

While Dolly Preen sighed and thought the dark Italian very handsome. She had indulged in the same thought before."

"*Voilà!*" exclaimed Mademoiselle Justine, as the carriage with its four greys dashed up, and after a little manipulation at the side of the organ, Luigi Malsano rested a well-formed and dirty hand upon the green baize cover of his instrument, and turned out the old ballad—

"'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart can never be."

For after a great deal of scheming the work of the Countess of Barmouth was crowned. She had secured for her daughter a husband in the shape of the British Resident at the court of the Maharajah of Bistreskin, and to herself of self she had whispered like the revengeful gentleman in the French romance—

"ONE!"

For it was all over.

The carriages had nearly blocked the street, and the crowd had completed the block. The church had been well filled by friends and those curious people who always attend weddings. The ceremony had been performed by a dean, assisted by a canon, and an honorary chaplain to Her Majesty. The bride looked lovely and calm as a statue, though the six bridesmaids in pale blue had sobbed softly, and mourned like so many doves, as they moistened their lace handkerchiefs with a briny dew of pearls, almost as bright as those of the handsome lockets they