

It was his cousin Etta, a thoughtful little maiden of eleven, who came to his rescue finally, and enabled him to get a little of the rest which he needed so badly.

"You lie down, and go to sleep, Elgar, and I will sit here in the store, and every time anyone comes in, I will wake you up," she said, coming into the store in the afternoon, and finding him with a wet towel bound round his head, to help him keep his attention on what he had to do.

"Do you think that you could?" he asked.

"Of course I could, never you fear, and I just hope that no one will come for an hour or so, and then you will get quite a nice sleep. Mother is lying down on the bed beside poor daddy, and May is looking after the two of them," said Etta, and then she stationed herself on a high stool behind the counter, and looked very important indeed, while Elgar tore the wet towel from his head, and rolled down on the heap of shavings where he slept at night.

But it seemed to him that he had only just begun to doze, although he had been to sleep a good hour, when he heard a shrill scream from Etta. He tried to wake up, but his slumber seemed like stiff bonds about his head, and he was still struggling in the endeavour to wake up, when he heard Etta cry out sharply, "No, no, you must not take that! Oh, Elgar, Elgar, wake up quick, quick!"

Her tone was so urgent that he struggled to his feet, not fully awake even now, yet understanding that she needed him, and trying his best not to fail her.

"Yes, yes, Etta, I am here, what is it that you want?" he began; then seeing that a burly ruffian