

"Before the altar now they stand—the bridegroom and the bride ;
And who can tell what lovers feel in this, their hour of pride."

A few words and all was over ; and leaning on the arm of the proud and happy Louis, Celeste received the congratulations of her friends.

Breakfast awaited them on their return to the hall. Immediately after, they were to start for Washington ; but before departing, Celeste, turning to Louis, said :

"Before I go, I would visit the grave of poor Miss Hagar. Come with me."

It was not far from Sunset Hall. A white marble tombstone marked the spot, bearing the inscription :

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
HAGAR WISEMAN.

And underneath were the words :

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Tears fell fast from the eyes of Celeste, as she knelt by that lonely grave ; but they were not all tears of sorrow.

"And this is Venice ! Bless me ! what a queer-looking old place !" exclaimed Gipsy, lying back amid the cushions of a gondola. "How in the world do they manage to make everything look so funny ? This gondola, or whatever they call it, is quite a comfortable place to go to sleep in. I'll bring one of them home to sail on the bay—I will, as sure as shooting. Maybe it won't astonish the natives, slightly. Well this *is* a nice climate, and no mistake. I don't think I'd have any objection to pitching my tent here, myself. What's this the poet says—