

have their lesson pat. Go on, Roly-Poly, begin from the 'gleaming white robes, and the soft fall of filmy lace, white as driven snow, fresh from the breast of the graceful swan.' I do love a well-mixed metaphor, and this fellow is a first-rate hand at it."

"Hark!" cried Nancy, raising her hand. "I'm



"The reports published in the local papers."—Page 248.

sure I hear wheels. It is the carriage coming back. They have come. It is Olga and Oswald, I know it is."

There was a general rush of all the children. The elders rose from their seats, but resumed them again, laughing.