

P. S. I have told Will. See him. He will help you with the arrangements. E.

Gibbs, poor fellow, was so delighted with the letter that he did not stop to think of the absurdity of it; but started immediately to find Will. Of course I was not hard to find, and had many suggestions to make which he thought were good. At three o'clock we parted, he to get ready, and I to see the minister, and engage the hotel parlors where the ceremony would take place.

Precisely at ten o'clock that evening he gave three low whistles before our house, and immediately his Emma came down a side path and joined him. She wore a dark walking suit with veil and gloves, and seemed rather bashful; but whispered to him that they had best hurry as Papa was cross as a bear to-night. They, accordingly, entered a near-by carriage and were soon speeding away; but, somehow, neither of them could think of anything to say, and so they rode in silence. It did not take them long to reach the hotel, and they went directly to the parlor, but did not find anyone there. They had scarcely closed the door, however, when a knock sounded on it. Gibbs, thinking it was the minister with the witnesses, stepped back and opened it, when in filed eight members of the "Krowd" headed by Mordeau. Then for the first time Gibbs "smelled a mouse." He turned to look at his Emma; but she had removed her veil, hat, and wig, and there I stood.

"Well, I'll be hanged," he said somewhat confused, "I guess this is one on me."

"Why, what does this mean?" asked Mordeau, feigning surprise. "Is this one of your jokes, Gibbs? I thought it was all straight, and decided to come in to help eat the feast."

At the mention of the word "feast" we all decided we were hungry, and strange as it may seem, when we went to the dining room, the feast was ready and waiting. Gibbs didn't have much to say, but the rest of us had a big time at his expense, and went home thinking we had played an immense joke on Gibbs, but,—

The next evening I received a letter from him saying that he and Emma had left that day on the 4:14 train, and would be married that night in Pittsburg. He also thanked me, though I don't know why, for bringing the marriage about so soon.

W. B. R., '02.