

TECUMSETH HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GIPSEY'S GOVERNESS," &C.

CHAPTER VI.

"Did Henry Trevor come home before you left, Myrtle?" asked Tom, as they sat in the library that evening playing draughts at a corner table quite away from Mr. and Miss Douglass, who were reading the evening papers.

"Yes, he came in just as I left: it was rather exciting, too. The children all rushed at him. There, crown that man, Tom."

"Trevor is a good fellow. Did you like her? There, my fair friend." Tom coolly helped himself to the newly made king, by a lucky move, as he spoke.

"Oh, Tom! The only one I had! Like Mrs. Trevor? Yes, I liked her; she is so bright and young; she just looked as if she were playing at house-keeping, and being mother."

"Well, she isn't old," said Tom after a silence, while he had been seriously studying his next move. "Somewhere in the region of twenty-five! That will do, I think," he continued, slowly pushing a man forward. "Some dozen or more children over there?"

"No, only five," said Myrtle, laughing gleefully as she snatched up two men and walked into a kingdom. "They are little darlings. I enjoyed myself ever and ever so much over there. I'm going again."

"My opinion is that they are little yelpers," said Tom, dryly. "That Tessie is a young witch, and Gerard over again. Mrs. Trevor and Gerard look exactly alike though, don't you think?"

"But Mrs. Trevor is no relation to Gerard Irving, is she, Tom?" asked Myrtle, in surprise.

"Didn't you know that? Of course, she's his sister. Mrs. Trevor was Edith Irving, and if you can swallow all Miss Baxter Burke's yarns, she was the maddest wild-cap in or about Heathfield. But there, as we all know, Miss Baxter's charity is pretty well tucked up."

"I don't believe it," said Myrtle, quickly. "She is so perfectly lady-like. I never met any one with more charming, cordial and happy manners."

"Nor I either," replied Tom, looking laughingly at the earnest face across the table. "She is tamed now, Myrtle. Truly, she was very lively though,—Gerard told me so. She used to ride bareback on horseback and tear round Greyley like mad. She was just brimming over with wild spirits. She has had plenty of trouble though since that."

"How, Tom?" asked Myrtle, eagerly, quite forgetful of the game in which she excelled, in her growing interest to hear the story of Edith Trevor's by-gone days.

"She got married. That tames people. Whew! Myrtle, what do you think of that?" Tom laid a wary trap while Myrtle was thinking of the sunny mistress of "the house over the way," and by a clever stroke won the game.

"Oh, Tom!" cried Myrtle, a little annoyed that her absent-mindedness had caused her defeat.

"Oh, Myrtle!" mimicked Tom, as he threw the board and men aside. "Let's have a cozy talk; I'm tired playing."

"You are afraid to play, Tom, that is it."

"No, honestly, Myrtle. My arm is