

In silence she knelt by him, and together they unwound the sheet from the body of the supposed ghost. A pair of stilts accounted for the height of the figure, and a carved hollow pumpkin for the head, and a lighted candle for the gleaming eyes inside. Presently Miss Wildon gave a startled cry—

"It's Timothy Haggart," she said. "Oh! Harold, what have you done?" She did not know she had called him "Harold."

"Raise his head," was all he said. "I expect he's stunned by the fall."

The moon was shining triumphantly bright now, and Timothy looked small and white lying on the road. Crayley took off his coat, thrust the stilts through the arms, and buttoned the coat. Then he lifted the little figure gently and laid him on the coat.

"In case he has some bones broken we must carry him so."

Miss Wildon understood readily, and lifting the stilts together, they fell into step and marched forward.

"I shall take him to Aunt Mattie. It is close by, and she knows something about ambulance work," said Crayley.

Timothy was borne slowly and quietly along the garden path where, a few hours' before, his activity would have been his only safety. The little maid, crossing the hall with the supper-tray in her hands, caught sight of the trio on the steps and crash! went the tray bringing Miss Crayley quickly to the scene.

"Murder! Funerals! Corpses!" cried the maid. Then she tried to faint, but Miss Crayley slapping her firmly and with intent to hurt, she thought better of it, and only beat her hands wildly in the direction of the door.

"A cup and two saucers and the red sugar basin," said Miss Crayley in a resigned tone. "Quite gone, and not to be replaced in the colonies."

"Never mind the crockery, Aunt," said Crayley. "There is

something more valuable broken here, I'm afraid."

"It's a matter of opinion," said Aunt Mattie, who prided herself on never being surprised at anything that happened in the bush. Nevertheless she was a little astonished when Harold and Miss Wildon laid their burden in the hall.

"It's that imp of a Haggart boy, I know," she said. "I knew he would come to a bad end." But even as she spoke, Timothy's eyes opened, and he looked up at her vacantly for a moment, and then closed them again.

"Put him in the spare room, Harold, and then go for the doctor. You can tell his parents afterwards. A pretty thing to have happened, truly."

So Timothy was put in the big white bed in the spare room of the house with the enchanted garden.

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A little later, Timothy woke with a dreamy consciousness that the lines had somehow fallen unto him in pleasant places. A scent sweet and subtle was in his nostrils, and the broad whiteness of his pillows was a thing to marvel about. He was marvelling quietly, when a cool hand was placed on his forehead. Miss Crayley, holding her knitting in one hand, was looking down at him with satisfaction in every line of her face. Timothy stared at her with a *Hast-thou-found-me-O-mine-enemy* look in his wide eyes.

"How do you feel now, Timothy?" said Miss Crayley, gently. Her voice was as sweet and delicate as the scent of lavender in the white sheets.

"I'm all right," said Timothy, hoarse with surprise. Then, moving his arms, he groaned. "What's yer doing with me, anyway, and why am I here? My head feels queer." His hands went up to his curls, and he found bandages. Memory returned to him with a rush, and he sat up quickly.

"I were a ghost," he said excit-