

ble little curtesy, and held out her apron to prevent any crumbs from dropping on the floor. But suddenly the apron dropped, and the crumbs were strewn about. "Is that a little bird?" she exclaimed eagerly. "Where is he? Is he in the room?" The new friend smiled, and told her that it was a music-box, and after a while she opened it, and explained what made the sounds. Then she took out a pile of books from one of the baskets of goods, and told Peggy she might look at the pictures till she again wanted her. Peggy stepped forward eagerly to take them, and then drew back as if afraid. "What is the matter?" ask Mrs. Fairweather; "I am very willing to trust you with the books. I keep them on purpose to amuse children." Peggy looked down with her finger on her lip, and answer in a constrained voice, "Aunt Turnpenny won't like it if I play."

"Don't trouble yourself about that. I will make it all right with Aunt Hetty," replied the friendly one. Thus assured, she gave herself up to the sole enjoyment of the picture books; and when she was summoned to her work, she obeyed with a cheerful alacrity, that would have astonished her stern relative. When the labors of the day were concluded, Mrs. Fairweather accompanied her home, paid the hours she had been absent, and warmly praised her docility and intelligence.

"It is lucky for her that she behaved so well," replied Aunt Hetty: "if I had heard any complaint I should have given her a wipping, and sent her to bed without her supper."

Poor little Peggy went to sleep that night with a lighter heart than she had ever felt, since she had been an orphan. Her first thought in the morning was whether her

new neighbor would want her services again during the day. Her desire that it should be so, soon became obvious to Aunt Hetty, and excited an undefined jealousy and dislike of a person who so easily made herself beloved. Without exactly acknowledging to herself what were her motives, she ordered Peggy to gather all the sweepings of the kitchen and court into a small pile, and to leave it on the frontier line of her neighbour's premises. Peggy ventured to ask timidly whether the wind would not blow the dirt about, and she received a box on the ear for her impertinence. It chanced that Mrs. Fairweather, quite unintentionally heard the words and the blow. She gave Aunt Hetty's anger time enough to cool, then stepped right out into the court, and after arranging divers matters, she called aloud to her domestic. "Sally, how came you to leave this pile of dirt here? Did I not tell you Miss Turnpenny was very neat? Pray, make haste and sweep it up. I wouldn't have her see it on any account. I told her I would try and keep everything nice about the premises. She is so particular herself, and it is a comfort to have such tidy neighbors." The girl, who had been previously instructed, smiled as she came out, with brush and dust pan, and swept quietly away the pile that was intended as a declaration of frontier war. But another source of annoyance presented itself, which could not be quite so easily disposed of. Aunt Hetty had a cat, a lean, scraggy animal, that looked as if it were often kicked and seldom fed; and Mrs. Fairweather also had a fat, frisky little dog, always ready for a caper. He took a distaste to poor poverty-stricken Tab, the first time he saw her, and no coaxing could induce him to alter his opinion. His name