

jaunty air and the glittering beads and many tassels which adorned his riding-boots made Wilfred wonder who he was. He set his basket on the ground, and was darting off again to open the gate, when Aunt Miriam, finding her remonstrances vain, leaned across the table on which she was arranging the family breakfast and caught him by the arm. Wilfred was going so fast that the sudden stoppage upset his equilibrium; down he went, smash into the basket of eggs. Out flew one-half in a frantic dance, while the mangled remains of the other streamed across the floor.

"Oh! the eggs, the eggs!" exclaimed Wilfred.

Aunt Miriam, who was on the other side of the table when he came in, had not noticed the basket he was carrying. She held up her hands in dismay, exclaiming, "I am afraid, Wilfred, you are one of the most aggravating boys that ever walked this earth."

For the frost was coming, and eggs were growing scarce.

"And so, auntie, since you can't transform me, you have abased me utterly. I humbly beg your pardon from the very dust, and lay my poor bruised offering at your indignant feet. I thought the coach and six was coming over me, I did indeed!" exclaimed Wilfred.

"Get up" reiterated Aunt Miriam angrily, her vexation heightened by the burst of laughter which greeted her ears from the open door, where the stranger now stood shaking with merriment at the ridiculous scene.