Sunshine After the Storm.

CHAPTER XV.

Will's Marriage.

(continued)

Bessie nodded an acceptance of the commission, and then the train moved, and the affairs of Will and Louisa were entirely in their own hands.

Bessie sighed and turned away. Why do people always sigh after the newly married have left them?

Is it because they are glad that a certain strain has been removed, or is it because, in an almost unconscious manner, the breaking-up of any set of circumstances prefigures the great dissolution? The soul is often sensitive and sympathetic without the knowledge or aid of its "house of clay." So sighing and yet not sad, thoughtful and pleasantly thoughtful, Bessie sat down to fulfill Will's commission:

"Dear Amber: I have been awfully neglectful of my duty to you lately. But what can a girl do with two love affairs on her heart and hands? I do not mean two of my own—for it would be impossible to find a man worthy to rival Jack—you must count me for one and put the second down to my cousin Louisa, who is a most charming, womanly creature and who has been staying with me for some weeks. James and Azalia have been here also, and they were so admirable that we felt a little of their society would do for a long time. Certainly, James thinks the world owes him gratitude for condescending to be born thirty years ago and then condescending to get married, like other common mortals. And yet, when I think of all the evil James might have done and has not done, I am amazed at his restraint. For instance, he might have been a horse-thief or a card-sharper, or he might have followed Ingersoll and written against Christianity, or entered into any of the many evils which exist in so large a city; but he has committed none of these villainies; au contraire, he has married a nice girl with lots of money and in other points done so well unto himself that the world has every cause to praise him.

Azalia is the shadow of his virtues and the echo of his wisdom. So you may understand how glad Louisa, who is only an ordinary mortal, was to desert their excellencies and stay with me, who also am only an ordinary mortal. We found it easy to live together without getting on each other's nerves. And pretty soon came Mr. Will Carter, whom I need not describe to you, and he fell—no, he trumbled—over head in love with Louisa; and no wonder, for, as I have said, Louisa has every womanly grace; and this morning they were married in Grasmere Church; and that is the end, or rather, the begining, of the matter. It was an idyllic wedding in every respect; so charmingly simple, graceful and religious. I should be on tiptoes of delight if I could marry Jack in just such a fashion; but, oh, dear, in New York one must be New Yorkish, and I suppose I shall be obliged to submit to a fine public ceremony Jack has that idea. The fact is, Jack is so proud of me he wants all the world to see his good fortune. Will and Louisa are now on their way to London. Where they will go and what they will do afterward are uncertain, except that they will not go anywhere preoccupied by James and Azalia. Will asked me to write to you, and he says he will write himself as soon as possible; but do not be angry if he forgets, for his mind travels in a circuit of which 'sweet Louisa' in the center.

'We expect to be at home before Christmas. Jack thinks the house will be in fine order by that time, and Jack has supreme taste in such matters. We are going to Paris next month. I begin to feel a little interest in my wedding things, though I do not intend to indulge the vulgar idea of a trousseau. It is so like getting all you can out of a father, as if you expected never to get anything from your husband as long as you live. You know I have some original ideas, and this is one of them. Do you remember those immensely rich vulgar Smith-Martels, whose house in New York is all gilt, marble and looking-glass? They came here yesterday—they, and their man-servants and their maid servants, their horses and their carriages and their baby. I met it in the nurse's arms an hour ago. I like babies generally, but this baby has such a smug, vulgar, ready-money expression that it roused my antipathy. It is not right, of course, not to like a baby; but a baby should not look over-fed for its size. I have no other gossip you would understand about. Do send me a news letter from New York. Is Doctor Carter as busy as ever? Will says you only get intermitting peeps at him, be is so devoted to science. I am glad Jack is only a business man, for I am sure I would not be put off with 'intermittent peeps.'

Your affectionate cousin,

'BESSIE MADISON.

'P. S. Do you give me the credit of making the marriage between Will Carter and Louisa. Marriages like theirs are made in heaven, and I should not think of intertering with the business of the angels. Still, I am glad they remembered Will and Louisa. I never saw a couple so suited to each other, except Jack and myself and, of course, Doctor Carter and Mrs Carter.

'Again, adieu! B. M.'

Ambrosia received this letter one day when she was in a very depressed mood, and it did not improve her condition. Her first overwhelming feeling was that every one was deserting her, and with a real headache she cried out bitterly: 'You, too, Will!' That Will had married was bad enough; that Bessie had found him a wife double the trouble. As for the 'angel business,' Ambrosia smiled scornfully at it. She lifted the letter again and read it more carefully. Then she laid it down on her knee and commented thus upon it:

'All this stuff about James Madison and his wife is put in to put off the real gist of the letter. That is so like Bessie! Why did she take so much bother to fence off the subject for another moment or two? It had to come. And she is so good as to say she need not describe Will Carter to me. I knew Will before she ever heard of him! Yet she puts on the airs of one who feels Will to be her very own particular discovery. And then, after all this palaver, she brings out the plain truth in the baldest manner. Bessie felt she had done a mean thing, and that is all about it. She ought to have told me she intended bringing Will and Louisa together. As for not interfering with the angels' business, she must have written lots of letters and taken no end of trouble, and what was that but 'interfering?' How absurd she is about Jack! Bessie is a little traitor. She is trying to wound me with every word. Ah, well, it is always a true saying: 'Since I wronged you I never liked you.'

So musing, she sat a long time with the letter in her hand. Then she wrote an answer, and tore it up. After an hour's consideration she wrote another letter, sealed and stamped it, yet finally tore it also into small shreds and burnt them to ashes. Then she went to dress herself, and took a drive, and when she returned she sat down with a cynical smile and wrote:

"DEAREST BESSIE: I am delighted with your delightful letter and the news it brings. Dear, good Will! He was worthy of the 'sweet Louisa,' and I do hope they will be happy. If you are writing to Will, tell him how glad I am for him and that he must not trouble himself to write often. I know what honeymoon travel is; there is no time for any one but the beloved. I hope they may have such a joyful wander as Doctor Carter and I had.

'Ours was never surpassed and never will be, I am sure; never on this planet. I think your house is getting on; people are talking of its splendor. I would give Jack a reminder that you do not want to rival the Smith-Martels. Men in love have often such exuberant tastes. I wish I had time to write you a news letter, but I am expecting my husband every moment, and, as Will says, we only get 'intermitting peeps' at each other. So I think we ought to make the most of every blessed moment. If you only try, a great deal of happiness can be got out of 'intermitting peeps.' And perhaps, after all, an intermittent condition is better than a wearisome monotony. Besides, the doctor's skill and fame and the universal respect in which he is held add a kind of rarity to the quality and strength of his affection, so that its 'intermittent character' is something far better than a continuity or monotonous mediocrity. I am very proud of being such a great man's wife, and I hope I know how to take the drawbacks of greatness as well as its advantages. We can discuss this point when you are one of the initiated, and know all about it. I think you are right about your trousseau. I acted precisely as you are doing. So we both had the same original idea. I am glad you are going to have a fine wedding. Of course it was out of the question in my case—father being so ill at the time—but I hope to see you in all the traditional glory of a bride. Do try to get home before Christmas. Yours affectionately,

'AMBROSIA CARTER.'

To be continued.

A BROKEN-DOWN SYSTEM.

This is a condition (or disease) to which doctors give many names, but which few of them really understand. It is simply weakness—a breakdown, as it were, of the vital forces that sustain the system. No matter what may be its causes (for its varieties are numerous), the symptoms are much the same, the more prominent being sleeplessness, sense of prostration or weariness, depression of spirits and want of energy for all the ordinary affairs of life. Now, what alone is absolutely essential in all such cases is *increased vitality*—some

VITAL STRENGTH & ENERGY

to throw off these mental fetters, and experience proves that as night succeeds the day this may be more certainly secured by a course of the celebrated life-reviving tonic

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than by any other known combination, so surely as it is taken in accordance with the printed directions accompanying it, will the shattered health be restored.

THE EXPIRING LAMP OF LIFE LIGHTED UP AFRESH,

and a new, robust constitution in place of what had so lately seemed worn out, used up, and valueless, has established and gained complete ascendancy, and immediately observable to the astonished friends of the invalid, a change in every respect and it is difficult to imagine a case of Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Nervous Debilitation, Want of Sleep, Dry Skin, Pimples, Eruptions, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, Costiveness, Flatulence, Giddiness, Nervous Headache, Palpitation, Pain in the Side, Back, Limbs, Joints, Nervous Irritability, Fits of Nervous Depression, Blotches, Blisters, Boils, Coldness, Lassitude, Want of Energy, Want of Confidence, Want of Ambition, Want of Vigor, Want of Flesh, Want of Sleep, Want of Nerve, Want of Strength, Want of Blood, Want of Life, Want of Feeling, Want of Hope, Want of Spirits, Want of Everything, Want of Anything, Want of Something, Want of Nothing, Want of Death, Want of Life, Want of Life, Want of Life