

TECUMSETH HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GIPSEY'S GOVERNESS," ETC.

"How did you ever think of such a blessed idea, Mrs. Trevor?" asked Kitten, coming back to laugh over and kiss the tear-stained stocking.

"Henry and I both thought of it the instant Tom told us you were going next week. He came in last evening for the *Atlantic*, and said they should all miss you,—I think Tom will decidedly." Mrs. Trevor looked attentively at Kitten, as she said this; but that damsel, once more intent on the darning, said quite cheerfully, quite unconcernedly, as if it were a matter of course,

"Oh, yes, Tom and I are pretty good friends. I like Tom."

"You have told me so often," continued Mrs. Trevor, "about your expected future, and the dull life before you, that I always wanted to keep you. Now that we can afford it, I cannot let you go."

"It's too good to be true. Where are the children? I must go and give vent to my feelings somehow, in kisses or hugs, for darning is not lively enough."

"They are in the orchard now with Rose. Percy and Harry have gone to play with Chickie, and Tessie and Daisy are in the swing. There, I hear you, ruffian, as Tom calls baby."

Away sped Kitten to bless and cuddle the dirty little Trevors, for she found them making mud-pies, while Rose gossipped over the back gate with the butcher boy.

"The sweet governess you will be, to be sure, Miss Airlie," said Tom, that evening as the Douglass family sat on their steps talking about Kitten's good fortune. "Those individuals are supposed to be proper and dignified; they

do not bury pigs, chase squirrels, tie tin pans on cats' tails. Neither, to the best of my knowledge, do they sail on planks 'berry-footed,' to use a *Tessicism*, or puddle in water, or run races, or write love-letters. The last crime is the worst by far."

"Tom, don't. You are putting a wet-blanket on her first attempt," said Myrtle, smiling up from her pretty wools and fancy-work.

"Advise her, Tom. You seem to understand a governess's duty," recommended Philip.

"To begin with, she must not flirt with Percy or Harry. In a book I read lately, it says that parents should be careful in the selection of a governess, for they often marry one of the sons."

A shout from Kitten made Tom proceed more seriously, while he whittled away at a piece of stick. "She must be dignified. As a physician I should recommend a good dose of mimminie-pimminie, morning and evening, prunes and prisms at intervals through the day. She should speak only when spoken to; neither should governesses turn up their little noses when a sensible young man, like the Rev. Peter Fletcher"—

"I'm off," said Kitten, and soon the stirring notes of "Buy a Broom" pealed from the piano.

"Pete is gone, sure, Myrtle," said Tom, as Miss Douglass and Philip paced the verandah. "I must go and tell Kitten that this governess's training will just be the thing to tame her for a demure little deaconess. Pete and Kitten. How poetical! and Tom, with a well pleased chuckle, strolled in to propitiate the fire-away musician, by