

was right. I knew perfectly well that there must be some romance at the bottom of it all."

"You were very wise, my dear."

"And, mamma, if I had seen Lucia, I should have been still more sure. Why, she is perfectly lovely! I hope she will let me be her bridesmaid."

"Tiny, you know I don't approve of your talking in that way."

"What way, mamma? Of course, they are going to be married. Anybody can see that."

"If they are, no doubt we shall hear in good time."

"And I am sure, if either of us were to marry half as well, the whole house would be in a flutter. I mean to be very good friends with Lucia, and then, perhaps, she will invite me to go and see her. And I *must* be her bridesmaid, because I am her nearest relation; and she can't have any friends in England, and I shall make her let me have a white dress with blue ribbons."

Mrs. Wynter still reproved, but she smiled, too; and Tiny being a spoiled child, needed no greater encouragement. She stopped in her mother's room until she heard Mr. Wynter coming, when she fled,