

girl in the pink pinafore, whose name was Susie Carter, lest I might go wrong; but I soon became as great an adept at knitting dirty edging as any of the rest. Susie Carter and I became very great friends indeed. She was, or considered herself to be, what she called "very pious," and was always telling stories about good, pious little boys and girls that always died and went to "heaven" and turned out to be little "hangels." A tall Irish girl that sat opposite to us, who was very pretty, and whose name was Ellen, was an indefatigable story-teller. She kept the attention of the whole desk chained, morning after morning, with the most wonderful tales of giants, and charms, and fairies, and "butee-ful prin-cesses," but as there were none of them "pious," Susie Carter did not pay any attention to her, and advised me not to either; but I did. Susie Carter had the oddest way of eating her lunch, or "dinner" as we always called it here. She always carried it wrapped up in a little red handkerchief; and this handkerchief she never opened, but—holding it down beside her—would put her fingers into a little hole, taking out whatever she had inside in little pieces, each one only large enough for a mouthful—always keeping some distance away from the other girls, and moving off if any one came near her. I had watched these proceedings for some time with a good deal of curiosity, and after making several unsuccessful attempts to see what she could be guarding so carefully, I said to her, one day, at noon,

"Susie, what have you got in that little handkerchief? I always think you eat your dinner so funny."

Whereupon, after looking carefully about to see that no one else observed her, she unwrapped the little handkerchief and produced what I took to be a little, fat-looking pie, or turn-over, but which, she informed me, was a "titty passy, mixed with hoongions,"—meaning a potatoe pasty, mixed with onions; and telling me confidentially that the girls at "Wilson's" never called her anything but "Titty

Passy," which explained her reason for wishing to keep her dinner such a profound secret. Henceforward, she ate her "titty passy, mixed with hoongions," unmolested by me; and I don't think any of the other girls ever had any curiosity to know what she had.

We had a holiday one afternoon, for some reason—I forget what—and Susie Carter took me home with her. She lived at the other end of the town, and I think we must have gone a back way, for I remember going across a great deal of commons. As we were going along, we came to a pile of rubbish that had been thrown out of some garden, in the midst of which there was a beautiful scarlet poppy with a white edge, in full bloom; but which Susie Carter said it would be very wicked of either of us to pick, as it had been planted there by the hand of God for some person that was too poor to keep a garden, and He intended it to be left there until such an individual should pass that way,—so we left it "bloom-ing alone," like the "last rose of summer." Before we had gone much further, we came to a bunch of thistles, where there were two little boys amusing themselves by catching bees and squeezing them to death. Susie Carter stopped, and began to lecture them on their cruelty, asking them "'eow they would like it, if some big giants were to come and squeeze them to death, for fun." This view of the case seemed to amuse them prodigiously, for they laughed uproariously, and said they "would like it first-rate, if they went buzzin' round on thistles all the time;" whereupon, putting her hands on the shoulders of the smallest boy, she squeezed them together with all her might—he yelling as if he were being killed, but laughing louder than ever as soon as she let him go, the other boy laughing very much all the time. Finding them so incorrigible, we were forced to go on our way, leaving them to their interesting employment. I don't remember what Susie Carter's house was like, only that the door-steps were very clean, and that there was a well-kept but very little garden in front