

PETER

Isaac would have laughed the harder could he have seen her face.

Jack caught up the vase and ran with it to Ruth, who burst out with another: "Oh, what a beauty!" followed by "Who sent it?"

"A gentleman journeyman tailor, my darling," said Jack, with a flash of his eye at Peter, his face wreathed in smiles.

And with the great day—a soft November day—summer had lingered on a-purpose—came the guests: the head of the house of Breen and his wife—not poor Corinne, of course, who poured out her heart in a letter instead, which she entrusted to her mother to deliver; and Holker Morris and Mrs. Morris, and the Fosters and the Granthams and Wildermings and their wives and daughters and sons, and one stray general, who stopped over on his way to the West, and who said when he entered, looking so very grand and important, that he didn't care whether he had been invited to the ceremony or not, at which Miss Felicia was delighted, he being a major-general on the retired list, and not a poor tailor who—no, we won't refer to that again; besides a very, *very* select portion of the dear lady's townspeople—the house being small, as she explained, and Miss MacFarlane's intimates and acquaintances being both importunate and numerous.

And with the gladsome hour came the bride.

None of us will ever forget her. Not only was she a vision of rare loveliness, but there was in her every glance and movement that stateliness and grace, that