

TECUMSETH HALL.

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

CHAPTER IV.

When Myrtle awoke next morning her first thought was of Tom's accident; then, of Miss Douglass. Tildy, as was her duty, would visit her mistress's bedroom at an early hour, in order to arrange it, and receive the lady's directions for the day; she would in all likelihood give an account of the evening's danger, and thus greatly excite Miss Douglass. Springing hastily up, Myrtle dressed, and quickly sought Miss Douglass's room.

"You are bright and early, Myrtle," said Miss Douglass, pleasantly. "I've just wakened up, and was thinking of ringing for Tildy. Touch the bell, please. Louder, Myrtle. Now, sit down. You look as if you had a weight on your mind."

"Did you sleep well?" asked Myrtle, poking at the fire in the grate.

"Oh, beautifully. I never heard a sound. I hope I shall leave my room to-morrow. I feel myself getting stronger every moment."

"That's good; then you did not hear us. Your nephew hurt himself, but he is all right now."

"Philip! Surely not Philip?" asked Miss Douglass, in alarm.

"No, not Mr. Douglass."

"Tom, then," broke in the terrified lady. "Tell me all about it, Myrtle. Poor boy!"

So Myrtle, in a few words, related the story of Tom's adventure in the quarry.

"Is Philip here?" asked Miss Douglass, when the young girl ceased.

"He was not at home last evening, Miss Douglass."

"Dear me!" sighed the lady, "what shall we do? Do you know how Tom is this morning, Myrtle?"

"Please don't worry," pleaded Myrtle. "I'll run down and see, and I'll tell Tildy to come. Perhaps she has not heard the bell."

Myrtle, wishing to give the maid her message, ran into the dining-room, before knocking at the library door. The table was laid, and the fire was dancing gleefully in the grate. Leaning on the mantel-piece, just under Tom's favorite picture, was Mr. Douglass. He was watching the coals, and seemed lost in painful thought. A weary look rested on his brow, and no smiles lit the fierce eyes. He was scarcely thirty, yet his dark hair was streaked with grey. It was a handsome, though generally cold, face that rested on the tightly closed hands, a face that could beam with energy and be eloquent with the impulses of a strong, sweet nature; but no one in Heathfield, save his aunt and Cousin Tom, had seen that countenance aught but frigidly stern.

Myrtle stood and watched him a moment. This, then, was her guardian—"the kind old man," for no one but the master of Tecumseth would invade the hall with freedom at such an early hour. Besides, Myrtle saw the close resemblance which existed between the aunt and nephew. As she was turning to leave, Mr. Douglass glanced up. Something in the strong, proud face, and the dignity of the now upright,