

Now brides-to-be tell the gift shop or jeweler exactly what they would like to receive for wedding presents. We had never heard of that custom and might have been a little shocked at the idea if we had. So in consequence we did not receive complete sets of any one pattern in silverware or dishes, but rather a lovely and usable variety of gifts, many of which were purchased from our one small jewelry store.

I remember the nine cut glass nappies which probably took the store's entire supply. Many of these gifts have been, and still are, in constant use--cut glass fern and fruit dishes, spoons, creamer and sugar, silver soup tureen and candlelabra.

The actual marriage service is somewhat vague in my mind--but I do recall distinctly the strident village firebell--and the slight confusion which resulted when Mr. Rhodes, one of the guests, left hurriedly, his farm home being on fire. Also there was a disturbance when "Bitsey Williams," our mother cat, who was supposed to be shut up in the granary, managed to enter the house with her five small kittens. Three times Bitsey and family were taken out and left in the granary. Three times she escaped and brought the kittens all back to join in the wedding festivities. The last time she was allowed to stay.

The hour came for departure. I wore a tan suit and a little tan hat of crushed veiling.

We took the train for Detroit, arriving late in the evening. During the last half hour of the journey I began