

I thought that she made the sweetest vision of loveliness my eyes had ever rested on.

The ceremony was soon over, and as I stooped down to kiss her, I whispered in her ear, "Now you are my own sweet wife." She did not speak, but I could read the response in her eyes. After the wedding breakfast was over Katy retired to her room, and returned in a short time, wearing a handsome silver gray broadcloth traveling suit. When all had donned their heavy wraps and furs, we entered three large comfortable sleighs, Katy and I with the Doctor and Mrs. White in the first sleigh, the guests taking possession of the others, and all drove to the depot. As the train pulled out, Katy and I sat at the window of our state-room,—at the rear end of the train,—and watched the doctor and our friends waving us a fond adieu from the station platform, wishing us all kinds of joy and happiness as we started on our honeymoon for Montreal.

THE END