

working and chattering away for dear life, and who took my presence in their midst as the most natural thing in the world. A pretty, merry-looking little Irish girl, whom the others called "Johan," was telling a story; but a little girl in a braided apron with pockets in it, and her hair hanging down on her back in long braids, having occasion to go up to Mrs. Lette, the story was suspended till she came back. A little girl that sat beside me—giving me a nudge with her elbow—said,

"Say, did you ever go to Wilson's?"

On my replying in the negative, she put her head down underneath her pinafore, and taking a bite out of a very green-looking green apple that she had in her pocket passed it to the girl next to her, who, after going through the same performance, passed it to Johan, who also took a "bite," and passed it to her next-door neighbor, when a small piece of the core was returned to the owner, which seemed to amuse Johan excessively, causing her to laugh in a sweet little merry way peculiarly her own, but on seeing that the owner of the apple did not appear to relish the joke, she said,

"Never mind, Jin,—Aggy McPherson is going to bring me a lot this afternoon, for doing her sums for her, and I will give you some."

The little girl with the braided apron, and pockets, and long braids, having resumed her place, Johan went on with her story, which was about a certain Mr. Fox, or Mr. King—I forget which, but think it was one of the two—who lived in a magnificent mansion, surrounded by a high wall, into which no person was ever known to penetrate, having paid his addresses to a certain beautiful young lady, who favoring his suit, the day was fixed for their marriage, and everything was "in readiness." Unfortunately for himself, as will be seen, he promised to pay her a visit on a certain day, in the meantime, and not being forthcoming at the appointed hour, she put on her bonnet and strolled out to meet him, going "along and along" till she came to his own gate, which, to her astonishment,

she found slightly ajar—such a thing never having been heard of in the memory of man. Presuming, no doubt, on her future proprietresship, she entered the gate, and found herself in the most beautiful garden that ever was seen, full of birds and flowers and winding, shady walks, through which she wound in and out till she came to the hall-door, where she ascended a flight of marble steps as white as snow—the hall-door was also slightly open; entering, she found herself in a long hall, at the further end of which there was a door, and over this door was written, in large gold letters, the awful words, "Be Bould!" Taking the hint, she opened the door and found herself in a second hall, at the further end of which was a second door, and over it, written in the same gold letter, "Be Bould! Be Bould!" Opening this door, she found herself in a third hall, at the further end of which was a third door, and over it written—always in the same gold letters,—"Be Bould! Be Bould!! but not too Bould!" Here, glancing out of a window, what was her horror to see her future husband dragging a beautiful lady along the garden-walk, by the hair, and flourishing a glittering scimitar in the air. Evidently having her own reasons for coming to the conclusion that she had been quite "bould" enough, she beat a precipitate retreat; and telling her story to her brothers when she got home, they immediately repaired to the magnificent mansion, accompanied by a band of soldiers with "big, long soords," who "coot" Mr. Fox, or Mr. King, or whatever his name was, all up to "little bits"—releasing no end of beautiful young ladies whom he kept in captivity underneath his house; and breaking into the "Be Bould! Be Bould!! but not too Bould," they found it led into a closet full of blood, and bones, and skulls.

I brought a knitting-needle and spool the next day, and Mrs. Lette—after breaking the needle in two to make a pair of it—commenced some edging for me, which I very soon learnt to knit. She, however, put me under the guardianship of the little