

again all the money the *Daily Bugle* has paid you; besides, I was longing for your return, for I want your assistance in solving a mystery that has rather puzzled us all. Paris is in a turmoil just now over the—"

Jennie's clear laugh rang out.

"I am going over to Paris in a day or two, Mr. Hardwick, to solve the mystery of dressmaking, and I think, from what I know of it already, it will require my whole attention. I must insist on returning to you the cost of the St. Petersburg journey, for, after all, it proved to be rather a personal excursion, and I couldn't think of allowing the paper to pay for it. I merely came in to-night to hand you this card from Sir James Cardiff, and I also desired to tender to you personally my resignation. And so I must bid you good-bye, Mr. Hardwick," said the girl holding out her hand; "and I thank you very much indeed for having given me a chance to work on your paper."

Before the editor could reply, she was gone, and that good man sat down in his chair bewildered by the suddenness of it all, the room looking empty and dismal, lacking her presence.

"Confound Lord Donal Stirling!" he muttered under his breath, and then, as an editor should he went on impassively with his night's work.

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was intended that the wedding should be rather a quiet affair, but circumstances proved too strong for the young people. Lord Donal was very popular and the bride was very beautiful. Sir James thought it necessary to invite a great many people, and he intimated to Lord Donal that a highly placed personage desired to honour the function with his presence. And thus the event created quite a little flutter in the smart set. The society papers affirmed that this elevated personage had been particularly pleased by some diplomatic service which Lord Donal had recently rendered him; but then, of course, one can never believe what one reads in the society press. However, the man of exalted rank was there, and so people said that perhaps there might be something in the rumour. Naturally there was a great turn-out of ambassadors and ministers, and their presence gave colour and dignity to the crush at St. George's, Hanover Square. The Princess von Steinheimer made a special journey from Vienna to attend, and on this occasion she brought the Prince with her. The general opinion was that the bridegroom was a very noble-looking fellow, and that the bride, in her sumptuous wedding apparel, was quite too lovely for anything.

The Princess was exceedingly bright and gay, and she chatted with her old friends the Ambassadors from Austria and America.

"I'm so sorry," she said to the Ambassador from America, "that I did not have time to speak with you at the Duchess of Chiselhurst's ball, but I was compelled to leave early. You should have come to me sooner. The Count here was much more gallant. We had a most delightful conversation, hadn't we, Count? I was with Lord Donal, you remember."

"Oh, yes," replied the aged Austrian, bowing low; "I shall not soon forget the charming conversation I had with your Highness, and I hope