

there was no one but herself in the garden, and Derrick had entirely passed out of her mind.

Alas for Master Love, that he should be so easily taken in by the wiles of the fair sex, taken in by a slip of a girl who, all the time her eyes appeared to be wandering over currant bushes, or rows of peas, lost nothing of her companion's movements. Immediately he was taken no notice of, Derrick felt interested, and kept his fair enemy in sight. This fact was noted by the lady, who carelessly, and by easy stages, led him into the house. Then a sound of afternoon tea-cups lured two healthy, hungry children into the drawing-room. Mr. and Mrs. Love were alone, and their conversation came to an abrupt end as first Dossie entered, and later Derrick.

"Ah, here you are, my boy," said Mr. Love, in a tone of satisfaction. "We have been looking for you to introduce you to your new sister here. You two must be friends, you know. Come and kiss each other, as a brother and sister should."

But Derrick shook his head defiantly, and I am ashamed to say his father did not rebuke him for his want of manners.

Then, to make matters worse, Mrs. Love, whose anxiety to have the children friends, blunted her usual common sense, said to her little daughter, "Dorothy, go at once and kiss your new brother, Derrick."

Dossie hung back, but her mother, usually so indulgent, meant to be obeyed when she said "Dorothy." There was nothing else for it. The poor child knew she had to do as she was told. With flushed cheek and downcast eyes, Dossie came forward and gave her step-brother a little "peck" of a kiss on his cheek. Derrick did not return the salute, and Mrs. Love looked at her husband. But he said nothing, and had not noticed that the kiss was one-sided. She gave a little sigh of sympathy, as Dossie, with her cheeks flaming, rushed from the room.

Derrick stood looking uncomfortable. Now he had had his way, and been as disagreeable as possible, he wanted to get away from the grown-ups. Besides, he had a

return taunt to fling at Dossie now, and she interested him, unknown even to himself. He was only conscious that he wanted to find her. So as soon as he conveniently



HE BEHELD DOSSIE, PERCHED ON A HIGH BRANCH OF A WILD FUCHSIA.

could, he left the room and began a search. She was not in the house, or in the garden, or anywhere round about. At last he crossed the road and plunged into the bush. He wandered about, when suddenly he heard a