

taking the ward into his confidence, telling it what would prove forever that he considered himself part and parcel of it, its brother as well as its friend.

And Amy, understanding, came.

There was an instant's silence as the crowd took in the situation.

Then—

“Lady Denslow! Lady Denslow!” went up with a whoop. The house fairly rocked and thundered with it. But Amy shook her head, so that, wondering, the audience was still to listen to what she had to say.

“If you call me that, you dear people, I shall think you don't care for me any more. I like much better the little name you gave me years ago, when I first came down here to live and you took me in and gave me a place in your hearts. I want to be to you just what I've always been, and I'm sure that's how John feels, too, though he can't tell you so. Once I wanted to be great and grand—I don't any longer. I'm content just to be John's wife—and your . . .”

“‘Burkeses Amy!’ ‘Burkeses Amy!’” roared the crowd.

THE END