

fire there," began Mrs. Moss, looking at the maid, who just then came in with a pan full of soot.

"Bless you, ma'am, I never thought of such a thing, nor Katy neither. That naughty Bab must have done it, and so don't dar'st to show herself," answered the irate Randa, whose niece room was in a mess.

"Where is the child?" asked her mother; and a hunt was immediately instituted by Betty and Sancho, while the elders cleared up.

Anxious Betty searched high and low, called and cried, but all in vain; and was about to sit down in despair, when Sancho made a bolt into his new kennel and brought out a shoe with a foot in it while a doleful squeal came from the straw within.

"Oh, Bab, how could you do it? Ma was frightened dreadfully," said Betty, gently tugging at the striped leg, as Sancho poked his head in for another shoe.

"Is it *all* burnt up?" demanded a smothered voice from the recesses of the kennel.

"Only pieces of the roof. Ben and his father put it out, and *I* helped," answered Betty, cheering up a little as she recalled her noble exertions.

"What do they do to folks who set houses afire?" asked the voice again.

"I don't know; but you needn't be afraid, there isn't much harm done, I guess, and Miss Celia will forgive you, she's so good."

"Thorny won't; he calls me a 'botheration,' and I guess I am," mourned the unseen culprit, with sincere contrition.

"I'll ask him; he is always good to me. They will