

PETER

greeting some old gray-head with: "Well, well—of course it is—why, Judge, I haven't seen you since you left the bench which you graced so admirably," etc., etc.; watching, too, Ruth and Jack as they stood beneath a bower of arching roses—(Miss Felicia had put it together with her own hands)—receiving the congratulations and good wishes of those they knew and those they did not know; both trying to remember the names of strangers; both laughing over their mistakes, and both famished for just one kiss behind some door or curtain where nobody could see. As I looked on, I say, noting all these and a dozen other things, it was good to feel that there was yet another spot in this world of care where unbridled happiness held full sway and joy and gladness were contagious.

But it was in the tropical garden, with its frog pond, climbing roses in full bloom, water-lilies, honeysuckle, and other warm-weather shrubs and plants (not a single thing was a-bloom outside, even the chrysanthemums had been frost-bitten), that the greatest fun took place. That was a sight worth ten nights on the train to see.

Here the wedding breakfast was spread, the bride's table being placed outside that same arbor where Jack once tried so hard to tell Ruth he loved her (how often have they laughed over it since); a table with covers for seven, counting the two bridesmaids and the two gallants in puffy steel-gray scarfs and smooth steel-gray gloves. The other guests—the relations and intimate friends who had been invited to remain after the