mined not to mention Thomas Hutton and his glass beehives after what they had seen and heard at Camden Terrace, for they well knew that it would be impossible to walk that distance, and back again, in an hour.

'I have a beautiful book that my papa gave me yesterday,' said Dora Maitland; 'I thought you would like to see it, so I brought it with me. We can look at it while we sit to rest in the Park.'

'Oh yes, that will be delightful,' said Mabel; but she almost immediately added, 'I think I would rather look at the gay dresses of the ladies; we can look at books when we are at home.'

'Mabel is always talking about dress,' said her sister, laughing. 'I'm sure I don't care how I am dressed, if I am only clean and neat; it is such a trouble to be afraid of spoiling what one has on.'

Julia's opinion was echoed by Dora and Annie Maitland, so Mabel found she had no seconder; and they tripped along silently until they arrived at the desired spot for resting, a nice seat under the shade of a large tree. Here they were just going to seat themselves, when an exclamation from Mabel attracted the attention of the others, who inquired eagerly what was the matter.

'Oh, the brooch—mamma's beautiful brooch!' said the excited girl, in great distress; 'it is gone out of my necktie. Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do? It is mamma's favourite brooch; the