

appointed look came into the dark bright eyes.

Mrs. Smith came back.

"You can go to the school-room now, my dear," the principal said; "have you been making friends with Miss Tyrrel?"

"Yes, and no," said Mimi, in French, and she darted off like a butterfly.

"She is a most charming child," said Mrs. Smith.

"I can't make her out," I answered.

In the afternoon I stayed in the study. I meant to have read some German there, but seeing the girls clustered round Mimi on the lawn, I went to the window and watched them.

They were asking her questions in French, and she answered them readily.

"Can you play croquet?" said Rose.

Mimi shook her head and smiled. "But I can learn," she said gaily; "I can learn everything."



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Rose translated this speech for the benefit of the little ones.

"Oh, she can learn everything, can she? The conceit of the little puss!"

"You shan't bully her," said Amy; "she's only a baby, and she's too pretty to be bullied. Come along, little one." She snatched Mimi up in her arms, and was carrying her off.

Mimi struggled; in another minute she freed herself, and darted across the lawn towards the gap in the shrubbery.

"After her! after her!" Amy shouted. Her temper was fairly roused by the child's dislike, and, strong in all her impulses, she ran off at a headlong pace.

But slender, quick-witted Ursula Swayne stood in her path.

"Leave the child alone; she shan't be hunted, Amy. You don't understand her, you great clumsy thing!"

Amy looked at Rose, and Rose hesitated. Amy might be stupid, but she was very