

He passes the missive to Levison, who, opening it, cries: "Ye've hit it! I'm a count!"

As Bar-Sinister reads the cablegram he utters a little laugh, and walking to Seraphia again, remarks: "You object to Mr. Levison's name, what would you say to being the Contessa di Tesse Ferrara?"

"Tesse Ferrara? What do you mean?" cries Seraphia, rising with astonishment.

"The gentleman you are about to marry has just come into his family estate, he tells me," laughs George, "and has become the Count di Tesse Ferrara."

"The Count di Tesse Ferrara!" murmurs Seraphia. Then she looks at the little financier, who is bowing before her, blushes, and murmurs falteringly—yea, almost romantically: "Raphael!"

And George knows the matter is settled.

"The wedding must take place at once," he remarks; then suddenly suggests: "Miss Bulger, you had better have your money settled on yourself. The ceremony must be postponed for an hour or two for that."

"No need," says Seraphia, "I know American law well enough to know that everything I have remains mine in this country. Let the minister go to work."

At this little Levison, who is now really the Count di Tesse Ferrara, for he has purchased a small Tuscan estate that carries a title with it, says sulkily, as if by no means pleased with American law, "Yes, let's get it over!"

So Seraphia enters the parlor upon her new fiancé's arm, George following after them as if he were afraid they would slip away from him at the very last.

Here the Reverend Augustus Sloate gives them his greeting, and is introduced by Seraphia to both the gentlemen.

"I received your telegram this morning, Miss Bulger," says the divine. "I presume this happy affair is