

and the triumphant mistress of ceremonies came next, followed by the blacksmith, leading the minister's wife, and growing more cheerful each moment as he neared his dinner. The rest had arranged themselves as best suited their inclinations, and not far down the line moved a happy quartette—Marjorie and Malcolm, oblivious to everything but each other, and behind them Sandy McQuarry and the stately Duke; and a glance at the faces of the four would have puzzled an observer to guess which pair was at that moment experiencing more of the joy of youth and love.

Down the grassy aisle the happy procession passed, through the flecking light and shade, where the long, white tables were laid beneath the apple boughs. And as they moved, a bluebird, swinging far above them in the sunlight, caroled forth a joyous marriage hymn. And down below, the little blue silk gown, of the same shade as his dazzling plumage, covered a heart just as happy.