



A Christmas Robin

I.

THE fragrance of English violets filled Mrs. Fitzgerald's library, as Marjorie lifted the white papers and silver cord from a dainty violet-colored box.

"A box of posies for each of us, Auntie," she said gayly, as Mrs. Fitzgerald entered the room.

"For *me*?" The elder lady was immediately in a happy flutter of emphasis. "Why, it is *years* since any one has sent *me* flowers on Thanksgiving Day! I have *always* had to buy my own votive offerings. I shall tell the rector at dinner how truly thankful I *am* to-day. Let me see!" Marjorie was opening the second box as her aunt spoke. "Roses—red and white!—child, child, of *course* I might have guessed. They are from your Jack."

"My Jack, indeed!" Marjorie laughed, her cheeks growing suddenly pink. "Please don't tell the rector that," she added half seriously, as she turned away. "Now, if you like, I will get the flowers ready for the table."

"If you will, dear. There is church soon, and Miss Huntington immediately after, and the rector later, and a final seance with black Martha Washington in the kitchen. Will you look around to see if I have left any of my eye-glasses in breakable places? Or if *Bella Donna* or any others of the horrid books I *never* read but always expect to, are lying out in plain sight? What *should* I do

