

"It's a mercy the beam did not strike her more heavily, or she'd not be here now," she said, turning to Mr. Pratt.

"Mark put out his arm to stop it when he saw it coming," sobbed Annie. "I expect that's how he broke his arm."

"Stuff and nonsense!" growled Mark gruffly.

Mr. Emerson set Mark's arm to the best of his ability, for necessity had made him, as he once declared, "Jack of all trades"—we will not add, "master of none." His patient was now struggling hard against the feeling of deadly faintness with which he had battled so long for the sake of his young companions. He had fainted immediately on feeling that the responsibility was off his shoulders, but the pain of having his arm set had roused him a little; still Mr. Emerson had only time to carry him to the room where he had been ill so long, before he became insensible again.

Mr. Pratt had helped to move him, and as he put him in the bed which had been prepared for him, he could not help saying, "Well, after all, I've been hard upon Mark Acton; there's a great