

other, to be the scapegoats for the sins and follies of others. Mabel was one of them, but, on the other hand, what followed was, I am afraid, a case of "Give a dog a bad name."

CHAPTER II.

In Miss Marler's school the children received religious instruction for an hour every Sunday afternoon. One Sunday Miss Marler, who taught them, was called out of the room to see a visitor. The big girls were told that they could go to their rooms and read, while the younger ones were to remain and look over the Commandments. For some time they were models of good behaviour; then one closed her book, another yawned. Someone wondered why Miss Marler was so long in coming back, and soon they were all whispering busily. One girl ran to the window, thinking she heard someone coming, ran back, caught her foot in the rug, and fell full length. This produced a storm of suppressed giggles, and the sense of suppression and stricture made the more mischievously inclined on the alert for something to happen.

"I wish we had some maple sugar," said Mollie Wilson. "Or some cake with raisins," suggested another.

"I have an idea!" exclaimed one of the girls suddenly.

"What is it, Annie Fraser?" demanded Muriel Smith. "Just think of it, girls, Annie has an idea. Out with it, Ann, before it goes!"

"You can do without it now," said Annie in a huff.

"Never mind her, Ann," said Susie Hamilton, coaxingly. "Do let us have it."

"Well," said Annie, her words coming out with a rush, "Let's go down in the dumbwaiter and ask Rose for something to eat. Who will go?"

She looked round in a challenging manner. For a minute this brilliant plan nearly took their little breaths away.

"Then I'll go," said Mollie Wilson. "It really is a beautiful plan, Ann. It

will be just like going down the elevator at Morgan's."

"I'll go" and "I'll go," volunteered nearly all the girls at once—all but the fearful ones, thinking it jolly fun all the same.

"Supposing Miss Marler comes back again in the middle of it," said a cautious one.

"No fear," said Annie. "We will hear her say good-bye to whoever it is with her in the drawing-room, and then you girls will give us warning, and up we will come."

"Now, I will choose the girls who are to come with me," went on Annie, feeling herself for once a heroine in the sight of her companions. "You Mabel, and you Mollie, and Muriel and myself."

"I won't go," said Mabel.

"Of course you will go, Mabel," said Muriel. "What is the matter with you? You are not half the fun you used to be, and lately you are giving yourself great airs." Now, this was hard. The girls had cooled off, and it was almost more than Mabel could stand. And oh, the dumbwaiter idea was too fascinating and exciting. Just like escaping from prison in time of war; or like the story of a princess who escaped in a basket let down a wall; and other thrilling adventures like this one rushed through her excited little brain. It was too much for her.

"Yes, I will go, girls. We will pretend that we are robbers putting hidden treasures down in our cave, and old Rose will be one of us waiting down below, and the kitchen will be the cave."

"Come on, girls, come on," she exclaimed.

Father's, mother's, Miss Marler's approval, and last, but not by any means least, fears of the reformatory, were completely vanquished by this delightful adventure. Mabel was once more in her element, and quite took upon herself the role of leader. She never did anything by halves.

The four volunteers approached the dumbwaiter and opened the door in the wall. I forgot to say that Sunday