

So she dropped a very low curtsey to aunt Mary, and Pansie and Lucy and I put our arms round her neck and kissed her poor little hollow cheeks, which made her begin to cry again, though I am sure we did not mean that at all. Then she went away home, having first told us where she lived, for aunt Mary said she should like to go and see her mother. Before I finish these stories I shall tell you more about Skinny, so I need not say anything else just now. We had a great deal to do with her after that first afternoon at the school treat, and she is mixed up with nearly everything that I remember until I gave over being a little girl.

But I must tell you about the naughty child who stole the bread and butter.

After the finishing grace had been sung, the children, as they passed through the garden gate, had tickets given them for the games. But Miss Naughty—I do not know her proper name—slipped back as soon as grace was over into her snug corner behind the lilac-bushes, and was so busy stuffing her pockets with cake crusts that she did not see which way the children went, nor Mr. Aidel giving them the tickets. When she had got as much as she