

... was in her element during the rest of the week.

The wedding was to be private—the recent death of Miss Hagar and Dr. Wiseman rendering the country fashion of a ball in the evening out of the question; but still they had a busy time of it in Sunset Hall. It was arranged that the newly-wedded pair should go abroad immediately after their marriage, accompanied by Gipsy and her mother.

The wedding-day dawned, bright and beautiful, as all wedding-days should. Celeste wished to be married in the church, and no one thought of opposing her will. Gipsy stood beside her, robed in white; and if her face rivaled in pallor the dress she wore, it was thinking of her own gloomy bridal, and of him who had bade her an eternal farewell that night. Mrs. Gower was there, looking very fat, and happy, and respectable, in the venerable brown satin, that was never donned save on an occasion like the present. Lizzie was there, too, supported by Madame Evelini, and looking less listless and far more cheerful than she had been for many a day. There was the squire, looking very pompous and dogmatical, waiting to give the bride away, and, repeating, inwardly, all the proverbs he could recollect, by way of offering up a prayer for their happiness. There was Louis, so tall, and stately, and handsome, looking the very happiest individual in existence. And lastly, there was our own Celeste—our “Star of the Valley”—sweeter and fairer than ever, with her blushing and drooping eyes, and gentle heart fluttering with joy and happiness.

The church was crowded to excess; and a universal buzz of admiration greeted the bridal pair, as they entered. Beneath the gaze of a hundred eyes they moved up the aisle, and