

herself to be drawn along the fence out of the way of the creepers; and then two astonished young people gazed at each other over a wall of red and yellow roses.

"Harold! Harold! where are you? Come along in to breakfast."

Miss Crayley's voice broke an embarrassing silence.

She was advancing down the path.

Then the stranger found his tongue, of which the sight of the pretty, indignant face opposite him, had temporarily deprived him.

"Run!" he said, earnestly, and hurriedly, "and I will not say a word about it!"

But Miss Wildon said indignantly, "I will do nothing of the sort!"

Just at that moment Miss Crayley arrived.

* * * *

Half-an-hour later Timothy Haggart, a wet towel slung across his arm, was sauntering past Miss Crayley's fence. He had been for a swim, and his wet curls glistened in the sunshine. He paused as he reached the gate, and out of pure mischief thrust his face over the bars on the chance of Miss Crayley being in the garden, and, if so, he intended to shout his usual invitation to her to come and catch him. But he retreated at once after a single glance, and crouched down against the fence, and applied first an eye and then an ear to a convenient crack in the same.

"Don't you think, Aunt Mattie," said a man's voice, "that Miss Wildon ought to accept this as a token she forgives me?"

"Pray do not consult me," said Miss Crayley's gentle penetrating voice. "I have lost all faith in your discrimination."

"You have apologized so abjectly for doing your duty, that it would be ungracious of me to refuse it."

Timothy knew this voice perfectly.

The gate was opened, and he un-

doubled himself in time, and picked up his wet towel. His bare brown legs were sedately turning the corner when Miss Wildon caught him up. She held a spray of nasturtiums in her hand. She passed him with a gay "good morning" and a sweet smile. When she had gone Timothy stood still in deep thought. Who was the creature in Miss Crayley's garden who had asked to be forgiven, and had picked with such a lavish hand the flowers held by his adored teacher?

"Seemed at home," said Timothy to himself, and if hunger had not driven him home to breakfast he would probably have returned to his peep-hole in the fence, so consumed with curiosity was he.

Before the day was over it was known among the school children that Miss Crayley had a nephew staying with her. He was the dragon guarding that enchanted garden. Tall and broad he had been seen, fishing-rod in hand, by an awe-struck youngster, making his way for all the world like an old identity to the river.

"Now you can't see—I mean get any more flowers for teacher," said Timothy's neighbour in school. But he spoke inquiringly. For once Timothy allowed a slighting remark to pass unheeded. Presently he said, casually:

"I ain't coming to school to-morrow—I'm going," he added, condescendingly, in answer to the wide-eyed interest of his companion, "I'm going fishing."

CHAPTER III.

Mr Harold Crayley, emerging at eight o'clock from the enchanted garden, shut the gate with a masculine bang, and strode forth with the air of one about to engage on important business. He was immediately accosted by a small boy with a match-box in his hand.

"Fishing?" said the boy, "Want a catcher?"

"A what?" said the man, looking puzzled.