

On Friday evening she and Mabel had a wonderful shopping expedition, to provide the necessary utensils for the preparation of their entertainment. These absorbed the greater part of their treasure, but happily Mabel had some of her pocket-money left which was a great help.

Then they made everything ready for the morrow, the whole forenoon of which was to be devoted to cooking, for they had mutually agreed that all the eatables were to be of their own manufacture—unless, indeed, they were found to be unpalatable to their guests, in which case they should resort to other methods.

Minnie could make oat-cake of a specially delicious kind, so it was to be introduced; Mabel had learnt to make ginger-bread of quite an uncommon quality, which was also to make its appearance; and various other delicacies, easily made and of general popularity, were placed upon their bill of fare.

There was much fun and merriment over their cooking operations next day, and when all were completed, both girls came to the conclusion that working for the good and happiness of others, was in itself an excellent cure for irritability, and all forms of bad temper.

“Do you remember the time,” enquired Minnie, “when I invited all the girls in the singing-class to tea? How I did fret about the cake-basket being old-fashioned, and moaned about the pattern of the tea cups.” And she laughed again at the recollection.

“And how perfectly tragic you became on the subject of the drawing-room curtains.” reminded Mabel laughing also.