

had been held up to the light, turned upside down, and in fact tampered with in every way imaginable, and when I saw what a commotion it had caused in the family, I at once opened it, and in the presence of all, read aloud the following :

MR BUCK :

Please honor me with your presence as usher at my wedding to-night, don't disappoint.

CHURCH.

You can imagine what a state of excitement the whole family were now in, and it seemed to me as if they could not refrain from telling me every five minutes, that I had better hurry up or I would most certainly miss my train, and to be sure to do this, and take that, so that by the time I was ready to depart, I was quite fatigued.

After breakfast I went down to my father's office to transact a little business with him, and then hurried to the station. On entering (the station), whom should I meet but an old friend of mine, a Mr. Pope, who was on his way to New York, from a little place called Wingate, situated in the north-western part of New Mexico. We procured our tickets, and boarded the train which was to leave in five minutes.

Mr. Pope was an old class-mate of mine at college and had gone out west on the spur of the moment. There was a Miss Bell of New York, whom he loved, and to whom he was engaged, she was to go to Europe, and on returning they were to be married. He waited patiently for a letter telling him to meet her at the pier on a certain day, and at last it came. Of course he was overjoyed, and could hardly wait for the time to come. Miss Bell was to arrive on a Tuesday, and it was on Monday that Pope picked up the *New York Times*, and there on the first page was a long column headed as follows : "The loss of the Teutonic, all on board have perished, etc." That was enough for him, and heart-broken he at once buried himself on a ranch at Wingate. He was now on his way to New York after a year on his ranch, and he expected to return to it in a week.

We occupied the same seat in the car going down to New York, and talked about ranch life

for two hours, when Pope finally succeeded in getting me so worked up that I thought it an excellent plan to invest, and as he wished to sell a share, I bought it, and made a thorough note how to get out there and what I should need. We were now going through the tunnel into New York, so gathering our traps we repaired to the rear end of the car where we alighted and hastily walked out of the Grand Central station up to Fifth Avenue.

We had walked a short way down the avenue, when whom should we meet but Miss Bell, Pope's long lost love.

Never will I forget that meeting between the two, and it seemed that Miss Bell had decided not to sail on the Teutonic, and consequently had been saved. We all went to Delmonicos' and had dinner, after which I was forced to leave Pope and Miss Bell alone, as I had to prepare for the wedding. So I went to the hotel, donned my dress suit, white kid gloves and patent leathers. As the Livingston's house was quite a distance from the Fifth Avenue hotel, I called a cab and told the driver to take me to 36 West 27th street, which he did, and the twenty minutes that it took to go, I think was as long as twenty hours, as I was intensely excited and completely unstrung. I rang the bell, and the butler came and ushered me into the reception room.

Just as the portieres were drawn for me to enter the drawing-room, I was confronted by one of the most beautiful creatures I had ever seen, and I at once became infatuated. I was introduced to this charming young woman, whom from the beginning I had resolved to make my wife. We had a charming tete-a-tete before the wedding march struck up, and the more I became acquainted, the more I loved her.

The bride was a picture, and the wedding was a beautiful one, but my thoughts were elsewhere, so I could not describe the different gowns worn, and tell all who were there. A reception was held after the wedding, and I found out that this charming young lady was not a cousin of Miss Livingston, but a sister, a Miss Lillian Livingston.