

PETER

(catch Miss Felicia having anybody but a bishop); the clear responses—especially Jack's—as if he had been waiting all his life to say those very words and insisted on being heard; the soft crush of satin as Ruth knelt; the rustle of her gown when she regained her feet; the measured words: "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder"—and then the outbreak of joyous congratulations. As I looked in upon them all—old fellow as I am—listening to their joyous laughter; noting the wonderful toilettes, the festoons and masses of flowers; watching Miss Felicia as she moved about the room (and never had I seen her more the "Grande Dame" than she was that day), welcoming her guests with a graciousness that must have opened some of their eyes—even fat, red-faced Arthur Breen, perspiring in pearl-colored gloves and a morning frock coat that fitted all sides of him except the front, and Mrs. Arthur in *moiré antique* and diamonds, were enchanted; noting, too, Peter's perfectly appointed dress and courtly manners, he taking the whole responsibility of the occasion on his own shoulders—head of the house, really, for the time; receiving people at the door; bowing them out again; carrying glasses of punch—stopping to hobnob with this or that old neighbor: "Ah, my dear Mrs. Townehalle, how young and well you look; and you tell me this is your daughter. I knew your mother, my dear, when she was your age, and she was the very prettiest girl in the county. And now let me present you to a most charming woman, Mrs. Foster, of New York, who—" etc., etc. Or