

PETER

to the lady—I forget her name, and say to her for me, that if she is as thoughtful of other people as you are, you deserve to be a very happy couple."

Jack shook the little man's hand and went his way. He was sorry and he was glad. He was also somewhat ashamed in his heart. It was not altogether himself who had been thoughtful of other people. But for Peter, perhaps, he might never have paid the visit.

As the blissful day approached Geneseo was shaken to its centre, the vibrations reaching to the extreme limits of the town. Not only was Moggins who drove the village 'bus and tucked small packages under the seat on the sly, overworked, but all the regular and irregular express companies had to put on extra teams. Big box, little box, band box, bundle, began to pour in, to say nothing of precious packages that nobody but "Miss Grayson" could sign for. And then such a litter of cut paper and such mounds of pasteboard boxes poked under Miss Felicia's bed, so she could defend them in the dead of night, and with her life if necessary, each one containing presents, big and little; the very biggest being a flamboyant service of silver from the head of the house of Breen and his wife, and the smallest a velvet-bound prayer-book from Aunt Kate with inter-remembrances from Mac-Farlane (all the linen, glass, and china); from Peter (two old decanters with silver coasters); from Miss Felicia (the rest of her laces, besides innumerable fans and some bits of rare jewelry); besides no end of things