

penchant for porter, and generally gave the butler a hint about a wakeness in the stomach, or a bit of a rheumatiz, whenever she wanted him to smuggle her a glass.

"Thank you, Mr. Thomas; I allus knowed ye wur a raal jintlemin. Yer health, Mr. Thomas."

"I'm bliged to ye, Mrs. Finnigan," replied Thomas, nodding his head.

"I wus allus used" said Mrs. Finnigan, as she emptied the glass, (a habit she had, like the old toper, who gave as his excuse for always draining the glass, his desire to see the pretty angel painted on the bottom; whereupon his wife had an imp painted there instead; but still he drained it dry, remarking "'twould be a pity to leave the imp a drop." Mrs. Finnigan's excuse was, "shure no wan wud drink after me.")

"I wus allus used," she continued, "to livin' in respectable families, and (crossing her arms, each the size of a stove-pipe,) if wust comes to wust, wan kin give warnin'."

"It jist make me shiver of nights," said pretty Bessie Wilson, "to hear master cryin' out ov evenins, most like a wild thing—'Grace, Grace!' jist fur all the world as if she wur there; and thin I be skeered to go down stairs."

"Why didn't ye call me, Miss Bessie? I'd a bin only too happy to fetch ye down," said the butler.

"Now, Mr. Thomas, do hush," looking at him sideways.

"I would, pon honor," stroking fondly a few straggling red hairs on his lip, which he regarded as a love of a mustache, his last looks at night and first in the morning were bestowed upon this fiery pet; he watched its growth as a gardener his early nurslings.

"Where's Jessie Dean, Mr. Thomas?"

"Oh, now, Miss Bessie; hang it, you take a fellow up so short—aw—she—she's not to be mentioned—aw hang it, no, in the same breath with you—you know."

"Ah, Mr. Thomas."

"Its a fact, Miss Bessie," bringing down his knuckles into cook's dripping-pan, instead of on the table, in his excitement, and dashing the rich gravy over his white apron, and into cook's face.

"Good gracious, Mr. Thomas, I'm drowned shure, in grease, and its all over yer pants too, and a drippin' down on yer boots."

"To be drowned in grease," said the hostler, grinning, "be a putty end for a cook."

"What shall I do?" said the butler, as the sound of a bell was heard, "I'm not fit to be seen."

"Didn't I know," said the hostler, "didn't I know what was comin? Didn't I see 'em allus together? Didn't I say—wait? Wasn't my Missis' horse sold the day after she died? an the saddle I can't find to this day."

"You don't say so, Mr. Jones?" queried cook, emerging from the gravy like a mermaid from the ocean.

"Fact, mam. I've hunted these here primises high days an' low days, mam, but all to no purpose, mam."

"Well, I'm beat, Mr. Jones."

"Fact, mam," shaking his head ominously.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WEDDING.

The wedding-day dawned clear and bright. Soft south-western breezes just stirred the grass on Gracy's grave. Two figures stood beside it in the early dusk. They laid their daily offering above the dust that once was life. Tears fell like dew upon the rose-tree leaves that grew upon the grave. Hand in hand they departed in silent sorrow. They were the two Zellars.

The marriage took place in the church at ten o'clock, with much pomp and ceremony, as is usual on such occasions. There was a grand dinner at five o'clock, to which a large company were invited.

Frank thought his troubles all past now. Zella loved him; she had said so. She was his wife.

He had waited long for this—so long; but it had come at last. Surely he would now be repaid for all.

Zella was pleased to see him look happy once more; he had seemed so wretched since Grace's death; not all like himself—he had grown thin, very thin.

They walked in the garden before dinner, talking of past and present. Baby Zell, who had lived with her grandfather since her mother's death, hovered around them, or fluttered like bee from flower to flower, radiant in wedding finery, with large bows of ribbon on her shoulders acting for wings. A lively imagination might liken her to a huge butterfly.

Frank was genial, gay, even hilarious; he never was in such spirits. It appeared to him as if the storms and mists which had shrouded him so long—through which he heard fearful sounds and saw fearful sights, had suddenly lifted, and the welcome light of day was shining on his soul. He crowned Zella with flowers, such as he could find; wax flowers, pure as her brow, he said, and pansies, yellow, true blue, and royal purple, emblem of her noble mind.

"What does the yellow symbolize, Frank?" she asked mischievously.

"Oh! we will overlook that," he replied.

"I hope then," she rejoined, laughing, "you will exercise the same leniency with regard to my faults."

"You have none, my darling."

"Flatterer, will you tell me that ten years hence?"

"Yes, my angel, ten thousand years hence"—he was prevented from finishing his sentence by Baby Zell, who, flying round an angle of the walk, threw a handful of grass up at her father's face, with one of her old-fashioned shouts, and clapped her hands, crying—