

the poor bird of her baby birdies. She told him how very wrong it was, and he felt so bad that he asked her if he might come over and tell me about it. We lived side by side, and always played together. She let him come, and with tears in his eyes he told me how naughty he had been, and asked me to forgive him. Then he gave me the nest with its two little eggs to keep forever, as a pledge that he would not be so cruel again."

"So my papa was naughty once!" she said, as a half pleased, half surprised look swept over her face.

"Yes, darling—naughty once."

With a smile in her eyes, she danced out of the room, and I could fancy her saying to herself, "when I'm naughty again I'll tell papa he was naughty once."