

Tuesday and Wednesday passed in the same monotonous way, little fairy Shining Eyes still making no sign. Full of hope, little Philippa would cross the yard with flying feet, only to return after an interval of weary waiting, with lagging steps and downcast face.

On Thursday, however, her hopes rose again with a sudden bound. She saw nothing, but she once more heard a distinct, a most distinct little bustle. Reassured, she sat in breathless silence, feeling sure little fairy Shining Eyes was peeping down upon her from some corner, although, as yet, she did not deign to make her small person known. But it was quite enough to fill little Philippa with fresh delightful anticipations. What visions flitted through her brain for the rest of the day! She sat over her lessons as though in a dream, and kindhearted Miss Frost, her long-suffering daily governess, grew quite concerned about her, thinking she must surely be unwell—it was so unlike Philippa to let her tongue rest for such an unheard of period as five minutes at a stretch; indeed, poor Miss Frost was generally quite worn out trying to keep the Reverend Frederick Vane's little daughter quiet long enough to learn any lessons at all. But how was she to know fairies lived in the stable loft?

The following day, suddenly, without any warning, little Philippa was confronted by the amber eyes again! This time she made no attempt to speak, but simply sat in an ecstacy and wondered if any little girl had ever been as lucky before! She was quite sure it must have been at least three minutes, though at the time it seemed hours and hours, that the big eyes were fixed upon her, then, as silently as before, they again vanished. But she had only heard little fairy Shining Eyes the day before, and this time she had actually seen her again, so for the present she was quite content.

Saturday was the nicest day in the whole week—with no lessons, and no catechism, and little Philippa made up her mind to spend every single hour of it in the loft. She was not going empty handed, however,

for how could anybody be *quite* sure that fairies always dressed in gossamer and rose-leaves? Perhaps if she knitted a *very* fine little petticoat—very fine and pretty, bright blue with a pink border—perhaps, who knew, when winter was coming and the weather grew cold, little fairy Shining Eyes *might* wear it—and then—and then—the Reverend Frederick Vane might change his mind about the pleasures of having a little daughter, if *fairies* would wear the petticoats she knitted!

So, much to Mrs. Broadway's astonishment, this changeable little lady followed her into the work-room, and asked for the thing she usually shunned above all others, especially on Saturday—some knitting needles and a ball of wool.

"Is it to make a new petticoat for Lady Sabina Jane?" she asked, looking down in bewilderment at Miss Philippa's demure little figure. "Why I thought with you, my dear, Saturday was the day for no work and all play, wasn't it?"

"It's too hot to play this morning!" Philippa answered, "and it is a petticoat I'm going to make, if you wouldn't mind casting on the stitches for me please, Mrs. Broadway." But she did not say it wasn't for Lady Sabina Jane, for Mrs. Broadway would not have understood. She would explain all about it by-and-bye.

So she got her knitting, and worked away in the hay all morning, and a more diligent, exemplary little girl it would have been difficult to find anywhere. When her hands got very hot and sticky she hung them down through the trap-door into the stable below, and then patted them on the straw beside her; and she conscientiously picked up every stitch she dropped. But though she worked and worked, stretching and smoothing out the little garment, and frowning over it in silent admiration, little fairy Shining Eyes was not to be enticed out that day.

But the next afternoon, when Sunday had come round once more, something startlingly unexpected did happen. Little Philippa had again brought up her prayer book, for her father had told her to learn again, and thoroughly, the lesson repeated so badly the