

# The Taming of Timothy.

By E. S. W.

## CHAPTER IV.

**T**HE second crop of roses was over, and Miss Crayley looking forward to chrysanthemums long before her nephew mentioned leaving.

"I was asked yesterday by an old identity, and consequently a privileged idiot, if I intended settling here," he said to his aunt one morning.

They were moving clumps of bulbs.

Miss Crayley peered into the open mouth of a sack on the path.

"And what did you say to that?" she asked in an interested tone. "Don't mix the Capes with the Dutch, Harold—I want them separate."

"I don't feel like settling anywhere," said her nephew in tones of unexpected gloom. The fact is, Aunt Mattie, I have never felt so unsettled in my life."

Miss Crayley looked at him attentively.

"You have enjoyed your stay, I hope," she said. "I never thought you would find the place attractive enough to stay the time you have. I hope you have not been good-natured enough to do it for my sake." Her sweet voice had a tinge of mockery in it. Her nephew looked up at her doubtfully, and she smiled at him with a world of kindness and understanding in her eyes.

"You are a brick, Aunt Mattie," he said gratefully, and no more was said. Aunt Mattie left him to superintend the small maid's idea of jam making. Moving about the house, she heard him singing, tunelessly and vigorously :

"My love is like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June."

"And so she is," said Aunt Mattie to herself as she weighed the sugar, "and a good little rose too. I am sure I wish the dear lad would propose and be happy; but he is absurdly diffident in this matter. I daresay it is very becoming on his part; but there—all men are fools."

She scolded the little maid in her softest tones for not having the blackberries ready.

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Timothy Haggart was so profoundly interested in the friendship between the Dragon and his teacher, that it almost kept him out of mischief. He haunted the neighbourhood of the enchanted garden. He shadowed the unconscious couple when they walked home from church together. Miss Wildon never spent an evening at Miss Crayley's house without Timothy's knowledge. Sitting with his back against the fence outside, he listened to the sound of music within, and sometimes a voice so clear and sweet came through the open windows that Timothy could hear the words of the song. That his conduct was peculiar never occurred to him; and if it had, would probably not have troubled him. Sometimes they came out into the garden and walked about—to see how the Hydrangeas looked in the moonlight. Timothy often felt annoyed because he could not hear what they said—they talked in such low voices.

One evening he received a shock. The Dragon came out alone into the garden, and after walking about moodily for some time, he paused quite close to Timothy on the other side, and said audibly and with emphasis—