

you wherever you go. If Mrs. Turnpenny has a heart, I dare say you will find it out, though I never heard of anybody else that could. All the family within the hearing of her tongue called her the neighbor-in-law."

Certainly the prospect was not very encouraging; for the house Mrs. Fairweather proposed to occupy was not only under the same roof with Mrs. Turnpenny, but the building had one common yard in front. The very first day that she took possession of her new habitation, she waited on the neighbor-in-law. Aunt Hetty had taken the precaution to extinguish the fire, lest the new neighbor should want hot water, before her own wood and coal had arrived. Her first salutation was, "If you want any cold water, there's a pump across the street;—I don't like to have my house slopped all over."

"I am glad you are so tidy, neighbor Turnpenny," replied Mrs. Fairweather; "it is extremely pleasant to have neat neighbors. I will try to keep everything as bright as a new five cent piece, for I see it will please you. I came in merely to say good morning, and to ask if you could spare Peggy to run up and down stairs while I am getting my furniture in order. I will pay her sixpence for every hour.

Aunt Hetty had begun to purse up her mouth for a refusal, but the promise of sixpence an hour relaxed her features at once. Little Peggy sat knitting a stocking very diligently, with a rod lying on the table beside her. She looked up with a timid wistfulness, as if the prospect of any change was like a release from prison. When she heard consent given, a bright color flushed her cheeks. She was evidently of an impressible temperament, for good or evil. "Now

mind and behave yourself," said Aunt Hetty, "and see that you keep at work the whole time. If I hear one word of complaint, you know what you'll get when you come home." The rose color subsided from Peggy's pale face, and she answered "yes ma'am," very meekly.

In the neighbor's house all went quiet otherwise. No switch lay on the table, and instead of, "mind how you do that. If you don't I'll punish you," she heard the gentle words, "there, dear, see how carefully you can carry that up stairs. Why, what a nice handy little girl you are!" Under these enlivening influences, Peggy worked like a bee, and soon began to hum much more agreeably than a bee. Aunt Hetty was always in the habit of saying, "stop your noise, and mind your work." But the new friend patted her on the head and said, "what a pretty voice the little girl has. It is like the birds in the fields. By and by you shall hear my music-box." This opened wide the windows of the poor little shut-up heart, so that the sunshine could stream in, and the birds fly in and out, carolling. The happy child tuned up like a lark, as she tripped lightly up and down stairs, on various household errands. But though she took heed to observe all the directions given to her, her head was all the time filled with conjectures what sort of a thing a music-box might be. She was a little afraid that the kind lady would forget to show it to her. She kept at work, however, and asked no questions; she only looked curiously at everything that resembled a box. At last Mrs. Fairweather said, "I think your little feet must be tired by this time. We will rest awhile; and eat some ginger-bread." The child took the offered cake with a hum-