THE FIRST TIME.

SAXE HOLM, IN ST. NICHOLAS. (Continued.)

and kissed me. If she had said she has been this week." and told her all about it; but again for me. she was too wise to do that. "What!"

It seemed to me, whenever my father looked at me, that his eyes were sterner than ever. A dreadful voice seemed dinning in my ears:

" In a few minutes more dessert will be brought in. and then he will ask for the report."

As soon as the servant began to remove the meat and vegetables, I said:

"I don't want any dessert. May I be excused?"

"Not want any dessert!" exclaimed my mother. "Why, Peggy, you must be ill. We are going to have India pudding and cream.

Now, there was nothing in the

makes me laugh now to think my whole life. how my dear mother must have she heard me reply.

"But I am not hungry, I don't want any.

well, you may go.'

want to see that.

for me:

Play! I was thankful to out of my thoughts for a few if she were thinking very hard. I hardly could eat a mouthful, excape out of the room; but I minutes. I went into the "Oh dear," I thought, "I

my good, kind mother replied see in the brook which looked The little fishes can read it if When I went into the sitting-report," sho said. "The wind dismal, and before long I got to It was very cold and wet, and like it for their schools. room I walked slowly toward blew it into the brook. So we crying so that I could hardly laugh. I only cried the harder. her, and she took me in her lap shall not know how good a girl see anything. It did seem to Then they undressed me, put one word to show that she This was the worst thing yet; wanted to get the report back me all up in blankets, and laid suspected me of having lied I to have to stand there and hear and carry it home to my mother me on the lounge by the fire; should have burst into tears my mother tell my lie over I could not find it. Suddenly I and my mother sat down close said my father, where it was covered with snow, a nice fairy story. Pretty soon, She knew very well that the vehemently. "This high wind and plunged in, both feet, into in spite of all my unhappiness, surest way to make me hate a blow anything into the brook?" the water nearly up to my I feil asleep, and when I waked lie was to let me live along "Yes," said my mother, in knees. Except for my big stick up it was about dark. My with it fastened to me for a what I now understand must I hardly could have got out mother was still sitting by my while. So she began to talk have been a very meaning tone; I was horribly frightened and side. I watched her for some about something else, just as if "that is the way it happened. dripping wet, but there seemed minutes before she knew I was nothing had happened, and in Run away, Peggy, dear, and a sort of relief in having a new awake. She was sitting with her a few minutes we went to din-play." kind of misery; it put the lie eyes on the fire, and looked as

Before I had time to reply, out every little thing I could darling," she said; "let it go. in the least like a bit of paper, they want to, and make some

But I was too unhappy to me too bad that now I really on my flamnel night-gown, rolled made a misstep on the bank by me, and began to read aloud

> know what she's thinking about. I don't believe she believes me; but why don't she say so? I should think she'd whip me for telling a lie."

> As soon as she saw I had waked, she said:

" Well, my little diver, are you rested?

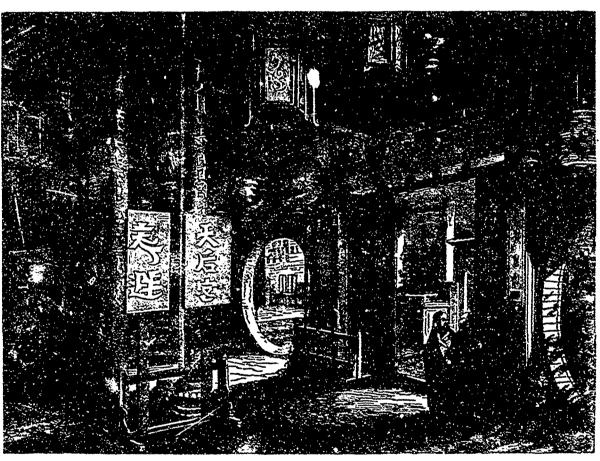
Then she told me about the way the divers go down in the sea after pearls, and at the end of the story, she said:

" I guess it wasn't much of a pearl you went diving after, Peggy, was it?"

"No, mamma," said I. "I don't believe it was, as near as I can remember. I think it was a pretty bad report.

She waited in The muddy water confess the truth to her then. But I was too cowardly. I lay still, with my face turned to the back of the lounge, trying to take a little comfort to my self, because till Mary can get off your the report, except the next Monday morning, when I was

I had not thought of this new occasion for another lie. a big, strong stick, and I fished "Nevermind about the report, I stood still by her side while



THE ANCESTRAL HALL OF A CHINESE MANSION.

and mother both knew it. It never had felt so miserable in animal.

pitied me in her heart when and rolled up my pantalets (in feet at each step. those days all little girls wore long white pantalets down to have you been?" cried my that the report their ankles). Then I went out, climber over the stone farther. Standstill right there, last time she spoke to me about Then my mother said. "Very out, climber over the stone ell; you may go." wall into the orelard, and began And didn't I run fast toward looking in the brook after my things. the door! And didn't I hope, report. Of course, if I had been for two seconds, that my father older I should have known was going to forget to ask after better. But I was a poor, ignorthe report! Alas! no such escape for me!

"I was looking for my report setting off for school, she in the brook," sobbed I, "and I said:

"Oh, wait a minute, Peggy.

Ah, how loving and sympathetic my mother was then.

She understood all about it." "Peggy, Peggy," he called should find the little roll of She understood all about it; what is all this hurry about? paper floating along on the she knew just how wretched I Bring me your report, dear. I water, just as I left it. I found was.

liked so well as felt no more like playing than house crying out loud, and, silence for some minutes after India pudding, and my father I did like drowning myself. I looking like a little half-drowned this. I think she hoped I would dripped from me as I walked I put on my India rubbers and I left the wet prints of my

"Mercy on me, child! where