

**MISS HITCHCOCK'S  
WEDDING DRESS**

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Miss Hitchcock's wedding dress by Fanny Wheeler Hart

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**FANNY WHEELER HART**

**MISS HITCHCOCK'S  
WEDDING DRESS**





ON THE BALCONY.

MISS HITCHCOCK'S  
WEDDING DRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL," "A VERY  
YOUNG COUPLE," ETC., ETC.

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## CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—MIRANDA . . . . .	5
II.—LADY GREGORY'S NEPHEW . . . . .	22
III.—AT MADAME LA GA'S . . . . .	51
IV.—A TÊTE-À-TÊTE . . . . .	75
V.—THE FIRST FLOOR . . . . .	91
VI.—SUNDAY . . . . .	114
VII.—FRIENDSHIP . . . . .	133
VIII.—POOR MISS HITCHCOCK! . . . . .	152
IX.—EXPLANATIONS . . . . .	174
X.—THE CHARADE . . . . .	196
XI.—LOVE . . . . .	217
XII.—THE END . . . . .	238





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### CHAPTER I.

#### MIRANDA.

TWO women sat together in a little room, working so hard that you could see their daily bread depended on their industry. Two women—both young, and the youngest a mere girl.

They were busy at the same piece of work—a white satin dress, covered with lace flounces, at once delicate and rich. It was made with two “bodies,” one high and one low; a white satin skirt, adorned with magnificent lace, and attached to a high bodice. Is there anyone in the world so ignorant as not to be aware that such a garment could only be intended for that most interesting of all personages—a bride; to be worn on that most interesting of all occasions—her wedding-day? In short, that the four hands so busily occupied were manufacturing, with light artistic touches, Somebody's wedding dress.

Both these women were lady-like in their appearance, although their clothes were shabby, and their surroundings poor and common.

The elder of the two might perhaps be thirty years old. Pale, even sallow, in coloring, with handsome dark eyes and sharply-cut features, well dressed, well fed, well tended, and happy, she might still have been called almost beautiful.

The younger, more than ten years her junior, *was* beautiful—beautiful, notwithstanding everything that conspired to make her the contrary. Tall and slight as a lily, she was also as fair as one. The delicate wild-rose tint in her cheeks was, perhaps, even more lovely than the deeper hue that might have been there but for work and confinement. Her hazel eyes were radiant, and a profusion of hair, of the same color as those eyes, covered her queen-like little head. Her features were small, delicate, and regular. She was scantily fed, she was badly dressed, she was untidy, and she was tired. Poor child! she had been steadily plying her needle for eight mortal hours; but scantily fed, badly dressed, untidy, tired, and overworked, Miranda Maxwell was as pretty a young creature as could be seen.

“Have you nearly done, Sissy?” said she, in her