

way, and once—but once only—when he and Helen were at Beverly, they pinned him down to a full and minute narration.

"Ah, but," said Jessie Butler, when all was told, to the very last moment of his meeting Helen after his return, "you haven't said how you *felt*, any of the time."

"Well, you know," answered Fenton, rising, and going over to where Helen sat dwelling on him with shining eyes, "I can look back now and see how I *ought* to have felt at given points."

"But—but how *did* you feel," pursued one of his rapt auditors, "when——"

"No, no," said Fenton, "that will do! I've given you the facts; you must make your own fiction out of them. And I think, while you're at it, you'd better get another hero."

"Never!" exclaimed Jessie Butler. "We want *you*. And we want you to behave something *like* a hero, *now*. You can, if you will. Can't he, Helen?"

"I never can make him," said his wife, fondly.

"Then that's because he doesn't appreciate his own adventures properly. Now——"

"Why," explained Fenton, "the adventures were merely a lot of things that happened to me."

"Happened to you!" cried his champion against himself, in generous indignation. "Did it merely *happen* to you to put that rope round you, and swim ashore with it when the ship struck? Did it merely *happen* to you to stay there, and let the others go off in the boat?"

Fenton affected to give the argument serious thought. "Well, you know, I couldn't very well have done otherwise under the circumstances."

"You needn't try to get out of it in that way! You have every attribute of a real hero," persisted his worshipping.

The hero laughed, and did his best to bear the part like a man. Another of the young girls took up the strain.