

sure," and she looked at him with a critical intentness; "I'm not *sure*, but I think you ought to get yourself a tricycle. They make them now with——"

But the great man hurried from the room. He did not want a tricycle.

Certainly, at first, Effie may have seemed to assume too absolute a control, but from the first she was entirely sweet, entirely good. Discretion came swiftly to temper affectionate impulses with understanding hesitations. The world is not a nursery: quite soon she understood. Henceforth it was her care to guard the thoughtful peace of Uncle's home and not to break it: only to laugh when Uncle needed music.

Above all else, she loved to help him—or to think she was helping him.

"Uncle Richard! Don't you think I might do a little tidying?"

"Well, my dear Effie, I shall be very glad of your assistance—later on"

"Not now?"

"You see—the fact is," said the author of *Structural Principles* apologetically, "I am in the middle of a book now, and I have always made it a rule to peg away at the book—postponing everything else, till the book is done. We always tidy *between* books."

"Then do hurry up with the book," said Effie. "I'm dying to begin."