

amber eyes watching her steadily through the straw. Speechless, she returned the gaze, but she had no need to ask what it was. Had she not read, and thought and dreamt of fairies ever since she thought and dreamt of anything? Then, fearful lest the first, the very first one she had ever really seen, should slip away without a single word, she clasped her hands together and whispered softly:

“Do *please* speak, dear little fairy Shining Eyes!”

and excitement tingling through her right down to her very toes, she sat on and on, and thought and thought. What would her father say when he heard of it?—who always frowned and said “ridiculous nonsense” whenever she spoke of fairies; and Mrs. Broadway, the housekeeper, she wouldn’t smile indulgently any longer, and say such little people only lived in story-books. But she would wait a little, and then when she had found out something more, what a surprise they would get!



SHE SANK DOWN AGAIN ON HER FRAGRANT BED.

But alas, alas, at the sound of her voice the great round eyes vanished, and nothing was heard save faintly flying feet!

For several moments, so bitter was her disappointment, little Philippa felt ready to burst into tears, but the many stories she had read came to her aid, and she remembered that fairies were often very, very shy, and she would have to stay very still, and perhaps watch for days and days, and then—after that—something was sure to happen.

With a wonderful feeling of delightful joy

The catechism was repeated very, very badly that evening, and little Philippa’s father told her severely he was both shocked and amazed.

Very early the next morning she climbed up into the loft again, and watched and waited until the ringing of the breakfast bell warned her imperatively that she must return to the house, but not even the smallest sound had greeted her listening ears, and when she returned again in the afternoon, after her lessons were over, her patience still went unrewarded.