

the piano. But, Auntie, how do they make calls?"

"Oh, all sorts of ways," replied Miss Louise, with a twinkle in her eye. "Sometimes we take our cards, but I should hardly think it necessary for very young people to do so. Then we just touch the lady's hand, and talk about the weather, and in three minutes we go away."

"I have seen calls a great many times," said Dotty, thoughtfully, "and I know we could make one,—Jennie and I; Prudy need not go a step."

She did not feel quite sure that her Auntie was not making sport of her, for Miss Louise had sometimes a very sober way of saying funny things. But Dotty took Jennie Vance into the green chamber that afternoon, and repeated what she had heard regarding the making of calls.

"Dovey came from Boston, and we never saw her only in church, so I s'pose we must carry cards, Jennie. I know my Auntie would be glad to lend me her silver card-case—she wishes me to be so polite; but I don't dare to ask her,—so I guess I'll borrow it 'thout saying anything."

"Hasn't anybody else got a gold one that I could borrow?" said Jennie, looking rather unhappy as the beautiful toy dropped into Dotty's pocket.

"Oh, it's no matter about you," replied Miss Dimple, with a peep at the mirror. "You'll be with me, and I'll take care of you. Do tell me, Jennie, does my hat look polite?—I mean is it style enough?"

"It's as style as mine," replied Jennie, looking into the glass with Dotty. "Why, we look just like each other,—only you are so pretty, and your sack is silk, and mine is cotton-wool!"

"Well, you don't care," said Dotty, graciously; "you are just as good as I am, if you only behave well. You mustn't run out your tongue, Jennie,—it looks as if you were catching flies. And you shouldn't sneeze before people,—it's rude."

"I heard you once, Dotty Dimple, and it was at a party, too!"

"Oh, then, 'twas an accident: you must 'scuse me if I did. And now," added Dotty, giving a final touch to the red tassels in her gaiters,—“now I want you to notice how I act, and do just the same, for my mother has seen the governor, and yours hasn't."

"Well, my mother went to New York once," exclaimed Jennie, determined not to be crushed; "and she has two silk dresses and a smelling-bottle!"

"Pooh! Susy's *always* had some nightly-blue-sirreup, and Prudy has been out West.

Just as if I'd tell about that! There now, do you know how to behave when anybody induces you to strangers?"

"What do you s'pose?" replied Jennie, tartly. "I speak up and say, 'Yes, sir.'"

Dotty laughed. She seemed to look down, down upon her young friend, from a great height.

"And shake hands, too," added Jennie, quickly.

"No, you give three fingers, that's all,—just as if you were touching a toad; and you raise your eyebrows up this way, and quirk your mouth, and nod your head. 'How do you do, Miss Dovey Sparrow? I am delighted to meet you, miss. It's a charming day. Are they all well at Boston?' You'll see how I do it. Then I shall take out my handkerjiff, and shake it so the sniff of the nightly-blue-sirreup will spread all over the room. Then I wipe my nose this way, and sit down. I've seen great ladies do it a great many times."

"So have I, too," nodded Jennie, over-awed.

"And," continued Dotty, "if the people have plants in the window, the ladies say, 'How fragrant!' and if the people have children, they say, 'What lovely little dears!' and pat their hair. 'Do you go to school, darling?' says they."

"They've asked me that over and over," remarked Jennie.

"And they keep calling everything charming, and bee-you-tiful! With such tight gloves on, I know their fingers feel choked."

"Come," said Jennie, "we must go; and I guess I shall behave just as well as you, for you never made any calls before, your own self."

The little girls tripped along the green roadside with an air of importance. Dotty felt like a princess-royal till they reached Dr. Gray's, and then her brave heart fluttered so fast that she had a secret longing to run home and get Prudy to help her. But the next minute she tossed her head as loftily as if there were a crown on it, and pulled the wire-bell so hard that Betsey Duffy thought the Doctor was wanted, and ran to the door with her sleeves rolled up to the elbows.

"La me! if it isn't Mrs. Vance's little dote of a Jenny! And who's this one? Edward Parlin's child, I should know by the eyes. Folks all well?"

"Is Miss Dovey Sparrow at home?" asked Dotty, with dignity, at the same time opening her card-case with a click.

"La me! yes, she is, fur's I know; walk