

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

at us from Jack's arms, "and, Uncle Dick, dear, tender uncle Dick, can you forgive your wilful maid?"

"God knows, my dear, there's naught to forgive," says I, "save that you are leaving us—"

"Nay, Sir Richard," cries Mr Tawnish, "Uncle Bentley has seen to that—"

"Uncle!" says Jack.

"Uncle!" says I.

"Can it be possible," says Mr Tawnish, rising, "that you are still unaware of the relationship?"

"Bentley," cries Jack, "explain."

"To be sure," says Bentley, in his heavy way, pointing to Mr Tawnish, "this is my sister's only child, Viscount Hazelmere!"

"What!" cries Jack, while I stood dumb with astonishment.

"As you remember, Jack and Dick," says Bentley, getting ponderously to his feet, "it was ever our wish that these two should marry, but, being young and hot-headed, the very expression of that wish was but the signal for them to set