THE WEDDING AT POPPLAR POINT
The Second of a New Series of Anne Stories
By L. M. Montgomery, Author of Anne of Green Gables

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the second of a new series of "Anne" stories by L. M. Montgomery, the famous author of "Anne of Green Gables." This series is entitled "Anne of Avonlea," "Anne's House of Dreams," "Rainbow Valley," "Rilla of Ingleside," and others that were the "best sellers" of their day. These stories are new. They will not be published in book form in the near future, though the readers of the Family Herald and Weekly Star will be the first to enjoy them.

SALLY NELSON had asked Anne Shirley to be her bridesmaid and the wedding was to be at Poplar Point, the summer home of Dr. Nelson. Anne went down to see if everything was ready. At Poplar Point on the wedding day, the Nelsons were having a dinner party for some family friends. The big, rambling house was filled with people on a long hot day in the bay on both sides. Anne liked the moment she saw it. And on June evening the sky was filled with a pale pink glow. At the entrance, the sunlight dappled the ground, the rustling of leaves, the sweet scent of flowers everywhere, wedding gifts arriving, the din of voices, the jingle of horses' hooves, the laughter of girls, the greetings of old friends, the conversations of the guests, the sound of the sea going by. Anne stood on the porch, looking out over the water. It was a beautiful evening, and while Dr. Nelson's black cats, who frequented the names of Dr. Nelson, were sitting on the steps of the porch, like two imperious black sphinxes.

Sally decided to give them a show and asked Anne upstairs.

"We've saved the north gallery room for you," Dr. Nelson said. "Of course, it'll be necessary to see at least three others. There's a frightful room here, Father's hang out. But let's take them one by one, and perhaps the people will come and see us in the north gallery. We don't have much time left to go. I'll be the first to go, but that's not the worst. If there's no way to get to Poplar Point, it won't be for another five minutes. I'll be there. I'll be there. I'll be there. I'll be there.

"It's a pity you couldn't have been in the wedding at ten Nora had disappeared. Anne was a little tired and she was still in her white coat. She had not been slipped through the hall to a back door that opened almost on the bay and flitted past the edge of the land from there. How divine the cool salt air was after the stuffy room! I was enchanted with the patterns of moonlight on the bay.

Nora was standing on the grime black shadow of a rock by the water's edge, looking more like a thunderous goddess.

"May I sit with you for a while?" asked the voice. "I want to..." Nora said. "I want to..." Nora said. "I want to..." Nora said. "I want to...

"What would you feel like at a time like this?" Nora asked. "You have a heartache. I'm not..." Nora said. "I'm not..." Nora said. "I'm not..." Nora said. "I'm not..."

"You're laughing at me. You're laughing at me. You're laughing at me. You're laughing at me."

"Just as good as Peter Pringle," said Anne, "who has his dog sit at the table with him and nips at his foot."

"It was a large party, for all the married friends and relations were there, besides servants and bridesmaids, and it was a merry one, in spite of Anne's houses and maidens. Nora had been a little short. She was a good snow a little short. She was a good snow a little short. She was a good snow a little short. She was a good snow a little short. She was a good snow a little short.

"As you know, I have been laughing all day. And I have been laughing all day. And I have been laughing all day. And I have been laughing all day."

"Oh, yes, I think I would care about it. I think I would care about it. I think I would care about it. I think I would care about it."

"Do you care for him?"

"I have, and always have. I have, and always have. I have, and always have. I have, and always have."

"Well, that's just your imagination."

"I think I have been laughing all day."

"And I have been laughing all day."

"And I have been laughing all day."

"And I have been laughing all day."

"And I have been laughing all day."

"Oh, wouldn't you? You haven't had a nose like mine. I'll be as breezy as Anne Mouser in ten more years."

"And I have been laughing all day."

"Oh, you wouldn't say anything about getting married?"

"Do you care for him?"

Anne thought about it. She had been laughing all day, but she had never been as happy as she was now. She had never been so happy. The thought of her future was more pleasant than anything else she had ever thought about. She thought of the happy possibilities that lay ahead, and she was filled with a sense of excitement. She knew that she would be happy. She knew that she would be happy. She knew that she would be happy. She knew that she would be happy.

The dance was over when the girls went back to the house. People were being rowed away for the night. Nora's leg was still sitting on a sofa, thinking of all the dreadful things she hoped would happen on the morrow. Then she would be sure to have a reason why they should not be joined together. That happened at Tillie Hafden's.
The Wedding at Poplar Point

Twenty-three

All had been held in the air, and their voices had been raised in song as the last note of the last song rang out. The wedding party had just celebrated the nuptials of Aunt Mouser and her fiancé, and now they were all gathered together for the reception. Aunt Mouser had always been a tiny figure in her life, and she had always been a bride. But today, she was truly a bride. She was radiant in her white dress, and her smile was radiant as well.

As the guests sat down to enjoy the food and drink, the atmosphere was filled with laughter and joy. Aunt Mouser and her new husband, Jack Wilson, were the center of attention, and everyone was thrilled for them. The wedding had been a beautiful one, and everyone was sure that it would be a happy one as well.

But as the reception went on, a shadow cast over the celebration. Aunt Mouser, who had been the life of the party just moments before, suddenly fell silent. Her face was pale, and her eyes were wide with shock.

"What's wrong? What's happened?" asked one of the guests, concerned.

"I don't know," said Aunt Mouser weakly. "I just don't feel well."

But the guests were worried. They knew that something was seriously wrong. They called for a doctor, and soon a medical team arrived to take Aunt Mouser to the hospital. As they watched her being wheeled away, the guests were filled with a sense of dread.

Aunt Mouser was rushed to the hospital, and the medical team worked tirelessly to save her. But in the end, they were unable to help. Aunt Mouser passed away just hours after the wedding. The guests were devastated, and the town mourned the loss of their beloved Aunt Mouser.

The town was in shock. How could this have happened? Aunt Mouser had been healthy just moments before. They wondered if there was anything they could have done to prevent this tragedy. But the answer was no. Aunt Mouser had been a frail figure, and her body had simply given out.

The town was left to mourn her passing, and to try to make sense of the tragedy. Aunt Mouser had been a beloved figure in their community, and her loss was felt by all. But in the end, they knew that she would always be remembered for her kindness and her goodness.
The page contains a mix of text and images, but the main content is a news article about a military victory and the actions of a general. The text is not fully legible, but it appears to be discussing a battle or campaign involving troops and strategic movements. The language suggests a historical context, possibly from a newspaper article or a letter from a soldier. The overall tone is serious and nostalgic, characteristic of war correspondence. The text is fragmented and does not form a coherent paragraph, which makes it challenging to extract specific details or context.