

College—the silent little groups of boys, and her passing among them to the room where Timothy lay. The doctor told, quietly and frankly, that nothing could save the boy. His lower limbs were paralyzed, and it was only a question of days before paralysis reached the heart. He was in no pain, and the end would probably come quickly. Timothy's one wish seemed to be to get home, not to the little cottage she had taken by the sea, during his schooldays, but home to the house with the enchanted garden.

Outside, the river hurried noisily over its pebbly bed to the sea. Timothy moved his curly head restlessly. "Auntie," he called. She knelt beside him. She put his clinging brown hands to her heart as though their touch could still its wild beating.

"My dear boy," she said, and the sob in the sweet throat caught his ear.

"Don't cry, Auntie," he said boyishly. "Don't cry, or I shall think I have not done right. You taught me to be brave, and when the chance came, I could not but take it. Only I did not think it a chance then, it was just Barker minor I wanted to save. Did you hear the boys cheer me?" he asked smiling. "Of course, Auntie, it is dreadful to die, but it is better than being a cripple for life—not to go swimming or fishing, or to help you in the garden anymore. Oh, I could not stand that! And now I want to thank you—you know you have never let me mention it—I cannot do it properly of course—for all you

have done for me. I was an awful little vagabond; wild as they make 'em, and I took a lot of training. By Jove! this is the very same bed you put me into that night six years ago. And I can smell the flowers, and the river sounds just the same, Auntie." He choked back the tears, and looked up at her.

She kissed him again and again, stroking his curls lovingly.

"You have been more to me than I can tell you, Timothy, the debt is all on my side, my dear. You cannot think how proud and happy you have made me, my brave boy."

She wept silently. Presently he took one of her hands, and placing it on his pillow, he laid his cheek against it, and so fell asleep.

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A week later the Idler, lounging thro' the vast Cemetery with its few graves, passed near Timothy Haggart's, and carefully placed a couple of red roses on it. He had picked them over the fence of the enchanted garden. A vague recollection that he had sometimes seen Timothy do the same thing, prompted him to place them on his grave in passing.

"Well," he said, surveying the crimson roses amid the mass of white flowers that covered the grave, "well, you've got enough now and to spare. Should'nt wonder either if, somewhere or other, you're a wearin' of a crown of 'em."

He opened the gate and passed out.

(THE END.)

