

it was too late for any hesitation about the fate of the boots, and the lace frills of the little trousers and the skirt of her pelisse were hopelessly splashed and muddy. We both felt quite reckless now, and I proposed to shovel in the loose earth, giving as a reason that plants required earth as well as water to make them grow. In a wonderfully short time I had really planted my poor little sister up to her shoulders, and jumped upon the earth to press it in, just as I had seen the gardener do. Jessie was wonderfully brave about it, and I encouraged her by assurances of my belief in her being a little taller already. However, it promised to be rather a long process, and I felt too restless to wait and watch; so, entreating Jessie not to be afraid, but to be patient and quiet, I gave her a kiss and went away. No sooner had I lost sight of my victim than all my courage vanished, and my troublesome conscience began upbraiding me. I was in such a dreadful mess myself that I did not dare to go near the front of the house, but spent a dismal afternoon hiding behind the shrubs, afraid to go back to where Jessie was planted. At last nurse swooped down upon me, terrible in her wrath, speechless with horror. Even my

tongue was dumb when I saw poor pale little Jessie, who had been discovered, and with some difficulty dug up. I remember feeling bitterly convinced that she had not grown in the least; she appeared to be weeping tears of mud, for my gardening had splashed her face a good deal with earth, and her fast-falling tears melted it all. She was crying for the punishment which she knew would overtake me, much more than for her own misery and discomfort, and I certainly would have cried for myself if I could have foreseen that for three long days and nights I was to be locked up in a spare dressing-room. Nurse came twice a day with a large piece of bread and a jug of water, but her countenance was too awful for me to dare to speak to her. I was quite as miserable as I deserved to be, and the only ray of comfort I had was when Jessie managed to escape and rush to my door, flinging herself down in a perfect agony of grief outside it. We never had time for more than a word or two before she was recaptured and carried off, but I heard with additional sorrow that she was not supposed to be a bit taller, though she had been planted for three hours when she was discovered and released.

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## AUNT ANNIE'S STORY ABOUT JAMAICA.

BY LADY BARKER.

### PART II.

I HAVE no more pieces of naughtiness to relate, for at the time this story begins ten years had passed, and I had returned to Jamaica a tall young lady of sixteen. Jessie was, as you may remember, nearly two years younger; she had certainly grown taller, but was still only a little creature, with large dark eyes, which had a most beseeching look in them, as if she was asking everybody to take care of her. I have never seen any one with such beautiful hair: it was light brown, and in such quantity, that when she was sitting on an ordinary chair to have it brushed, it touched the ground. She was always singing, just like a bird; and it used to be a great

puzzle to me how she could possibly remember the words of all her songs. Jessie and I had one very decided taste in common, and that was our great love of pets of all kinds, especially of birds. Whilst we lived in England we never could sufficiently indulge this hobby, for the school-room maid rebelled against taking care of more than one cage of canaries, so we were obliged to be satisfied with that; but when we returned to our beautiful summer home in the mountains of Jamaica, we collected a little zoological garden around us in a few months, and it is about these pets I am now going to tell you.

I am sure you will like me to begin, as