

## PETER

ceremony—were to find seats either at the big or little tables placed under the palms or beneath the trellises of jasmine, or upon the old porch overlooking the tropical garden.

It was Jack's voice that finally caught my attention. I could not see clearly on account of the leaves and tangled vines, but I could hear.

"But we want you, and you must."

"Oh, please, do," pleaded Ruth; there was no mistaking the music of her tones, or the southern accent that softened them.

"But what nonsense—an old duffer like me!" This was Peter's voice—no question about it.

"We won't any of us sit down if you don't," Jack was speaking now.

"And it will spoil everything," cried Ruth. "Jack and I planned it long ago; and we have brought you out a special chair; and see your card—see what it says: 'Dear Uncle Peter——'"

"Sit down with you young people at your wedding breakfast!" cried Peter, "and—" He didn't get any farther. Ruth had stopped what was to follow with a kiss. I know, for I craned my neck and caught the flash of the old fellow's bald head with the fair girl's cheek close to his own.

"Well, then—just as you want it—but there's the Major and Felicia and your father."

But they did not want any of these people, Ruth cried with a ringing laugh; didn't want any old people; they just wanted their dear Uncle Peter, and