

for Jerd Pruett had seen just such coats worn by the officers in the village below. To be sure, there ought to have been some kind of a mark on the sleeves or shoulders; but no matter about that; nobody but officers could wear long-tailed coats. That point was settled without much argument.

And the buggy was new or had been newly varnished, for the spokes shone in the sun, and the sides of the body glistened like glass. What of that? Well, a good deal, you may be sure; for some people can put two and two together as well as other people, and the folks on the mountain had n't been living for nothing. What of that, indeed! Two fine horses and a shiny top-buggy meant only one thing, and that was a wedding.

Everybody was sure of it but John Wesley Millirons. When Mrs. Pruett twitted him with this overwhelming evidence he had the same old answer ready: "You-all thess wait."

"Well, we hain't got long to wait," said Mrs. Pruett.

"You reckon?" exclaimed John Wesley, with pretended astonishment. Then he chuckled and went on his way, apparently happy and unconcerned.