

us to get out of her road, and called us the 'marra-clousest children ever was,' and said she wasn't going to leave her starch things to get string even for the Squire himself, let alone a couple of little plagues who would make nothing but mischief with it.

We did not stay to hear any more, or I daresay she would have gone on scolding us for half an hour longer. We turned away, feeling very frightened and disappointed, and went to aunt Mary's work-basket to see if we could find any string there. Of course we could not. There was nothing but reels of black and white cotton, not nearly strong enough to tie down the branches of the elm-tree.

We were nearly giving up our house in despair, when another happy thought came into Lucy's head. I am sure it was quite wonderful how the happy thoughts turned up just when we wanted them. Tommy Tubbs had brought home a ball of string as his prize from the little boys' stall at the school treat, the evening before. I had a halfpenny left from my last week's allowance, why should we not go to him and buy as much as ever we wanted?

So off we set to Tommy, who was 'tenting' sheep on the common, and told him what we wanted. We