

Well, they were married, and kissed, and congratulated, as I hope we all will be some day, and the nuptial feast was eaten, and the healths drunk, and toasts made and responded to, and Lady Lemox, and first bride-maid, Miss Chudleigh, wept copiously in clouds of Honiton—Miss Chudleigh, probably, because it was not herself and Plantagenet, and my lady, because it was the correct thing to do. And Charley beamed serene and ineffably calm in society, and thought the whole thing extremely silly and insuperably stupid. And the bridegroom chafed horribly, as the impatient wretches are prone to do, and could have seen the whole of the speech-makers and toast-drinkers at the bottom of the English Channel with all the pleasure in life.

But it ended at last, and traveling gear was donned, and Cyril Trevanion handed his bride into the carriage, and sprung in after her, with a "good-bye, old fellow!" and then they were off and away.

Side by side they sat—it was two months later—watching the sun of Sorrento go down behind the misty peaks of Castellamare. Wondrously lovely looked that Sorrentine landscape, lighted by the sinking sun of July, and wondrously lovely also looked Mrs. Cyril Trevanion, gazing out upon it with dark, dreamy eyes.

The English mail had just arrived, and Cyril sat, or, rather, lounged beside her, sorting letters, papers, books. He took up a volume, cloth-lettered, very neat and cheap, at three shillings and sixpence.

"Here we are, Mrs. Trevanion!" he said, removing his cigar to make the remark (there are vices that even the all-purifying influence of the nuptial knot can not break)—"here we are, your husband's latest literary effort, neatly bound in cloth. 'The Belle of the Billows, first edition, by Angus Macgregor. Illustrated by Phiz. Frontispiece of the author.' Complimentary notices of the press. Wish to see it, madame?"

Sybil pounced upon it with a little cry of delight.

"How nice! What a charming portrait, Cyril! Only—not half handsome enough!" (A profound salaam from the author.) "I always thought I should like to marry a literary man, and see how the dreams of my life come true. My Cyril, my hero, my author! I wonder if any one in the wide world is half as happy as I. When will you begin another, Monsieur Angus Macgregor?"

"Sha'n't write any more," said her husband, lying back

and setting h
lordly man.
this, and you
are crumpled
perfumed f
story-teller
the lotus for
wife's smile

"You'll
"Your wife
fat and lazy
Angus Mac
remain to
out-Herod
divorce."

"Very
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not to obe

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Macgregor

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