

that the red stockings made a dazzling gleam in the sunbeams which played upon them. On her lap was an open picture-book.

"Wasn't it kind of Mr. Jim to give me this book, May?" she said. "I call him a very civil young man."

May laughed. "You quaint child!" she said.

"And it is such a pretty book! It is all about fairies. Do you know about the fairies, May?"

"Not much, Annie; I never saw one."

"Neither did I. What darlings they must be, dressed in pale green, with stars on their foreheads! I asked old Jock what fairies were, and he said they were sperrits from unknown redgions, and he had seen the places where they danced when he was in England."

"You must not believe all Jock says," remarked May, turning the batch of dough with her strong white arms.

"No; he said fairies help to churn and bake in England, and I don't believe that. But if I saw a fairy, May, I should ask her to help me to learn my geography. Oh! I do *hate* geography."

"Well, Annie, I will dress you a fairy in pale green, with a star on its head, and you can set it up