

"I remember," I said, wondering why Gertrude was blushing. "How can I help you? Do I know the girl?"

"Yes," he answered, "you do know the girl. That's not it exactly; strange to say, the girl has consented conditionally."

"Who is she, anyway?"

"Charlie, you *are* a fool," said Gertrude, blushing more than ever.

Then with a shock of surprise the truth came to me.

"Oh!" I cried, "is that it?"

Gertrude nodded.

"Yes," said Beck, "that's it. I want you to help me with Lord Stanton. I fear he may be disappointed, angry even."

"So far as that is concerned," I said, "I often talked about Gertrude's marriage with the governor. He thought you were in love with her."

"And you?" asked Gerty sharply.

"Oh, I told him it was pure nonsense."

"Wise you!"

"But what did Lord Stanton say?" asked Paul.

"He said he hoped sincerely Gertrude would marry young Beck, that there was no man in the world to whom he would sooner give her; and I say the same, old chap."

THE END