

"But not till we go home," was the reply to all his entreaties. "I'm just going to get married at dear old St. Mark's, and no place else; and give Aunty Gower a chance to give her brown satin dress another airing—as ours is likely to be the last wedding at Sunset Hall for some time, unless guardy takes it into his head to get married. Now, you needn't coax; I won't have you till we get home, that's flat." And to this resolution she adhered, in spite of all his persuasions.

The bridal tour was, of necessity, much shortened by the desperate haste of Archie—who, like the man with the cork leg, seemed unable to rest in any place; and tore like a comet through Europe, and breathed not freely until they stood once more on American soil.

And three weeks after, a wedding took place at St. Mark's, that surpassed everything of the kind that had ever been heard of before. Good Aunty Gower was in ecstasies; and the squire, before the party dispersed, full of champagne and emotion, arose to propose a toast.

"Ladies and fellow-citizens: On the present interesting occasion, I rise to"—here the speaker took a pinch of snuff—"I rise to"—here a violent sneeze interrupted him, and drew from him the involuntary remark: "Lord! what a cold I've got!—as I was saying, I rise to propose the health and happiness of the bride and bridegroom;" (cheers) "like the flag of our native land, long may they wave!" (desperate cheering). "Marriage, like liberty, is a great institution; and I would advise every single man present to try it. If he has heretofore given up the idea, let him pluck up courage and try again. 'Better late than never,' as Solomon says."

THE END.