

LITTLE FOLKS

Lizzie's Treats.

(By Eva A. Madden, in 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

(Continued.)

'Don't Aunt Sally look mad! I wonder what's the matter? Hear how loud they are talking,' for the old woman, paying no attention to Lizzie's hurried—'Don't talk so loud, Aunt Sally! It'll be all right to-morrow. I'll 'tend to it sure,' raised her voice so that Carolyn and Amy distinctly heard her tell Lizzie, 'I'll inform Mister Johnnie, sho', Miss Lizzie, I ain't gwine put up wid dis business no longer.' And she shot an angry look after the girl hurrying across the street to join her friends.

'Why, what's the matter with 'Aunt Sally?' was Amy's instant question.

'Oh, nothing much,' answered Lizzie quickly. 'Somebody's been making her angry, and she was telling me about it. Oh, say, girls,' turning the subject, 'do you know that algebra lesson for to-morrow is something awful,' and in a moment she had sailed quite clear from the subject of the recent talk, leaving the girls none the wiser, but it must be confessed a good deal mystified by the movements of their new friend.

Had they seen the smile fade from her pretty face as the owner left them at Third avenue and Chestnut street, and further seen her some fifteen minutes later emerge from the rear way of the big house with a large bundle under her arm, cautiously look right and left, and then disappear towards Ninth street, Carolyn's suspicions would have received enough foundation to threaten the new friendship. As it was, nobody saw her and Carolyn and Lucy imagined her eating her dinner in Mrs. Arlington's handsome dining room.

After this, whenever in their noon walk, they approached Aunt Sally's vicinity, Lizzie contrived to invent some excuse to turn their steps in an opposite direction. So ill at ease was she that when in study hour Miss Ward stepped from her room to the door and called 'Miss Boyd,' she gave so violent a jump that the girls laughed and Miss Ward hastened to say, 'Why, Miss Boyd, it's nothing terrible, I only want you to go to the base-

ment and hunt a roll-book I left there at recess.'

Lizzie, laughing at her foolishness, rose hastily, flattered at being selected for the errand, only trusted girls ever being sent to the basement during school hours. She was gone but a few moments, Miss Ward having barely missed her when she returned, the book in her hand, and a half-frightened look on her face.

'Oh, thank you, you found it then. You had quite a hunt for it, didn't you,' and Miss Ward received her marble-backed roll-book from the girl, who, with the explanation that she had found it in the Junior Hall, hastily gathered up her books to join her division moving towards the history room.

'It's the funniest thing,' whispered Carolyn next morning to Amy behind a song-book, held up to conceal disobedience to rules for they were in the chapel.

'What, Carrie?' and Amy elevated her song-book.

'Why Lizzie Boyd, of course,' answered Carolyn, impatiently. 'Yes-

terday afternoon, if you believe me, I saw her and Aunt Sally on the corner talking again. I was just behind them, and I saw Lizzie hand Aunt Sally something. Then I heard Aunt Sally promise not to tell "Mister Johnnie"; you know she calls professor that. They didn't see me and I went into that confectionery for a moment or two. Standing at the door, I saw Lizzie come out of Mrs. Arlington's with a big bundle. Isn't it queer,' she continued, not telling Amy of her long wait in the confectionery just to see if Lizzie would come out again, for Carolyn had her own suspicions.

'What of that?' asked Amy with her customary loyalty. 'She was sent on an errand, I guess.'

'But she had her books and acted just as if that wasn't her home. She went out towards that horrid Ninth street just as fast as she could go,' insisted Carolyn, her voice full of excitement.

'Why, Carrie, do you suppose?' began Amy, but the bell for silence stopped her. Professor Sloane was

