

"Boarding school!" ejaculated aunty, "goodness me, they'll starve her there!"

"Nothing of the kind, madam; they have an excellent table there; all the delicacies of the season," said the Doctor.

"I think you have said enough," whispered papa, and then aloud, "Grace must go!"

So it was settled, and preparations were at once made for Grace's departure, and on the first day of the school re-opening, finds our heroine here, as we have seen.

Let us listen to the conversation for a moment which is being held between Mr. Morton and the Lady-Principal: "I hear you teach domestic economy," said he, "this will be a hard trial, I fear, to my daughter." In truth, madame, my Grace is a spoiled child, and will require a loving hand to lead her on; I know she will try your patience a great deal, but will you bear with her a little if she should prove not all you could wish; she possesses qualities both of the head and heart, but they sadly want developing; she has never been required to think of others or to do anything useful, and with an earnest