

sore to night; besides, be generous, and let me enjoy being the 'Conquering Hero' for once. Here we will wind the blessed old lady's yarn, and I will spin a yarn about Mrs. Trevor if you like."

"Oh, do," said Myrtle with interest; then pausing, she said teasingly, "But your arm, Tom?"

"I will fix it up so, and hold the skein; so, now, go easy and listen. Gerard told me part of it; Aunt the rest. You belong to the family now, so where's the harm? Don't be uneasy about my arm. See, I'll shove this cushion under it. There, I'm comfortable; thank'y, ma'am. Without joking, Myrtle, you are a splendid nurse. You just have the knack of putting things to rights."

Myrtle had adjusted the cushion, arranged the skein of yarn, and now listened eagerly to Tom's tale, told in a low voice.

"To begin at the beginning, there are four boys and two girls in the Irving family. Edwin went to glory, and left a wife and three boys. Gus is next to Edwin, then Edith or Mrs. Trevor. Gerard is a few years younger than her. Guy and Olive are twins."

"Go on, about Mrs. Trevor, Tom; I've often heard you speak of the rest."

"Give me time, Myrtle, and wind slowly. Just make yourself comfortable. I'm like Miss Baxter: I like deliberation in all things. The old governor is as proud as Lucifer, but a splendid old chap for all. I will take you over to Greyley some day when Gerard is home; he is away on a voyage now, and Olive is in the city. Anyway she is not fit to blacken Mrs. Trevor's boots. Mr. Irving thought all the world of Edith. She was always laughing and singing,—just a regular go-ahead, wild piece. She rode wild horses and kept Greyley lively, I tell you. When she was nearly sixteen they sent her to a boarding-school in the city. Before six months she was

expelled for skylarking, and then the Irvings sent her to an aunt in Halifax. Gerard says every one loved her; they could not help themselves. She was so whole-hearted and full of capers. She was just a smasher, he says. Anyway, Henry Trevor came on the scene, and he got smashed up too, so to speak. He was poor as could be; hadn't a red cent to call his own, and was a good-for-nothing, good-looking fellow, drank like a fish, and was such a ruin that his people in England shipped him, and he came to Halifax as a common sailor—worked his way out. He was a plucky chap for all. He loafed round at a bachelor uncle's for a while—a rich old fellow who would not give him more than enough to keep him. Well, one day—here comes the romance—girls like this kind of stuff.—Henry stopped a run-away horse, and saved a young lady from breaking her neck. She turned out to be Edith Irving, and he turned a kind of lunatic; so did she, and as he was handsome, poor, and only nineteen, and she young, and full of fun, they got acquainted, and before long got engaged. Then there was a row. Her aunt got frightened and sent her home. Mr. Irving stormed like mad. Henry came prowling round, and Edith and he made a run-away match. She was not seventeen, nor he twenty. All they had to live on was love, air and their high connections, for the Irvings cut them dead. Mrs. Irving felt so bad she got quite sick, and Mr. Irving took her away to Scotland."

"What became of Edith?" asked Myrtle, excitedly.

"You ought to ask Philip that," said Tom with a knowing nod. "He could tell you the pathetic and bring the briny drops."

"Don't, Tom," said Myrtle. "Was it very sad?"

"Oh, very," replied Tom. "Only by-gones are by-gones, and what is the use of bothering anyway?"