

room—"Philip's den," Tom calls it—just round the hall from the dining-room."

"Yes, I know the room, with all the papers and the printing press," replied Myrtle as she left the room.

"Another message, Myrtle," called Miss Douglass after her. "Ask Tom if he would like to have Percy or Gerard sent for. They are his chief friends."

Tom was in the library. In accordance with Mr. Douglass's directions, Rosalie that morning had arranged a comfortable resting place on the same great lounge where Tom had taken the memorable nap when his dreams had been of such a pleasant nature. Philip had arrayed the sick boy in a gay dressing gown which presented a marked contrast to the dejected face on the pillow. Dr. Burke had made an early call and left his patient with brighter prospects than could have been expected after an accident that might have proved serious.

"Good morning," said Myrtle, cheerfully.

Tom looked up and catching the inspiration of her smile answered with a nod.

"You are getting on beautifully," continued Myrtle arranging the tray which the maid had just brought in.

"So Burke says, but I'm in torture here." Tom touched a band which strapped his arm, and came down rather tight over his wounded hand. Myrtle took the scissors from the table, loosened the band slightly, then arranged it in such a manner that the poor mangled wrist was freed. Unwrapping the cruelly torn fingers, she gently poured over them a healing salve which had been left by the Doctor, then she tied them up so tenderly that Tom inwardly blessed her.

"That is just the ticket," muttered the lad with a pleased glance out of his honest blue eyes. "How under the sun did you learn the dodge? You might start opposition to Burke. He is an old rascal."

"Rosalie says that the 'old rascal' stayed with you all night. Not many would do that, I fancy."

"No, I suppose not, but now can you do this up so comfortable kind of?" asked Tom, nodding with a groan towards his wounded arm.

"What is wrong?—the other hand?"

"Just a bruise or two; never mind," replied Tom, trying not to wince as he lifted a cup of tea to his lips.

"I always had a fancy for taking care of sick people. You know I nursed my father, always." Her voice softened and a shadow crept over her sensitive mouth. "He liked to have me best." There was an odd little choke in her throat as she turned for a fresh pillow on which to better stay the broken arm. When she returned she had mastered her momentary sobs, and with the old pleasant light in her eyes, she said, as she carefully settled the soft pillow,

"Let me feed you; I know it hurts. You sit up so, and I'll cut this piece of chicken."

Tom grew fiery red, but Myrtle went quietly on, cutting dainty morsels and talking as cheerfully and friendly as if they had been brother and sister all their lives.

"I once set a cat's tail," broke out the amused girl.

"A cat's tail!" echoed Tom.

"Yes, our poor old puss once on a time broke her tail, and Mamie, our servant, brought her to me; so I got a little stick and tied it up."

"Was it any good?" queried Tom, as he nibbled off the fork which Myrtle held up with a funny little laugh.

"The tail? Oh, yes; it was stiff a little. Shall I get you another cup of tea?—this is rather cold."

"No, thank you," said Tom, graciously wondering meanwhile how it was this girl gave one such a comfortable kind of feeling. He was fast overcoming his bashfulness, and soon found himself quite at ease. It was rather amusing