

Mabel tried to get her feet like that, but it hurt dreadfully.

Mabel on the whole thought the picture a very pretty little girl, and made up her mind, when she went home, to ask her mother to get her just such a little blue dress, and have it made low-necked and short sleeves; her own hair was a regular glory of tangled golden curls, and Mabel sighed mournfully as she realized the fact that no amount of brushing, and combing, and parting would ever reduce her hair to ten orderly curls.

One day came a climax. Mabel's latest prank had been the last proverbial straw. Miss Marler told her, this time without tears, and sternly, that the order and discipline of her school must be maintained; therefore, she deemed it her very painful duty to have to write to Mabel's parents to remove her from the school.

Mabel stood dumbfounded. To do the poor little soul justice, her first thought was of her father's and mother's grief; then, what in the world was to become of her! She had heard of children when their parents could do nothing with them being sent to a reformatory. Could they, would they, send her there? Surely they would not do that. Mabel was so overcome with these awful visions that her face this time grew pinker and pinker, and she burst into tears. She begged Miss Marler to give her one more chance, and she would, indeed she would, try to do better. In fact, in her deep woe, she was ready to promise anything, and felt at that moment as if she and happiness were very far apart indeed. Miss Marler, moved by these unusual signs of penitence, told her that she would think it over and let her know the next day. This uncertainty, to my mind, must have been punishment enough. However, the following day Miss Marler informed her that she was to have one more chance, but positively the last. Mabel did improve. She went about amongst her schoolmates with her proud little head well up and a responsible look on her face.

Whenever she felt inclined to break loose and go back to those lovely old times, visions of disappointed parents and the reformatory loomed up with a sense of disagreeable reality; but oh! it was hard! What a beautiful chance she had had only the night before of tacking old Martha the cook's slippers to the floor. Harry had told her of this trick, but the opportunity, I am thankful to say, for old Martha's sake, was not taken advantage of, and Mabel walked bravely away from the tempting slippers.

So long this good fit lasted that Miss Marler thought herself quite justified in writing to Mrs. Job to tell her of the most marked improvement in her daughter. Mabel's next letter from her mother contained the following: "Just lately, a little bird whispered in my ear that my little daughter Mabel was doing so well, both in her lessons and conduct."

Mabel's little heart swelled within her upon reading this, and she wondered who the bird could be. Not Amy Stevens, who had been home on sick leave. A few days before Amy went home she and Mabel, I regret to say, had quarreled about the professions of their respective papas. Mabel informed Amy that it was a most awful thing for her father to be a lawyer. Harry had told her that lawyers told fibs. Amy retorted that anyway her father did not have to "saw bones." (Mr. Job was a doctor.) So you see, after this most stupendous quarrel, it could not have been possible for Amy to have told Mrs. Job about Mabel's good behaviour. No. It must have been Miss Marler; she had been looking at Mabel lately, with little approving nods of encouragement. Also Miss Follet, the music teacher, had put her arm around Mabel at her last music lesson, a thing she had never done before, and Mabel felt highly honored, and began to think that she must be getting very good indeed. The little girl really tried at this time to do well, but alas, there are little people, as well as big people, in this world who manage, some way or