

orange-blossoms, shone as charming a face as bridegroom need wish to see.

"There," exclaimed the bridesmaid in a tone of forced gaiety, "as Justine says, *ne touchez pas*. You are only to have a peep."

"Maude, you ridiculous child," cried her ladyship, "you have been crying, and look dreadful, and—there, I declare it is too bad. You have been making your sister weep too."

"I couldn't help it, mamma," cried the girl, passionately; and the tears that had been waiting ready burst out afresh.

"This is too absurd," exclaimed her ladyship, impatiently. "Maude, you ridiculous girl: you are destroying that costly dress, and the flowers will be all rags."

"Yes, why don't you leave off—you two," cried the brother, cynically, "playing at being fond of one another," while the old man looked piteously on.

"Oh, Diana, Diana," continued her ladyship, "here have I made for you the most brilliant match of the season—an enormously wealthy husband, who literally worships you——"

"I don't believe he cares for her a bit," cried Maude, flushing up, speaking passionately, and giving a stamp with her little white kid boot. "And if I were Di, I wouldn't marry a snuffy old man like that for anybody. I'd sooner die."

"Die game, eh?" cried Tom. "Do you hear, Di?"

"Silence!" exclaimed her ladyship in a tone of authority that seemed to quell the girl's burst of passion. "How dare you!"