

so quiet, always knows about things, and she saw that John liked me, but that the money would prevent him saying anything about it. I did not know what to do, for we had not yet proved him to be a Gwyn Tyrrell, and I knew he would never ask me to be his wife if I had all the money. But that day, when we returned, mamma brought the proofs and the papers with her. Oh, that day!"—and then she shuddered and cried, "I did not know till yesterday morning it was John who saved us, but then—"

Again Beatrix cried, and then she went on, "When we went out yesterday morning, I took him to Gap Lane, and there I told him how miserable I had been about my wickedness there, and his poor darling hand; and then I told him I knew who had saved all our lives the day before, and he was so short and so grumpy, and wanted to go away, and then I told him that he was our relation, and that he and I were to inherit this money between us."

"And then—"

"Oh, Wilfred!"—Beatrix hid her face for a moment—"I feel ashamed that he, so good, so noble, so brave, can love me, but he says it has been always so."

"And to-day?"

It was no longer the maiden Beatrix, but the child Tricksy, that laughed a peal of laughter at these words.

"You know he got into one of his shy, nervous states, and I do not believe any one could have got him out of his room unless I had gone in; but I went up to him, and coaxed him, and smoothed his hair, and told him how proud I was that he had chosen me, and how glad dear mamma was, and I persuaded him to come down."

"He deserves you, Tricksy," I said.

"But I shall never deserve him. But Wilfred dear, you are glad too, are you not?"—and she looked at me with her earnest eyes,— "glad that we two are happy?—for I know you love us both."

I made a gulp, for my heart was in my throat—"God bless you both."

"It will be always the same between us, you know," she said. "I shall always be Aunt Tricksy to you. And now come and tell John so too."

I did as I was bid. From that day to this I never knew whether John suspected how dearly I had loved Tricksy. We were always fast friends, and I was godfather to darling Tricksy's first child, a girl, whom I insisted upon naming Tricksy, *pur et simple*. In all human probability (for there are no such girls now as Tricksy Gwyn was) Tricksy Gwyn Tyrrell will be my heiress. I shall never marry; but I will not make so tyrannical a condition as Tricksy was subject to. Women can be trusted with money. My heiress need not marry the day she is of age.