

hand, as she walked along into the room following her mother, who was drawn in by the other. She seemed afraid to come in, or at least very unwilling, from some cause or other.

Miss Mary rose and was going to speak to the woman, when just as she got about half way across the room, the little girl seemed determined not to come any farther; she pulled her hand violently away from her mother and ran off out of the door.

"Dovey!" said the woman, turning round suddenly and following her, "Dovey, here, come back, Dovey, this instant!"

While thus calling the girl back, the woman had followed her to the portico before the door. Dovey ran until she had got to a safe distance in the orchard, and then stopped and turned round and looked at her mother.

"Dovey!" said her mother again standing in the portico, "I tell you to come directly to me."

Dovey stood still looking at her mother but made no answer. "Mind, this minute," said her mother stamping her foot.

Dovey very coolly sat down on the grass and began to pick buttercups and dandelions.

By this time Miss Mary had followed the woman out to the door, Rollo coming behind her. Miss Mary thought the girl could not have been very properly managed, or she would not thus disobey her mother. She however did not say so. She smiled and said,

"Your little girl seems afraid, Mrs. Brome."

Mrs. Brome turned first to Miss Mary and then to the girl, and looked excited and angry.

"Afraid!" said she; "she is ugly. She is so wild and contrary, that I can't do anything with her. I was going to bring her to your school." Then she turned to Dovey again, and addressed her in a more soothing and pleasant tone.

"Come, Dovey dear, that is a good girl; come now and see Miss Mary; come and I'll give you a piece of cake."

"You have not got any cake," said Dovey.

"Yes I have," said she, "at home, and I'll give you some as soon as we get home."

But Dovey knew, unfortunately, that there was not a great deal of dependence to be placed upon such promises, and she did not move.

"I think you had better walk in, Mrs. Brome," said Miss Mary, "and sit down: perhaps she will come in by and by."

"No she won't," said the woman. Then turning round again towards Dovey, she stepped out from the door, and began to move towards her, with a very resolute air; but Dovey was upon her feet in an instant, and began to skip backwards with a lightness and agility which showed at once that all pursuit would be fruitless. Miss Mary then repeated her request that Mrs. Brome would come in, and she said she would contrive some way to get Dovey in by and by.

They accordingly walked into the school-room, and sat down, and Mrs. Brome began to tell about Dovey. She said that she was headless, wild and disobedient, and that she wanted Miss Mary to take her into her school, and see if she could not make a good girl of her. All this time Rollo sat at the window looking out. Presently he saw Dovey beckoning to him to come out there. Rollo looked up to Miss Mary.

"Yes," said Miss Mary, "you may go out if you would like to. You can show Dovey where she can look through the fence at the chickens."

Rollo went to the door, and just as he was going out, Miss Mary told him that if Dovey wanted to look over the fence, she might come and help him to carry a chair out, from the school-room.

When Rollo had gone, Mrs. Brome and Miss Mary talked more about Dovey.

"When do you want her to begin?" said Miss Mary.

"To-morrow morning; but then I don't see how I shall make her come to school."

"Won't she come if you tell her to?"

"No, she don't mind me at all. She plagues me almost to death," said the woman, with a deep sigh.

"Seems to me," said Miss Mary, "that her name does not correspond with her character very well. I never heard the name Dovey before."

"No," said the woman. "I made that name for her, when she was a baby; she was such a sweet, beautiful baby. But it is all altered now."

A few minutes after this Rollo came gently in at the door, and told Miss Mary that they should like to take the chair.

"Where is Dovey?" said Miss Mary.

"She is right out here, by the door," said Rollo.

Mrs. Brome was going to jump up and go right out to bring her in, but Miss Mary told her she had better sit still, and let her alone at present. Then Miss Mary took a chair and carried it out to the portico, and said,

"Here, Dovey, you can take hold here, at the legs, and Rollo at the other side, and so you can carry it very easily."

Dovey, looked a little shy, but she came up at length cautiously and took hold of the chair; and she and Rollo carried it along. Miss Mary walked along with them a step or two, and asked them if they would be kind enough to count the turkeys in the yard, and tell her how many there were, so that she could tell whether they were all safe.

"How many ought there to be?" said Dovey.

"Four," said Miss Mary.

Then Miss Mary returned to the school-room, to continue her conversation with Mrs. Brome, while the two children hurried along to count the turkeys.

After some time the children saw Miss Mary coming out towards them, and as Dovey was now not afraid of her, she did not run away. As soon as Miss Mary came near she said,

"Come, children, now you may carry in the chair, and put it in the school-room. Dovey your mother has gone home, but she says you are coming to my school to-morrow, and I am glad of it. If you will come early to-morrow morning, I will let you go with me and feed the turkeys."

"Yes, ma'am," said Dovey, "they are all here, all four of them."

"And, Rollo," said Miss Mary, as she followed them along towards the school-room "it is time for you to go home; you can ask your father what studies he wishes you to take and tell me to-morrow."

So Rollo and Dovey put away the chair, and then each went home. Rollo thought that, as he had been already detained some time, he had better not stop to see the bird's nest, but put it off till the next day.

Dovey did not refuse to come the next morning, as her mother had feared; she wanted to help to feed the turkeys. In fact that was Miss Mary's secret plan in telling her about the turkeys. Miss Mary kept her promise about letting her feed them, and then led her into the school-room. Some of the scholars had come already, and were seated at their desks, in various parts of the room preparing their lessons. Miss Mary went up to her table, and took her seat. Dovey threw her bonnet down upon the floor and followed.

"Oh, Dovey," said Miss Mary, "you must not throw your bonnet down there. There is a nail for you; you may hang it upon that."

Dovey went back and took up her bonnet and put it upon the nail, and then came back to Miss Mary's table.

"Tell me the whole of your name," said Miss Mary, laying down at the same time a penknife, with which she had been sharpening a pen.

"Dovey Brome," replied the new scholar, taking up the knife, at the same time beginning to cut the table with it.

"You must not touch the knife, Dovey," said Miss Mary, and she gently took it out of her hand, and laid it down again.

"How old are you, Dovey?" she asked again after having written down her name.

"I shall be eleven next June."

"It is June now," said Miss Mary; "do you mean June of this year or of next year?"

"The next year."

"Then you are ten now?"

"Yes," said Dovey, "a few days ago."

Miss Mary smiled a little, but Dovey did not know what for. She leaned her elbows upon the table, and put her cheeks in her hands, and then, a moment after, she took a pen out of the inkstand before her, and began to mark upon the back of her hand.

"Why, Dovey," said Miss Mary, as soon as she looked up and saw her, "what are you doing? See how you have inked your hand."—"Stop, stop," she said again suddenly when she saw that Dovey was going to wipe her hand upon her gown; but it was too late. The thing was done in an instant, and the ink stain was spread equally over her hand and her dress.

Miss Mary looked at her a moment in silence, and thought that