

"I don't know any women, only that poor little Mrs. Jameson, who has so many babies, and I really could not ask her," replied his aunt, although she was conscious of a very great shrinking, at the mere thought of helping the doctor, when he set the broken leg of her husband.

"Then I shall help the doctor myself, and you can go and lie down on the bed with the kiddies," said Elgar stoutly. "I'm as good as a woman at some things, and what I don't know the doctor can tell me, and anyhow, I shan't faint."

"Is that a gentle hint that you think I should faint?" Mrs. Townsford asked, with a smile.

"I expect you would, women mostly do, they can't help it, for they are made that way," replied Elgar, with such an air of kindly toleration that his aunt laughed in spite of herself, and then as the tramp of men's feet sounded outside, she turned so ghastly white as to justify all that Elgar had said about women being given to fainting, because they could not help it.

"Here, you go and lie down a bit, I'll see to the men," he said urgently, fairly sweeping her off into the bedroom, and shutting the door upon her, before the little company of men with their ghastly burden arrived upon the scene.

Then Elgar was at the door to meet them, and suggested that the table would be a good place for placing the patient upon, until the poor man was ready to be laid in his bed, as the children were asleep in the bedroom, and it was not worth while to start them all off crying at once.

"I should think not indeed; we don't want noise of that sort to add to our other bothers," said the