

school was always held in the dining-room over the kitchen.

"Mabel, you get in first," said Annie, now getting a little bit nervous.

"Supposing it breaks," she suggested.

"Oh bother! Get in," said Muriel.

"Get in yourself," said Ann.

Mabel was already in, so Annie got in beside her. It was rather a tight fit, so the waiter was gingerly lowered to let the remaining two get on the upper shelf. This left Mabel and Annie somewhat in the dark, and the rest of Ann's courage oozed completely out.

"Let me out, oh let me out girls! I'm dying, I'm smothering," wailed the poor heroine.

"Don't let her out. Get in Mollie," and Muriel almost shoved her in and jumped in after her. The remaining girls gave the ropes a tug and down the dumbwaiter went, and crack went something!

Screams were heard from somewhere in the wall between the dining-room and the kitchen.

"Are you down?" said one of the girls from above.

"No!" said a sepulchral voice, "it is not." "Something is the matter. Something is broken. Oh, girls, pull us up! oh, pull us up!" said voices of agony.

"Pull? we are pulling, and we can't get the thing to move," said the now thoroughly frightened girls as they began to realize the position they and their captive mates now found themselves in.

Mabel's sister, Blanche, began to cry. "Will they have to stay there till they die?" she sobbed.

"No! you little goose, of course they will be got up," was the response.

By this time there was a perfect Babel of sound. Sobs and smothered screams from the depths; sobs and great excitement above. Old Rose, the cook, who by this time had found out what had happened, was looking up her end of the dumbwaiter, exclaiming "Mon Dieu" and wringing her hands, and succeeding innocently enough in

adding to the fright of the dumbwaiter's passengers.

In the middle of the tumult in walked Miss Marler. All powerful as she was in the sight of the children, she was unable to get that dumbwaiter up or down.

In the meantime all the governesses and pupils from upstairs had poured down and the excitement increased. They added their efforts to Miss Marler's. In vain—the thing refused to budge.

In the end they had to send for a carpenter, who had to go away again for further help. Finally, at the end of an hour, four cramped up miserable girls walked or rather tumbled out of the waiter. Annie Fraser indeed fainted, which was not a bad idea considering she was the would-be ringleader.

The other three were of more robust constitutions, and much as they would have liked to have followed Annie's example, could do nothing but look exceedingly sheepish and go limping out of the room.

"Mabel Arnton, go to your room and do not leave it," said Miss Marler severely, which spoke volumes.

"Miss Marler thinks I was the leader," bitterly thought Mabel. "Anyway I took part and that is just as bad, and anyway I suppose I am done for now," with which pleasant reflections she went up to her room, threw herself on the bed and sobbed herself to sleep.

The next morning at breakfast Miss Marler said, "Mabel Arnton, Annie Fraser, Muriel Smith and Mollie Wilson, please go to your rooms after breakfast and remain there till sent for."

The four culprits walked out amidst the silence and pity of their companions.

"Poor little things," said one of the big girls, "I wonder if we could get up a petition to Miss Marler to let them off just this time. I'm sure they are punished enough."

The speaker paused a moment, and then went off into peals of laughter.