

there are bonnets to be trimmed, fabrics to be matched, dresses to be made, underclothing to be stitched and frilled, pillow-cases and sheets to be made up, towels to be fringed and marked, furniture to be selected, crockery to be purchased, and a general fitting-out to be undertaken. Mrs. Cowdrick soon had a dozen sempstresses employed, and every day she and Leonie, in a frame of exquisite happiness, made the round of the shops, gathering huge heaps of parcels. One single touch of alloy came to mitigate the intensity of their enjoyment. The diamond merchant and the dealer in seal-skin saccos, having learned from harsh experience the peril of Mrs. Cowdrick's enthusiasm for nice things, unkindly insisted upon making their contributions to Leonie's outfit upon a basis of cash in hand before delivery of the goods. But then we must not expect to have absolutely pure joy in this world.

Cards for the wedding were sent out at once to all of the friends of the bride and groom, and of Mr. and Mrs. Cowdrick. Of course it can hardly be expected that the union of two lovers should excite very tender sympathy among disinterested persons; but it is rather melancholy to reflect that most of the individuals who received cards from the Cowdricks did not accept the compliment with unmixed satisfaction. The first thought that occurred to them upon reading the invitation was that they would be compelled to expend something for wedding presents, and many of them had a feeling, not clearly defined, but still strong, that the marriage of Cowdrick's daughter was somehow a mean kind of an attempt on Cowdrick's part to pay tribute upon them.

The presents, however, soon began to come in. Father Tunicle was heard from among the first. He sent a sweet little volume of his sermons (the lithographed discourse not being included among them). The book had been published at the cost of a few of the reverend gentleman's admirers, whose expectations of the result were rather disappointed by the sale of no more than thirty-four copies within two years. Father Tunicle sent the book to Leonie, with a touching note, requesting her especial attention to the sermon upon Auricular Confession, upon page 75. Colonel Hoker, of the *Crab*, sent a handsome silver-plated tea-set, whose value to Leonie was not in any manner decreased by the circumstance, unknown to her, that the Colonel