

"Tell mother I am playing here so good. I'm not in any mischief. Am I, Margaret?"

"No, Tommy; but your mother has sent for you, and you had better go."

"I don't want to go."

"Just as you like," said Jane, indifferently, as she left the kitchen, and went up stairs.

"Where's Thomas?" was the question with which she was met on returning to the chamber.

"He won't come, ma'am."

"Go and tell him that if he doesn't come up to me instantly, I will put on his night clothes, and shut him up in the closet."

The threat of the closet was generally uttered ten times where it was executed once; it made but little impression upon the child, who was all absorbed in his fort.

Jane returned. In a few minutes afterward, the quick, angry voice of the mother was heard ringing down the stairway.

"Tom! come up here this instant!"

"I'm not troubling anything, mother."

"Come up, I say!"

"Margaret says I may play with the clothes-pins. I'm only building a fort with them."

"Do you hear me?"

"Mother!"

"Tom! if you don't come to me this instant, I'll almost skin you. Margaret, take the clothes-pins away. Pretty playthings, indeed, for you to give a boy like him! No wonder I have to get a dozen new ones every two or three months."

Margaret now spoke.

"Tommy, you must go up to your mother."

She now took the clothes-pins, and commenced putting them into the basket where they belonged. Her words and action had a more instant effect than all the mother's storm of passion. The boy left the kitchen in tears, and went slowly up stairs.

"Why didn't you come when I called you? Say!"

The mother seized her little boy by the arm the moment he came in reach of her, and dragged rather than led him up stairs, uttering such exclamations as these by the way:

"I never saw such a child! You might as well talk to the wind! I'm in despair! I'll give up! Humph! clothes-pins