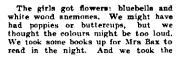
The New Zealand Graphic for July 15, 1905



uletest ones we could find. Sonnets on quietest ones we could find. Someis on Sleep, Confessions of an Opium Eater, Twilight of the Gods, Diary of a Dreamer and By Still Waters were some of them. The girls covered them with grey paper, because some of the bindings were ra-

The girls hemmed grey calico covers for the drawers and the dressing table, and we drew the blinds half-down; and

and we drew the blinds half-down; and when all was done the room looked as quiet as a roosting wood pigeon. We put in a clock, but we did not wind if up. "She can do that herself," said Dora, "if she frels she can bear to hear it ticking."

ther gay

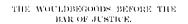
"Oh, won't you come inside?" asked rs Bax. "Do!"

"Oh, won't you come inside?" asked Mrs Bax. "Do!" "No, thank you," said Oswald in calm and mouselike tones, and to avoid any more jaw be got at once on to the box with Pincher.

So that Mrs Bax was perfectly quiet for the whole six miles, unless you count the rattle and shake-up-and-down of the dwy. On the box Oswald and Pincher "tasted the sweets of a blissful reunion," like it says in novels. And the man from The Ship looked on and said how well-bred Pincher was. It was a happy drive. drive.

There was something almost awful about the sleek, quiet tidiness of the others who were all standing in a row outside the cottage to welcome Mrs. Bax. They all said, "How do you do?" in hushed voices, and all looked as if butter would not melt in any of their young mouths. I never saw a more soothing-looking lot of kids. She went to her room, and we did not see her again till tea-time. Then, still exquisitely brushel and combed, we sat around the board in si-lence. We had left the tea-tray place for Mrs. Bax, of course. But she said to Dora:

"Wouldn't you like to pour out?"



The Lady

and the

License

យក្រោតសេចា

(By E. Nesbit.)

My Dear Kiddles.—Miss Sandal's mar-ried sister has just come home from Australia, and she feels very fried. No yonder, you will say, after such a long journey. So she is going to Lynchurch to rest. Now I want you all to be very quiet-because, when you are in your usual form, you are't exactly restful, are your If this weather lasts you will be able to be out most of the time, and, when you are indoors, for goodness sake control your hans and your boots, especially 11.0. S. Miss Rax has tra-velled about a good deal, and once was year built a good deal, and once was performed by cambals. But I hope you won't buther her to tell you stories. She is coming on Saturday. I am glad to hear from Allice's letter that you though the word not the sam you you to its fillings for the word and the same part and the word so the same you you to the subling of the word and the same you a little rest and peaket. Your loting FATHER. My Dear Kiddies.-Miss Saudal's mar-

Your loving FATHER.

P.S. - 1f you want anything sent down tell me, and I will get Mrs Bax to bring it. I net your friend Mr Red House the other day at luncheon.

HEN the letter had been read aloud, and we had each read it to ourselves, a sail silence took place.

Dickie was the first to speak.

"It is rather heas ly, I grant you." he said, "but it might be worse."

"I don't see how," said H.O. "I do wish Father would july well learn to leave my boots alone."

"It might be worse, I fell you," said Dickie, Suppose instead of telling us to keep out-of-doors it had been the other way."

"Yes," said Alice, "suppose it had been, Poor Mrs. Bax requires to be checked p. Do not leave her side day or night. Poor Take it in turns to make her side may be obtained. Take it in turns to make jokes for her, her not a moment pass without some merry jest? Oh, yes, it might be much, much worse.

"Being able to get out all day makes it all right about trying to make that two erowas increase and multiply." re-marked Oswald. "Now, who's going to meet her at the station? Because, after

meet her at the station? Because, after all, it's her sister's house, and we've got to be polite to visitors even if we're in a house we aren't related to." This was seen to be so-but no one was keen on going to the station. At last Oswald, ever ready for forlorn hopes, consented to go. We told Mrs Beale, and she got the best room ready, scrubbing everything till it smelt deliciously of wet wood and monthed scan. And then we decorated

till it smelt deliciously of wet wood am-mottled soap. And then we decorated the room as well as we could. "She'll want some pretty things," said Alice, "coming from the land of parrots and opossums and gum trees and Alice, "coming from and opossums and gum things." We did think of borrowing the stuff-

172 ii. 27 angles dem Patri

Only one lady got out of it, so Oswald knew it must be Mrs Bax

ed wild cut that is in the bur at The ed wild cut that is in the bur at The Ship, but we decided that our decon-tions must be very quiet, and the wild out, even in is stuffed state, was any-thing but; so we borrowed a stuffed rouch in a glass hox and stool it on the chest of drawers. It looked very colu-Sea shells are quiet things when they are vacant, and Mrs Beale let us have the four big come of her chiftenniar. the four hig ones off her chiffonnier.



There was something almost awful about the sleek, quiet tidiness of the others.

Oswald went to the station to meet er. He rode on the box beside the river. When the others saw him mount ber He role on the box beside the driver. When the others saw him mount there I think they were sorry they had not been polite and gone to meet her themselves. Oswald had a jolly ride. He got to the station just as the train came in. Only one lady got out of it, so Oswald knew it must be Mrs Bax. If he had not been told how quiet she wanted to be he would have thought she looked rather jolly. She had short hair and gold spectacles. Her skirts were short, and she carried a parrot cage in her hand. It contained our parrot, and when we wrote to tell Father that it and Plucher were the only things we wanted sent we never thought she would have brought either. "Mrs Bax, I believe," was the only break (0swald made in the polite silence that he took the parrot cage and her bug from her in. "How do you do?" she said, very

"How do you do?" she said very briskly for a tired lady, and Oswald thought it was noble of her to make the effort to smile. "Are you Oswald or Dickie?"

Oswald told her in one calm word which he was, and then Pincher rolled madly out of a dog-box almost into his madly out of a dog-box almost into his arms. Pincher would not be quiet. Of course, he did not understand the med-for it. Oswald conversed with Pincher in low, restraining whispers as he led the way to The Ships fly. He put the parrot cage on the inside seat of the carriage, held the door open for Mrs Bux with silent politeness, closed its quietly as possible, and prepared to mount on the box. And Dora replied in low, soft tones, "If you wish me to, Mrs. Bax. I usually do." And she did.

We passed each other bread and but-ter and jam and honey with silent cour-

ter and jum and noney with shent cour-teousness, and of course we saw that she had enough to eat. "Do you manage to amuse yourselves pretty well here?" she asked presently. We said, "Yes, thank you," in hushed tones.

"What do you do?" she asked. We did not wish to excite her by tell-ing her what we did, so Dickie murmured: "Nothing in particular;" and Alice

said:

"All sorts of things." "Tell me about them," said Mrs. Bax

We replied by a deep silence. She sigh-d and passed her cup for more tea. "Do you ever feel shy?" she asked suddenly. "I do, dreadfully, with new nearba?"

neople

We liked her for saying that, and Allee replied that she hoped she would not feel shy with us. "I hope not." she said. "Do you know there was such a funny woman in the train? She had 17 different parcels, and she kept counting them, and one of them was a kitten, and if was always under the sent when she began to count, so she always got the number wrong. We should have liked to hear about that kitten, especially what colour it was and how old, but Oswald felt that Mrs. Bax was only trying to talk for our sakes, so that we shouldn't feel shy, so he simply said: "Will you have some