

Mrs Harris's husband died when she was forty-five years old. She had a son, who was eighteen years old at that time.

Mrs Harris was not a widow for very long. She met a nice man who was a few years older than she was, and two years after her first husband had died, she married for the second time. Her son, Peter, was twenty years old then.

Mrs Harris had a nice, quiet wedding in the village church, and after that, they had the usual party at her house for her family and her new husband's, and for some of their friends, but Peter was very late for the party. At last he hurried in, kissed his mother, and said, 'I'm sorry I'm late, Mum, but I've been looking everywhere for a card which says, "To my Mother, for her Wedding," and I haven't been able to find one.'