

The boy's face saddened as if some painful recollection had flitted across his mind.

"What is it, Tom?" queried Myrtle, kindly.

"Nothing, just something in your eyes made me think of something. When you look sorry, you put me in mind of some one; but then you are not like her. Oh, no. Let us talk of Mrs. Trevor for a change. I do not know what they did after they left Heathfield. Philip could tell you,—nobody else knows. Gerard says he thinks Mrs. Trevor gave music lessons for a time, and did sewing. None of their friends heard of them for some time. Six years ago, the year before we came here, Philip was away on a rampage."

Tom's face grew sober again, and he spoke in a hushed voice. He even glanced around uneasily to see if his cousin were listening.

"I guess Philip cannot hear."

"Of course not," replied Myrtle. "Hurry, Tom, I want to hear the rest."

"Well, Philip was in trouble, never mind what. He was wandering round Niagara, not caring what he did. Anyway in a side street, he stumbled over a youngster that was crying on the way, just at dusk. It was a little chap just able to speak. Philip is so kind-hearted, he picked it up, and it yelled Pa, at him, and just then some one came to an open door near by, and said:

"'Oh, Henry, have you come? I'm so tired waiting. Where did you find baby. Henry, have you sold it. I am starving.'

"Philip was in a stew. To crown all, the person in the door saw her mistake and fainted. Philip caught her, and carried the two into a mean little room. When the lady—for he could easily see she was one, came to, she was in a great fright, and nearly beside herself. He talked to her and petted the youngster. Then he asked her to direct him to her husband, and he would

go in search of him. So the poor little thing told him that Mr. Trevor had gone to try and sell their wedding-ring,—that they were just starving. Philip got help and gave a woman money to get food for Mrs. Trevor, and then he started to look for Henry at the shop she described. Here he found that the ring had been bought, but no word of Henry. One of the clerks told him as he was leaving that probably he would find the young man he was searching for in the first grog-shop, and said something about Trevor being a 'regular swill.' Philip hunted him up. He was dead drunk in some low place. The next day, Philip got all their history, and after thinking it over he came down here for the first time, to see if he could square up things between Mr. Irving and Mrs. Trevor. He killed two birds with one shot. He brought the Irvings all round in style, and bought Tecumseth Hall and the Wa-Wa business. Next year we came here to live, and Philip took the Trevors under his wing. Henry is head book-keeper now and a model fellow; but mind you, Myrtle, Philip keeps tight watch over him. Philip is so good."

"What is so very interesting?" called Miss Douglass, at this moment glancing from over her paper, at the two eager faces by the little table.

"Just one of my lingoos, Aunt. See we have wound your yarn. Have you any more?"

"No more now, thank you. Give me the ball. I will knit a while. Who gained the last game?"

"Tom did," said Myrtle, "but he began an interesting conversation, and made me forget to watch."

"Don't believe her, Aunt. It's my skill. I believe I could beat Philip if I tried."

"What is that, Tom," asked Mr. Douglass from the depths of the *Globe*.

"I was just saying that I could beat you if I tried."