

young boy. His face always lighted up when he saw this pretty girl, and in common with all the persons in her set, he called her by her nickname.

I asked Walter Scott one day why his young mistress was called the Wasp, and he said it was on account of a costume she wore at a fancy ball, a short time ago. The dress was black and gold and had gauzy wings, and ever since that time her intimate friends had called her "Wasp" or "Waspie."

Miss Stanna had very pretty manners, for much pains had been taken with her education. Naturally, she was very frank and mischievous, but she was always covering up this native gush and frolicsomeness by an assumed conventionality.

To-night she looked merry, and full of fun. She bowed very prettily, and gave a little skip as she held out her hand to my master.

"Grandmother is terribly shocked," she said laughing all over her face, "but Walter Scott was pining for a run, and the maids are out, and brother Carty too. I promised to stay fifteen minutes only, and to walk up and down in sight of the house. I'm so glad you've come—scamper now, Sir Walter and Boy Dog."

I didn't want to scamper, I wanted to hear her talk, for I was very much interested in her. So I kept close to my master, and Sir Walter, after finding out that I did not care to accompany him, ran off alone. That dog always had such perfect manners—acquired abroad, for he had been born in a castle in Scotland, and rather looked down on everybody on the Drive,