

My Mother

"Don't worry," I called down stairs. "I'll get it."

Hastily donning a cotton dress, I ran out the front door, past the orchard, through the church yard "short cut" and up the Main Street towards Barber's store. Nearly there, I met the Olivet delegation coming to the wedding. They stopped and stared at me in blank astonishment.

"Isn't this the day of the wedding?" they queried.

"Oh, yes," I replied, "go on to the house, I'll be right back."

Mr. Frank Ambrose, the faithful clerk at Barber's store, usually very deliberate, with time to visit a little, must have sensed my need for haste. In two minutes the proper number of yards of wide white ribbon was cut off, rolled and wrapped and I was tearing down the street on my way home. I didn't give the guests, already assembled, time to get their breath before I was upstairs, bathed (in chilly water) dressed and ready for the veil to be pinned to my curly hair.

A letter, by a curious coincidence, has just this week come to me, enclosing a clipping taken from the local paper, printed at the time. The clipping is faded and yellow with age. I am going to quote it practically in full.

"The house was beautifully decorated with garlands of green interspersed with pink and white asters. While Miss Benedict rendered Mendelssohn's wedding march, the bridal party took their places before President Sperry of Olivet College, who performed the ceremony during which the