

"I think I do not want this tea much," said Miss Nancy, laying down a horned moon of bread and butter. "I feel very sorrowful with dear daddy being away."

"Well, he will soon be home now. Finish your tea, Miss Nancy."

Miss Nancy picked up her crescent sadly, regarded it with but small interest, and took a slow bite.

"And make haste," said Trimmer; "see what a long time you have been."

"I think I do not want it all, Trimmer," said Miss Nancy, laying it down again.

"Oh, the idea!" said Trimmer, simulating an incredulous astonishment, Miss Nancy's appetite being a small thing at the best, and a diminution of it a point to be elaborately ignored. "Miss Nancy, eat it up directly!"

Thus adjured, Miss Nancy at last disposed of it; and grace having been said, Trimmer betook herself to her knitting, and Miss Nancy to that one of the stern wooden chairs which seemed the most yielding, and established herself at the spindle-legged table with "Original Tales of a Moral Tendency for Young Ladies and Gentlemen." The firelight lit up the formal old room, and cast a friendly glance upon the brown walls, and touched the polished chairs here and there, and warmed the brass balls of the clock into a silver glow. The clock wheezed and the fire crackled, the gray cat snored on the hearth and the wind moaned in the elms outside, but Miss Nancy was very still. In point of fact, when Trimmer looked at her, head was laid down on the tales of moral tendency, and her eyes were closed.

"Miss Nancy, what are you doing to fall asleep over your reading?" said Trimmer. "Bed is the place for going to sleep."

"I want to go to sleep here — just here," said Miss Nancy, with feeble dignity, her eyes opening and closing again.

"Oh, but that is quite impossible," said Trimmer, briskly. "You will have a headache, Miss Nancy, so sit up."