

the other little boy's aunt: "Jimmy is the best child in the world when he is by himself, but he is easily led into mischief."

Miss Minerva's face blazed with indignation.

"William's fault indeed!" she answered back. "There never was a sweeter child than William;" for the lonely woman knew the truth at last. At the thought that her little nephew might be hurt, a long forgotten tenderness stirred her bosom and she realized for the first time how the child had grown into her life.

The telegram came.

"They are all right," shouted Mr. Garner joyously, as he quickly opened and read the yellow missive, "they went on the excursion and Sam Lamb is bringing them home on the accommodation."

As the Major, short, plump, rubicund, jolly, and Miss Minerva, tall, sallow, angular, solemn, were walking to the station to meet the train that was bringing home the runaways, the elderly lover knew himself to be at last master of the situation.

"The trouble with Billy ——" he began,