

## PETER

from the Holker Morrisises and the Fosters and dozens of others, who loved either Ruth or Jack, or somebody whom each one or both of them loved, or perhaps their fathers and mothers before them. The Scribe has forgotten the list and the donors, and really it is of no value, except as confirmation of the fact that they are still in the possession of the couple, and that none of them was ever exchanged for something else nor will be until the end of time.

One curious-looking box, however, smelling of sandalwood and dried cinnamon, and which arrived the day the ceremony took place, is worthy of recall, because of the universal interest which it excited. It was marked "Fragile" on the outside, and was packed with extraordinary care. Miss Felicia superintended the unrolling and led the chorus of "Oh, how lovely!" herself, when an Imari jar, with carved teakwood stand, was brought to light. So exquisite was it in glaze, form, and color that for a moment no one thought of the donor. Then their curiosity got the better of them and they began to search through the wrappings for the card. It wasn't in the box; it wasn't hidden in the final bag; it wasn't—here a bright thought now flashed through the dear lady's brain—down went her shapely hand into the depths of the tall jar, and up came an envelope bearing Ruth's name and enclosing a card which made the grande dame catch her breath.

"Mr. Isaac Cohen! What—the little tailor!" she gasped out. "The Jew! Well, upon my word—did you ever hear of such impudence!"