

### Another New Burroughs Adds--Subtracts

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### Burroughs Adding Machine Co.

D. W. SAXE, Sales Manager  
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self in so young a child. Diana caught his glance, and instantly a spirit of wilfulness made her say, lightly:

"Now, I won't have Tim coddled, Sir Guy, please, so don't look as though you wanted to fuss him. Tim is Di's brave man, and he was in at the death, Sir Guy—weren't you, my darling? Tim's a sportsman, and sister is ever and ever so proud of him."

Sir Guy lifted the boy to the ground and patted his shoulder, while all the others loudly sang the child's praise, but Sir Guy was silent, and his brow knitted. Tim's eyes implored him, and he felt it would be difficult to betray Tim's confidence.

That night at dinner he resolved somehow to broach the subject to Diana before the evening was over, for Tim and she were leaving for their own home on the morrow, having only consented to come and join his guests for a couple of days. With this thought in his mind, he suggested a stroll on the terrace after dinner, as the night was a glorious one, and a magnificent moon was turning night into day. The proposal was met with pleasure by all, and the ladies, equipped with shawls, soon joined the men as they lounged about the picturesque old stone terrace which ran right round the big house, whose ivied front gleamed richly in the moonlight. Sir Guy rather adroitly drew Diana Tudor a little apart from the chattering group.

"Give me your opinion," he said, guiding her along, "as to whether I should not have some of this splendid ivy cut down. They tell me it makes the house damp, and yet it seems sacrilege to prune even a leaf—the growth of ages. Besides," laughing—"it would afford a veritable fire-escape in case of need, so powerful and strong is it all."

"On the other hand," smiled the girl, "as Tim said to-night, a burglar could find an easy ladder, were he brave enough for such an ascent, which I doubt." And she shivered a little, as she lifted her sweet face to gaze up, and the moonlight showed the man every dainty curve and all the fair tints in the face he had grown to think the fairest, ever made to tantalise a man who was too old, too grave, and too unattractive to hope that he might ever win so sweet a thing.

"Dear Tim is fast asleep by now," he said, rather absently, his gaze on her. Then instinctively turned his eyes towards the turret window, which Diana and Tim had chosen should be theirs during their short visit, as its height gave such a beautiful view of the country around.

THE next moment Diana had turned, and reeled against her host, cheeks livid, and eyes distended in an incredulous stare of horror. She was paralysed with fear, and incapable of speech or movement, but Sir Guy's quick whisper of "Hush," in a voice entirely new to her, would, anyhow, have silenced the girl, for it rang, low as it was, with power and command, and even at that moment of agony she was obsessed with a sense of confidence and belief in the man at her side. She felt, rather than saw, how his whole form became imbued with a marvellous force of nervous energy, and Diana, like a person in some horrible nightmare, waited for developments—herself unable to move hand or foot.

In the brilliant moonlight, outlined, as it were, in silvery outlines, stood the little figure of Tim, balanced on a ledge of narrow stonework that ran round the building, and upon which the child lightly walked, as they—in terror—watched. The turret window was open, and Tim, in a somnambulistic trance, was stepping towards his death, for in a few minutes he would reach the point where the ledge abruptly terminated, and it seemed that nothing could save him from being hurled on to the stone at their very feet.

But as the little figure, in its fluttering gown of white, steadily but slowly advanced towards the fatal gap, Sir Guy leaped forward, and hand over hand, with all the skill of the trained gymnast, up, up he went, clinging to the sturdy trails of the grand old ivy like a sailor to the ropes. There was a quivering sigh from those beneath, for the situation had in that moment become clear to all, and the need of silence

intensified the horror which fell upon the group of men and women as they breathlessly watched the ascent of the man and the advance of the child. Every moment seemed an eternity, but higher and higher swung Sir Guy's slight form, his muscles tense, his features set. A little life was in the balance, and, Heaven willing, it must be saved. One more effort, and with torn palms and swollen veins he was beside the narrow ledge, just as the child reached the gap, and then Sir Guy had his arm round him, while with the other he grasped the ivy and steadied himself by planting his feet on the tiny ledge. To those looking up, it was a horribly precarious position. Should the child struggle, both must fall. But Tim was passive in the careful, tender hold of his "bestest friend," and inch by inch Sir Guy made his way along the stone-work, with little Tim held in front of him.

It was not until the pair reached the open window that the spell of horror which had held the watchers motionless was broken, and a wild rush to the house followed. But the passages and winding staircases of the old place were not quickly traversed, and when the white-faced men and women reached the last flight, Sir Guy himself came down it, smiling rather tremulously at his guests, and holding up a warning hand.

"Tim is still asleep," he whispered, his eyes seeking for Diana Tudor, "and he is safe in the charge of my dear old housekeeper. Pray do not let him be roused, or ever know about to-night."

HE turned and led the way into an upstairs sitting-room, drawing the girl along, for she was trembling violently, and hardly able to stand. But Sir Guy soon placed her in a chair, while one of the men ran hastily for brandy, which they forced her to swallow. And as the stimulant restored her, great tears rolled down her white face, and she cried: "Oh, my little Tim! If I had lost him!"

All the women were crying, too, for the relief of the tension was immense, and even the men coughed huskily and cleared their throats in a suspicious way.

Sir Guy was the calmest of all; but he was looking very exhausted, and his poor hands were painful to see.

"By Jove!" said an elderly man, "it was the pluckiest thing I've ever seen!"

"Couldn't have done it myself for a million pounds," muttered another, and his host smiled.

"But you could for a child, old fellow. There, there, don't say more. Poor Miss Tudor is so unstrong, and small wonder."

"The kindest thing we can do," put in one of the speaker's wives, strongly, and with decision, "is to leave Miss Tudor quiet for a while."

The weeping girl nodded gratefully, and they all filed quietly out of the room. All but Sir Guy, I should say, and he remained, his eyes on the bent head, his heart aching for the pain she had suffered, and quite forgetful of his own part in the suffering.

She looked up after a while. "I can never thank you," she said, faltering. "How can words thank one for such a deed, and—and—oh, I had dared to doubt your courage a few hours ago!"

A sudden resolution seized Sir Guy. "I will do a brave thing now, Miss Tudor," he replied, "for I shall risk your anger and dislike by entreating you to promise me that Tim shall not go hunting—at any rate, for the present, until he is older. Please, please don't think I am presuming on to-night's affair, but I feel convinced that Tim was over-excited, and his brain so affected by an unnatural strain that it produced the somnambulistic trance in which the dear little fellow risked his life, and, thank Heaven, my old training stood me in good stead to help him."

Diana Tudor stood up and held out her hand. "I would promise you anything," she said, simply. "But I know you are right, although I would not own it even to myself. I felt just what you say when Tim was being so brave to-day, for he looked so strange. Sir Guy, can you forgive me for daring to criticise and judge one so much older and wiser than myself, and to refuse to listen to advice about my darling?"

Sir Guy took both her hands. "Ah! so much older, Miss Tudor. I wish he were not so. But if you could only

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