

## HOW IT WAS CARRIED OUT

There was to be a concert at the Institute and recitations and all sorts of fine doings. They would have "a ripping time," so Kit said.

Polly was of opinion that it would be "most awfully jolly."

There was not a sign of resentment in their manner; they seemed really anxious that Grace should be of the party. Their goodwill was of the heartiest, their forgetfulness of the past complete. Trixy fairly danced with expectation.

"It will be such fun, Dingo," she cried, kissing the pup's smooth head rapturously.

"The twins' father and mother are such nice persons," she declared. "I do like them so much."

Grace did not hear. She was thanking Kit and Polly for their kind invitation and seemed very nervous. It was a relief to her when they bounced out of the room as quickly and noisily as they had bounced in.

"I wonder they don't hate me," she said, turning to Robin.

"Because you were uppish with them? I expect they've quite forgotten that,"