

You've got nothing to do. She may keep you out of mischief."

"Oh, I say, I don't want to butt in, I only thought——"

"She's yours. I'm through until September first."

There was an uproar from below, louder than before. Wally looked out.

"I wonder what they're up to," he said.

A maid, red and flustered, appeared at the door.

"Oh, Mrs. Bryce, please come down to the party. Isabelle ran away with Patsy and we've just found her."

Mrs. Bryce, oblivious of her costume, followed Mr. Bryce and the maid down the stairs, as fast as possible. Evidently a crisis had occurred below. All the girls in their white dresses and pink or blue sashes, all the boys in their white collars of ceremony, were grouped about on the lawn, around the base of a big shade tree. Pink hair bows were a-flutter with excitement. The patent leather pumps of the boys trod upon the white slippers of the little girls in their efforts to see what was happening.

At the foot of the tree stood Miss Wilder red and tired, speaking sternly to some one overhead. Mr. and Mrs. Bryce rushed to join her, brushing children aside.

"What is the matter, Miss Wilder?" demanded Mrs. Bryce.

"Oh, Mrs. Bryce, she's—she's——"

"Isabelle Bryce, come down here this moment," commanded her mother, loudly.

There was a whispered colloquy overhead, among the branches.

"That wretched Patsy is with her," wailed Miss Wilder.