

It was most unfortunate that the Prince couldn't come. Had he been there too our cup of happiness would have overflowed. It might have been too much for us.

But as Her Highness explained, the Prince (only a foreign one, not of the Blood Royal), was a terrible sufferer from gout—"Forty—Love," cried the umpire)—whence it will be inferred that he was not so young as the Princess, which is perfectly true.

He never went anywhere nor did anything, which may possibly convey the impression that he was a grumpy old frump, which is also correct. But this didn't in any way prevent Her Highness from enjoying the best of all possible times. *She* went everywhere and saw as little of her princely consort as she conveniently could. With a gouty toe he couldn't very well hop round after her; the proceeding would to say the least of it have been undignified, and a Prince who lacks dignity lacks all.

Don't imagine for a moment that the Princess told us these things. She did nothing of the kind. But one doesn't require to be told everything in so many words, and thank Heaven, there is still something in the world, though not much, left to the imagination.

"Deuce," cried the umpire, and I thought of the Prince's gouty toe.

Her Highness rivetted all her faculties upon the game for nearly five minutes and then her attention