

made every one except her father dance to her own tune, so turning towards Grace she said gravely, "Miss Morton you will get up at once; I will help you to dress your hair, but I cannot stay to do it in that elaborate style you have been accustomed to, nor can I promise to do it every day. I am quite willing to help you all I can, but any young lady of common sense can easily learn to do these things for herself; but do not delay any longer, or you will scarcely be dressed by the time the breakfast bell rings."

All the time Maude was speaking she was busy making her bed, not observing the astonished look on Grace Morton's face, who was slowly drawing on her stockings, till that young lady called out, "Maude, what on earth are you doing now?"

"Making my bed of course," answered Maude.

"But why are you doing it yourself? I hope this is not another rule of the school, for I won't stand it."

"I am sorry," replied Maude, "that you have such a terror of everything that a good, sensible woman takes a pleasure in doing. It is a rule to