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tumbled about in, and made up into stacks; the beautiful flowers to bloom and fade and be cleared away, and the golden-cheeked apples to fall, full ripe and mellow and juicy under the orchard-trees—before next winter had its turn, that it seemed to me quite impossible such a time should ever come at all. Therefore the opening of the chest and the revealing of anything that might have been hidden in it, appeared as far off to me, as dim and uncertain, as, to many even grown-up people, appears that solemn, surely-coming day when God will ask us about our past lives and what we have put into them.

So a bright idea suggested itself, as to the uses to which that old iron-bound chest behind the tapestry might be applied. I would put my crusts into it. I had a piece of bread and butter for my luncheon every morning, and the crust of it was often a serious incumbrance to me. Because, whatever mammas and aunt Marys and governesses and nursemaids may say to the contrary, bread crusts are *not* nice things, and never were, and never will be. You may put butter on them, or you may put sugar on them, or you may even put strawberry jam or marmalade upon them, to make them go down more