

"Sorry!"

"If you want to know, Lie got his rings, one in each finger. Do you suppose
Lie ever knew a bad man before?"

"Just like him," said the bridegroom.

"I don't do like her, you didn't."

"Just like her more and more. She'll appeal to you. She's so practical. She
thinks of everything. She's never at a loss."

"You call her practical. I should call her brief."

"She's the most beautiful girl in London."

"Well, there's a lot of girls in London, but I shouldn't be surprised if you
found she is."

"She is," laughed you. "But if she hadn't had character, do you
suppose I should have taken twice at her?"

"Yes. I do suppose you'd have taken twice at her."

"I shouldn't have married her anyway."

"You said you met her first in the shop?"

"Yes, yes. I met her there with Rebecca. What a lot of hum! You
know, some of those shop people know a thing or two about things. He's a
d-d-cate - big in a shop. And of it's a good shop. Like Kankook's, they have
manners - style. And would be equal anything."

"They'd have her out and out, being the mistress of you, modest
in a mouth she'll be doing it as well as the matter ever did. She'll
go down at first. She'll watch ^{she'll} keep her mouth shut until she's got the hang of it.
And then she'll out. You'll see. I haven't the slightest fear. It's not as if I don't
know what marriage is - that women are. Some women can't rise. Some women
are born to rise. She's one of the born. And I don't believe she's not passionate."

at 2.28 ^{precisely} the car stopped gracefully ^{before} the front of St. Agnes. The brother descended
at the red cloth. The head viceroy was exercised dependent. He in thirty years
of matrimony had never heard ^{the} church to be so joyful and
^{known} such progress and expressive floral decorations as Mr. Valentine
Pater had caused to be provided; and his expectations ^{of} such things were enormous.

"I don't see there's one (to us bridesmaids); said a disappointed
voice in the crowd."

"He wouldn't have bridesmaids at any price," Bob murmured
to Randolph. "He was right."

They saw the brother, who walked nervous of the car to the
of the crowded church crowded with well-dressed ^{and} ~~and~~ other persons
who had been drawn partly of friendship for the contract parties, and partly
of the revenues of a highly romantic marriage, and partly of the revenues
of the bride's astute beauty. The brother came to a halt near the altar.

"I don't see there's one (to us bridesmaids); said a disappointed voice in the crowd."

But Mr. Felch said ^{old them} "It is all most disconcerting. I doubt Mr. Felch has had the prospect of having to conduct the ceremony." ^{quite} and even then he's missing.

"It is all most disconcerting. I doubt Mr. Felch has had the prospect of having to conduct the ceremony." ^{of course}
"When does Mr. Felch live?"
"He has a bedroom here. In fact, the church provides very ^{of course} inadequate quarters for the curate, and very inadequate lounge too, and on convenience to both of us, and to save him ^{expense} I put him a bedroom upstairs."

"He may be there now!"
Mr. Fawcett rang the bell. But Mr. Felch was not in his bedroom nor anywhere in the house next.

Both the rector and the ^{two} shell-prospective brides ^{truly} bridegroom were philosophers, and had a proper sense of the ^{relative proportions} things they therefore arranged the ^{most important} most important matter first: a marriage at 10 o'clock the next morning. The rector ^{most} charged the bridegroom with all his excuses, ^{sympathetic} and condolences to the bride. And at last the bride discovered Mr. Fawcett.

That evening from Valentini took her to dinner and the dinner. Dinner at the Spahely Restaurant. And he was very polite and ^{of course} polite. They were not recognized.

"My dearest," he said to her, ^{of course} "you don't suspect that anybody had any reason for trying to prevent my marriage today? Anybody?"

But ^{in answer} she said, "No, I don't." ^{placed} "And I'm so beautiful... well I am, aren't I?"

But she ^{of course} happily agreed, and then ^{then} she insisted on ^{then} spending the night; and ^{then} proceeded for the third time that day to set her gown.

V

The frustrated bride had scarcely had time to dress ^{any} before ^{she} had heard a knock at her little front door in the front street of the block. She thought that had returned for a last kiss or something less valuable; but the tall form of Mr. Felch (or at least a ^{clerical} clerical attire) stood in the doorway. There was a silence.

"May I come in?"
Another silence.
"I suppose so."
Mr. Felch went in. Lid opened another door, and murmured:
"Lid is another visitor, Leggi."
"Oh!" came the low startled cry of a girl who had been about to enter the tiny sitting-room in a state of undress. Then ^{she} was composed: "All right!"
The frustrated bride ^{she} Lid was the friend or colleague with whom ^{she} had had been sharing ^{the} her bed.

"Sit down, please."
Mr. Felch sat down, and ^{she} dropped her hat, which had ^{been} picked up. Mr. Felch, though he ^{had} had ^{been} entirely lacked the ^{traditional} traditional curate's ^{usual} usual, had a considerable ^{flow} flow of words and he was ⁱⁿ in full spate.

