

being with aunt Mary, you know, that made them taste better. Sometimes, when tea was ready, she would make believe to have a headache, and then I used to pour out the tea and hand it to her and wait upon her, and talk in a low, quiet little voice, just as I had heard her talk to mamma, when mamma had one of her very bad headaches. I liked being mistress and pouring out the tea very much, and, as aunt Mary's headache was not a real one, it made no difference to my enjoyment.

After tea, we always gave over pretending. I used to jump up and pull off my long petticoat, and climb on her knee and say,—

‘Now, aunt Mary, I am going to be a little girl again.’

And then, after we had tumbled each other about for a long time, and had a great deal of fun, ever so much more, I think, than grown-up people have when they go out to tea in a quiet way, she would begin to tell me tales, oh! such delightful tales. Some day I should like to tell you a few of them, for I remember them as well as can be, even now. I had heard them all many