

and make his room quite pretty on Thursday," said Ernest.

"That's famous."

"Well, Reggie, then we went to old Mrs. Coles, and then to Giles Young, and then to little Eliza Cookson, and all the rest, and they were all so thankful to you, and spoke to us so civilly; but some of the cottages were very cold and comfortless."

"They are indeed, Connie, dear, but still you and Ernest have done your best to warm them to-day."

"Or rather *you* have," said Connie. "Now, Ernest, are your chestnuts done?"

"Yes, some of them; here, catch! There, you goosie, you've burnt your fingers. Now, Reggie, for our adventures in the lion's den."

"Well, we rang at the bell of his large empty, dreary-looking house, and were shown into his parlour. The old gentleman was sitting over a roaring fire, with the table drawn up close to it, and a tan-