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kept shut up in a large box, and only used when papa wanted to play at chess. Callie was so pleased with them. She kept stroking them and holding them up to mamma, and saying to herself,—

‘I *are* glad I got these nice ’ittle toys. I *are* glad I got these nice ’ittle toys.’

But by-and-by she dropped asleep with her head on mamma’s shoulder, and was carried away to bed. Next morning, as soon as she was dressed, she bustled downstairs and into the oriel room, and up to the table where she had been playing with the chessmen the night before, fully expecting, of course, that she would find them there again. It was so amusing to see her look of blank astonishment when she found the table empty, and to hear her say in an undertone of wondering disappointment,—

‘Where *can* ’em be? Where *can* ’em be?’

I have learned since then how often grown-up people have to say of the pretty things which once they prized so much—‘Where *can* ’em be?’ and I do not smile any more at the memory of Callie’s childish words.

She was a very obedient little girl. When mamma or papa had once told her not to do a thing, she