

let the room—"Awfully trying—quite a martyrdom for you, mamma. Have a brandy and seltzer?"

"My dear child!" exclaimed her ladyship, in a tone of remonstrance, and leaning one hand upon a chair so as not to disarrange the folds of her costly *moiré antique*, she tenderly applied the corner of her lace handkerchief to her lips, and after gazing at it furtively to note a soft pink stain, she watched her son as he poured a liberal allowance of pale brandy into a tall engraved glass, skilfully sent the cork flying from a seltzer bottle, filled up the glass with the sparkling mineral water, before handing it to his father.

"There, gov'nor," he exclaimed; "try that."

"Tom, my dear child, no, no," cried her ladyship. "Anthony! No! Certainly not."

"Yes, there is too much brandy, my dear boy," said the old gentleman, hesitating.

"Nonsense! Rubbish! You drink that up, gov'nor, like medicine. You're unstrung and ready to break down. Come: have one, mamma."

"My dear child!" began her ladyship, as she darted a severe look at her husband—"Ah, my darling."

This last was in the most pathetic of tones, for the library door once more opened, and a very sweet-faced fair-haired girl, in her bridesmaid's robe of palest blue, and looking flushed of cheek and red of eye with weeping, led in the bride in her diaphanous veil, just as she had issued from the hands of Justine Framboise, her ladyship's Parisian maid, through which veil, and beneath the traditional wreath of