

ous a misuse of his beloved make-believes—that he felt he never would forgive them. He sulked through a cold breakfast, and went out alone to the lawn, refusing to speak to either of them, though his aunt attempted to placate him with a candy stick.

He took a picture book with him to console himself in solitude; but he found the hired man cutting the grass; and on his neighbor's veranda, a very young lady with a doll was watching the work. Don also watched.

"He—he's cutting the grass," she explained. "And when he has it all cut, he—he puts water on it to—to make it grow again—so—so he can cut it again."

He accepted the explanation in the spirit in which it was offered; she introduced herself as "Miss Margaret," a title which she had taken from the family servants; and in a few moments he was seated on the front steps beside her, their heads together over the picture book, and each sucking a share of the candy stick. And Miss Margaret's share was the larger.

Between bites, he explained the pictures. When there was a castle in the background, he could tell exactly in what room of it the princess was locked. On demand, he described the ogre, who was her jailer, to the very wart on the knob-end of his nose; and he pictured every article of the gold and silver furnishings of the palace with a realistic detail that made Miss Margaret gasp. Before the book was finished, they had become such friends that she let him