

all the more now that he was well enough to wish to be about, although he was not strong enough.

On this afternoon, Edwin knew there was some fun going on amongst his school-fellows.

They had been hoping for a fall of snow, so that they might have a great snowball battle. The school was to be divided into two armies, and a grand engagement was expected to come off.

So, when the long desired snow really came, and was deep enough to suit the boys' purpose, a half-holiday was asked and granted; and this was the day which Edwin, perched up at the window, remembered so sorrowfully.

The clock on the mantel-piece struck three. Ah! they were just mustering in the playground then, and some tears came up into Edwin's eyes and began to run down his little pale face, in anything but soldier fashion, but brushed them away manfully, and was glad he chanced to be alone just then.

Next moment a surprised look came into his face, for there was Alfred running up the street at full speed.

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Something must surely be the matter, and yet he looked up to the window and nodded to Edwin with a smile; next minute his steps sounded outside; then he was in the room.

"Why, Alfred, what's the matter? Are they not going out?" asked Edwin, turning round from the window.

"Yes; but I am not going out this afternoon, Edwin, so I'll stop with you, and we can play at anything you like."

Edwin looked at Alfred with surprise. All at once a light broke into his mind.

"Oh, Alf, you've given up the fun to stop with me! but don't do it; run fast and you'll be in time yet!"

"Nonsense, Edwin!" muttered Alfred, colouring up, for he did not wish his little brother to know why he came home; he felt half ashamed of being found out and thanked for a kind action. "I don't care about it, so I'll read you your new book; or we'll play draughts—whichever you like." So the draughts were brought out, and little Edwin's pale face was flushed with pleasure as he played; strangely enough he won nearly all the games too, which added to the pleasure; but in the midst of it he could not forget his brother's kindness, and once he began to speak of it again, only he saw that Alfred did not like it, so he left off.

They played till it was dark, and Mrs. Ashton came in to see about Edwin having his tea, and then it was proposed that they should all have tea together up there in the dressing room. So, while it was getting ready, Alfred read a little out of a new book of travels which had been

sent to Edwin the day before. Just as the tea-things were set and they were going to begin, a ring came at the door-bell. It was Harry Andrews come to tell them there had been "jolly fun," and he told them about it. This seemed to amuse little Edwin so much that Mrs Ashton asked Harry to stay to tea, so they were quite a merry party. Soon after, Edwin grew tired and went off to bed, but he seemed happier than he had been for many evenings, and he whispered to Alfred as he said good-night, "You have been so kind, Alf, giving up your fun for me; there isn't another fellow in all the school who would have done it." Those words, and the bright, pleased look on his brother's face, were enough to repay Alfred for his lost amusement.

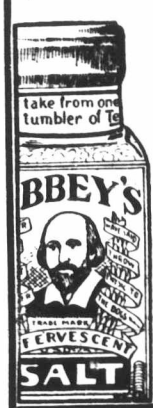
LOST IN THE SAND DUNGEON.

Workmen had been remodelling the house, and there was a great pile of sand in the side-yard. Constance and Georgiana thought it the nicest stuff to play with. They dug sand-tunnels, and squealed with delight when they caved in. They built sand-huts and sand-bridges, and made sand-boats to go sailing on sand-seas. At all hours of the day and every day the sisters were revelling in that pile of sand.

One morning little Lucy Butler, who lived next door, squeezed herself through the fence where some pickets were off, and announced that she had come to play with them.

Constance looked at Georgiana and scowled. Georgiana scowled back. They had been planning such a splendid new play, and now here was Lucy! Of course Lucy was too little to play with them. Sometimes in the

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winter, when it was too stormy to play out of doors, they liked to go over and play with Lucy—but now! What should they do?

"We aren't going to play just yet," Georgiana said at last. "You run home, and when we want you we'll call you."

"Goin' in house?" asked Lucy. "Yes," Constance answered, "we're going in now."

Lucy hung about until she saw them start, then she finally disappeared between the pickets.

"I s'pose it's mean," said Georgiana, "but we can't have her bothering."

"While we're getting Clara Belle ready she will go to playing by her-

self and forget all about it," went on Constance.

By the time Clara Belle was dressed in her pink gingham—which in the play was to be pink satin—little Lucy was not to be seen, and the girls ventured out.

The play proceeded finely. Clara Belle was taken prisoner and cast into the sand-dungeon, and the door of the dungeon was banked high with sand. Meantime Lucy did not come back.

But, patiently, a little figure back of the fence, down where the pickets were off, waited to be called. Two earnest big eyes watched the play going on. Presently the longing overcame all else, and a plaintive little voice rang out:

"Don't you want me yet?"
 "No, not quite yet," replied Constance, turning to her sister with a grimace.

When the time arrived for the imprisoned princess to be released, the sisters started to dig her out of the dungeon but to their dismay no Clara Belle appeared.

Then a little dispute arose as to the exact locality of the dungeon.

"It was right here," asserted Constance.

"No, it was here!" declared Georgiana.

But although they dug and dug and dug, in both places and between, no golden-haired doll in pink gingham came to light.

With drooping lips and tearful eyes they sought mother to tell her the sad story.

"You'll find her if you keep on digging," was her cheerful counsel.

At the piazza door they were confronted by little Lucy. In her arms was Clara Belle!

"I dug her out my own self!" she beamed. "Don't you want me yet? I'm so tired waitin'!"

Constance caught the little one in her arms.

"Yes, I do want you, darling!" she said. "I'm a naughty girl, and you're just as good as you can be to find Clara Belle for us—we don't deserve to have found her, either! But we'll play it all over again, and you may put the princess in the dungeon—mayn't she, Georgiana?"

"Yes, she may," Georgiana answered.—Emma C. Dowd.

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