

Meanwhile the library was still full. Nobody had yet left it; and instinctively everybody was watching the French window.

Two figures appeared there, Felicia in front. She came in, her eyes cast down, a bright spot on either cheek. And while every one in the room held their breath she crossed the floor and paused in front of Faversham.

"Mr. Faversham, I ask your pardon, that I was so rude. I ——" A sob rose in her throat, and she stopped a moment to control it. "Till the other day — I was just a poor girl — who never had a *lira* to spend. All that we ate — my mother and I — we had to work for. And now — you have made me rich. It's — it's very wonderful. I only wish" — the sob rose again — "just that last time — my father had been kind to me. I thank you with all my heart. But I can't take it all, you know — I *can't!*"

She looked at him appealing — almost threatening. Faversham smiled at her.

"That doesn't lie with you! One of your trustees has already signed the deed — here comes the other." He pointed to Tatham.

"But he isn't my trustee!" insisted Felicia, the tears brimming over; "he's ——"

Tatham came up to her, and gravely took her hand.

Felicia looked at him, then at Victoria, then at the circle of amazed faces. With a low cry of "Mother" she turned and fled from the room, drawing Lady Tatham with her.

A little while later, Lydia, the lawyers and Faversham having departed, found herself alone a moment in the library. In the tumult of happy excitement which pos-