

I joined my congratulations with the rest, but I really did not know what I was saying. What an egregious ass I had been. But no one knew it, I hoped. We sat down to hear the codicil. After a short preamble the legacy to John was cancelled. If John married an heiress, or if John could prove he was the heir of the Gwyn Tyrrells and thus had a claim on the half of Beatrix's fortune, the money was left to his grandson Wilfred Thorold. When it was over—and I thought the dreadful circumlocution and periphrases of the lawyer's jargon would never terminate—I went away; I longed for fresh air. My temples were hot as fire, and yet I shivered as with cold.

I went to the remotest part of the shrubbery belonging to the house, and there flung myself down on the grass. I tried to bear as best I might the bitter, bitter misfortune which had befallen me. I was glad for John's sake, but did he love Beatrix as I did? I dared not go further with that question. I remembered the man who, with a look of agony, had turned to me a day or two ago and had said, "Wilfred, she is there!" ere he rushed upon almost certain self-destruction, in the mad desire and resolution, to save her.

While I was thinking and thinking, with that persistence with which all unhappy creatures count, over and over again, the sum of their misery, I heard voices near me. I looked through the leaves, and saw Tricky and John approaching where I was. I trusted they might not have seen me, and would pass on. I looked through the closely-knitted trunks of the trees, and watched them—they seemed to change characters. John was urging Tricky to do something which she seemed to deprecate. He walked resolutely forward; she hung back. How pretty she looked in her white dress and braided hair! I shut my eyes, for my heart was very sore, and the sight of her hurt me.

Here there was a silence, and I hoped they had passed; but no: a light step came over the grass, the branches were moved aside, and dear little Tricky sat down beside me.

She took my hand—"What is the matter, dear?" How tender, how cruelly tender she was! I was silent. I could have groaned. "Shall I tell you all about it? From the very first day, though I used to be so naughty, I liked John. I liked him that very first night, when he would not give me the kitten. All the time, even when I was so wicked to him in Gap Lane, I loved him. I told mamma, and she thought it best for him not to take leave of me. As soon as mamma heard his name, she thought he might be our relation, but it was very difficult to prove it. That was why she had so often been to London the last year. She had told Mr. Thorold, at once about it, but he did not think it likely. He was resolved to leave John his money, because he knew also, that when everybody here was so angry because he married mamma, John was the only one who never abused him or her about it."

"But how?"

"How did it come about, you mean, that he told me? I will tell you," said the little creature, looking very shy, but very happy. "Mamma, though she is

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