

had often embittered his solitary moments seemed now to be greatly intensified.

It was a joyous party that set out from Mrs. Meredith's on the gay October morning when Robbie went to claim his bride. Mrs. Meredith with Nancy staid at home while the others went.

It seemed like a dream to Mary, that marriage ceremony in the beautiful church. She had not seen her future sister until that morning, when, in all her bridal beauty, she stood before the altar at Robbie's side, her pretty brides-maids with her, not one of whom seemed half so beautiful in the partly dazzled eyes of the unsophisticated girl.

A few of the guests, who knew her to be the bridegroom's sister, wondered, when they saw tear-drops quivering on the long-fringed lashes of those brave, brown eyes; the one or two who understood her best knew it was gladness at her brother's joy that caused them.

She only had time for a few formal words with Robbie's wife after the wedding breakfast, before