

CHAPTER LIII.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

ST. JOHN and Angie were together, one evening, in the room that had been devoted to the reception of the wedding presents. This room had been Aunt Maria's pride and joy, and already it had assumed quite the appearance of a bazaar, for the family connection of the Van Arsdels was large, and numbered many among the richer classes. Arthur's uncle, Dr. Gracey, and the family connections through him were also people in prosperous worldly circumstances, and remarkably well pleased with the marriage; and so there had been a great abundance of valuable gifts. The door-bell for the last week or two had been ringing incessantly, and Aunt Maria had eagerly seized the parcels from the servant and borne them to the depository, and fixed their stations with the cards of the givers conspicuously displayed.

Of course the reader knows that there were the usual amount of berry-spoons, and pie-knives, and crumb-scrapers; of tea-spoons and coffee-spoons; of silver tea-services; of bracelets and chains and studs and brooches and shawl-pins and cashmere shawls and laces. Nobody could deny that everything was arranged so as to make the very most of it.

Angie was showing the things to St. John, in one of those interminable interviews in which engaged people find so much to tell each other.

"Really, Arthur," she said, "it is almost too much. Everybody is giving to me, just at a time when I'm so happy that I need it less than ever I did in my life. I can't help feeling as if it was more than my share."

Of course Arthur didn't think so; he was in that mood that he couldn't think anything on land or sea was too much to be given to Angie.

"And look here," she said, pointing him to a stand which displayed a show of needle-books and pincushions, and small