

amuse themselves as best they can during the long hours of a Saturday morning. Here are Ned and I, who only get a peep of home once a week, and even on that occasion we seldom get half a peep of you. Confess now, isn't it too bad?"

"Bad!" put in Ned, before she could speak, "It's villainous. Here am I, shut up in a dingy office all week and every day of the week, with nothing more amusing than that highly respectable old humbug, Blackstone, to lighten the weary moments, and when I come home it isn't a bit better."

"Oh, you two poor, neglected beings!" Cried Minnie, laughing heartlessly at their rueful faces, "What would you like me to do for your amusement? Read goody stories to you, or play at wild beasts?—Which?"

"Why, you're just as heartless as any other girl could possibly be," asserted Ned.

"And haven't I quite as good a right?" enquired Minnie saucily. "Pray, tell me why shouldn't I be?"

"Oh, as to that, you may be just as heartless as you please to other fellows—the more so the better, *I* should say—but you might have a little consideration for the feeling of your brothers," replied Ned, calling up a look of tragic gloom, delightful to behold.

"I say," interrupted Archie at this juncture, "I'm ferociously hungry. Do let's see about having something to eat. In my opinion, the best way to amuse one's self under the present circumstances, and to lay the foundation of an imperturbable temper, is to satisfy the cravings of the inner man."