

toy closet like a child in a fit. He flung the fire-crackers away from him; he beat the floor with his little fists; he ran to the door of the playroom, locked it, and dropped on the rug there choked with the sobs that burst from him, in writhing and weeping, till he was too weak to do more than moan.

Nannie came, and tapped secretly on the door, and cried "Donnie? Donnie?" under her breath. But he knew from her tone that he was in disgrace with the household, and he would not open to her.

"They 're goin' on the picnic," she whispered hoarsely.

He knew they were; and he knew that his father would punish him by leaving him at home. He did not intend to go downstairs and take his sentence. He held quiet until Nannie had gone away, and then he crawled, numb and exhausted, into the bedroom and threw himself on his cot.

He heard knocking on his door faintly, in a weak doze, but he did not get up. He heard his mother calling him, up the stairs which she was unable to climb; but he did not reply. Only when he heard voices on the lawn, he peeped out behind the curtain and saw her in her invalid chair, his father wheeling her—with the baby on his arm—and Frankie walking proudly at her side. They turned at the gate to call a last good-bye to Nannie; and his mother looked up at the nursery windows with a face that often came with tears, to Donald, afterward, in dreams.

He jumped back and dropped the curtain. When