

PETER

poise and sureness of herself that marks the high-born woman the world over when she finds herself the cynosure of all eyes.

All who saw her descend Miss Felicia's stairs held their breath in adoration: Not a flight of steps at all, but a Jacob's ladder down which floated a company of angels in pink and ivory—one all in white, her lovely head crowned by a film of old lace in which nestled a single rose.

On she came—slowly—proudly—her slippered feet touching the carpeted steps as daintily as treads a fawn; her gown crinkling into folds of silver about her knees, one fair hand lost in a mist of gauze, the other holding the blossoms which Jack had pressed to his lips—until she reached her father's side.

"Dear daddy," I heard her whisper as she patted his sleeve with her fingers.

Ah! but it was a proud day for MacFarlane. I saw his bronzed and weather-beaten face flush when he caught sight of her in all her gracious beauty; but it was when she reached his side and laid her hand on his arm, as he told me afterward, that the choke came. She was so like her mother.

The two swept past me into the old-fashioned parlor, now a bower of roses, where Jack and Peter and Felicia, with the elect, waited their coming, and I followed, halting at the doorway. From this point of vantage I peered in as best I could over and between the heads of the more fortunate, but I heard all that went on; the precise, sonorous voice of the bishop—