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and gave me a kiss, and then she did the same to Lucy, so after that we felt all right.

Mrs. Aidel and the grown-up Miss Aidel were cutting bread and butter under a sycamore-tree. Oh! what a great deal they did cut, to be sure. I thought all the Sunday-school children in Linwick would never be able to eat it. Near to the table where they were cutting it was a curious thing like a churn, full of tea, and a large paper bag of sugar, and a pail of new milk, and ever so many white jugs to pour the tea into when it was quite ready, and a clothes-basket very full of something, but I could not see what the something was, for the basket was covered all over with a cloth. When I asked Pansie what was inside it, she tucked up her little mouth and looked very wise, but would not tell me. I should like to have peeped underneath, but I remembered reading a story about a meddlesome little girl who was left alone in a room where the table was set for dinner, and she lifted up one of the covers and a little mouse popped out, and she broke a great many things in trying to catch it and put it back again.

Whilst Mrs. Aidel was talking to some ladies, three brown chickens who did not belong to any