

"O, thank you very much," said the lady: "I'll go with you. I'm very glad that I've met with you. You remind me of my two dear little brothers at home. I'm not a bit troubled about myself, but I'm so dreadfully worried about poor dear auntie; for, you know, she doesn't know anything about travelling, and I'm afraid she'll go out of her senses when she finds herself left behind, and separated from me."

"O, well," said Clive, "I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll send back telegrams immediately."

The mention of telegrams seemed to give great relief to the little lady. She thanked them, and told them that they had taken a great load off her mind. And now they all chatted together like children. For the young lady was herself but just out of girlhood, and had all the simplicity and innocence of that sweet season. Clive and David were charmed beyond all expression by her lovely face and her winning ways. They grew rapidly intimate, as boys and girls generally do, and Clive and David told all about themselves, and their new friend told all about herself.

Her name was Gracie Lee. She insisted that they should call her by her Christian name.

"If you were grown-up young men," said she, "I should not have dared to speak to you; but you are boys, and you are so like my little brothers that when you came in I could have cried for joy. And I'm not so very much older than you,