

had a beautifully written account of the marriage of Mary Asbury to Laban Pierson, under the double heading

### LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS

#### A LOCAL ROMANCE WITH A HAPPY ENDING

Cousin Rebecca T. turned up her nose at the newspaper account, but the colonel cut it out and hid it away in his large morocco pocket-book. That night, after he had taken his toddy and was sound asleep, Cousin Rebecca T. took the clipping from its hiding-place, and read it over carefully. Then she put out the light, and sat by the window and cried until far into the night. But she cried so softly that a little bird, sitting on its nest in the honeysuckle vine not two feet away from the lady's grief, did not take its head from under its wing.

## II

This was at the beginning of 1870, and about this time Colonel Asbury's fortunes took a decided turn for the better. During the war, in a spirit of speculative recklessness, he had invested thirty thousand dollars in Confederate money in ten thousand acres