

"teacher" was interested, and told such amazing tales of a juggler she once saw, that doughnuts were left forgotten in dinner-baskets, and wedges of pie remained suspended in the air for several minutes at a time, instead of vanishing with miraculous rapidity as usual. At afternoon recess, which the girls had first, Bab nearly dislocated every joint of her little body trying to imitate the poodle's antics. She had practised on her bed with great success, but the wood-shed floor was a different thing, as her knees and elbows soon testified.

"It looked just as easy as any thing; I don't see how he did it," she said, coming down with a bump after vainly attempting to walk on her hands.

"My gracious, there he is this very minute!" cried Betty, who sat on a little wood-pile near the door.

There was a general rush, and sixteen small girls gazed out into the rain as eagerly as if to behold Cinderella's magic coach, instead of one forlorn dog trotting by through the mud.

"Oh, do call him in and make him dance!" cried the girls, all chirping at once, till it sounded as if a flock of sparrows had taken possession of the shed.

"I will call him,—he knows *me*," and Bab scrambled up, forgetting how she had chased the poodle and called him names two days ago.

He evidently had not forgotten, however; for, though he paused and looked wistfully at them, he would not approach, but stood dripping in the rain, with his frills much bedraggled, while his tasselled tail wagged slowly, and his pink nose pointed suggestively to the pails and baskets, nearly empty now.