.

In the past efforts have frequently been made to prevent the practice of dehorning on the ground that it caused needless pain. It would seem to us that efforts can now better be expended by endeavoring to have the last relic of a horn removed from our domestic cattle, who ceased to need them when they came under the protection of man. Horns may sometimes be ornamental, but it is evident that they are usually useless, expensive and dangerous luxuries.

PIGS FOR PROFIT.

To make pig growing profitable you should begin with the sow, before the pigs are farrowed. Begin fully two months before farrowing time by gradually diminishing the corn ration, and substitute bran, middlings, roots, and such like. As you diminish the corn, increase the other feed named. The last month before farrowing scarcely any corn should be fed.

Make a comfortable place for your sows, and don't let too many sleep together, as they are likely to lie on each other and kill unborn pigs.

Remember one of the great sources of profit in pig growing is the saving of all the pigs.

In growing pigs for profit the first thing to be looked after is the breeding. If pigs are poorly bred we need not expect much of a profit from them. The better bred they are, the larger the profit, if properly taken care of.

Don't think that because a pig is well bred that nothing else is required. Well-bred, and well-fed are words that go well together in pig growing.

When the sow first has her pigs don't disturb her with feed for the first day. Give her a little water only. The second day she may be fed a little slop, not much. Increase gradually, and let it be a full week before she is put on full feed. Too much milk producing feed will make too much milk and the pigs will have the scours, which will put them back in growth.

After the pigs are a week or so old they will take all the mother will give, and there is no danger of over-feeding. The sow should have all the bran or middlings mixed with milk from this time on. Begin gradually to give her a little corn to keep her from getting too poor.

Increase this corn as the pigs begin to eat, and at the same time diminish the slop for the sow, saving the milk, and feed it to the pigs instead of the sow. Make a pen of rails and put several little troughs in it, and feed the pigs in it. They will soon learn to go through the cracks and eat. By this method the pigs at six or eight weeks old, will almost wean themselves and hardly know that they ever had a mother. They should have all the good slop they will eat up clean three times a day, and no more. A lot of good pasture should also be provided, where they can have plenty of exercise.

Fix a place where they can get salt and ashes whenever they want it. An old barrel or box with a hole cut in the side, and filled with ashes mixed with one-third salt and placed in the lot where they can get to it at all times, is a good way.

The box should be fastened down and a lid put over it to keep out the rain. You will be surprised at the amount they will eat. If supplied with these things, they won't root so much, and it may not be necessary to put rings in their noses. I think they do better without the rings. If you can get charcoal for them, you will find it most excellent.—I. N. Cowdrey, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

POULTRY NOTES.

If the little chicks droop, look out for lice. Start the chicks right and keep them growing.

Keep lime, grit and charcoal before the chickens.

Fight the lice; they are sure death to profit in poultry.

Make use of every broody hen you can find.

Do not give a hen more than one dozen chicks to care for.

Do not let the mother take the chicks out in the cold. Keep her confined.

Do not feed little chicks soft food—oat meal first, cracked grain afterward.

Keep the houses dry and clean and you will prevent half the winter sickness among your fowls.

Eggs a month old will hatch well

if kept in an even temperature and turned half over every day or two.

A little lard rubbed under the wings and on top of mother hen's head will free the chicks of lice.

It does not pay to breed from fowls which have been affected with roup or other diseases which sap the vitality from their system. The young stock from such matings are almost certain to show some traces of the disease.

Clean out the nests and burn the old nest material, and kerosene them inside before putting in the clean straw or hay.

Corn is not an egg food, it should not be fed exclusively, only in very cold weather, and then as a night feed. Your chickens ought to be giving you an average egg yield of from 100 to 150 eggs per fowl for the year.

Hang up some of the poorer cabbages in the poultry house for the chickens to jump for. They need the green food and exercise.

Underfed hens are poor layers, especially in winter, as they cannot obtain the extra material, which they find on the range in summer.

One of the most successful poultrymen of America grinds two bushels of oats with one of corn, and with 200 pounds of this mixes 100 pounds of bran for the morning mash.

The Expense of London's Lord Mayor.

A man must have a fat pocketbook to fill the office of lord mayor of London. The expenditures for subscriptions and entertainment are in excess of the salary and the official allowances. It costs the lord mayor in or about the sum of \$100,000 to occupy the office. The preceding occupant, Sir George Faudel-Phillips, has probably spent \$25,000 in excess of his salary and allowances. He has taken charge of the Indian famine relief fund and many of the jubilee funds and has been the patron of all the charities during an "annus mirabilis" of subscription lists and systematic coding. He has subscribed liberally to every fund. His gracious hospitality has been enjoyed by thousands of jubilee guests at the Mansion House. The last year has been an exceptional one, but the office is always a costly one. Whoever accepts it expects to pay heavily for the honor. No lord mayor ever emerges from the office without being at least \$50,000 poorer for the experience; but the honor of knighthood is invariably bestowed upon him, and his wife enjoys the distinction of being a "ressed as lady. No alderman who has passed the chair ever returns to it. Re-election to the office never occurs. No alderman is willing to pay the tolls twice.

A Remarkable Prayer.

An odd, but effective rebuke to a nonpraying man is recorded by a correspondent of the *Youths' Companion*: The Rev. Mr. Durwell, an old Methodist minister, of Tennessee, went to Kentucky in the year 1852, to visit a relative, the Hon. William Bolton, and was invited to hold family worship every evening during his stay.

One day Judge Cone and his wife, from Nashville, came to pass the night. Mr. Bolton said to the old minister, as he brought out the Bible, that he would best make the service short that evening, as the judge was probably not accustomed to such things.

The old man said, "Very well, very well," but he looked pained. He read one or two verses and then knelt down. "O! Lord," he prayed, "we are very poor and needy creatures, and we know Thou art able and willing to supply all our wants; but Cousin William says that Judge Cone and his wife, from Nashville, who are with us, are not used to family worship, and however needy we are, there is no time to spare in telling Thee our wants. Amen."

The judge was greatly taken aback, and so was his host. Between them they persuaded Mr. Durwell to continue his prayer, which he did with great earnestness and eloquence.

On the Education of Lions.

When lions were still numerous and easily observed in southern Africa they were sometimes seen instructing one another in voluntary gymnastics, and practicing their leaps, making a bush play the part of the absent game. Moffatt tells the story of a lion which had missed a zebra by miscalculating the distance, repeating the jump several times for his own instruction; and of his comrades coming upon him while he was engaged in the exercise, he led them around the rock to show them how matters stood, and then, returning to the starting point, completed the lesson by making a final leap. The animals kept roaring during the whole of the curious scene, "talking together," as the natives who watched them said. By the aid of individual training of this kind, industrial animals become apter as they grow older; old birds, for instance, constructing more artistic nests than young ones, and some mammals like mice becoming more adroit with age. Yet, however, ancient in the life of the species these acquisitions may be, they have not the solidity of primordial instincts, and are lost rapidly if not used.—Popular Science Monthly.

Not to Be Outwitted.

The parents of a Bethany, Mo., girl objected to her suitor, and to keep her from running away locked her in her room. Her "dearly beloved" was not to be outwitted, and remembering that she had a few weeks before taken a scarfpin or ring belonging to him, he had a warrant issued for her arrest and sent the officer to serve the paper. While the officer was taking her to town the lover met her on the road, and having all preparations made, went on her bond and drove with her immediately to the preacher's house, where they were made one.