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Frontispiece.

Hindu Coolie and his Donkey.

MABEL'S SUMMER

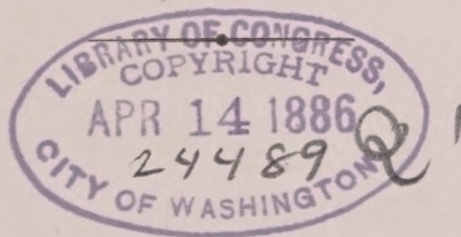
IN THE

HIMALAYAS.

BY ✓

MRS. HELEN H. HOLCOMB,
OF ALLAHABAD.

35



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MABEL'S SUMMER IN THE HIMALAYAS.

CHAPTER I.

MAKING READY.

“OH, mamma, I wonder what can be the matter? Here comes auntie in all this heat,” cried little Mabel Grey, turning from the window, to which she had rushed a moment before at the sound of wheels.

Mamma came from her room when she heard her daughter's voice, and papa came from his study. Then the outer door opened softly and was quickly closed, and auntie stepped into the midst of the little group.

“Oh, auntie,” exclaimed Mabel, “what made you come out in this heat? It will make your head ache;” and mamma, lead-

ing auntie to a seat, repeated Mabel's question.

"Uncle is not so well again," answered auntie, "and this morning, when the doctor called, he told him that he could not get well in this great heat and must go immediately to the mountains; and we have decided to leave on Monday evening."

For a moment no one spoke; then mamma said,

"So soon? And this is Friday!"

"Yes," replied auntie, "and it is because we go so soon that I came out at this time; for, knowing how troubled you have felt about Mabel's health, I have come to offer to take her with us to the mountains. Will you trust her to my care?"

A shout of delight burst from Mabel, and, springing into her mamma's lap and winding her arms about her neck, she pleaded,

"Do let me go, mamma! I am so fond of the hills! Please do let me go with auntie."

But mamma did not answer, and a tear

trembled in her eye; while papa looked very grave at the thought of parting with his little daughter.

Mabel's parents lived in India, and that country, you know, is not like America; but for several months during the year, in some parts of India, the heat is so great that from the rising to the setting of the sun the outer doors are all carefully closed, to shut out the furnace-like air. Of course this life is very hard for little children, who cannot play out of doors except very early in the morning or in the evening. They grow thin and white, and many die. I have seen little pale-faced children stand looking out of the window watching for the going down of the sun, when the doors could be opened and they could run about under the trees in the open air.

Mabel Grey was not a strong child, and two years before, when she became ill in the great heat, she was sent to the mountains, where she soon grew strong and rosy, and

her cheeks and limbs became so plump and round that when, on her return, her papa took his little girl in his arms, he said,

“What makes you so heavy, Mabel? Have you been eating stones?”

Auntie knew that Mabel's mamma was anxious about her little daughter now; and when, because of uncle's illness, it became necessary for them to go to the mountains, she remembered Mabel, and this had brought her out at a time when few Europeans venture abroad.

“Please let me go,” again pleaded Mabel, patting her mamma's cheek.

“Yes,” chimed in auntie, as she saw mamma hesitate and her eyes fill with tears; “Mabel will get back her roses and her strength in the mountains, we hope. Do let her go.”

“But she will be a great care to you, I am afraid, especially when uncle is ill,” pleaded mamma, faintly; for she felt that,

hard as it would be to part from her child, she ought to accept auntie's offer.

"No, no! I will not be a trouble to auntie," came quickly from Mabel. "Why, I can help her in ever so many ways—bring things to her, and all that."

Mamma smiled as she looked into the eager little face, and, remembering another darling she had once clasped in her arms, but who now slept beneath the sod in the little cemetery, she said to auntie,

"If you can care for her, I think we must let her go."

"Yes," echoed papa; "I think we must let our little daughter go."

And so it was settled.

Then auntie rose to go, followed to the veranda by papa, mamma, Mabel and little brother Frankie, whose baby-head could not at all understand why his sister Mabel was so happy and every one else so grave.

The time passed very quickly to every one but Mabel, who thought the days

longer than usual, though there were many things to interest her. Mamma was very busy preparing warm clothing for her little daughter, for she knew that in the mountains the air would be cool and fresh; and, like other little girls, Mabel was fond of new clothes. Then Mabel busied herself in looking over her own treasures. The dolls were laid out, in order to decide what members of the family could be left behind.

“This one is very pale—don’t you see, Frankie?” Mabel said—“so she must go to the mountains; and perhaps she will get roses like me. And this one has lost a foot, and this a hand; so they must both go. Then the mamma of all must go, to take care of the children, and of course the baby cannot be left at home; so I think I must take them all. I can pack them in one box. And now I must see about their wardrobes, just as mamma is looking after mine. I will put in some warm dresses and

some wraps too, and these must be sent to the wash;" and away Mabel ran to find some one to do the work for her, with many charges to make haste, for was she not going to the mountains in just two days more?

Frankie kept very close to his little sister; for though he could not appreciate all her preparations, yet Mabel was so full of life and happy bustle that it was pleasant to be with her.

"The dollies and their clothes are all packed now, and we will look over my books," said Mabel a little later; "for I am sure mamma will not wish me to take them all. I want my 'Peep-of-Day' books, and my 'Susy' books, and my singing-book, and the new story-book papa gave me, and the last one that came from America; and I'm going to ask mamma to give me paper and pen, and then, when I get to the mountains, I will print you a little letter. Don't you think that will be nice, Frankie?"

Mamma, coming that moment into the room, said,

“And would you not like some bright wools and canvas and needles, and thread and buttons, and cloth to make new dresses for your dollies?”

“Thank you, mamma; I should like it ever so much.—And now, Frankie, I am going to say ‘Good-bye’ to the native Christians. Come with me, please. Tomorrow will be Sunday, and you know I go away on Monday, and perhaps I shall be too tired then.”

So the two children sallied forth to see their friends, Mabel in her excitement walking very fast, and fat little Frankie doing his best to keep up with her.

CHAPTER II.

THE JOURNEY.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Howard reached the station on Monday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Grey had not yet arrived with Mabel; but by the time Mr. Howard had secured a comfortable compartment in the railway-carriage, and made all other necessary arrangements for the journey, Mr. and Mrs. Grey made their appearance leading by the hand little Mabel, her face flushed and her eyes shining with excitement. Papa lifted her into the carriage and said to Mr. Howard, "We have brought our little girl to you," while Mabel, clasping auntie's hand, said,

"Will the train go soon, auntie? I thought the time would never come to start; and then mamma forgot my umbrella,

after all—a nice new one—and we were afraid to go back for it lest we should be late.”

While they waited mamma talked with Mrs. Howard about her little girl, and put into her hands some packages not intended for Mabel's eyes, and which she said would perhaps amuse her should she get lonely.

At length the signal for departure was given, and Mr. and Mrs. Grey, after embracing once more their little daughter and bidding good-bye to their friends, stepped from the train.

When Mabel felt the train actually in motion, she clapped her hands and cried out,

“Now we are off!”

Auntie, looking out of the window, saw papa and mamma standing close to the carriage watching for another glimpse of the bright face of their darling. Papa looked very grave, and there were tears in mamma's eyes.

“Now, auntie, I’m very tired; please put me to bed,” said Mabel a few moments afterward.

The railway-carriages in India are not like those in America. In India a carriage is divided into two or three compartments quite distinct from one another, each of which is entered by doors at the side. Mr. Howard had secured a compartment provided with three long seats, which could be used as beds at night.

Mrs. Howard arranged Mabel’s bed and pillows and disrobed the tired little body; then Mabel, kneeling down, said her evening prayer, gave uncle and auntie a good-night kiss and was soon fast asleep, and slept soundly until morning. Then, as the sunlight began to stream through the windows, Mabel sprang up:

“Oh, auntie, I’ve had such a nice sleep! and I’m rested now just as much as if I had slept in my own little bed at home. Let me be dressed, please, and then I can look out

of the window. I expect mamma is wondering where we are now," she added, with a little touch of sadness in her voice.

"I am sure she thought of us as soon as she opened her eyes this morning," answered auntie; "and when we get to Toondla, we will write her a letter."

"Are we going to stop at Toondla? Why, that is where Mrs. Reed lives! Shall we see her?"

"We cannot travel in the day, my child, because of the heat; so Mrs. Reed has kindly asked us to spend the day with her."

"I'm so glad," answered Mabel, "for I am very fond of Mrs. Reed."

The air soon became quite hot, and our travelers all grew wholly tired before reaching Toondla; but at length the train glided into a covered station, and there were strange sounds, and strangely-dressed people were rushing in all directions. The station-house, with its shelter, seemed very

pleasant after the heat and glare of the last few hours. Water-carriers were passing back and forth on the platform with large skins filled with water slung across their backs, and the thirsty people on the train were loudly calling for water—water to cool their heads, water to slake their thirst.

“I am sure this is Toondla,” Mabel cried out when the train stopped, “for there is Mr. Reed waiting for us, and he looks so warm!”

Mr. Reed was dressed in white. There was a white cover on the large sun-hat he wore, and a white cover on his umbrella.

“We will hasten home out of this heat,” Mr. Reed said, when he had greeted the travelers, “and Mrs. Reed is waiting to give us breakfast.”

How hot the sun was, and how blinding the glare! so that all were glad when the pleasant home of Mr. Reed was reached. In the large rooms the great fans sus-

pended from the ceiling were kept in constant motion, while into two of the rooms a stream of cool air was forced by a machine called a *thermantidote*. One of these curious machines was sending a stream of cooled air into the room assigned to our travelers.

“Oh, auntie, how nice this is! Now we shall get cooled off,” exclaimed Mabel as she threw herself upon a couch.

The day was oppressively warm, but with every door and window carefully closed to shut out the heated air the house was comparatively comfortable. There was a long rest at midday; then the letter to mamma, and the stroll in the garden after the sun went down, and the pleasant evening meal when the lamps were lighted. Mabel had a long nap then, but wakened in great good humor when told that she could continue her travels.

All that night, and the following day until late in the afternoon, our travelers

sped on toward the Himalayas, the air becoming cooler, until, reaching Saharunpore, the point where they left the rail, the heat was much less oppressive than in their home in the plains. Just before the sun went down the party were stowed away in a conveyance somewhat resembling an omnibus, but very rudely built. They had yet a journey of forty miles before reaching the foot of the Himalayas.

As the darkness came on Mabel grew tired and sleepy, so auntie made a bed for her in the bottom of the omnibus, and the little girl was soon fast asleep. Uncle, too, was able to get some sleep, but auntie was too anxious to sleep. Every five or six miles of the way horses were changed. Sometimes they started off at a furious pace, and sometimes they refused to move. The road, too, was not always safe; and when a low range of mountains was crossed, the air was so cool that auntie feared both the invalid and Mabel would suffer. It was a

relief, therefore, when the journey was at an end, and when, at two o'clock in the morning, the omnibus halted before a low thatched bungalow with a wide veranda in front. All was still and dark, but soon a light appeared and the house was opened. Uncle and auntie climbed down from the omnibus, and Mabel was carefully lifted out.

“Where are we, auntie?” asked the sleepy little girl. “Have we got there yet?”

“Not to Landour, but to the foot of the mountains. We can sleep here until the darkness is gone; then we will go up the mountain.”

From the top of the great omnibus boxes and packages were handed down, and deposited on the veranda; then the travelers were conducted to one of the little rooms, and soon all was still again. But with the first streak of dawn auntie was astir. After her own preparations were completed she took from Mabel's box the warm clothing her loving mamma had provided for her;

and when all was in readiness, she wakened the little girl.

“What is it, auntie?” she asked, with eyes still unopened.

“Wake up, Mabel! Uncle and auntie are dressed, breakfast will soon be here, and the men are at the door waiting to carry us and our bundles up the mountain.”

“Oh, auntie!” with a little scream of delight. “And so I shall see Fannie to-day! Do you think they are expecting us?”

“Yes, dear; I wrote Mrs. Linton that I hoped we should reach Landour this morning.”

“I’m so glad! And am I really going to wear these warm clothes? How funny!”

“Yes, my child. The sun will be hot, like the sun in the plains, but the air will be pleasant and cool.”

There are no roads over the mountains for carriages, and burdens are carried on the backs of mules and ponies or are borne

by men, and, hard as the work is, because they receive more pay for it than for ordinary labor they are always ready to engage in it.

While auntie was dressing Mabel and giving her her breakfast, uncle was on the veranda arranging with the men who had assembled. The packages and boxes were all placed before them, and each one was anxious to secure for himself the lightest load. Unless carefully watched, a strong man would pick up a small package and, strapping it to his back, march off triumphantly, leaving the heaviest loads for those less able to bear them.

Soon uncle's voice was heard calling auntie and Mabel to make haste or they would find the sun very hot before they reached Landour. Rugs and shawls were thrown over a conveyance looking somewhat like the top of a small sleigh with two seats facing each other. A basket of luncheon was put in, lest Mabel should get



A Jhampan.

hungry in the fresh morning air. She was wrapped in a warm cloak; then auntie brought her scarlet hood, out of which her bright little face peeped, all smiles and eagerness.

Leaping into the *jhampan*, as the curious vehicle was called, she said,

“This nice little seat is for me, and the wide one, just opposite, is for you, and I can see your face all the time; and the cover over the top will shut out the sun.”

Poles were fastened to the sides of the *jhampan*; and when it was carried, the ends of the poles rested on the shoulders of the bearers. Four strong men lifted the *jhampan* from the ground and started off merrily, followed by four others to relieve them when they became tired.

The morning was lovely and the air fresh and cool. The road led through a large bazar, and here one of the irons through which the poles of the *jhampan* passed was found to be broken, and it became necessary

to go back for another conveyance. The broken jhampan was set down upon the ground close beside some shops, while four men went back for a stronger one. Mabel did not like the detention, but amused herself watching the people who passed. Here was a man driving ponies laden with bags of grain; then followed men bearing burdens upon their backs; there was a water-carrier with a skin filled with water slung across his back. Some coolies, in passing, asked for water. The water-carrier moved his skin a little to one side and opened the mouth of the sack, while the thirsty coolie sat down on his heels, joined his two hands and raised them to his mouth; into his joined hands the water-carrier poured a small stream of water until his thirst was quenched. Thus they were all satisfied. The men from the little shops brought out bright brass vessels to be filled with water. Women were seen toiling up the hill bearing on their heads jars of water, brought



Hindu woman with jars on her head.

from some neighboring spring or well. How straight they were, and how gracefully they bore their burdens!

Before some of the shops the owners were setting out baskets of grain for sale. These were the grain-merchants, and for the coolies who passed they kept a supply of parched rice or corn, or some other grain, which they sold in small quantities, and which the men could eat as they walked along. Frequently two women were seen grinding at a mill, for in India the meal is ground as it is needed for daily use, and this work is usually done by women, who sit on the ground opposite each other. The mill is made of two round, flat stones placed one above the other. In the upper stone is a handle quite near the edge, and by this means the upper stone is made to turn upon the lower. Through a little circular opening in the upper stone the grain is put in, handful by handful; and when the mill is turned, the grain is ground.

In one shop gay native cloths were exposed for sale; in another, skins of animals found in the mountains. Here was the shop of a money-changer, and before him, on a low table, were little piles of copper coin, and little heaps of shells also used as currency.

But Mabel grew tired of watching the shops and the passers-by, and, looking back, exclaimed,

“I see uncle coming, auntie, and the coolies bringing our boxes. I can see mine, and I do hope the poor dolls will not get broken.”

“Why are you sitting here?” uncle asked when he came up.

“We’re broken down; don’t you see, uncle?” answered Mabel. “And you will get to Landour first, and perhaps we shall stay here all day,” she continued, with a little pout.

“Oh no; I shall wait for you,” Mr. Howard said. “But here come the men.”

To lift the rugs and the wraps into the new jhampan was but the work of a moment, and the travelers moved on, the road becoming steeper and steeper and winding in and out, sometimes a high mountain on one side and a precipice on the other. Flowers were in bloom, and in shady nooks delicate ferns were growing. Mabel was fond of flowers, and constantly asked to be allowed to get out to gather them; but auntie at length said,

“If we stop so often, Mabel, it will be very late before we reach Landour, and Fannie will grow tired looking for you.”

“Well, then, auntie, I will not ask to get out any more, because in Landour I can gather flowers every day.”

As they approached Landour, Mabel suddenly called out,

“Oh, auntie, I remember this! I’m sure we are almost there, and we shall see our own house very soon.”

Auntie smiled, but did not answer.

Then, as they turned a corner, Mabel clapped her hands and shouted,

“I knew this was Landour, and that is the very house; and I expect Fannie is on the veranda looking out for us.”

CHAPTER III.

LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

THE bearers stopped before a thatched cottage with a wide, pleasant veranda in front, and over the trellis-work honeysuckles were climbing. As soon as the jhampan was set down Mabel sprang out and, running up to the veranda, kissed a lady standing there, and then turned to salute a little girl, a year or two younger than herself, who stood quietly by the side of her mother.

“You know me, don’t you, Fannie?” Mabel asked. “And are you not glad I have come? for now you will have some one to play with you.”

Fannie was very shy, and did not answer.

A little child with rosy cheeks and bright hair was clinging to Mrs. Linton.

"This is Katie, I suppose?" said Mrs. Howard.

"Yes, and she is my youngest. But come into the sitting-room; you must be tired, and hungry too, for it is late."

Breakfast was soon served, and, though Mabel, who was not at all shy, was quite ready to answer any question asked her about the journey, Fannie said not a word; but whenever she thought she could do so without being observed, she stole glances at the new arrivals.

By the time that breakfast was over, the men bringing the boxes began to arrive.

"We will look at the rooms now," said Mrs. Howard; for the cottage was designed for two families, and it had been arranged that Mr. and Mrs. Howard should occupy the vacant rooms.

"But you will take your meals with me until you are settled," said Mrs. Linton, kindly.

"To-day we shall be glad to do so, but

to-morrow, I think, we shall be quite ready to begin life on our own account."

"Let us go too," said Mabel, taking Fannie's hand, "and see where we are going to live.—Where will you sleep, auntie?" she asked, a few minutes later.

"In this room, my child."

"And where are you going to put me?" asked Mabel, a little ruefully.

"In this room too. Your little bed will be on that side, just where I can see you all the time."

"I am so glad, auntie, because, you know, I have never slept in a room all alone, and perhaps I should be frightened; I know I should be lonely."

Mabel walked to the window, and then exclaimed,

"Please come here, auntie. There is just a little path close to the window, and a railing, and then you look down and down, and I can see great trees there. But here," said Mabel, running to another window,

“you look up, and up; and, auntie, when you have climbed to the very top, you can see mountains far, far away covered with snow. I remember, though I was a very little girl when I was here before—not more than five years old. But I was born here, above the clouds; mamma told me so. And now may I go with Fannie and play outside?”

“Yes, but you must not go in the sun without your sun-hat. And now I want to tell you that you must not climb about in dangerous places when you and Fannie are alone. Will you remember?”

“Yes, auntie,” was cheerfully answered; and the two little girls, hand in hand, tripped out into the sunshine.

To our friends from the plains the air seemed very cool, so for several days after their arrival fires were kept burning in the grates, though the sun was warm and flowers were blossoming outside.

The little girls were soon well acquainted,

and Fannie's shyness began to wear off, so that she would come into Mrs. Howard's parlor to play, though at first she ventured no farther than the veranda. In the morning, when Mabel opened her eyes, her first question usually was,

“Auntie, have you seen Fannie? Is she up and dressed?”

Together the two little girls took their morning walks.

“Fannie is ever so much smaller than I am,” Mabel said one day; “so I can take care of her.”

One evening Mr. Howard stepped out on the veranda, and, looking up the hill rising at one side of the cottage, saw Mabel on a narrow path far up the hill, and just where the bank was very steep.

“Mabel is quite alone,” he said; “and on that narrow path too! I am very much afraid she will fall.”

Just then he heard stones rattling down. They struck the road, then glanced off and

rolled and bounded far down the mountain-side.

Mr. Howard sprang forward, and, climbing up the bank, caught Mabel, who stood poisoning herself, greatly frightened as she felt the ground slipping away beneath her feet. Taking Mabel in his arms, Mr. Howard said,

“Has not auntie often said that you must not climb in dangerous places when you are alone?”

“But I did not know that it was dangerous,” answered Mabel, with a little tremble in her voice.

“Did you not know that you ought not to have climbed there?”

Mabel hung her head, but made no answer.

“You said that you could take care of Fannie,” continued Mr. Howard; “but if you lead her into such places, you cannot be trusted with her. Did you see where that stone rolled just now? It did not

stop on the path, but rolled far down the mountain, and so I am afraid my little girl might have done had she fallen."

"Uncle, I will never climb up there again," said Mabel, penitently.

When Mr. Howard told his wife where he had found Mabel, she said,

"I do not think she meant to be disobedient, but she is so young that she does not always understand where there is danger, and in her love for flowers and ferns and pretty stones she is sometimes tempted to go beyond the line of safety. I know her mamma wishes her to be as much as possible in the open air, that she may gain health and strength; so I think that we must try to find a trusty *ayah* to go out with her. In this way only shall I feel safe about her when she is out of my sight."

As soon as it was known that an *ayah* was wanted for Mabel women with letters of recommendation began to come to the

house. Some did not bring letters that satisfied Mrs. Howard, and with the appearance of others she was not pleased; so it was several days before a suitable woman could be obtained. But one morning a pleasant-faced woman presented herself. Her clothes were clean, and her letters of recommendation were satisfactory.

“Take this woman, auntie, please,” pleaded Mabel. “Don’t you think she has a pleasant face? and her clothes are quite clean. I think she likes children, too.—What was the name of the last little girl you took care of?” she asked the ayah.

“Lillie, and I have her picture;” and from the folds of the large cloth which covered her head and shoulders she produced a folded paper, out of which she took the picture of a little girl with a sweet childish face.

“Oh how pretty!” exclaimed Mabel. “Did she give that to you for your very own? Then I think she must have been

very fond of you.—Do take her,” whispered Mabel to auntie.

“You may come to me on Monday,” said Mrs. Howard, handing the letters back to the woman, who, making a low salaam, left the room, followed by Mabel.

“Don’t forget to come on Monday,” the little girl called after her.

A few days after Mabel had climbed the high hill above the house she came rushing into Mrs. Howard’s room, and as soon as she could recover breath exclaimed,

“Oh, auntie, please come and look where Fannie is—in ever so much worse a place than I was. I told her not to go, but she would not mind; and the ayah too told her not to climb there, but she climbed all the same. She wanted me to come too, but I remembered what you had told me; and besides, I was afraid. You can’t think how steep the bank is! Just at the corner where we were playing Fannie found a ripe strawberry, and then she climbed higher and

higher up the bank to find more. Shall I go and tell her mamma?"

"Not yet; perhaps she would be frightened. I will first go and see where Fannie is, and perhaps I can persuade her to come down."

Mrs. Howard followed Mabel around the house, and there, high up a very steep bank, was Fannie.

"Auntie sees you," shouted Mabel. "Do come down; you will fall."

Fannie turned around and smiled, evidently enjoying Mabel's fright. She had already been several weeks in the mountains and had learned to climb, and was, besides, almost as fleet as a deer and as sure-footed as a mountain-goat. She therefore felt no fear, and rather enjoyed her position, out of reach as she was. Presently growing tired and feeling that all had been sufficiently frightened, she turned and came down the mountain to the spot where Mrs. Howard and Mabel stood.

“Fannie, you have been disobedient—you know you have; and I shall tell your mamma if ever you climb there again,” said Mabel, excitedly.

“I didn’t find any more strawberries,” was all the answer Fannie condescended to make.

“Well,” said Mrs. Howard, as she saw that the two little girls were not disposed to be very happy just then, “come into the house with me, Mabel, and read a while. You are tired of play.”

Mabel hung back.

“Did mamma say I was to have lessons here just as at home?” she asked.

“She did not tell me, but I am sure she would not wish you to forget how to read.”

“But I do not like to read now, and I don’t want lessons every day,” Mabel whined.

“Come with me now, Mabel, and I will write and ask mamma about the lessons,” auntie said, taking Mabel by the hand.

Drawing a low chair close to the window, Mabel looked among her books, and, finding one she had not read, was soon interested in its contents. When she had read some time, she closed the book quickly, set her feet on the floor with a pat of impatience, and with a touch of disgust in her voice said,

“Auntie, this book says that the little children who read it will be surprised to learn that the stars have names, just as boys and girls have, and I’m not surprised one bit. I’m rested from play now, and tired of reading; may I go out again? I see Fannie on the veranda.”

Permission was given, and, putting on her sun-hat, Mabel ran out, calling Fannie to come and see the water-carrier, who was just coming up the hill.

“I like to see him pour out the water,” she said.

Soon she came running in again:

“Auntie, the gray horse—the one that is

so thin—fell down by the kitchen, and a sharp stone cut a hole in one of the leather sacks, and all the water ran out; and then the man was so angry! But the poor horse was not to blame, for all day long he goes up and down the steep mountain-paths, and I expect his master does not give him much to eat. But, auntie, why do they carry water on horses here?”

“Because, my child, the springs are far down in the valleys, and men could not carry all the water that is required. Look at the houses far up on the sides of the mountains. A man could not carry water enough for even one house, while a horse can carry a large load. This one man, with two horses, furnishes water for several houses. He goes to each house twice in the day—in the morning, and again in the evening. He requires each horse to carry a heavy load, but he also carries on his own back a large leather sack filled with water. There he goes up the hill

now, and you see how he bends under his burden and leans upon his staff for support. The man works very hard, but he should be kind to his poor dumb servants. Each time he comes he fills the great jars in the kitchen with water, and the jars in the bathrooms, and also the jars for drinking-water. But you may go with the ayah for a little walk before she goes home."

"As far as Emma's house?"

"Yes, dear; and perhaps Mrs. Linton will let Fannie go with you. You may ask her."

"Fannie is ready, and her mamma says she may go. We'll keep near the ayah, and come back before dark."

CHAPTER IV.

THE HAIL-STORM.

“OH, auntie, how cold it is! and the wind blows, and it is growing dark. Do you think it will storm?”

“Yes, Mabel; I think the storm will burst soon. We will close the outer doors, and the ayah may make a fire in the bedroom. You may take your dolls and play-things there, and then ask Fannie’s mamma to let her come in and play with you.”

“That will be fine, and I shall forget then all about the storm.”

Fannie soon came, and the little girls played very happily together for some time; but as it grew darker the children came into the sitting-room, where Mrs. Howard sat with her sewing.

“It grows darker and darker, and the

wind howls so that I am almost afraid," said Mabel, creeping close to auntie's side.

Mrs. Howard laid aside her work, and, passing an arm around each little girl, said kindly,

"There is nothing to fear, my children; God takes care of us in the storm as well as in the sunshine."

The little girls were very quiet; but when the storm burst in hail, beating upon the thatched roof with a muffled sound, Mabel cried out,

"It's hail, auntie! I wonder if any poor people are out in this storm?"

They stood at the window watching the hail as it was drifted by the wind in little piles in corners, until in some places the ground was quite white. Then the clouds suddenly rolled away, and the storm was over.

"May we open the door now and go out and gather hail, Fannie and I?" asked Mabel.

“Yes, dear; and when you come back, I will tell you a little story about a hail-storm.”

The little girls soon returned, each with a cup filled with the white rain.

“We are ready for the story now,” Mabel said as she placed a low chair on one side of Mrs. Howard for Fannie, and seated herself on a footstool on the other side.

“Do you know,” began Mrs. Howard, “that every year great ships laden with ice come to Calcutta from America? Many of these ships come from Boston. One evening, just before the sun went down, a little boy who lives in Calcutta, and whose name is Willie, said to one of the servants,

“‘Give me a glass of ice-water, please; I am so thirsty and warm I feel as if I should faint.’

“‘The evening ice has not yet come,’ was answered.

“‘Oh dear! what shall I do?’ he groaned. ‘I am so warm, and it gets hotter and hotter.

I *must* have some ice, and I'll go and ask God to give me some just now.'

"So Willie kneeled down, and this was his prayer:

"Please, dear Jesus, send me some ice *quick*, for I'm so warm that I'm almost sick.'

"Running back to the parlor from his own little room, he saw the servants rushing hither and thither in haste to close every door and window.

"What is the matter, and what makes it so dark?" asked Willie, turning to look out of one of the windows.

"Just then the storm burst—a great hail-storm—and the wind blew a gale. Down rattled the hail faster and faster, until in every corner there were great piles. Little Willie, running to his mamma, his eyes full of fear, gasped out,

"Oh, mamma, I asked God to give me some ice, and now I'm afraid because he has given me so much.'"

“That is a very nice story,” said Fannie; and Mabel asked,

“Do you know anything more about Willie?”

“Yes. Another day when he wanted ice very much he said,

“‘I think I will ask God to send me ice again, but this time I will say, ‘Please only send me a little.’”’”

“But, auntie, does the ice we have down in the plains come from America too?” questioned Mabel.

“No, my child; that is made by machinery. You cannot yet understand how, but the brick house at the corner, not far from our own house in the plains, is one place where ice is made. In some places in the North of India ice is produced in still another way. Men whose business it is strew the ground with straw, and then place close together upon this straw little clay vessels which are shaped like saucers. The water-carrier then comes, and from

the leather sack he carries fills all these little dishes with water. Very early in the morning the ice-gatherers come—men, women and children—each furnished with an instrument like a trowel and with a basket. With the trowels the thin flakes of ice are loosened from the edges of the saucers and thrown into the baskets. When all the ice has in this way been gathered, it is emptied into large baskets and taken immediately to the ice-pit and through a wide funnel poured into the pit. Then men wrap their feet in warm cloths, and, going into the pit, tread down the ice into a solid mass. We do not put this ice into our glasses, for it is not very clean, but bottles filled with water are put into the ice-chest with the ice, and the water soon becomes cool.”

“Thank you, auntie, for telling us all this. And now we will go and play, for the sun is shining.”

CHAPTER V.

CHURCH-GOING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

“**T**O-MORROW will be the Sabbath, Mabel. Uncle and auntie intend going to church; do you think you will get very tired if we take you?”

“Oh no, auntie; I go to church at home.”

“I know, but there is the long ride here, and I thought perhaps that would tire you.”

“The ride! Why, that will be the best of all, because, you know, I cannot understand all the minister says.”

“Then tell the ayah to lay out your clothes for to-morrow.”

Sabbath morning was bright and pleasant. When Mabel was dressed for church, she said,

“Now I will sit on the veranda with the ayah and sing a hymn for her; I did one day, and she liked it very much. And, auntie, I am teaching her a little prayer; she did not like to say it at first, but now she does not mind. She does not know anything about Jesus, and I want to teach her.”

When Mrs. Howard was ready for church, the coolies whose work it was brought out two curious-looking conveyances called “dandies.” A “dandy” has a canoe-shaped frame with long pointed ends. Inside of this frame a seat is swung, with a rest for the back, and also one for the feet. There was a large one for Mrs. Howard, and a smaller one for Mabel. Rugs were thrown over them. Mabel took her place in the small one, and Mrs. Howard tucked her in nicely; then two men picked up the dandy, rested the ends on their shoulders, and walked off briskly with the light weight, and Mrs. Howard immediately followed.

From many of the paths along the sides of the mountains dandies and jhampanes were moving slowly. Some of the men who carried them were very shabbily and scantily clothed, while others, who were the servants of wealthy people, were dressed in warm suits gayly trimmed. Men and women went by on horseback, and a few were walking, but nowhere was seen a carriage, for over the steep, narrow and winding mountain-paths no wheeled vehicle could pass.

Mabel was interested in the children she saw, some riding alone like herself, others with their mammas. Presently she called out,

“Auntie, do look at that poor man sitting by the roadside. He is blind, and he has such thin clothes! And perhaps he is hungry. He is begging, auntie; please give me some pice for him.”

“I have none with me, my child.”

“I’m so sorry! And that is his little

boy, I suppose, fast asleep on that flat stone beside him. I expect he leads his poor blind father. And oh, auntie, here comes a leper just like those we see in the plains. How dreadful! I suppose he has no home and no one to be kind to him."

The road to church led through a bazar. The first shops were all grain-shops, and, though it was the Sabbath, people were buying and selling as usual. There were tin-shops and cloth-shops; shops where dandies and jhampanes were exposed for hire; shops where "Europe goods" were for sale; wonderful variety-shops, and numerous shops where beautiful goods from Cashmere could be obtained. In these shops there were warm, soft cloths, embroidered dressing-gowns, caps and scarfs, and the exquisite shawls of Cashmere, some richly embroidered, as they can be only in that wonderful country, others soft and white. The shops were all small with verandas in front, in which the merchants

exhibited their wares. The Cashmere merchants carry their goods in parcels from house to house during the week, but, as Europeans do not usually purchase on the Sabbath, on that day they sit in their shops in the midst of their merchandise, but they are not idle. They spend the time in knitting or in sewing, and thus they were engaged when our friends passed.

In the veranda of one shop five men were engaged in churning in a manner peculiar to India. Before each man was a jar containing the milk to be churned. The wooden dash was kept in an upright position by being passed through a hole in a bit of wood projecting from the wall or made fast to a beam or post. A leather strap was passed around the dash two or three times, and by working this strap the dash was kept in motion. The men were working very hard and making a great noise as they twirled the five dashes.

“Poor men! They don't know anything

about the Sabbath. Do they, auntie?" questioned Mabel.

"No; they are heathen and have never learned what the Bible teaches."

Just after the bazar was passed Mabel pointed out a man sitting on the ground close to the roadside mending shoes. He was protected from the sun by a large bamboo umbrella with a long handle fastened in the ground. This was his shop, and the passers-by occasionally gave him little jobs of work. Near him was a barber sitting on the ground with his customer seated opposite him.

The church was pleasantly situated on a spur of the mountain. On the surrounding hills, wherever there was a bit of level ground, pretty cottages were nestled. You looked down, too, upon other cottages, and pleasant paths wound in and out on the sides of the mountains. At the church there were many dandies and jhampans and horses, and the bearers and grooms

were squatting upon the ground chatting together or smoking the hookah, or Indian pipe.

Soon the service began; and when the text was announced, Mabel whispered,

“What a short text, auntie! Shall we go home soon?”

A communion service followed the sermon, and Mabel sat quite still through it all. Coming out of the church, she enjoyed the excitement among the bearers, each set of men trying to get first to the front, in order to be quickly off. The horses, too, were restless, and impatient to be gone.

On the way home Mabel suddenly called out,

“Auntie, do you see? There are some English people stopping at the shops to buy things—fruit and toys. Is it not wrong? No wonder the poor heathens don't learn better, when they see Christian people do such things. And I think some

of those very people have been to church, too."

A few minutes after, Mabel said,

"Auntie, I understand all about the Lord's Supper. The bread is to make us think of Christ's body; and the wine, of his blood."

"And do you know why Christians take the Lord's Supper?"

"Of course I do: papa and mamma have told me, and we read about it in the Bible. Christ told those who loved him to do it that they might remember how he died on the cross to save them. I did not take any, though I sat close beside you; for little children like me never do," she added, with a sigh.

CHAPTER VI.

STRAWBERRIES.

“**S**TRAWBERRIES, auntie! strawberries! Please buy some,” pleaded Mabel, rushing into the house one morning quite out of breath.

Mrs. Howard took Mabel’s hand and followed her to the veranda.

“Where is the man who has berries?” she asked. “I see no one.”

“Coming up the hill, auntie. There! he has just turned the corner. Fannie and I were playing down there, gathering stones, and I saw him and asked him to come. You will buy some, will you not, auntie? They are just beautiful!”

“Yes, my child; I shall be very glad to get some.”

Soon the man reached the house. Let-

ting down the broad, shallow basket from his head, he lifted the green leaves with which they were covered and revealed a quantity of large luscious berries. Such a sight Mrs. Howard had not seen in years—not since she left her own pleasant home on the other side of the world. It carried her back in memory to a fair garden in which she had played in her childhood, and where she had plucked ripe, delicious berries and carried them to her mamma, who was ill, and to her kind papa. But that was long, long ago. Strangers called that garden theirs now, and the loving parents had both gone home to Jesus.

Mrs. Howard thought of all this as she lifted in her fingers a cluster of the luscious berries, but Mabel, growing impatient, said in a disappointed tone,

“And so you will not buy any berries, after all?”

“Yes, yes, my child! Bring a basket for me from the dining-room.”

The basket was quickly brought, the berries were weighed, the price was given, and the man was told to come again.

Mrs. Howard carried the basket to the dining-room, and, placing it on the table, took from a sideboard some dishes and began to prepare the berries for the table.

“Must I wait until luncheon before I can have any?” asked Mabel.

“No; bring a saucer, and I will help you now.” Mrs. Howard put a liberal supply of berries upon the dish which the little girl brought her.

“Thank you, auntie! May I eat them out on the veranda, and may I share them with Fannie?”

“Certainly you may; and when your plate is emptied, you may come for more. They will not hurt you.”

What a treat the delicious berries were to all! for in the hot plains of India no such luxury can be enjoyed, so as long as

berries were in the market they were used without stint.

One morning Mabel came to auntie with a distressed face.

“Oh, auntie, it's too bad!” she said. “The man who brings berries has come, but his strawberries are all spoiled. A naughty little girl just now picked up a handful of fine gravel; and when the man lifted the leaves to show us his berries, she threw the gravel as hard as she could into the basket, and the sharp little stones sunk into the great luscious berries and they are all spoiled. The man feels so badly, for he cannot sell them now; so he will get no money to-day. Was it not very naughty?”

“Yes, indeed, very naughty. The little girl has destroyed the poor man's property and made him very unhappy, and I am sure must be very unhappy herself. I hope you will never do such a thing.”

“Of course I would not, auntie. I asked

her if she was not ashamed, and she said she would not be punished, for the man would be afraid to tell her mamma."

When the strawberry season was at an end, the harvest of raspberries followed—first the golden ones with a flavor like honey, then the black ones, more delicious still. The strawberries had been grown in gardens in the beautiful fruitful valleys at the foot of the hills, but the raspberries grew wild on the mountains, and every day, in their season, they were brought for sale by boys or men—wild-looking men with matted hair and soiled and scanty clothing, but the berries they brought were fresh and sweet. Even the boys were, many of them, very shrewd in making a bargain. Industrious little fellows they were, walking long distances over the mountains in the cold, dewy mornings, bravely bearing the cold and the wet and never minding the wounds from the briers, then trudging cheerfully up and down the

hills from house to house to find purchasers.

One such little boy one day brought to the cottage with his basket of berries a beautiful white lily. He had brought the plant entire, the roots with a quantity of earth about them and carefully protected.

“Oh how beautiful!” exclaimed Mrs. Howard.

Mr. Howard came out at the sound of his wife's voice, and he too exclaimed,

“What a beauty!”

The leaves were pure white and glistened like snow; they were thick like wax, and the flower was very large.

“I found the plant growing very far from here, and I dug it up and brought it for sale,” said the little boy.

“We must have it,” said Mr. Howard, examining the plant. “There are several buds here; and if it is put in the shade and kept moist, I think all these buds will open.”

The boy's eyes shone as the price was counted out to him; and when, in addition, he sold his basket of berries, he was happy indeed. The beautiful lily was planted on the side of the mountain, quite near the veranda, in the shade, and not only Mabel and Fanny, but Mr. and Mrs. Howard, watched with delight the unfolding of the buds.

"I wish papa and mamma and Frankie could enjoy some of these nice berries," Mabel said one day.

"Yes, indeed! I wish all our friends in the hot and thirsty plains could enjoy the good things so abundant here," answered Mrs. Howard.

"What shall we have when the berries are gone?"

"Peaches and apricots, and plums and pears."

"I know something that is ripe now besides berries, but it's a secret," said Mabel.

"From auntie?"

“No, from Fannie. There is a sweet-brier bush growing on Fannie’s side of the house, and to-day, when we were playing there, I saw two or three buds just ready to burst. I think they will be open by to-morrow morning. That is what I meant by *ripe*. I did not say a word to Fannie, but we went somewhere else to play; for I was afraid she would see them. I want to pick the very first blossoms myself.”

“But is not that selfish, Mabel? The bush is on Fannie’s side, and has she not a better right to the flowers than you have?”

“But, auntie, it is not really hers; and, besides, I intend to give Fannie half the flowers.”

The next morning Mabel was awake very early, and anxious to be dressed in haste.

“Is Fannie up? Have you seen her, auntie?” she asked.

“No; it is all very quiet on Fannie’s side, and I think she and Katie are both sleeping still.”

“I’m so glad! and I do wish the ayah would put on my clothes quickly.”

Stealing noiselessly out of the house when she was dressed, Mabel ran to the sweet-brier, and returned a moment after, her hands laden with the sweet-scented blossoms.

“See, auntie! See what I have found!” she exclaimed, holding up the pretty pink flowers. “I will sit on the veranda and divide the flowers, and then may I go and give Fannie half? Her mamma is up, so I shall not disturb her.”

“Yes, Mabel, you may go. But who made these lovely flowers?”

“God, auntie.”

“And did my little girl remember to thank God for caring for her through the night, and for giving her so many pleasant things to enjoy?”

“No, auntie; I was in such a hurry that I quite forgot it. But I will go and do it now.”

Soon Mabel came from the dressing-room and, gathering up the flowers, hurried off to Fannie's room.

When Mrs. Howard entered the breakfast-room, she was followed closely by Mabel. Going to the table, she saw by her own plate, in a glass, some of the sweet roses Mabel had gathered.

"I put them there for you," said the little girl, eagerly. "I gave Fannie half, and all the rest are in that glass. Now I'm not selfish, am I, auntie?"

"Not in *giving*, Mabel; but did you not enjoy the gathering of the flowers more than you enjoyed the flowers themselves?"

Mabel understood, and after a moment she said,

"I will make this bargain with Fannie: if she gets up first, she shall gather the roses, and I shall pick them if I am first up;" and away she ran to tell Fannie her plan.

That little maiden approved, and every

morning after there was a good-natured strife to see who should be first at the rose-bush. For several mornings Mabel was victor, but one morning it happened that she slept long and late, while Fannie's eyes were open with the dawn, and with shining face she came in with hands richly laden. Her end accomplished, she wandered restlessly about, longing to show her treasures to Mabel; but the little girl slept on, and Mrs. Howard asked Fannie not to waken her.

At last Mabel opened her eyes with a start.

"I have had such a nice sleep, auntie," she said, pleasantly, "and I'm rested." Then, suddenly remembering, she asked, "Is it late? and is Fannie up?"

"It is eight o'clock, and Fannie is up. Make haste and be dressed, for Fannie has something to show you."

"I know: it's the roses," she said, in a grieved tone.

Mabel was a long time dressing; and when she came out of her room, she walked very slowly toward the veranda. When Fannie sprang to meet her, holding in her apron the pink blossoms and exclaiming gleefully, "I picked them first this morning, and see how many there are!" Mabel took no notice of either Fannie or her flowers. Sitting down on the steps of the veranda, Mabel began picking up the pebbles within reach, and then tossed them about in an aimless way.

Fannie looked at her, greatly puzzled, and, at length venturing a little nearer, said timidly,

"Shall not we divide the roses now?"

Mabel made no answer; and when Fannie leaned over and put some of the blossoms in Mabel's lap, the cross little girl looked at her with angry eyes, and then struck her a spiteful blow.

Just at this moment Mrs. Howard appeared on the veranda.

“Why, Mabel! I’m surprised!” she exclaimed.

“I don’t care,” was the sullen answer.

Mrs. Howard stooped down, and, taking the angry little girl in her arms, carried her to her room and laid her on her own bed.

“You must stay there,” she said, “until you are pleasant.”

Mabel burst into a passionate little cry. Mrs. Howard looked at her sadly, and said,

“I am very sorry that my little girl is in so naughty and unhappy a humor this morning.”

“I’m not your little girl at all; I’m mamma’s,” came from Mabel, with a shower of tears.

“Yes, you are mamma’s very own little girl, but mamma lent you to me this summer, and I am sure she would be very much grieved to know that her dear little girl has been so unkind.”

Mrs. Howard then went out and left Mabel alone.

Out on the veranda sat Fannie, almost as miserable as Mabel. The two little girls were very fond of each other, and usually played together most amicably. Now Fannie was uneasy and lonely. Her little triumph of the morning had been quite spoiled by Mabel's ill-humor, and now her roses were withering on the veranda. Her sister Katie came and sat down beside her—pretty, rosy-cheeked Katie—and in her sweet baby-way tried to talk to her, but Fannie was not interested. At length her face brightened, and, running down the hill below the cottage, she followed a winding path until she came to a low bush covered with a morning-glory in full bloom. Gathering a handful of the fresh blossoms, she hurried to the house:

“Auntie, may I go to Mabel's room, please, and give her these?”

Mrs. Howard was touched by this ex-

pression of Fannie's forgiving spirit, and she gladly gave the desired permission.

When Mrs. Howard, not long after, went into the room where she had left Mabel, she was delighted to find the two little girls apparently on the best of terms. Fannie was kneeling by the bed, and Mabel was twirling in her fingers the spray of morning-glories.

"Please, auntie, may I get up now? I'm pleasant," she said.

Later in the day, when Mabel referred to her conduct of the morning, she said,

"Satan was in my heart. I felt so cross because I had slept so long, and because Fannie had gathered the roses first, that I would not say my prayers. I knew Satan was in my heart, but I did not try to get him out. Jesus knocks at the door of our hearts, but Satan comes in without asking."

CHAPTER VII.

THE SURPRISE.

AS the summer heat increased—for in India the sun is very powerful even in the mountains—flowers burst into bloom on every hand, beautiful delicate blossoms as well as large bright flowers. The hill-sides for several weeks were bright with the bloom of the wild rose, great bushes with long trailing branches freighted with blossoms to the very end, some a mass of white, others a delicate pink, or both growing together; and with every breeze they sent out a shower of fragrance. How the children delighted in the blossoms! and in the delicious air how happy even the brute creatures seemed! The birds warbled forth their gladness, goats clambered from rock to rock, and even the gentle cows climbed

far up the heights, cropping the tender grass, the tinkle of the bells worn by the mother-cows calling the frisking calves to follow.

“Auntie, may I go with Fannie to gather flowers?” Mabel asked, one morning. “Daltu will go with us, and the ayah.”

“You may go, but keep near the ayah, and come back before the sun gets hot. After breakfast I have something to show you.”

“And Fannie too?”

“Yes, but you must ask no more questions, for it is a secret.”

“We’ll not stay long, and we shall bring back loads of flowers. Daltu is not afraid to climb anywhere; he can get the flowers that are high up, and Fannie and I can get the wee ones.”

The children were back in good time; they came laden with ferns and moss, and with roses on their cheeks as well as in their hands.

“We have had such fun! and now we will divide the flowers, and after breakfast the secret, auntie,” said Mabel, dropping in a little heap on the veranda beside her floral treasures.

“Yes, after breakfast, but not now, Mabel.”

“But can't I guess, auntie?”

“I do not think you can, and I must not help you.”

When breakfast was over, Mabel crept close to Mrs. Howard's side and whispered,

“Will uncle read a long chapter this morning at worship?”

“You must not be impatient, but sit quietly and listen,” said Mrs. Howard, patting her cheek.

“Shall I call Fannie now?” questioned Mabel as soon as she had risen from her knees.

“Not yet: I wish to go first to my room; and when I call you, you may come

to me, and afterward I will send you for Fannie."

When Mrs. Howard opened the door of her room, a moment afterward, and called "Mabel!" the little girl answered with a bound.

"Now, what is it auntie?" she asked.

Mrs. Howard stepped aside, and Mabel saw lying on the table two large and beautiful wax dolls, both nicely dressed, with gowns and undergarments that would button and unbutton. One was in white with blue sash, and blue ribbons looping up her dainty sleeves, and a blue bow in her flaxen curls. The other was in pink, with white sash and bows.

"Oh how pretty!" exclaimed Mabel. "Where did you get them? Are they for Fannie and me? Which one is mine?"

"Not so many questions at once, my little girl," said Mrs. Howard, smiling. "The dolls came from America, and I brought them here in my large box for you and

Fannie, and, as you are older than Fannie, you may take your choice."

"And may I take the very one I like best?"

"Yes, my child."

Mabel lifted them very tenderly:

"Both have golden hair like me, and I like the blue ribbons very much; mamma says blue suits me. But the pink doll is larger than this," she said, measuring them.

"Are the eyes of both alike?" asked Mrs. Howard.

"Why, yes, auntie; both have blue eyes," said Mabel, examining them closely. "I really don't know which to choose," laying them again upon the table. But as she looked she saw that the eyes of one of the dolls were closed. Taking this one into her arms again, she exclaimed eagerly, "I see now: the eyes of the doll in blue will open and shut. I like that, and I will take this dolly, even if it is not quite so

large as the pink one. Thank you so much, auntie! And now shall I call Fannie? and I think, auntie, I will not tell her that my dolly can open and shut its eyes, for perhaps she may not like her own so well."

Fannie was at hand as soon as called, for Mabel had whispered to her that after breakfast there was to be a surprise in which she had an interest. When Mrs. Howard put into her arms the beautiful doll, she expressed her satisfaction by a little scream of delight. How happy the two girls were in their new treasures!

"Now, Mabel," said Mrs. Howard as that little maiden was putting aside her doll for the night, "I think you would like to keep Blue-Eyes until you go home, to show her to Frankie. The lower drawer in this dressing-bureau you may use for dolly. I think it would be nice to play with her every day after you have had your bath, when your clothes are clean; and when you

are tired of her, put her always in this drawer."

"I like that plan very much, and I am sure I shall keep my doll longer than Fannie."

"You are older than Fannie, and know better how to be careful. Shall I tell you a true story of two little girls about as old as you and Fannie who once owned two beautiful dolls?"

"If you please, auntie. You know I am very fond of stories."

"These two little girls were sisters, and their names were Jennie and Hattie."

"Did you know them, auntie?"

"Very well, and I loved them dearly, for they were most affectionate, unselfish and obedient. Their mamma gave them at one time two large dolls very prettily dressed and so much alike that it was difficult to tell which belonged to Jennie and which to Hattie.

"'Play with the dolls in the house,' their

mamma said. 'Do not take them on the pavement; for if they should slip from your hands, they would be broken.'

"The little girls promised obedience, but one day they asked their mamma if they could carry their dollies out under the trees by the swing. Mamma said,

"'Would it not be better to play here first, then put your children in bed, and after that go out in the yard?'

"'But we will be very careful, mamma,' they pleaded, 'and not trip on the pavement.'

"'And we will make this bargain,' added Jennie: 'if I am playing with Hattie's doll and break it, then she shall have mine.'

"'And if I break Jennie's,' chimed in Hattie, 'then I will give her my precious doll.'

"So it was arranged. For a little time the children played together very happily; then mamma heard a piercing scream and

rushed to the door, fearing that one of her dear children was badly hurt. As she opened the door Jennie darted past her with empty hands, crying as if her heart would break. Rushing into her mamma's room, she closed the door. Hattie came up just then with a doll in her arms, but looking greatly distressed.

“‘What is the matter?’ asked mamma.

“‘You know the bargain we made when we went out? Well, we were playing together, having such a nice time, when, as Jennie was carrying my doll across the yard to fasten it in the swing, she fell down, and the head of the doll was quite crushed. She was so sorry when she saw what she had done, and she came and put her doll in my arms, because that was the agreement, you know. But I cannot keep Jennie's doll, mamma. What shall I do?’ she asked, with tears in her blue eyes.

“‘We will go and find Jennie,’ mamma said, taking Hattie's hand.”

“Oh, auntie, what was the end of it?” Mabel asked, a little tremble in her voice.

“A very pleasant ending, Mabel. Jennie’s grandpapa was visiting at the house, and that very day he brought home from town a doll so like the one that had been broken that even Hattie could see no difference.”

“I suppose the little girls did not tease their mamma to let them take their dollies out under the trees any more. And, auntie, this story has taught me a lesson.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COMING OF THE PONY.

“OH, auntie, the pony has come—uncle’s pony,” Mabel said, one day, running into the house.

“Has it?” answered Mrs. Howard.

“Then I must go and tell uncle.”

“Uncle knows it, and has gone down the path to meet the pony. Only think! he has walked all the way. How tired he must be!”

“I believe he *is* tired, but you know he walked only a few miles each day, and rested at night.”

“Don’t you hear him, auntie? I expect he is almost up the hill by this time. Do come to the veranda and see him;” and away they went to welcome the pony, who

came up the steep hill frisking his tail, shaking his head, and saying, "How do you do?" just as plainly as a pony could say it.

"He does not seem tired after his long journey," said Mrs. Howard; "the man must have taken good care of him."

"I am glad he has come, for now uncle can ride, and that will help him to grow strong. I'm not one bit afraid, auntie, for the pony is very gentle; may the man put me on his back now?"

"Not to-day, dear, but another day, when uncle is riding, I think he will take you with him."

Not many days after, Mr. Howard said one morning,

"I am going to call on Mr. and Mrs. Canning, and I will take you, Mabel, if auntie is willing and you are not afraid."

"I am not afraid.—Auntie, please, may I go? I should like the ride very much, and I can see Minnie Canning."

“Yes, you may go. Ask the ayah to smooth your hair and give you a clean pinafore and your sun-hat.”

Then the pony was brought to the door. Mr. Howard took his seat in the saddle, Mabel was lifted up and put into his arms, and away they went up the mountain. The pony had come from a country far away over the mountains, so Mrs. Howard was not afraid he would stumble, though the path was narrow, winding and very steep.

Mrs. Howard watched them until they were out of sight, and then went into the house and wrote a letter to Mabel's mamma, telling her that her little girl was well and happy. She had just finished, when her husband and Mabel returned.

“It was *so* nice, auntie—the ride and all! Minnie and I played together while Mr. and Mrs. Canning and uncle talked.”

“But what have you in your hand, Mabel?”

“Mangoes, auntie; Mrs. Canning tied them in this napkin and gave them to uncle to bring home. They came from the plains, auntie, and from Mrs. Canning’s own garden; she told uncle so. May I eat one now, please?”

“Would you not like to wait until luncheon, Mabel?”

“Please let me have one now,” the little girl pleaded; and Mrs. Howard, knowing that Mabel was very fond of mangoes and thinking that one would not hurt her, put a plate for her on the table in the dining-room, tied a napkin around her neck and gave her a fine ripe mango.

Mabel ate this, and then said,

“Please, auntie, may I have another? I am not afraid it will make me ill, for I eat more than two at home.”

“Well, you may eat one more.”

Mabel had just finished the second mango, when Mr. Howard came in.

“What! Mabel eating more mangoes?”

he said. "I am afraid she will be ill, for she ate two at Mrs. Canning's."

"She did not tell me that," Mrs. Howard answered, "or I should have given her no more until luncheon." Then, turning to Mabel, she said, "I am afraid my little girl has been selfish to-day."

Mabel hung her head and slipped from the table and out of the room. There were only four mangoes left, and she did feel ashamed, though she did not like to say so. She went out of the house and played with Fannie under the trees. Coming into the house when she was tired of play, she found Mrs. Howard sewing.

"What are you doing, auntie?" she asked.

"Mending your pinafore, Mabel. Some of the buttons are gone, and I have none like them; bring me the little box of buttons mamma gave you, please, and perhaps I may there find some like these."

Mabel did not move, and Mrs. Howard

thought she had not heard ; so she repeated her request.

“The buttons are mine,” Mabel said now, in a resolute tone. “Mamma gave them to me to use for myself, and I want them for my doll’s clothes.”

“I am sure mamma would like her little girl to give auntie some of her buttons if they were needed,” said Mrs. Howard.

Still, Mabel did not stir ; so Mrs. Howard folded the apron and put it into the sewing-basket, saying as she did so,

“I cannot finish this to-day.”

She then went to talk a while with Mrs. Linton. When she came back, she met Mabel with a pair of scissors in her hand.

“You have *my* scissors,” she said to Mabel.

“But, auntie, I am only going to cut paper with them, and you always let me do that.”

“They are *mine*,” answered Mrs. How-

ard, looking straight into the little girl's eyes.

Mabel understood now, for she blushed and hung her head.

That same day, in the afternoon, Mabel said to Fannie,

“Let's play that I am a lady keeping house and you are my ayah. I will get auntie's little shawl to throw over your head, so that you will look like an ayah.”

She was taking it out, when Mrs. Howard said,

“Bring the shawl to me, Mabel: it's *mine*.”

“But please let me take it a little while, just to play with. I will be careful.”

“Uncle got it for me, and it's *mine*,” was the strange answer.

Mabel was very much ashamed by this time, but she was not ready to say so. She did not forget the lesson, however, for in the evening, before she went out for her walk,



Hindu Ayahs.

she came to Mrs. Howard, her face covered with blushes, and, slipping the box of buttons into her hand, said,

“Take as many as you like, auntie, and my thread and needles too if you want them.” Then she added timidly, “I’m not selfish now, am I, auntie?”

Auntie kissed the little upturned face and told Mabel that she must ask Jesus to help her to be kind and unselfish.

Mabel had a pleasant walk, and came back in fine spirits. That night she kneeled, as usual, by Mrs. Howard’s side to say her evening prayer. When she rose from her knees, she shook back the curls from her face, and, throwing her arms around Mrs. Howard’s neck, said,

“Now I’m going to give you heaps of kisses. Are you not glad you brought me? or you could not have had so many kisses.”

Some time after Mabel had been tucked into her little bed Mrs. Howard passed

through the room, taking with her, when she went out, the lamp that was burning there.

“Oh, auntie, please don't take away the lamp: I'm afraid,” pleaded Mabel.

Sitting down by the bed, Mrs. Howard talked to Mabel about the kind heavenly Father who always watches over us, in the dark as well as in the light. She left the lamp in the room, however, and went out. She was sitting in the little parlor adjoining the room in which Mabel was lying, reading aloud to her husband, when Mabel called out cheerfully,

“You may take away the lamp now; I'm not afraid of the dark.”

When Mrs. Howard went into the room, Mabel drew her face down to hers, and, kissing it, said,

“I have asked Jesus to forgive me for being naughty and selfish to-day, and to help me to be good; and I'm not afraid now.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE PROMISED PLEASURE.—THE DANCING BEARS.

MABEL came to Mrs. Howard one day, and, leaning her head on that lady's shoulder, said,

“When will my birthday come, auntie?”

“This is June, Mabel, and your birthday does not come until August.”

“That is a very long time. Why did you not keep the beautiful doll for my birthday present?”

“Because I wanted you to enjoy it all summer, Mabel.”

“And shall I have nothing on my birthday?”

“I am sure you will not be forgotten on that day, my child.”

“I know; you said I could have a little

party then. But what a long time to wait! Almost two whole months."

"It is a long time for a little girl to wait, and so I think you may have a little party next week."

"A real party, auntie, with more than Fannie and Katie and me?"

"Yes. I think we will say Saturday of next week; then some of the little girls from the school can come. Whom would you like to invite?"

"Why, Fannie and Katie, of course. Then, Edwin Andrews would like to come, I'm sure, if he is a boy, for he likes to play with Fannie and me. Then I must ask Dora, and Edith and Minnie Canning; and Emma Waters will come, I think, for she and Dora Canning are friends at school: Minnie told me so. And of course I must ask my friend Emily Foster. And, auntie, I should like to ask that new little girl at the school; 'Polly' is her name. She is a funny little thing, and wears such queer

clothes! The girls laughed at her at first, but Mrs. Swan told them it was not kind. And, auntie, only think! she hardly knows anything about God, for her mamma died when she was a wee baby, and her papa had so much to do that he could not teach her, so he brought her to school. Then there is dear little Lottie Walters: I am sure you will let me ask her; and I should like to have Ida Niles. You know her little sister is dead, and she feels so lonely! Do you think I can have so many girls, auntie?"

"Yes, I think you may, Mabel."

"And, auntie, what can I do to make the days go fast?"

"Be good and happy and busy, my dear child."

"Has mamma written anything about the lessons, auntie?"

"Yes. She says she wishes her little girl to grow strong this year, and for that reason she need not have lessons so regularly

as when she is at home ; but she hopes she will still like to read."

"Of course I shall, auntie, and I should like a spelling-book like Fannie's. Then I would learn two long columns every day."

The very next day, when Fannie was called to her lessons, Mrs. Howard called Mabel, and, putting a spelling-book into her hands, said,

"I found this in the bookcase yesterday ; and if you like, you may learn a lesson in it to-day."

Mabel was pleased, and for two or three days quite enjoyed her spelling-lesson ; then she grew tired of it. One day, when Mrs. Howard called her, she answered,

"But mamma said I need not have lessons every day."

"You asked for a book, Mabel, that you might learn a spelling-lesson, like Fannie."

For a moment Mabel made no answer ; then she said,

“ You *found* this book, auntie ; you did not pay money for it.”

“ Very well,” said Mrs. Howard. “ If you do not wish to spell, you may bring your *Peep of Day* and read a chapter to me while I sew ; then I will read two chapters to you.”

“ I shall like that very much.”

“ But my little girl must learn to do cheerfully many things she does not *like* to do. Did you ever hear of the Siamese twins ?”

“ No, auntie ; please tell me about them.”

“ They were two brothers born at the same time, and so joined together that they must always be in each other’s company. If one wished to walk about, the other must go too, because they could not be separated. I expect that when they were children one often had to yield to the other. Perhaps one was tired and wanted to rest, and the other was wide awake and full of play.”

“How very funny, auntie! Is that all?”

“All for the present. Bring your book now.”

Mabel walked very slowly to the book-case, and as she came back with her book in her hand she seemed to be thinking very hard. Then she suddenly asked,

“Were they born that way, auntie, or did one grow out afterward?”

Mrs. Howard smiled as she answered, for she saw the little girl was fearing that some time she might have such a companion.

Mabel read a chapter, and Mrs. Howard read one, two, three chapters; and just as she was closing the book there came through the open door a sound very much like a growl.

“What is that, auntie?” Mabel asked, turning pale.

“I am sure I do not know. We will go and see,” said Mrs. Howard, rising and stepping out upon the veranda.

Mrs. Linton and Fannie, followed by

little Katie, were coming from their own parlor at the same time; for they too had heard the curious sound.

“Bears, auntie, bears! Two great black bears!” exclaimed Mabel. “But I don’t think I’m afraid, because the men are holding them by chains, and I suppose they are tame.”

“Let us show you what wonderful things our bears can do?” said one of the men.

Auntie looked at Mrs. Linton, and the children, coming close to the two ladies, said, “Please let them; we want very much to see,” so they were allowed to show what the bears could do.

They were told to dance, and, standing on their hind legs, the great hairy creatures danced very well, for bears. Then they hugged each other most affectionately, putting their shaggy paws around each other’s neck. Then each man took a bear and tried to throw it upon the ground, and the bears growled so fiercely, though

they were only in play, that the children screamed with fright, fearing the keepers would be hurt. When the men had received a few pice, the bears made a salaam and followed their masters down the hill.

CHAPTER X.

THE PARTY.

MABEL was up very early on the day when she expected her friends, and went with Fannie and the ayah to gather fresh flowers.

When the little girls returned with their hands full of treasures, Mrs. Howard was in the dining-room, busy in the preparation of some of the good things designed for the children's tea.

"May we stay with you," Mabel asked, "and see what you do?"

"Yes, if you will not trouble me; for I have many things to do to-day."

So the two children were very good, disturbing nothing, but chatting merrily; and this auntie liked.

When Mrs. Howard sent the cakes to the kitchen to be baked, she sat down to prepare the fruit that had that morning been brought.

“Are we to have all this nice fruit for our tea?” Mabel asked.

“Not all, my child, but as much as will be good for you.”

“What else are we to have?”

“I cannot tell you now. I shall give you your tea early, so that all the little girls can reach home before dark. And now you may go and dress your dolls in clean clothes, arrange all your books in order on the shelf, and put in a box your playthings that are scattered about.”

Mabel had an early dinner, and, immediately after, the ayah dressed her in a pretty blue-merino frock, of which she was very fond, and a white pinafore trimmed with embroidery. A carpet had been spread on the veranda, and Mabel and Fannie were impatient for the coming of the

little visitors. At last they began to arrive. First came Edwin and his ayah—for he was quite too small a boy to come alone—then Fannie, looking up the hill, thought she saw a dark object moving slowly toward them.

“Mabel, Mrs. Canning’s children are coming,” she called—“I am sure they are, in that jhampan.”

Nearer and nearer came the dark object; and when it was not far from the house, the children ran to meet it. At the sound of their merry voices the curtain was lifted, and three pairs of bright eyes looked out and three happy voices sent back answering shouts of delight.

When the jhampan was set down in the yard, close to the cottage, the three children leaped out, and Dora, the eldest, going directly to Mrs. Howard, politely extended her hand and said,

“Mamma asks that you will please send us children home early, as she is afraid to

have us go up the steep mountain-path after night."

"Emma is coming now, and Emily too," Mabel called out; "and when the girls from the school come, all will be here."

Soon they were seen turning the corner just below the house, and the whole party ran down the hill to meet them. When they reached the house, they were conducted to Mabel's room and shown her toys, her books and her beautiful new doll. One of the very smallest little girls liked this so much that she wanted to keep the treasure in her arms all the time, and Mabel, fearing it would be broken, came to auntie with her trouble.

"She will be careful of it, I think," Mrs. Howard said, assuringly, "for she seems a gentle child; and by and by she will be interested in something else, and if you like you can then put it away."

When the dolls and toys had all been sufficiently admired, the children went

into the yard to play, and amused themselves with games until Mrs. Howard called them for tea. The little girls came very gladly, but they were not rude. Even the very youngest was polite at table, and poor lonely Polly, who had had but few playmates in her little life, seemed very happy; while Lottie Walters's bright face was full of smiles. Wee Edwin—brave little man that he was, though he still wore dresses—did not seem at all embarrassed because he was the only gentleman present. Indeed, all the children were happy, and all enjoyed the good things Mrs. Howard had provided so abundantly for them.

After tea the children had another game in the yard. Then Mrs. Howard came out and said that it was time for the children to go home. She was not tired of them, but she knew their mammas would be anxious about them if they were kept late.

Dora and Edith and Minnie Canning

went first; then Emma Waters and Edwin and his ayah; then the little girls from the school; and last of all Emily Foster, because her home was very near.

Mabel and Fannie watched the departing guests until the last little visitor was out of sight; then Fannie and Katie went to their mamma, and Mabel came and laid her head on Mrs. Howard's shoulder.

"I think this has been a very nice time," she said, after a moment's silence. "And now I suppose I must wait until my birthday comes before I can have another good time," she added, with a little sigh.

"I hope not, my child; I want you to have a good time every day."

"But I mean there will be no more parties until my birthday comes," explained Mabel.

"I know of something that is as good as—perhaps better than—a party."

"What, auntie? And is it for children or big people? And when will it be?"

“For big people, and for little people too, and perhaps it will be next week—a picnic in the gardens.”

“A picnic! Oh, auntie, a real picnic with luncheon and all?”

“Yes, a real picnic; and we shall perhaps go early in the morning, before the sun is hot, and have both breakfast and luncheon before we come home.”

“Will Fannie and Katie go too?”

“Yes, and their mamma, and Edwin and his mamma, and Emma and her mamma.”

“That will be jolly! And now, auntie, are you too tired to read a little to me in my *Peep of Day*? and then I should like to say my prayers and go to sleep.”

Mabel had played hard and was very tired, so Mrs. Howard took the little girl in her arms, read to her, and then undressed her. Then Mabel kneeled by auntie's side, as she did every night, and asked God to forgive her if she had been

naughty, and to bless papa and mamma, and Frankie, and the dear brother and sister in America, and all the native Christians, and the poor heathen too; then she kissed auntie, and was soon sound asleep with smiles on her face even in her dreams.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PICNIC.

THE day for the picnic was as pleasant as could be desired. Every one in the house was up early that morning, and the children were very impatient to be off. The luncheon-baskets were made ready, the dandies brought out, with rugs and wraps and umbrellas, and at last the men who were to act as bearers arrived.

“I think I will take you with me to-day,” Mrs. Howard said to Mabel.

“I shall like that, for I do not think I could carry an umbrella such a long way.”

All were soon seated and on the way, the children with shouts and laughter. But suddenly Mrs. Howard's bearers dropped

the dandy and said they could go no farther.

“What is the matter?” she asked.

“It is heavy,” they answered, “with two people, and we cannot go on unless we have more men.”

“Oh dear! What shall we do?” pouted Mabel. “Must we sit here all day? And Fannie and Katie and Edwin, and everybody, will get there first!”

“Be patient, my child,” Mrs. Howard answered; then, turning to the men, she said, “Can you call help quickly?”

“Oh yes,” they answered; and one of the men, darting out of sight, appeared almost immediately, followed by two strong men, who had doubtless been waiting.

The dandy was quickly lifted, and the men moved briskly forward. Mabel's spirits rose again when they came in sight of the other members of the party.

How many interesting things were to be seen on the road! and Mabel was constantly

exclaiming at something that surprised or amused her :

“Do look at that man taking all those dogs out for a walk! How funny! I can count them, and there are twenty-five. See! he leads some by a chain, and the rest follow when he calls them. Some are dressed in little blankets. Is it not very funny, auntie?”

“I think the owner has no little children to love, and so he keeps this family of dogs to amuse him,” Mrs. Howard said.

“But even one little girl is nicer than ever so many dogs; don’t you think so, auntie?”

“Indeed I do,” answered Mrs. Howard, patting Mabel’s cheek.

Just then some strange-looking men passed, with long hair hanging below their turbans and wearing very loose and filthy clothes.

“Where do they come from?” Mabel asked. “They are not like the men who

live here, and the people in the plains are different."

"They come from a country very far off, called Cabul, and they bring from their own country raisins, dried fruit, nuts, and various other things; for they live in a fruitful land."

"They do not look nice, auntie. Do they know anything about God?"

"I am afraid not, my child. They are a very jealous people, and will not allow strangers to go into their country; and so those who would like to do so cannot go to them to tell them of Jesus the Saviour."

Men with deep baskets strapped to their backs were passing along, bending beneath heavy loads of charcoal. Others were hawking about fruit for sale; others, potatoes. Bullocks were on the road, with panniers heavily laden with grain or vegetables; some were bearing large leather bags filled with water.

"What pretty creatures these oxen are,

and so gentle! Are the oxen in America like these?"

"Not quite; in America oxen do not have the large hump between the shoulders so common here. These are certainly very gentle, although their drivers are not always kind to them."

"Do you see those donkeys with a net on their noses? What is it for?" Mabel next asked.

"It is called a muzzle. The panniers these animals carry are filled with grain, and the muzzle is to prevent them from helping themselves to the grain. It does not look at all comfortable, and long ago, when the Bible was written, the husbandmen were forbidden to muzzle the mouth of the ox when the grain was trodden out—just as it is in India to-day."

Thus in pleasant talk the time passed until the garden was reached. The men with the luncheon-baskets had already arrived. All were glad to rest for a time in

a pleasant arbor which afforded shelter from the sun.

The garden was a delightful spot. A brook rippled through it, and there were great trees and beautiful flowers, while strange bright birds warbled or screamed as they circled through the air.

The children were wild with delight.

“Such a nice big place to play in!” they said; “plenty of room to run about, and no fear of falling down a precipice.”

And the happy children did enjoy their liberty. They came in a little while to ask when breakfast would be ready, for they had taken but little food before leaving home.

A fire was kindled, potatoes were roasted in the ashes, the kettle was boiled, and, while the children had fresh, rich milk to drink, tea and coffee were provided for their elders. On the ground in the arbor the breakfast was spread, and all enjoyed it. Then, when everything had been care-

fully put aside, the ladies took out their books and their work, and pleasantly the hours passed. The children roamed about under the great trees, coming with eager delight now and then to show a pretty bit of rock they had found in their rambles, a brilliant leaf, a curious flower, or a wonderful butterfly they had succeeded in capturing. When tired, they would return to the group in the arbor, rest a while, and then rush off again to their games.

But at length the little ones came with complaints of hunger.

“How rapidly the hours have passed!” said one of the ladies. “It is time for our luncheon;” so work and books were laid aside, the cloths spread upon the ground, the luncheon-baskets once more brought out, and as the covers were lifted there were occasional shouts of delight from the children at the discovery of some unexpected treat.

When luncheon was over, preparations were made for setting out on the return, and, though the day had been so happy, the children were as eager to be at home as in the morning they had been to set out.

When Mabel was being made ready for bed, she said,

“We have had a lovely day. We children all tried to be good, and no one was cross or disobedient. I think you will like to take me again some time. Don't you think so, auntie?”

And auntie thought she should.

CHAPTER XII.

MABEL IN TROUBLE.

THE day after the picnic Mabel slept late, and when she wakened was not so happy as usual; I suppose she was not quite rested after the long ride and rambles of the day before. Mrs. Howard had a new alpenstock ready for her, and, tying on her sun-hat, the little girl amused herself for some time in running up and down the steep descent that led from the cottage to the road to see how much support her new walking-stick would give her.

Mabel was thus amusing herself when Mrs. Howard went out on the pony for a short ride. As she was returning, and just before she reached the house, she heard a crash, followed by screams of fright. Her

wise little pony stood quite still for a moment, as if wondering what it could all be about, and then moved briskly on.

What did Mrs. Howard see when she turned the corner? The steep path that led from the house to the road had no protection. A gentleman who had called at the cottage was going down this path on his pony, when the animal shied, and before his rider could control him had fallen down a depth of fifteen or twenty feet; and that was the sound Mrs. Howard had heard. There was the horse floundering about and the gentleman trying to right himself. He called out that he was not hurt, greatly to the relief of the friends above, who had rushed out at the sound of the fall. The gentleman had fallen upon his head, but the large and very thick sun-hat he wore had protected him, and perhaps saved his life.

“Auntie’s pony will fall just that way

some day," said Mabel. "Please, uncle, do not let her go out any more."

Indeed, all were thoroughly frightened, and very thankful for the deliverance of their friend.

"Now come in, Mabel," said Mrs. Howard. "It is too hot to play in the sun."

"But I want to stay out; it so nice here, and I do not think the sun is too hot."

Mrs. Howard would not allow her to remain out longer then, and Mabel obeyed very unwillingly, coming in with a cloud on her face and dragging her feet after her as if she found them very heavy. She went immediately into the room where she slept, and, finding on the table a piece of pretty chintz that had been given her for a dress for Dolly, she began making a little skirt, and in this happy employment soon forgot her troubles.

Some time afterward, Mrs. Howard, en-

tering the room, saw Mabel standing before the glass throwing her head first on this side, and then on that, and tossing about her long ringlets, evidently well pleased with the image she saw reflected in the glass.

Fannie appeared just at that moment, and called out,

“I know what made you look in the glass that way, Mabel: you are proud, and that is wicked.”

Mabel turned quickly at the sound of Fannie's voice and looked at her with angry eyes, but, seeing Mrs. Howard, she was silent and hung her head.

Drawing Mabel to her side, Mrs. Howard said kindly,

“God has been very good, to give you two eyes to see with, two ears to hear with, a tongue to talk with, hands to handle, feet to run about, a home, and friends to love you. It is right to rejoice in these good gifts, and we ought to thank God always for his kindness to us and his care over us.

Did my little girl thank God this morning for watching over her during the night? and did she ask him to care for her to-day and to help her to be good?"

"No, auntie; I forgot all about it."

It was a day of trials with Mabel. Some time after breakfast she came running in to Mrs. Howard, her blue eyes full of tears and her voice choked with sobs as she held out a dainty little doll of which she was very fond.

"Do see that, auntie!" she sobbed out. "One of its little feet is quite broken off;" and she threw herself into auntie's arms and cried as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Howard was very sorry for her and tried to comfort her, for she knew that this was a real grief.

Mabel lifted her head after a time, dried her eyes, put her maimed darling tenderly away, and went out to play with Fannie. For a little while all went well; then Mabel came back, looking very unhappy again.

She rocked herself in her little chair a few moments, and then said to Mrs. Howard,

“Have you not told me, auntie, that when any harm was done—anything broken or lost or spoiled—it was right to confess it, and not to hide the fault?”

“Yes, my child,” Mrs. Howard answered; and then she waited to hear what more Mabel had to say.

“Well, Fannie broke something this morning.”

“So it is not your fault you are confessing, but Fannie’s?”

“Well, Fannie was to blame. And she’s not one bit nice to-day, but is just as cross and selfish as she can be,” Mabel answered, defiantly.

“But have you been kind and unselfish, Mabel? You are older than Fannie, and should set her a good example. Have you and Fannie quarreled?”

Mabel’s answer was a burst of tears.

“Oh dear!” she sobbed. “What a miserable day! I wish it was over.”

Mabel had more troubles before the day was past, and most of them of her own making. When, after tea, Mrs. Howard took her to her room and began undressing her for bed, knowing that she was very tired and feeling sure that her good-humor would come with the morning, Mabel cried and struggled and behaved like a naughty spoiled child. The next morning, when she had been rested by sleep, her eyes were bright and her voice was kind.

“Oh!” said Mrs. Howard; “I have got my own pleasant little Mabel back to-day. I’m so glad!”

Mabel threw her arms around Mrs. Howard’s neck, and, kissing her, said,

“Yesterday was a miserable day, auntie;” then, pointing to the bed, she said, “There is where I was lying last night, kicking and crying. The covers would not stay on, and everything went wrong. But I know

why I was so miserable yesterday: Satan was in my heart all day, and I did not even *try* to get him out; but I'm going to keep up a good fight with him to-day."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE NEW ARRIVAL.

ONE morning, as Mrs. Howard was dressing, Fannie appeared at the window. Her eyes were shining; she was hopping first on one foot and then on the other, clapping her hands and uttering little exclamations of delight. Presently she tapped on the window to attract Mrs. Howard's attention. That lady nodded a "Good-morning," and then Fannie asked,

"Is Mabel up yet? and may I come in?"

Mabel heard Fannie's voice, and, rubbing her eyes, looked about until she caught a glimpse of Fannie outside:

"Why, auntie, what is the matter? Do look at Fannie up and dressed already."

Then she bounded out of bed, and, running to the window, asked, "Why are you up so early, Fannie?"

"I have something so nice to tell you!" was the gleeful answer.

By this time Mrs. Howard had opened the outer door, and Fannie, bounding in, whispered to Mabel,

"What do you think we have got over to our house?"

Of course Mabel could not tell, so Fannie explained:

"A baby—a dear little sister; and she came in the night, while I slept. But I expect she disturbed mamma, for she is tired and will not get up to-day."

"A baby? a real baby?" exclaimed Mabel. "Where did it come from?"

"From America," answered Fannie; "the nurse told me so when I asked her."

"I do not believe it is true," Mabel said, warmly. "My pretty wax doll came from

America, and so did yours; but don't you know that only God can make *live* babies? Mamma has told me about it. You know my little brother Frankie?" she continued. "Well, papa and mamma were in America and all ready to come back to India when God sent them baby Frankie to take care of. Wasn't that a nice surprise?"

When Mabel was dressed, she asked to go with Fannie to see the new baby.

"Nurse has it," said Fannie; "so we will not disturb mamma."

When the two girls came back, a few moments after, they had many questions to ask about the little stranger. Fannie had permission to spend the day with Mabel, so that mamma might rest; but the children made many visits to the dear baby during the day, and each time had wonderful things to tell.

"I have thought of a new play," Mabel said, at length. "Bring all your dolls in here, and I will get mine."

When the dolls had arrived, Mabel said,

“Your wax doll is the very biggest of all, so we will call that the mamma, and the others are the children. This wee dolly is the baby—just like your baby-sister; so put it in mamma’s arms, and we will all keep still while mamma and the baby sleep.”

The children moved about very quietly for a few moments, and busied themselves selecting the clothes in which mamma and baby should be dressed when their nap was done.

At length Fannie said,

“I don’t think there is any fun in keeping still so long, do you, Mabel?”

“Everything is ready now,” Mabel answered; “and let us go in the shade and gather some flowers before we take the dollies up.”

When the flowers had been gathered, Mabel said,

“My large doll is not well. She seems feverish, and I’m afraid she has the measles. I must call the doctor and have some medicine.”

The sick doll received every attention from the little nurses, but she did not improve; and Mabel said at length,

“I think she will die. Then I shall put these pretty flowers all about her. That’s what I gathered them for.”

And thus with the family of dolls the little girls amused themselves all the morning.

In the afternoon Mabel and Fannie had permission to go in a dandy to the top of the hill, where they could see the “ice-mountains,” as they called the snow-crowned peaks.

“And may we go in and tell Mrs. Canning about the baby?” asked Mabel.

Permission was given, and they went away as happy as possible. They returned just before the sun went down behind the

mountains, their hands filled with ferns and beautiful wild flowers.

“Only think, auntie!” Mabel said, showing her some fine ferns; “these grow on trees, and high up too. A man got them for us. And these great beautiful flowers—what are they? And do they grow in America?”

“They are called dahlias, my child; they grow in America, but there we cultivate them in gardens. I never saw them growing wild, as we find them here.”

“We are going to divide the flowers now,” Mabel said; and soon the children were engaged in this happy employment.

Suddenly, Mabel looked up and said,

“Mrs. Canning and Dora were so surprised to hear about the baby, and they are coming down to see it soon. And oh, auntie! did you know that once, a long time ago, when Fannie and her mamma went up to see Mrs. Canning, Fannie went out to play and fell far down a very steep

place among some bushes? She could not get up, and her mamma did not know about it; but a little orphan-boy saw her, and he went all alone down the rocks another way, lifted Fannie up and brought her to her mamma. Was not that kind? And we saw the very place to-day; Dora showed it to us."

"I have heard about Fannie's fall," Mrs. Howard answered. "She was in great danger, and God sent some one to take care of her. It was certainly very kind and brave in the little orphan-boy to rescue Fannie without even alarming her mamma."

"I know what an orphan is, auntie: it is a little boy or girl who has no papa nor mamma. Dora says that where she lives in the plains there are many little orphan-children. Where did they all come from?"

"Many of them lost their parents during those years when little rain fell; nothing could grow, and there was not food enough for the people."

“I know, auntie: that is a famine.”

“Yes, Mabel; and during those dreadful famine years a great many people died, and thousands of children were left orphans. Many of these starving children were brought to the missionaries, and were fed and clothed and instructed. Some who have been thus cared for have become good men and women, and have been very useful to their own people.”

“I wish there would never be any more famines, auntie. Do you think there will be one this year?”

“I hope not, my child. But the rains are very late in coming; and if they are much longer delayed, I fear many people will suffer. But, Mabel dear, who sends the rain?”

“God gives us rain, and I am going to ask him in my prayer to-night to send the rain soon, so that there will not be a famine; for I do feel so sorry for the poor little orphan-children.”

CHAPTER XIV.

THE COMING OF THE RAIN.

FOR several days after Mabel's talk with Mrs. Howard about famine and its consequences the little girl prayed night and morning for rain, and she talked often of the poor people who would surely suffer if rain did not soon come. One morning, when she awoke, she said, as Mrs. Howard came into the room,

“Why, auntie, are you up? And it is early, for it is not light yet.”

“Not so very early, my child—indeed, you have slept longer than usual—but it is dark because there are so many clouds.”

“Clouds, auntie?” said Mabel, springing out of bed. “Then there will be rain, and the poor coolies will have food. I am sure God did hear me when I asked him to send

rain, and I'm going to thank him now;" and the little girl, with tangled curls and white night-robe, knelt at auntie's side and thanked God for clouds, and then said, "Please let rain come this very day."

And rain did come. At the first sound of the pattering drops on the roof, Mabel rushed out to the veranda and called out,

"It's coming! it's coming! Do look, auntie and Fannie! I wish it would rain a whole month; then there would not be a famine."

The rain fell steadily for several hours, and for a time it was pleasant to watch it; but at length heavy mists crept up from the valleys and drifted in through the open doors and windows, so that it was necessary to close them.

"But, auntie, it is dark and not nearly as nice with the doors closed; please leave them open," pleaded Mabel.

"They must be closed, my child, or the

heavy mist will make everything damp in the house. But we will have a fire kindled in the grate, and that will be comfortable and cheerful.”

Mabel watched the flames leap up, and enjoyed the warmth and brightness. Then she called Fannie and Katie, and they played with their dolls and a pretty little tea-set until they were tired. Then Mabel, going to the window, asked somewhat dolefully,

“Do you think it will rain until night, auntie, so that Fannie and I cannot go out even for a little walk?”

“I am afraid you will be kept in all day,” Mrs. Howard answered, pleasantly. “But think, my little girl, how much good this rain will do, and how many are rejoicing in it.”

Mabel did not answer, but stood looking out at the clouds.

Presently, Fannie crept to her side and said,

“Let us go in and see Baby. That will be almost as nice as a walk.”

That night, as Mabel was being undressed for bed, she said,

“Perhaps it will rain all day to-morrow too.”

“Then I hope you will be a happy little girl within-doors.”

“Well, auntie, I suppose more rain would be good for the ground; but if it should rain and rain, it would be very hard for me.”

The next morning, when Mabel opened her eyes, she said,

“Is it raining?”

“No, dear,” was answered.

“Then Fannie and I can go out for a walk,” she exclaimed, joyfully.

Mabel was soon in readiness, and as eager to be out as if she had been a long time kept in the house.

Fannie was with her, and soon Mrs. Howard heard the little girls calling to



Monkeys at home.

her from the rear of the cottage. She was on her way to them, when she met Mabel coming to beg her to hasten.

“There are monkeys in the trees in the valley back of the house. I never saw so many before. Do please come quick,” Mabel said, excitedly, and running on without waiting for her aunt.

Mrs. Howard followed Mabel not unwillingly, and stood beside the children, watching with almost as much interest as they the monkeys as they leaped from branch to branch, chattering to one another the while as if holding a council of war. Some were small baby-monkeys; others were large, with comical faces framed in a ruff of gray hair. How active they were, climbing, leaping, suspending themselves from a branch by their long tails, then drawing themselves up and darting away!

The children were almost as excited as the monkeys, constantly giving utterance to exclamations of wonder and delight.

“Did you ever see monkeys up here before?” Mabel asked.

“I have not seen them,” Mrs. Howard made answer, “but they do come frequently in fruit-time, and I have heard that in a single night they have taken all the peaches from that tree before the house just when they had become ripe and were ready for use.”

“The mischievous creatures! Why did not some one come with a gun and kill one? and that would have frightened all the rest away.”

“I am not sure about that. Monkeys are not only mischievous, but seem to be revengeful; and when one of their number has been killed or injured, they have been known to attack the offender. Besides, the poor Hindus regard the monkey as a sacred animal, and esteem it a greater crime to kill a monkey than to take the life of a fellow-creature.”

“How very silly, auntie!” said Mabel.

“I should think they would as soon worship a snake as a monkey.”

“The snake is regarded as sacred by them, and they are very unwilling to kill even the most dangerous of these creatures.”

“Well, auntie, I am very glad that I am not a stupid Hindu.”

“It is certainly much to be thankful for that God has given you Christian parents who have taught you that God alone is to be worshiped. But the ground is damp; come into the house now. I think you can see the monkeys from the low window in your bedroom.”

This prospect made the children quite willing to follow Mrs. Howard into the house; but when they reached the front veranda, they quite forgot the attractions of the low window in the rear, for sitting on the veranda with their wares already spread out were men with feathers and the wings of bright-plumaged birds they had captured, and the skins of animals with

long soft fur, as well as other men with beautiful shawls from Cashmere, embroidered robes, and many other things. But perhaps nothing interested the two girls so much as a box of butterflies which the little son of a soldier had for sale. The beautiful gayly-painted insects were carefully arranged in a neat box, which the boy said his father had made for the purpose. The little boy and his sister had caught the butterflies in a net, and their father had promised them the money made by the sale of the case and its contents.

There were so many pleasant things outside to enjoy that Mabel went very unwillingly to her bath when the ayah came to call her, and Fannie saw no charm in the long columns of spelling.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

THE time so long and anxiously looked for at length arrived. For a week before the coming of the eventful day Mabel had been in a state of excitement, and very impatient sometimes, feeling as if the days would never pass. She wondered if mamma would forget when her birthday came. Mrs. Howard was sure she would not.

“And do you think she will send me a present? and if anything *should* come, do you think my name will be on the parcel, or yours, auntie?”

Such questions Mabel asked many times during the day. The morning before Mabel's birthday, as Mrs. Howard stepped out upon the veranda, to watch for the coming of the

postman, Mabel bounded forward to meet her, her eyes shining and her hands full.

“See!” she cried out; “the postman *has* come, and he brought *this*,” holding up the parcel, “and it has my very own name on it. And mamma did not forget.”

“I was sure mamma would remember,” Mrs. Howard answered, “but I am almost sorry that the parcel came to-day.”

“Oh, never mind that, auntie; I’m not disappointed. Indeed, I think it’s a great deal nicer this way, for I am sure I shall get something to-morrow; so it’s like having *two* birthdays. May I open the parcel this minute?”

“Yes, my child. Shall I help you?”

“Please, auntie, for it’s fastened with such a stout bit of twine that I cannot get the knots undone.”

While Mrs. Howard was loosening the cord, making it easy for Mabel to do the rest, the little girl sat at her feet with

sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks. Presently she exclaimed,

“It’s a book! I do wonder what it is? Something nice, I’m sure; for mamma knows that I am fond of reading.”

What a happy little girl Mabel was when the precious book was in her hands!

“How beautiful it is!” she exclaimed. “And how kind in papa and mamma to send it!” she added, in a softer tone, at the same time passing her fingers with caressing touch over the page where mamma had written her name.

“Mamma, I am sure, is thinking much about her little girl to-day,” said Mrs. Howard, drawing Mabel toward her, “and praying for her, too, that she may be happy and good.”

All day long Mabel was running hither and thither. Her dolls were dressed in clean clothes, her tea-set was carefully washed, and her books were put in their places.

“Everything is done now,” Mabel said, at length, “and the day is not nearly over. What shall I do next?” Then she added quickly, “You know you said I need not have lessons to-day nor to-morrow.”

“And you need not,” said Mrs. Howard, smiling. “I am going to make a cake now, and perhaps you would like to watch me.”

“Is the cake for the birthday, auntie?”

“Yes, dear; and if you wish, you may ask Fannie to come too.”

“Thank you, auntie; that *would* be jolly!”

The two little girls sat in one chair and watched with interest all the operations of cake-making, chatting merrily the while.

When the loaf had been brought from the oven, Mabel discovered Mrs. Howard in the act of frosting the cake; and when she saw the white loaf bearing, in pink letters, her name, she was delighted.

The next morning Mabel's eyes were open with the first streak of dawn, and

she bounded up, her face all smiles and her happy voice calling to Mrs. Howard to ask if she did not feel glad that it did not rain on her birthday, for now all the little girls could come.

When Mabel was dressed, she went with Fannie and Katie to gather flowers; and when they returned, they busied themselves in dividing and arranging their flowers and ferns.

Mrs. Howard found beside her plate at breakfast a glass filled with delicate flowers.

“It’s a surprise for you from Fannie and me,” Mabel explained.

And there was a surprise for Mabel beside her own plate at breakfast.

“What is it?” she asked, taking up the parcel. “A birthday present from you, auntie?”

“No, dear. Open the parcel, and you will see.”

The paper was quickly torn open, dis-

closing a handsome volume in blue and gold—a delightful child's book with abundant illustrations.

“‘A birthday present to Mabel from Auntie Linton,’” Mabel read.

Mrs. Howard, watching her, was surprised to see, not the smiles of pleasure she had expected, but gathering tears.

“Why, Mabel, what is the matter?” she asked.

“Oh, auntie!” she said, trying to swallow her sobs; “I've got *two* books just like this at home. What shall I do?”

It *was* a disappointment.

“Mrs. Linton did not know, of course. She thought you would be sure to like this book—such a pretty story, and so easy to understand,” Mrs. Howard said, trying to comfort her. “But never mind, dear; finish your breakfast, and then I have something to show you.”

“A present, auntie? I wonder what it will be?” and in happy expectation her

disappointment about the book was for the time forgotten.

Breakfast and prayers over, Mabel took Mrs. Howard's hand, saying as she did so,

“Are you ready now, auntie?”

Mrs. Howard went to a closet and took therefrom a pretty little bed with mattress and pillows, sheets and blanket.

“Oh how nice!” exclaimed Mabel. “Just what I wanted for my dolls! And did you make these yourself, auntie?”

“Yes, the mattress, and the pillow, and the sheets, and the blanket, I sewed at night when my little girl was sleeping.”

“Thank you, auntie dear! And do you think anything else will come for me to-day?”

“Wait patiently and see,” was Mrs. Howard's answer.

Then came a request to play in the shade in the yard with Fannie. Mrs. Howard fastened on Mabel's sun-hat, and sent the

happy little girl out with her playmate, while she busied herself with preparations for the coming of the young guests. Presently she heard a scream of pain, and, running to the door, was shocked to see Mabel standing with head thrown back, while down her face a stream of blood was flowing. Fannie was standing beside her, looking pale and frightened.

“What is the matter, my child?” asked Mrs. Howard, taking Mabel in her arms.

“Fannie did it with a stone,” she cried, between her sobs. “But don’t scold her, please, auntie, for she didn’t mean to hurt me. She picked up a stone to see how far she could throw it down the hill, and it slipped from her hand and hurt me;” and the sobs broke forth afresh.

Mrs. Howard looked at the wound. The sharp stone, sent by Fannie’s vigorous hand, had made a deep cut just above the temple. Auntie’s face looked very grave.

“Don’t scold Fannie,” Mabel said again; “she’s sorry.”

Mrs. Howard was touched by the dear child’s plea.

“Fannie did not intend to hurt you, I know,” she said, “but Fannie knew that it was wrong to throw stones at all.”

Mrs. Howard bathed the wound, feeling very sorry for the injury, but so thankful that it had not struck the temple or for ever quenched the light of an eye. She was wondering if the wound would heal without leaving an ugly scar, when Mrs. Gould—a lady who gathered daily around her table eight healthy, roguish children—called.

“I am sure Mrs. Gould will know just what to do,” Mrs. Howard said to Mabel, “for doubtless there have been many falls and bruises and cuts in her great family.”

And Mrs. Gould brought both help and comfort. The ragged edges of the wound

were joined together by her trained and skillful fingers, and she left Mabel with tears dried and a patch of black court-plaster over the wound.

Mabel was glad to lie down for a little while, and soon Fannie came softly in. She was indeed sorry for the injury to her little playmate, whom she loved very dearly.

While the two children were chatting together as pleasantly as possible, Mrs. Howard came in with two or three brown-paper parcels, which she left the little girls to examine alone, and the shouts of delight which again and again greeted her ears proved that they were happy.

After an early dinner Mabel was made ready to receive her guests, while Mrs. Howard arranged the dainties for the table—bread and butter and buns; fresh, sweet berries and cream; seed-cakes cut in such shapes as delight the heart of a child; chocolate-creams and the loaf

of cake bearing, in pink letters, Mabel's name.

When Mabel was dressed, she came to see it all, and, squeezing Mrs. Howard's arm by way of caress, said,

“You are a dear auntie, to do all this for me.”

Then she ran out to welcome her guests, as the ayah reported that several of the little maidens were coming up the hill, and soon all had arrived.

What a merry time they had together! and how pleased Mabel was to show the gifts the day had brought her! Mabel herself presided at the tea-table, looking very important as she poured out tiny glasses of lemonade. When Mabel's cake was cut, she was allowed to help her guests to a liberal slice of the precious loaf. I think every one enjoyed the feast—Mrs. Howard not the least, it was so pleasant to see so many bright young faces.

After the tea there were merry games in

the yard; then, when the sun dropped behind the top of the highest mountain-peaks, there were hurried preparations for the home-going.

When the last little guest had departed, Mabel, standing beside Mrs. Howard's chair and rubbing her cheek against hers, said,

“This has been such a happy day!—all but the hurt. Will you tell mamma, when you write, what a nice time we have had?”

“Yes, Mabel; and I hope to write tomorrow. I am glad you have had so pleasant a day,” Mrs. Howard answered, taking the little girl in her arms, “and you must not forget to thank God for all his loving care over you, and to ask him to be with you and to take care of you in this new year.”

Mabel put her arm around Mrs. Howard's neck, and, looking out through the open door into the deepening shadows, dropped her head upon auntie's shoulder

and was silent. Looking down into her face soon after, Mrs. Howard saw that the blue eyes were closed. The little girl was fast asleep.

Thus ended Mabel's seventh birthday.

CHAPTER XVI.

SMILES AND TEARS.

MABEL had been very well all summer, but a few days after her birthday party she began to droop, and Mrs. Howard thought she seemed feverish; and so a doctor was called.

“I don’t want to see him,” Mabel said, when she knew; but after he had paid his visit, Mabel, lying in auntie’s arms, said, “I like Dr. Hendley very much. I’m sure he’s a nice man, he’s so fond of children.”

But, though Mabel liked the doctor, she did not like the medicine he left for her; and when Mrs. Howard had prepared and brought it to her, the impatient little girl pushed the cup away.

“I can’t take it, auntie,” she cried; “I know it’s bitter.”

“It will not be pleasant to take, certainly,” was answered, “but we hope it will help to make you well.”

“No, no! take it away,” Mabel screamed. “It’s no use for me to try: I know I can’t swallow it.”

Mrs. Howard was distressed. She did not like to trouble Mabel, but she knew that she must take the medicine, and was at last obliged to speak very firmly to her. Then Mabel swallowed the bitter dose amid a flood of tears.

The next day the little girl was really better. Before she wakened, Mrs. Howard had a fire kindled in the room, and placed beside Mabel’s bed a little table covered with a snowy cloth. As soon as the little girl opened her eyes auntie was at hand to ask her if she felt better, to bathe her face and hands and to brush her tangled curls; then a delicious little break-

fast was brought and laid on the table by the side of Mabel's bed.

The little girl watched auntie as she went back and forth doing all these pleasant things for her, saying nothing for a few moments; then, looking brightly up, she asked,

“Is there any more medicine to take to-day?”

“Yes, dear,” was the answer.

“But I'll take it without the least bit of fuss; I'll not even make a wry face.” Then, after a moment, she added, “I was very naughty yesterday. I did feel badly, but it was naughty, all the same.”

Auntie kissed the penitent upturned face, and it was “all right between them,” as Mabel said.

The little girl was soon able to run about and play as before; but when the Sabbath came, Mrs. Howard did not think her quite well enough to attend church. Mabel learned a verse of Scripture and repeated

it to auntie, then read in one of her "Sunday books," and afterward gave a lesson to the ayah, telling her in a sweet childish way the story of creation, of man's fall and of Jesus the Saviour. She gathered a few wild flowers she found growing in sheltered nooks close to the house, but after a time grew tired.

"Auntie," she said, "may I blow soap-bubbles a while?"

Mrs. Howard laid aside her book and, putting her arm around the little girl said,

"Not to-day, dear; this is God's day."

Mabel stood a moment as if considering what argument to use in favor of her plan; then, looking up, she said in a very persuasive tone,

"But, auntie dear, I want to see the beautiful colors God has made."

Mrs. Howard smiled, but even in the face of such a reason did not yield:

"No, Mabel; to-morrow will do for that.

Shall I read to you in the new book mamma sent you?"

"And will you explain all the hard words to me, auntie?"

"Of course, my child; and when you are tired, I will tell you a story of my life when I was no larger than you."

"Can you remember so far away as that?"

"Yes, Mabel; and some of the memories of my childish years are very sweet and pleasant, and some are sad."

"I expect you were naughty sometimes like me; all little girls are," said Mabel.

And so in reading and in listening to auntie's stories of her early years the day passed quickly.

Mabel had been promised a ride in the dandy with Fannie on Monday if she felt strong enough. There was rain in the night, with thunder and lightning. When Mabel wakened in the morning, the sun was shining, and as it touched the dripping

leaves of the trees they shone like diamonds.

“Why, auntie, it has rained and I did not know it!” exclaimed Mabel. “Did you hear it?”

“Yes, my child, for there was thunder with it, and sharp lightning.”

“I am glad that I slept, for I am sure I should have been afraid. But do you think I can go out for my ride?”

“I think so, Mabel; but you must not leave the dandy to run about after ferns and flowers, or you will take cold.”

Mabel and Fannie went out in the dandy together, and were told that they could go up the hill as far as Mrs. Murray's house.

“And may we stop a few minutes?” Mabel pleaded. “Winifred and Laura are very nice children.”

“I do not object if Fannie's mamma is willing,” said Mrs. Howard.

Fannie's mamma was quite willing, so the two little girls were told that they might

spend an hour with Winifred and Laura Murray.

When they came back, both of the little girls were much excited, hardly waiting until the dandy touched the ground before they leaped out.

“Oh, auntie,” exclaimed Mabel, “what do you think happened last night? Mrs. Murray’s house was struck by lightning, and ever so many things were destroyed in the very room where Mrs. Murray and the children were lying, but they were not hurt. When one dreadful peal came and the room seemed all on fire, the little girls crept close to their mamma and said, ‘Don’t be afraid, mamma; God can take care of us;’ and Mrs. Murray says she is sure God did keep them, for they were in great danger.”

After a thoughtful pause, Mabel asked, “Would you rather be in heaven or here, auntie?”

“I should rather be here until God

wants me to come to him," was the answer.

"I think heaven must be a beautiful place," Mabel continued; "but if Adam and Eve had not sinned, then this would have been a nice world too. Now people are wicked, and there is ever so much trouble: people are sick and poor, and all that." Then, after a moment, she added, "I wish I could see the garden of Eden, but I suppose it's all in ruins now."

Mrs. Howard had promised Mabel that she should spend a part of the next day with her friend Emily Foster if she was well enough; so when she opened her eyes on Tuesday morning and remembered the promised pleasure, she leaped gleefully out of bed and, shaking the curls from her eyes, said,

"See, auntie! I'm not a bit sick; so I can go, can't I?"

"I think so, little one. But I am writing a letter to mamma; and when you are

dressed and have taken your breakfast, would you not like to print a little letter to send with mine?"

"But it will take so long, and I'm in a hurry to go."

"I do not wish you to go to Emily's at once, for I am afraid you will play so hard that you will be ill again if you stay all day."

"What's the use in going at all if I can't stay?" said Mabel, with a pout.

"You need not go if you prefer to stay at home," auntie answered.

Mabel played with Fannie for a time; then she came to Mrs. Howard and asked for pen, paper and ink, and then sat down to print her letter to mamma, but she turned away from auntie and worked in silence with impatient little jerks that showed she was very unhappy. After a few moments she rose quickly from her chair and went to her room. When she came out, she said to Mrs. Howard,

“I can't write to-day. Some other day when you are writing I will send a letter. Will that do?” She stood by the window a moment, then she turned again to Mrs. Howard and asked, “Am I really not going to Emily's at all to-day?”

“Do you wish to go, when you cannot stay all day?”

“Yes, auntie,” was softly answered.

“Then ask the ayah to get you ready, and you may go down and stay two hours.”

When Mabel was in readiness, she walked slowly through the room in which Mrs. Howard sat, and slowly, very slowly, down the hill. Presently she turned and ran swiftly toward the house, and did not stop until she reached Mrs. Howard's side.

“Auntie,” she said, “I was very cross and naughty this morning; and when I was playing with Fannie, I broke a plate; and when I was writing just now, I spilled ink on my new pinafore. Satan told me

not to say anything about it, but I knew if I minded him I should just be miserable all day. I've told now, and I feel so much better," she added, with a sigh of relief.

Mrs. Howard kissed the blushing cheek, and then Mabel once more turned her face toward the home of her friend, this time with flying footsteps.

But Mabel had more trouble before the day was over. When, after two hours, she returned, Emily was with her, and Mrs. Howard noticed that both the little girls were very quiet and that Mabel did not care to come into the house.

"You have had a pleasant time, I hope?" she said, encouragingly.

No answer from Mabel, but Emily spoke up:

"Mabel is hurt, but only a little. We were playing with slings, and one of the stones slipped out and struck Mabel on the forehead."

Mrs. Howard drew Mabel to her side, and, removing her sun-hat, saw the purple bruise and passed her hand very gently over it.

At this Mabel's tears burst forth, but she sobbed out,

"I'm not crying because I'm much hurt."

"She thinks," said Emily, taking up the story where Mabel had dropped it, "that you will not let her come down again very soon because she has been disobedient. She says you have told her not to throw stones."

"But I did not think it would do much harm if the stones were in a sling," said Mabel, in self-justification.

Auntie said but little. She bathed Mabel's forehead, brushed back her hair and took the little girl in her arms, for she was still not very strong.

When Mrs. Howard was undressing Mabel for the night, the little girl,

touching the bruise, which still showed on her forehead, said,

“Auntie, I was disobedient to-day, and this is the punishment God let me get.”

CHAPTER XVII.

MABEL AS HOUSEKEEPER.

THE summer was rapidly drawing to a close, and Mr. Howard, with health greatly improved, was anxious to be again in his place in the plains. The day of departure had been agreed upon, but Mrs. Howard was anxious to visit with a friend a celebrated tea-plantation in the beautiful valley at the foot of the mountains. It was not convenient to take Mabel, so Mrs. Howard hesitated.

“Let me care for Mabel while you go,” said Mrs. Linton, kindly. “She is quite at home here, and she and Fannie play together much of the time every day.”

“Oh, auntie, that will be nice!” cried both Mabel and Fannie.

“I must think about it a little first,” said

Mrs. Howard, thanking Mrs. Linton for her kind offer.

It was at length arranged that auntie should go, leaving Mabel with Mrs. Linton. She could take her meals sometimes with Fannie, and Fannie could sometimes come to her, and the little girls would spend the days together in their plays or their lessons.

“And when you come back, will you tell me all about the wonderful things you have seen?” questioned Mabel.

“Certainly, dear.”

So Mrs. Howard went away for two days, and Mabel watched her as she was carried down the hill, throwing kisses to her until she was out of sight. Then she went back into the house with Fannie to bring out her dolls for a day's visiting, feeling quite important, as the lady of the house. Fannie, she insisted, should be her guest that day, and the next day she would take her meals at Fannie's table.

At night, when Mabel grew tired and sleepy, she thought the house looked very lonely without auntie, and wished that auntie was at home to tuck her in bed and to kiss her good-night.

But the ayah, who did not usually stay at night, and who was very fond of and very kind to the little girl, saw the shadow creeping over her face, and, guessing the reason, sought to amuse her.

“When you have been undressed,” she said, “and are in bed, I will tell you a new story about Lillie, the little girl I took care of before I came here.”

“A really new story, ayah?”

“Yes, and a very nice one, too—the best of all.”

When Mabel was ready for the night, she kneeled beside her little bed, and to her usual petitions she added a prayer that the dear Jesus would take care of auntie and bring her safe home on the morrow. Then, bounding into bed, she said, “Now for the

story, ayah ;” and ayah began a narration of some of the wonderful events in Lillie’s child-life.

At first Mabel listened with wide-open eyes ; then the lids drooped, and soon in her dreams Lillie’s doings were strangely mixed up with the adventures of Fannie and Katie and her own brother Frankie.

The next day passed quickly. The little girls had a long walk in the morning, and came home laden with flowers. Then, as had been arranged, Mabel took her meals with Fannie. Emily Foster came up for a part of the day ; and when she went home, the little girls were allowed to walk down the hill with her.

“Do you think auntie will be at home before my bedtime?” Mabel asked Mr. Howard, when she had taken her tea.

“I think so,” uncle answered.

But Mrs. Howard was delayed ; and when she returned, Mabel was fast asleep. How glad she was to see auntie in the morning !

for though it was very nice to be the house-keeper, and to have visitors, and to visit all day long, yet it was much nicer to have auntie at home.

“What are those white blossoms in the glass by my plate?” Mabel asked when she took her place at breakfast; “and where did they come from?”

“They are tea-blossoms,” was the answer, “and I brought them for you from the tea-plantation in the valley.”

“How pretty, auntie! and so sweet!” said Mabel, taking a spray from the glass.

“They are very fragrant. And here are some seeds, too,” said Mrs. Howard, drawing from her pocket a handful of small, smooth brown things.

“Are half of them for me and half for Fannie?”

“Yes, dear; and after breakfast you may ask Fannie’s mamma to let her come and sit with us, for I think she too would like to hear about tea-making.”

“Can I understand it? and are there little girls in it?” asked Mabel.

“I shall try to make it plain, and there are a great many little girls in it,” said Mrs. Howard, smiling.

Breakfast over, the two little girls were seated by auntie's side, waiting for her to begin. Taking the glass from the table and removing from it a cluster of the fragrant blossoms, Mrs. Howard said,

“When I was at Mr. Newcomb's yesterday, we were taken early in the morning to the gardens where the tea-shrub was growing, and I picked these blossoms.”

“Did they grow high up, like the blossoms on the peach tree by the wall?” asked Mabel.

“No; on low trees or shrubs, four or five feet high. The branches are thick and widespreading, but the trees are not allowed to grow tall, because then it would not be convenient to pick the leaves from them.”

“But why do they wish to pick the leaves?” questioned Fannie.

“Because it is of the leaves that the tea is made. All the leaves are not taken off at one time: some are picked from each shrub; and when they grow again, they are again taken off. The young and tender leaves make the best tea.”

“But what do the little girls do?” asked Mabel. “You said that little girls help.”

“Pick the leaves, to be sure; that is the first thing to be done. Yesterday I saw the pickers at work—men, women and children, both boys and girls, and all chatting away as merrily as possible; but their fingers flew faster than their tongues.”

“Why did they want to hurry so, auntie?” asked Mabel, who was not very fond of work.

“I will tell you: When the bell rang at noon, Mr. Newcomb stepped into the house and asked us if we would like to

come out to the great shed and see the tea-leaves weighed. Of course we did, and went immediately. The shed had a tiled roof and was supported by a great many pillars, for it was very large; the floor was smooth and hard. There were several pairs of great scales in the shed, and by a table sat a man with a large book before him. From the tea-garden the pickers came trooping in, each bearing on his or her head a basket of leaves. When all had arrived, the man at the table read a name from the book before him. Immediately a little girl stepped forward and tossed into a pair of scales the leaves from the basket on her head, and a man standing by the scales called out a number, which the man at the table wrote opposite the name. Then another name was called, and another basket of leaves was weighed; and so on until all the baskets were emptied."

"What was it all for, auntie?"

“The pickers are paid for the amount of work they do, each one receiving a penny a pound for the leaves picked; and that is the reason they hurry so, Mabel. During the tea-season some of the boys and girls earn quite a large sum.”

“Do they pick all day, auntie? They must get very tired.”

“No doubt they do, but the people are poor, and so anxious for the money that they cannot stop even when tired.”

“What do they do next, auntie?”

“When the leaves have been weighed, they are spread upon the cement floor to wilt, and are afterward put into great pans made fast in a range of masonry. These pans are kept hot; to prevent the leaves from being burned, they are stirred very rapidly for a few moments, until they are thoroughly heated, when they are thrown upon tables over which is a netting of bamboo-work. Around these tables stood strong men, and each man took a portion of the

wilted leaves and kneaded them very much as bread is kneaded. The moisture thus squeezed out of the leaves ran through the netting, leaving the mass somewhat dry. The leaves were once more heated in the pans over the range, and again kneaded and then spread out to dry. When quite dry, the tea was sifted and the fine kept by itself, as this is the best tea. When this had been done and the bits of twigs picked out by women and children, the tea was ready to be boxed. In one room we saw men putting it into boxes, and in yet another room men were marking the filled boxes."

"Thank you, auntie!" said the little girls; "we never knew so much about tea before."

"And I too while at the plantation learned much that was interesting to me about the culture of tea."

"I am going to tell mamma about it now," said Fannie.

“And I,” added Mabel, “will try to remember what auntie has told me, so that I can tell mamma about it when we go home.—But when are we going, auntie?”

“Next week, on Tuesday, we hope to go,” answered Mrs. Howard.

“Oh, I’m so glad,” exclaimed Mabel, jumping up and whirling about. Then, seeing that Fannie did not join in the merriment, she added, “I forgot, Fannie, that you were not going too; but you will be coming after a while.” Then, turning to Mrs. Howard, she asked, “How long will it take us to get home? Two days?”

“Longer than that, dear; for we intend spending a few days in Jeypore on our way down.”

“Where, auntie?”

“With Dr. and Mrs. Collins.”

“Then I shall see Maud,” said Mabel, delighted.

“I promised Mrs. Collins, when she was

here, that we would visit them on our way home and bring you with us."

"Does mamma know about it?"

"Yes, Mabel; I have written to her, and she is willing."

"How many days before we start, auntie? Let me see! This is Thursday: Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday. Five days! I'm afraid I can't wait."

"Oh, you will be very busy until then. I intend taking you with me to the school one day; another day to pay a farewell visit to Mrs. Canning and her children, and to have one more peep at the ice-mountains; and another day to see Mrs. Wheeler and Carrie. And then we shall be very busy at home getting ready, and you can help."

"Of course I can, auntie; and I will begin this minute to pack up my books and my toys;" and away she went, Fannie and Katie following to help.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE JOURNEY HOME.

TUESDAY soon came, for the last days had been full of busy preparation. When the final morning came, and the boxes and packages had all been sent off, and a dandy had been brought to the door for Mrs. Howard and Mabel, and the rugs and cushions were in place, and Mr. Howard's pony stood pawing impatiently to be off, nothing remained but to say "Good-bye."

Mabel stood looking about a little wistfully.

"I shall be so glad to see papa and mamma and Frankie," she said, "but I am sorry to leave Fannie and Katie."

The good-byes were at length over, and,

taking her place in the dandy opposite Mrs. Howard, Mabel was ready to enjoy the journey. They stopped a moment at Mrs. Foster's to say "Good-bye" to the friends there; but they could only wave a "Good-bye" to Emma Waters, for her father's house was on a little hill some distance from the road.

The route lay through the bazar, where the shopmen were busy setting out their wares in preparation for the day's business. Men were coming up from the valley with baskets of fruit and vegetables, and purchasers were constantly arriving.

Soon the path began to descend, and as the sun climbed higher in the heavens our travelers were grateful for the shade occasionally thrown across their path by the great trees.

"I suppose we cannot see the ice-mountains any more, auntie?" Mabel said, at length.

"No, we have left them behind us; but

I know they are glorious now, with the sun lighting up their glittering peaks.”

“Are you sorry we are going to leave them, auntie?”

“No, dear; for, though it would be pleasant at any time to look upon a sight so grand, our home is in the plains and our work is there, and I am glad that we are on our way home.”

“Then we are not going to Jeypore, after all?” Mabel said, in a disappointed tone.

“To be sure we are, but that is on the way home.”

By noon the party had reached the lovely valley at the foot of the mountains, and the journey over the low range of mountains still to be crossed was made in the daytime; so all enjoyed it.

How strange it seemed to be again within sight and sound of the iron horse! and the ride on the railway to Jeypore was almost as much of a novelty to Mabel now as

the ride in the dandy had been when they climbed the mountains in the summer.

Upon their arrival at Jeypore the travelers were warmly welcomed by Dr. Collins, who drove them in the large family-carriage to his pleasant home. When they reached the house, they were kindly welcomed by the ladies of the family, and pretty dark-eyed Maud smiled her welcome, though clinging timidly to her mamma's skirts. The visitors were immediately shown to a large upper room commanding a wide and delightful prospect.

Mabel, seeing hills in the distance, ran to the window.

"Oh, auntie," she cried, "there are mountains here. Are they the very same we saw at Landour?"

"No, dear; those are far off now, and these are but hills in comparison with the lofty Himalayas."

As Mabel stood looking out of the window several carriages entered the yard.

“Why are so many people coming here so early in the morning?” she asked.

Her question was answered by Mrs. Collins, who knocked at the door at that moment to say that a large number of curious snakes that had been captured, and were about to be sent to Bombay, were being fed before beginning their journey. She asked if Mrs. Howard and Mabel would like to come to see them.

Mrs. Howard did not care to go down, and Mabel declined to go unless auntie went.

“Why do people want to catch snakes?” Mabel asked. “Will they kill them?”

“No, Mabel; these are to be kept as curiosities by a gentleman who is fond of all wonderful creatures God has made, liking to keep for exhibition even a variety of snakes.”

“Well, I should never want to see them,” exclaimed Mabel; and Mrs. Howard quite agreed with her.

But there was something to be seen that very afternoon that was enjoyed by all. The state of Jeypore, of which the city of the same name is the capital, is governed by a native king, who for the defence of his little kingdom, as well as to support his royal dignity, maintains quite an army. His troops are reviewed once a year, and our travelers had arrived on the very day on which the review was to take place.

Dr. Collins had arranged for an elephant to convey the party to the parade-ground. The huge creature arrived about sunset. He was covered with a cloth that reached almost to the ground, and which was very gay with embroidery and gold and silver trimmings. His keeper sat astride his neck, and at a word of command from him the obedient animal kneeled upon the ground. A ladder was placed against his side, and the party, one by one, mounted to the seat fixed securely upon his back.

Mabel was trembling when she was lifted to her place by Mrs. Howard's side.

"Are you not afraid?" she asked.

"No, dear; this elephant is well trained, and seems as gentle as uncle's pony."

This reassured the little girl, but she could not help uttering a slight scream of terror as the elephant slowly rose from his kneeling posture and lifted his riders high into the air. But as the huge creature moved cautiously forward and seemed to obey every word or motion of his keeper, Mabel gained courage again, and was soon so much interested in the sights about her as almost to forget her strange position.

The streets were full of people gayly dressed after the manner of the people of the Orient, and all apparently very happy. There were women as well as men, in raiment of scarlet, violet, blue, orange and green; and the children were a pleasant sight with their great black eyes full of wonder at all the strange

things about them. And how gorgeous they were in their clothing!—the boys in caps glittering with gold and silver embroidery, and in little tunics of brilliant colors and richly trimmed; the girls with gay dresses and wearing various ornaments—rings not only in their ears, but in their noses, on their toes as well as on their fingers; not only with bracelets on their arms, but with bands on their ankles, making a tinkling sound as they walked.

There were many other elephants on the road, all making their way to the parade-ground. Camels, too, there were, decked in gayly-embroidered trappings, and the horses that dashed by were glittering with tinsel and embroidery.

When the great square was reached where the troops were assembled, our visitors were conducted to seats arranged upon a little rise of ground commanding a fine view of the whole scene. In the centre of the square a temporary throne had been erected

for the maharajah, who rode to his place after the darkness came on, escorted by a procession bearing torches. Then the cannon thundered, and the affrighted elephants made a hoarse trumpeting sound, and the camels sullenly growled. The travelers then mounted the elephants again, and through the lighted streets rode slowly homeward.

The week spent in Jeypore was a very happy one. Mabel and Maud were soon well acquainted and the best of friends. Maud had wonderful stores of toys, but among all her treasures nothing pleased Mabel so much as the goat-carriage—a real little carriage with seats for two and drawn by a large strong goat as gentle as a pony and wearing pretty leather harness. In this carriage the girls went out daily, and sometimes had, besides, a ride on Maud's pony, which was so gentle that Mabel did not feel at all afraid, especially as a man always walked beside the pony.

Then Mabel sometimes went out with the ladies in the large carriage.

They drove one day to a beautiful garden filled with rare flowers. There were cages, too, filled with birds of wonderful plumage—pink and scarlet, green and gold. Then there were monkeys in great numbers and doing many amusing tricks, and bears in a cave, and many other things.

Another day the whole party drove out to see the tigers belonging to the maharajah, which were kept in a low house with strong walls, each one in a little room by itself, with strong iron bars in front. Magnificent creatures they were, but frightful indeed as they strode backward and forward in their cages lashing their tails; and when they roared, the sound was simply terrible. One of the tigers, the very smallest, was in a tempest of fury whenever a lady approached her cage, especially if she carried a parasol or an umbrella. The keeper explained that when she was a cub some lady

visiting the cages had taken delight in punching her with her parasol to make her growl, and the revengeful beast had never forgotten the injury to her dignity.

But, of all the pleasures in that happy week, the visit to Amber, a deserted city, was the crowning delight. The day before this visit the servants of the household were very busy in preparations for the important event, for the whole family was to go and take both breakfast and dinner at Amber. Three elephants had been engaged for the excursion, and they arrived early in the morning, but not before the household was astir. The servants brought out the well-filled hampers, and these were placed upon one of the elephants, with the servants, and the two other elephants sent forward, to be in readiness when the carriage containing the family should arrive. The day was lovely, cool in the early morning, and every one was happy, the little girls in great glee.

At the point where the road was no longer fit for carriages the elephants were waiting, and the party soon mounted to their places. They passed by beautiful summer-houses and deserted gardens, and on the banks of a pretty little lake alligators, looking in the distance like logs of wood, were basking in the sun.

Up hill and down the elephants slowly pursued their way, at length reaching the deserted old city. They turned into a large courtyard surrounded by a high wall, and at the foot of a long flight of steps the elephants kneeled.

Enjoyable as had been the ride, all were glad to be at the end of the journey, for the sun was now high in the heavens and the heat had become oppressive; besides, all were hungry. Climbing the broad flight of stone steps and crossing a paved court, the party entered one of the halls of a marble palace, now unused, but beautiful with its fine arches, graceful pillars and



Hindu Lady.

wonderful inlaid work. Here it was cool and pleasant, and on the marble floor the breakfast was spread.

When this was over and all had rested a little, they explored the other halls of the palace, and from the turrets admired the fine views, the green hills, the lake trembling in the sunlight and the gardens with their grand old trees.

They wandered at length from the palace designed for the king to the small, plain rooms set apart for the ladies of the royal household, and Mabel wondered, as well she might, why these were so rude and uncomfortable, while the apartments for the king were so magnificent.

“They were heathen, Mabel,” was Mrs. Howard’s answer. “They did not know that God loves all his creatures alike; that Jesus, when he was upon earth, was kind to woman—just as kind as to man; that he loved all children; and that when he laid his hands upon the little ones in blessing,

that blessing was meant for the sisters as well as for the brothers."

Very long ago Amber was deserted, and the king founded the new city, Jeypore, and opened his court there; yet in the old city there are still many fine temples, and once or twice a year the king and his nobles come back to worship; so that many priests still live in the old city. Into a temple close beside the palace the visitors looked, and saw the hideous image which the people so devoutly worshiped.

Dinner was served early in the afternoon, and not long after preparations were begun for the home-going. The elephants were once more mounted, and four or five miles from home the party found the carriage waiting to convey them to the house. They reached home just after the lamps were lighted, all very tired, but agreeing that the day had been full of pleasure and interest.

"You have seen the old palace; now you must see the new," said Dr. Collins as they

parted for the night; "so, if you are rested, we will visit that to-morrow."

A night of refreshing sleep brought a cheerful party around the breakfast-table next morning, and all quite ready to accompany Dr. Collins when he proposed a visit to the palace. What a massive pile it was! and how beautiful were the marble halls, and how charming the views from the turrets!

But the time for departure at length arrived, and once more the travelers resumed their journey.

"Shall we make any more visits by the way, auntie?" questioned Mabel.

"No, dear; we are going home now."

"When shall we be there?" was the next question, a softened look in Mabel's eyes.

"To-morrow morning, I hope."

"Will it be early?"

"Yes, Mabel."

"Then I suppose papa and mamma will not expect us." After a little pause she

added, "I've thought it all out, auntie. Of course mamma will not think of our coming so soon, so we'll just go to your house, auntie; then we'll put the house in order and invite papa and mamma and Frankie up to tea. How surprised they will be to find that we've come! and I can go home with them then;" and she clapped her hands gleefully at the thought.

Early the next morning the train steamed into the station. The travelers were in readiness, and Mrs. Howard, looking out of the window, saw papa and mamma with eager faces watching for their darling.

Mabel saw them too, and uttered a little shout of delight, her face flushing with surprise and pleasure. Mrs. Howard lifted Mabel up to the window, and papa, stretching out eager hands, received his darling into his arms before the train had come to a full stop; and thus ended Mabel's summer in the Himalayas.

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