

LITTLE WOMEN

Louisa May Alcott

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SYNOPSIS OF LITTLE WOMEN

Little Women is a novel that develops deep and human themes within its interesting plot. Published in 1868, after the American Civil War, it tells the story of 4 sisters: Megan (Meg), Josephine (Jo), Elizabeth (Beth), and Amy. All of them have to live with the detachment of their father and the economic shortages due to the political and social situation of their time.

As the novel progresses we see the psychology of each of the sisters, how they face the challenges of transitioning into adulthood, as well as overcoming their faults and strengthening their virtues.

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CHAPTER I

‘Christmas won’t be Christmas without any presents,’ grumbled Jo, lying on the rug.

‘It’s so dreadful to be poor!’ sighed Meg, looking down at her old dress.

‘I don’t think it’s fair for some girls to have plenty of pretty things, and other girls nothing at all,’ added little Amy, with an injured sniff.

‘We’ve got Father and Mother, and each other,’ said Beth contentedly from her corner.

The four young faces on which the firelight shone brightened at the cheerful words, but darkened again as Jo said sadly, ‘We haven’t got Father, and shall not have him for a long time.’ She didn’t say ‘perhaps never,’ but each silently added it, thinking of Father far away, where the fighting was.

Nobody spoke for a minute; then Meg said in an altered tone, ‘You know the reason Mother proposed not having any presents this Christmas was because it is going to be a hard winter for everyone; and she thinks we ought not to spend money for pleasure, when our men are suffering so in the army. We can’t do much, but we can make our little sacrifices, and ought to do it gladly. But I

am afraid I don't.' And Meg shook her head, as she thought regretfully of all the pretty things she wanted.

'But I don't think the little we should spend would do any good. We've each got a dollar, and the army wouldn't be much helped by our giving that. I agree not to expect anything from Mother or you, but I do want to buy *UNDINE AND SINTRAM* for myself. I've wanted it so long,' said Jo, who was a bookworm.

'I planned to spend mine in new music,' said Beth, with a little sigh, which no one heard but the hearth brush and kettle holder.

'I shall get a nice box of Faber's drawing pencils. I really need them,' said Amy decidedly.

'Mother didn't say anything about our money, and she won't wish us to give up everything. Let's each buy what we want, and have a little fun. I'm sure we work hard enough to earn it,' cried Jo, examining the heels of her shoes in a gentlemanly manner.

'I know I do—teaching those tiresome children nearly all day, when I'm longing to enjoy myself at home,' began Meg, in the complaining tone again.

'You don't have half such a hard time as I do,' said Jo. 'How would you like to be shut up for hours with a nervous, fussy old lady, who keeps you trotting, is never

satisfied, and worries you till you you're ready to fly out the window or cry?'

'It's naughty to fret, but I do think washing dishes and keeping things tidy is the worst work in the world. It makes me cross, and my hands get so stiff, I can't practice well at all.' And Beth looked at her rough hands with a sigh that any one could hear that time.

'I don't believe any of you suffer as I do,' cried Amy, 'for you don't have to go to school with impertinent girls, who plague you if you don't know your lessons, and laugh at your dresses, and label your father if he isn't rich, and insult you when your nose isn't nice.'

'If you mean libel, I'd say so, and not talk about labels, as if Papa was a pickle bottle,' advised Jo, laughing.

'I know what I mean, and you needn't be statirical about it. It's proper to use good words, and improve your vocabilary,' returned Amy, with dignity.

'Don't peck at one another, children. Don't you wish we had the money Papa lost when we were little, Jo? Dear me! How happy and good we'd be, if we had no worries!' said Meg, who could remember better times.

'You said the other day you thought we were a deal happier than the King children, for they were fighting and fretting all the time, in spite of their money.'

‘So I did, Beth. Well, I think we are. For though we do have to work, we make fun of ourselves, and are a pretty jolly set, as Jo would say.’

‘Jo does use such slang words!’ observed Amy, with a reproving look at the long figure stretched on the rug.

Jo immediately sat up, put her hands in her pockets, and began to whistle.

‘Don’t, Jo. It’s so boyish!’ ‘That’s why I do it.’

‘I detest rude, unladylike girls!’

‘I hate affected, niminy-piminy chits!’

‘Birds in their little nests agree,’ sang Beth, the peacemaker, with such a funny face that both sharp voices softened to a laugh, and the ‘pecking’ ended for that time.

‘Really, girls, you are both to be blamed,’ said Meg, beginning to lecture in her elder-sisterly fashion. ‘You are old enough to leave off boyish tricks, and to behave better, Josephine. It didn’t matter so much when you were a little girl, but now you are so tall, and turn up your hair, you should remember that you are a young lady.’

‘I’m not! And if turning up my hair makes me one, I’ll wear it in two tails till I’m twenty,’ cried Jo, pulling off her net, and

shaking down a chestnut mane. 'I hate to think I've got to grow up, and be Miss March, and wear

long gowns, and look as prim as a China Aster! It's bad enough to be a girl, anyway, when I like boy's games and work and manners! I can't get over my disappointment in not being a boy. And it's worse than ever now, for I'm dying to go and fight with Papa. And I can only stay home and knit, like a poky old woman!'

And Jo shook the blue army sock till the needles rattled like castanets, and her ball bounded across the room.

'Poor Jo! It's too bad, but it can't be helped. So you must try to be contented with making your name boyish, and playing brother to us girls,' said Beth, stroking the rough head with a hand that all the dish washing and dusting in the world could not make ungente in its touch. 'As for you, Amy,' continued Meg, 'you are altogether

to particular and prim. Your airs are funny now, but you'll grow up an affected little goose, if you don't take care. I I like your nice manners and refined ways of speaking, when you don't try to be elegant. But your absurd words are as bad as Jo's slang.'

'If Jo is a tomboy and Amy a goose, what am I, please?' asked Beth, ready to share the lecture.

‘You’re a dear, and nothing else,’ answered Meg warmly, and no one contradicted her, for the ‘Mouse’ was the pet of the family.

As young readers like to know ‘how people look’, we will take this moment to give them a little sketch of the four sisters, who sat knitting away in the twilight, while the December snow fell quietly without, and the fire crackled cheerfully within. It was a comfortable room, though the carpet was faded and the furniture very plain, for a good picture or two hung on the walls, books filled the recesses, chrysanthemums and Christmas roses bloomed in the windows, and a pleasant atmosphere of home peace pervaded it.

Margaret, the eldest of the four, was sixteen, and very pretty, being plump and fair, with large eyes, plenty of soft brown hair, a sweet mouth, and white hands, of which she was rather vain. Fifteen- year-old Jo was very tall, thin, and brown, and reminded one of a colt, for she never seemed to know what to do with her long limbs, which were very much in her way. She had a decided mouth, a comical nose, and sharp, gray eyes, which appeared to see everything, and were by turns fierce, funny, or thoughtful. Her long, thick hair was her one beauty, but it was usually bundled into a net, to be out of her way. Round shoulders had Jo, big hands and feet, a flyaway look to

her clothes, and the uncomfortable appearance of a girl who was rapidly shooting up into a woman and didn't like it.

Elizabeth, or Beth, as everyone called her, was a rosy, smooth-haired, bright-eyed girl of thirteen, with a shy manner, a timid voice, and a peaceful expression which was seldom disturbed. Her father called her 'Little Miss Tranquility', and the name suited her excellently, for she seemed to live in a happy world of her own, only venturing out to meet the few whom she trusted and loved. Amy, though the youngest, was a most important person, in her own opinion at least. A regular snow maiden, with blue eyes, and yellow hair curling on her shoulders, pale and slender, and always carrying herself like a young lady mindful of her manners. What the characters of the four sisters were we will leave to be found out.

The clock struck six and, having swept up the hearth, Beth put a pair of slippers down to warm. Somehow the sight of the old shoes had a good effect upon the girls, for Mother was coming, and everyone brightened to welcome her. Meg stopped lecturing, and lighted the lamp, Amy got out of the easy chair without being asked, and Jo forgot how tired she was as she sat up to hold the slippers nearer to the blaze.

'They are quite worn out. Marmee must have a new pair.'

'I thought I'd get her some with my dollar,' said Beth.

‘No, I shall!’ cried Amy.

‘I’m the oldest,’ began Meg, but Jo cut in with a decided, ‘I’m the man of the family now Papa is away, and I shall provide the slippers, for he told me to take special care of Mother while he was gone.’

‘I’ll tell you what we’ll do,’ said Beth, ‘let’s each get her something for Christmas, and not get anything for ourselves.’

‘That’s like you, dear! What will we get?’ exclaimed Jo. Everyone thought soberly for a minute, then Meg announced, as if the idea was suggested by the sight of her

own pretty hands, ‘I shall give her a nice pair of gloves.’ ‘Army shoes, best to be had,’ cried Jo.

‘Some handkerchiefs, all hemmed,’ said Beth.

‘I’ll get a little bottle of cologne. She likes it, and it won’t cost much, so I’ll have some left to buy my pencils,’ added Amy.

‘How will we give the things?’ asked Meg.

‘Put them on the table, and bring her in and see her open the bundles. Don’t you remember how we used to do on our birthdays?’ answered Jo.

‘I used to be so frightened when it was my turn to sit in the chair with the crown on, and see you all come marching round to give the presents, with a kiss. I liked

the things and the kisses, but it was dreadful to have you sit looking at me while I opened the bundles,’ said Beth, who was toasting her face and the bread for tea at the same time.

‘Let Marmee think we are getting things for ourselves, and then surprise her. We must go shopping tomorrow afternoon, Meg. There is so much to do about the play for Christmas night,’ said Jo, marching up and down, with her hands behind her back, and her nose in the air.

‘I don’t mean to act any more after this time. I’m getting too old for such things,’ observed Meg, who was as much a child as ever about ‘dressing-up’ frolics.

‘You won’t stop, I know, as long as you can trail round in a white gown with your hair down, and wear gold- paper jewelry. You are the best actress we’ve got, and there’ll be an end of everything if you quit the boards,’ said Jo. ‘We ought to rehearse tonight. Come here, Amy, and do the fainting scene, for you are as stiff as a poker in that.’

‘I can’t help it. I never saw anyone faint, and I don’t choose to make myself all black and blue, tumbling flat as you do. If I can

go down easily, I'll drop. If I can't, I shall fall into a chair and be graceful. I don't care if Hugo does come at me with a pistol,' returned Amy, who was not

gifted with dramatic power, but was chosen because she was small enough to be borne out shrieking by the villain of the piece.

'Do it this way. Clasp your hands so, and stagger across the room, crying frantically, 'Roderigo Save me! Save me!' and away went Jo, with a melodramatic scream which was truly thrilling.

Amy followed, but she poked her hands out stiffly before her, and jerked herself along as if she went by machinery, and her 'Ow!' was more suggestive of pins being run into her than of fear and anguish. Jo gave a despairing groan, and Meg laughed outright, while Beth let her bread burn as she watched the fun with interest. 'It's no use! Do the best you can when the time comes, and if the audience laughs, don't blame me. Come on, Meg.'

'Then things went smoothly, for Don Pedro defied the world in a speech of two pages without a single break. Hagar, the witch, chanted an awful incantation over her kettleful of simmering toads, with weird effect. Roderigo rent his chains asunder

manfully, and Hugo died in agonies of remorse and arsenic, with a wild, 'Ha! Ha!'

'It's the best we've had yet,' said Meg, as the dead villain sat up and rubbed his elbows.

'I don't see how you can write and act such splendid things, Jo. You're a regular Shakespeare!' exclaimed Beth, who firmly believed that her sisters were gifted with wonderful genius in all things.

'Not quite,' replied Jo modestly. 'I do think THE WITCHES CURSE, an Operatic Tragedy is rather a nice thing, but I'd like to try McBETH, if we only had a trapdoor for Banquo. I always wanted to do the killing part. 'Is that a dagger that I see before me?' muttered Jo, rolling her eyes and clutching at the air, as she had seen a famous tragedian do.

'No, it's the toasting fork, with Mother's shoe on it instead of the bread. Beth's stage-struck!' cried Meg, and the rehearsal ended in a general burst of laughter.

'Glad to find you so merry, my girls,' said a cheery voice at the door, and actors and audience turned to welcome a tall, motherly lady with a 'can I help you' look about her which was truly delightful. She was not elegantly dressed, but a noble-looking woman, and the girls thought the gray cloak and

unfashionable bonnet covered the most splendid mother in the world.

‘Well, dearies, how have you got on today? There was so much to do, getting the boxes ready to go tomorrow, that I didn’t come home to dinner. Has anyone called,

Beth? How is your cold, Meg? Jo, you look tired to death. Come and kiss me, baby.’

While making these maternal inquiries Mrs. March got her wet things off, her warm slippers on, and sitting down in the easy chair, drew Amy to her lap, preparing to enjoy the happiest hour of her busy day. The girls flew about, trying to make things comfortable, each in her own way. Meg arranged the tea table, Jo brought wood and set chairs, dropping, over-turning, and clattering everything she touched. Beth trotted to and fro between parlor kitchen, quiet and busy, while Amy gave directions to everyone, as she sat with her hands folded.

As they gathered about the table, Mrs. March said, with a particularly happy face, ‘I’ve got a treat for you after supper.’

A quick, bright smile went round like a streak of sunshine. Beth clapped her hands, regardless of the biscuit she held, and Jo tossed up her napkin, crying, ‘A letter! A letter! Three cheers for Father!’

‘Yes, a nice long letter. He is well, and thinks he shall get through the cold season better than we feared. He sends all sorts of loving wishes for Christmas, and an especial message to you girls,’ said Mrs. March, patting her pocket as if she had got a treasure there.

‘Hurry and get done! Don’t stop to quirk your little finger and simper over your plate, Amy,’ cried Jo, choking on her tea and dropping her bread, butter side down, on the carpet in her haste to get at the treat.

Beth ate no more, but crept away to sit in her shadowy corner and brood over the delight to come, till the others were ready.

‘I think it was so splendid in Father to go as chaplain when he was too old to be drafted, and not strong enough for a soldier,’ said Meg warmly.

‘Don’t I wish I could go as a drummer, a vivan—what’s its name? Or a nurse, so I could be near him and help him,’ exclaimed Jo, with a groan.

‘It must be very disagreeable to sleep in a tent, and eat all sorts of bad-tasting things, and drink out of a tin mug,’ sighed Amy.

‘When will he come home, Marmee?’ asked Beth, with a little quiver in her voice.

‘Not for many months, dear, unless he is sick. He will stay and do his work faithfully as long as he can, and we won’t ask for him back a minute sooner than he can be spared. Now come and hear the letter.’

They all drew to the fire, Mother in the big chair with Beth at her feet, Meg and Amy perched on either arm of

the chair, and Jo leaning on the back, where no one would see any sign of emotion if the letter should happen to be touching. Very few letters were written in those hard times that were not touching, especially those which fathers sent home. In this one little was said of the hardships endured, the dangers faced, or the homesickness conquered. It was a cheerful, hopeful letter, full of lively descriptions of camp life, marches, and military news, and only at the end did the writer’s heart over-flow with fatherly love and longing for the little girls at home.

‘Give them all of my dear love and a kiss. Tell them I think of them by day, pray for them by night, and find my best comfort in their affection at all times. A year seems very long to wait before I see them, but remind them that while we wait we may all work, so that these hard days need not be wasted. I know they will remember all I said to them, that they will be loving children to you, will do their duty faithfully, fight their bosom enemies bravely, and conquer themselves so beautifully that

when I come back to them I may be fonder and prouder than ever of my little women.' Everybody sniffed when they came to that part. Jo wasn't ashamed of the great tear that dropped off the end of her nose, and Amy never minded the rumpling of her curls as she hid her face on her mother's

shoulder and sobbed out, 'I am a selfish girl! But I'll truly try to be better, so he mayn't be disappointed in me by- and-by.'

We all will,' cried Meg. 'I think too much of my looks and hate to work, but won't any more, if I can help it.'

'I'll try and be what he loves to call me, 'a little woman' and not be rough and wild, but do my duty here instead of wanting to be somewhere else,' said Jo, thinking that keeping her temper at home was a much harder task than facing a rebel or two down South.

Beth said nothing, but wiped away her tears with the blue army sock and began to knit with all her might, losing no time in doing the duty that lay nearest her, while she resolved in her quiet little soul to be all that Father hoped to find her when the year brought round the happy coming home.

Mrs. March broke the silence that followed Jo's words, by saying in her cheery voice, 'Do you remember how you used to play Pilgrims Progress when you were little things? Nothing delighted

you more than to have me tie my piece bags on your backs for burdens, give you hats and sticks and rolls of paper, and let you travel through the house from the cellar, which was the City of Destruction,

up, up, to the housetop, where you had all the lovely things you could collect to make a Celestial City.'

'What fun it was, especially going by the lions, fighting Apollyon, and passing through the valley where the hob- goblins were,' said Jo.

'I liked the place where the bundles fell off and tumbled downstairs,' said Meg.

'I don't remember much about it, except that I was afraid of the cellar and the dark entry, and always liked the cake and milk we had up at the top. If I wasn't too old for such things, I'd rather like to play it over again,' said Amy, who began to talk of renouncing childish things at the mature age of twelve.

'We never are too old for this, my dear, because it is a play we are playing all the time in one way or another. Our burdens are here, our road is before us, and the longing for goodness and happiness is the guide that leads us through many troubles and mistakes to the peace which is a true Celestial City. Now, my little pilgrims, suppose you begin again, not in play, but in

earnest, and see how far on you can get before Father comes home.'

'Really, Mother? Where are our bundles?' asked Amy, who was a very literal young lady.

'Each of you told what your burden was just now, except Beth. I rather think she hasn't got any,' said her mother.

'Yes, I have. Mine is dishes and dusters, and envying girls with nice pianos, and being afraid of people.'

Beth's bundle was such a funny one that everybody wanted to laugh, but nobody did, for it would have hurt her feelings very much.

'Let us do it,' said Meg thoughtfully. 'It is only another name for trying to be good, and the story may help us, for though we do want to be good, it's hard work and we forget, and don't do our best.'

'We were in the Slough of Despond tonight, and Mother came and pulled us out as Help did in the book. We ought to have our roll of directions, like Christian. What shall we do about that?' asked Jo, delighted with the fancy which lent a little romance to the very dull task of doing her duty.

'Look under your pillows christmas morning, and you will find your guidebook,' replied Mrs. March.

They talked over the new plan while old Hannah cleared the table, then out came the four little work baskets, and the needles flew as the girls made sheets for Aunt March. It was uninteresting sewing, but tonight no

one grumbled. They adopted Jo's plan of dividing the long seams into four parts, and calling the quarters Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and in that way got on capitally, especially when they talked about the different countries as they stitched their way through them.

At nine they stopped work, and sang, as usual, before they went to bed. No one but Beth could get much music out of the old piano, but she had a way of softly touching the yellow keys and making a pleasant accompaniment to the simple songs they sang. Meg had a voice like a flute, and she and her mother led the little choir. Amy chirped like a cricket, and Jo wandered through the airs at her own sweet will, always coming out at the wrong place with a croak or a quaver that spoiled the most pensive tune. They had always done this from the time they could lisp...

Crinkle, crinkle, 'ittle 'tar,

and it had become a household custom, for the mother was a born singer. The first sound in the morning was her voice as she went about the house singing like a lark, and the last sound at

night was the same cheery sound, for the girls never grew too old for that familiar lullaby.

CHAPTER II

Jo was the first to wake in the gray dawn of Christmas morning. No stockings hung at the fireplace, and for a moment she felt as much disappointed as she did long ago, when her little sock fell down because it was crammed so full of goodies. Then she remembered her mother's promise and, slipping her hand under her pillow, drew out a little crimson-covered book. She knew it very well, for it was that beautiful old story of the best life ever lived, and Jo felt that it was a true guidebook for any pilgrim going on a long journey. She woke Meg with a 'Merry Christmas,' and bade her see what was under her pillow. A green-covered book appeared, with the same picture inside, and a few words written by their mother, which made their one present very precious in their eyes. Presently Beth and Amy woke to rummage and find their little books also, one dove-colored, the other blue, and all sat looking at and talking about them, while the east grew rosy with the coming day.

In spite of her small vanities, Margaret had a sweet and pious nature, which unconsciously influenced her sisters,

especially Jo, who loved her very tenderly, and obeyed her because her advice was so gently given.

‘Girls,’ said Meg seriously, looking from the tumbled head beside her to the two little night-capped ones in the room beyond, ‘Mother wants us to read and love and mind these books, and we must begin at once. We used to be faithful about it, but since Father went away and all this war trouble unsettled us, we have neglected many things. You can do as you please, but I shall keep my book on the table here and read a little every morning as soon as I wake, for I know it will do me good and help me through the day.’

Then she opened her new book and began to read. Jo put her arm round her and, leaning cheek to cheek, read also, with the quiet expression so seldom seen on her restless face.

‘How good Meg is! Come, Amy, let’s do as they do. I’ll help you with the hard words, and they” explain things if we don’t understand,’ whispered Beth, very much impressed by the pretty books and her sisters, example.

‘I’m glad mine is blue,’ said Amy. and then the rooms were very still while the pages were softly turned, and the winter sunshine crept in to touch the bright heads and serious faces with a Christmas greeting.

‘Where is Mother?’ asked Meg, as she and Jo ran down to thank her for their gifts, half an hour later.

‘Goodness only knows. some poor creeter came a- beggin’, and your ma went straight off to see what was needed. There never was such a woman for givin’ away vittles and drink, clothes and firin’,’ replied Hannah, who had lived with the family since Meg was born, and was considered by them all more as a friend than a servant.

‘She will be back soon, I think, so fry your cakes, and have everything ready,’ said Meg, looking over the presents which were collected in a basket and kept under the sofa, ready to be produced at the proper time. ‘why, where is Amy’s bottle of cologne?’ she added, as the little flask did not appear.

‘She took it out a minute ago, and went off with it to put a ribbon on it, or some such notion,’ replied Jo, dancing about the room to take the first stiffness off the new army slippers.

‘How nice my handkerchiefs look, don’t they? Hannah washed and ironed them for me, and I marked them all myself,’ said Beth, looking proudly at the somewhat uneven letters which had cost her such labor.

‘Bless the child! She’s gone and put ‘Mother’ on them instead of ‘M. March’. How funny!’ cried Jo, taking one up.

‘Isn’t that right? I thought it was better to do it so, because Meg’s initials are M.M., and I don’t want anyone to use these but Marmee,’ said Beth, looking troubled.

‘It’s all right, dear, and a very pretty idea, quite sensible too, for no one can ever mistake now. It will please her very much, I know,’ said Meg, with a frown for Jo and a smile for Beth.

‘There’s Mother. Hide the basket, quick!’ cried Jo, as a door slammed and steps sounded in the hall.

Amy came in hastily, and looked rather abashed when she saw her sisters all waiting for her.

‘Where have you been, and what are you hiding behind you?’ asked Meg, surprised to see, by her hood and cloak, that lazy Amy had been out so early.

‘Don’t laugh at me, Jo! I didn’t mean anyone should know till the time came. I only meant to change the little bottle for a big one, and I gave all my money to get it, and I’m truly trying not to be selfish any more.’

As she spoke, Amy showed the handsome flask which replaced the cheap one, and looked so earnest and humble in her little effort to forget herself that Meg hugged her on

the spot, and Jo pronounced her 'a trump', while Beth ran to the window, and picked her finest rose to ornament the stately bottle.

'You see I felt ashamed of my present, after reading and talking about being good this morning, so I ran round the corner and changed it the minute I was up, and I'm so glad, for mine is the handsomest now.'

Another bang of the street door sent the basket under the sofa, and the girls to the table, eager for breakfast.

'Merry Christmas, Marmee! Many of them! Thank you for our books. We read some, and mean to every day,' they all cried in chorus. 'Merry Christmas, little daughters! I'm glad you began at once, and hope you will keep on. But I want to say one word before we sit down. Not far away from here lies a poor woman with a little newborn baby. Six children are huddled into one bed to keep from freezing, for they have no fire. There is nothing to eat over there, and the oldest boy came to tell me they were suffering hunger and cold. My girls, will you give them your breakfast as a Christmas present?'

They were all unusually hungry, having waited nearly an hour, and for a minute no one spoke, only a minute, for Jo exclaimed impetuously, 'I'm so glad you came before we began!'

‘May I go and help carry the things to the poor little children?’ asked Beth eagerly.

‘I shall take the cream and the muffings,’ added Amy, heroically giving up the article she most liked.

Meg was already covering the buckwheats, and piling the bread into one big plate.

‘I thought you’d do it,’ said Mrs. March, smiling as if satisfied.

‘You shall all go and help me, and when we come back we will have bread and milk for breakfast, and make it up at dinnertime.’

They were soon ready, and the procession set out. Fortunately it was early, and they went through back streets, so few people saw them, and no one laughed at the queer party.

A poor, bare, miserable room it was, with broken windows, no fire, ragged bedclothes, a sick mother, wailing baby, and a group of pale, hungry children cuddled under one old quilt, trying to keep warm.

How the big eyes stared and the blue lips smiled as the girls went in.

‘Ach, mein Gott! It is good angels come to us!’ said the poor woman, crying for joy.

‘Funny angels in hoods and mittens,’ said Jo, and set them to laughing.

In a few minutes it really did seem as if kind spirits had been at work there. Hannah, who had carried wood, made a fire, and stopped up the broken panes with old hats and her own cloak. Mrs. March gave the mother tea and gruel, and comforted her with promises of help, while she dressed the little baby as tenderly as if it had been her own. The girls meantime spread the table, set the children round the fire, and fed them like so many hungry birds, laughing, talking, and trying to understand the funny broken English.

‘Das ist gut!’ ‘Die Engel-kinder!’ cried the poor things as they ate and warmed their purple hands at the comfortable blaze. The girls had never been called angel children before, and thought it very agreeable, especially Jo, who had been considered a ‘Sancho’ ever since she was born. That was a very happy breakfast, though they didn’t get any of it. And when they went away, leaving comfort behind, I think there were not in all the city four merrier people than the hungry little girls who gave away their breakfasts and contented themselves with bread and milk on Christmas morning.

‘That’s loving our neighbor better than ourselves, and I like it,’ said Meg, as they set out their presents while their

mother was upstairs collecting clothes for the poor Hummels.

Not a very splendid show, but there was a great deal of love done up in the few little bundles, and the tall vase of red roses, white chrysanthemums, and trailing vines, which stood in the middle, gave quite an elegant air to the table.

‘She’s coming! Strike up, Beth! Open the door, Amy! Three cheers for Marmee!’ cried Jo, prancing about while Meg went to conduct Mother to the seat of honor.

Beth played her gayest march, Amy threw open the door, and Meg enacted escort with great dignity. Mrs. March was both surprised and touched, and smiled with her eyes full as she examined her presents and read the little notes which accompanied them. The slippers went on at once, a new handkerchief was slipped into her pocket, well scented with Amy’s cologne, the rose was fastened in her bosom, and the nice gloves were pronounced a perfect fit.

There was a good deal of laughing and kissing and explaining, in the simple, loving fashion which makes these home festivals so pleasant at the time, so sweet to remember long afterward, and then all fell to work.

The morning charities and ceremonies took so much time that the rest of the day was devoted to preparations for the evening festivities. Being still too young to go often to the theater, and not rich enough to afford any great outlay for private

performances, the girls put their wits to work, and necessity being the mother of invention, made whatever they needed. Very clever were some of their productions, pasteboard guitars, antique lamps made of old-fashioned butter boats covered with silver paper, gorgeous robes of old cotton, glittering with tin spangles from a pickle factory, and armor covered with the same useful diamond shaped bits left in sheets when the lids of preserve pots were cut out. The big chamber was the scene of many innocent revels.

No gentleman were admitted, so Jo played male parts to her heart's content and took immense satisfaction in a pair of russet leather boots given her by a friend, who knew a lady who knew an actor. These boots, an old foil, and a slashed doublet once used by an artist for some picture, were Jo's chief treasures and appeared on all occasions. The smallness of the company made it necessary for the two principal actors to take several parts apiece, and they certainly deserved some credit for the hard work they did in learning three or four different parts, whisking

in and out of various costumes, and managing the stage besides. It was excellent drill for their memories, a harmless amusement, and employed many hours which otherwise would have been idle, lonely, or spent in less profitable society.

On christmas night, a dozen girls piled onto the bed which was the dress circle, and sat before the blue and yellow chintz curtains in a most flattering state of expectancy. There was a good deal of rustling and whispering behind the curtain, a trifle of lamp smoke, and an occasional giggle from Amy, who was apt to get hysterical in the excitement of the moment. Presently a bell sounded, the curtains flew apart, and the OPERATIC TRAGEDY began.

‘A gloomy wood,’ according to the one playbill, was represented by a few shrubs in pots, green baize on the floor, and a cave in the distance. This cave was made with a clothes horse for a roof, bureaus for walls, and in it was a small furnace in full blast, with a black pot on it and an old witch bending over it. The stage was dark and the glow of the furnace had a fine effect, especially as real steam issued from the kettle when the witch took off the cover. A moment was allowed for the first thrill to subside, then Hugo, the villain, stalked in with a clanking sword at his

side, a slouching hat, black beard, mysterious cloak, and the boots. After pacing to and fro in much agitation, he struck his forehead, and burst out in a wild strain, singing of his hatred to Roderigo, his love for Zara, and his pleasing resolution to kill the one and win the other. The gruff tones of Hugo’s voice, with an

occasional shout when his feelings overcame him, were very impressive, and the audience applauded the moment he paused for breath. bowing with the air of one accustomed to public praise, he stole to the cavern and ordered Hagar to come forth with a commanding, 'What ho, minion! I need thee!'

Out came Meg, with gray horsehair hanging about her face, a red and black robe, a staff, and cabalistic signs upon her cloak. Hugo demanded a potion to make Zara adore him, and one destroy Roderigo. Hagar, in a fine dramatic melody, promised both, and proceeded to call up the spirit who would bring the love philter.

Hither, hither, from thy home, Airy sprite, I bid thee come!

Born of roses, fed on dew,

Charms and potions canst thou brew? Bring me here, with elfin speed,

The fragrant philter which I need.

Make it sweet and swift and strong, Spirit, answer now my song!

A soft strain of music sounded, and then at the back of the cave appeared a little figure in cloudy white, with glittering wings,

golden hair, and a garland of roses on its head. Waving a wand, it sang...

Hither I come, From my airy home,
Afar in the silver moon. Take the magic spell, And use it well,
Or its power will vanish soon!

And dropping a small, gilded bottle at the witch's feet, the spirit vanished. Another chant from Hagar produced another apparition, not a lovely one, for with a bang an ugly black imp appeared and, having croaked a reply, tossed a dark bottle at Hugo and disappeared with a mocking laugh. Having warbled his thanks and put the potions in his boots, Hugo departed, and Hagar informed the audience that as he had killed a few of her friends in times past, she had cursed him, and intends to thwart his plans, and be revenged on him. Then the curtain fell, and

the audience reposed and ate candy while discussing the merits of the play.

A good deal of hammering went on before the curtain rose again, but when it became evident what a masterpiece of stage carpentry had been got up, no one murmured at the delay. It

was truly superb. A tower rose to the ceiling, halfway up appeared a window with a lamp burning in it, and behind the white curtain appeared Zara in a lovely blue and silver dress, waiting for Roderigo. He came in gorgeous array, with plumed cap, red cloak, chestnut lovelocks, a guitar, and the boots, of course. Kneeling at the foot of the tower, he sang a serenade in melting tones. Zara replied and, after a musical dialogue, consented to fly. Then came the grand effect of the play. Roderigo produced a rope ladder, with five steps to it, threw up one end, and invited Zara to descend. Timidly she crept from her lattice, put her hand on Roderigo's shoulder, and was about to leap gracefully down when 'Alas! Alas for Zara!' she forgot her train. It caught in the window, the tower tottered, leaned forward, fell with a crash, and buried the unhappy lovers in the ruins.

A universal shriek arose as the russet boots waved wildly from the wreck and a golden head emerged, exclaiming, 'I told you so! I told you so!' With wonderful

presence of mind, Don Pedro, the cruel sire, rushed in, dragged out his daughter, with a hasty aside...

'Don't laugh! Act as if it was all right!' and, ordering Roderigo up, banished him from the kingdom with wrath and scorn. Though decidedly shaken by the fall from the tower upon him,

Roderigo defied the old gentleman and refused to stir. This dauntless example fired Zara. She also defied her sire, and he ordered them both to the deepest dungeons of the castle. A stout little retainer came in with chains and led them away, looking very much frightened and evidently forgetting the speech he ought to have made.

Act third was the castle hall, and here Hagar appeared, having come to free the lovers and finish Hugo. She hears him coming and hides, sees him put the potions into two cups of wine and bid the the timid little servant, 'Bear them to the captives in their cells, and tell them I shall come anon.' The servant takes Hugo aside to tell him something, and Hagar changes the cups for two others which are harmless. Ferdinando, the 'minion', carries them away, and Hagar puts back the cup which holds the poison meant for Roderigo. Hugo, getting thirsty after a long warble, drinks it, loses his wits, and after a good deal of clutching and stamping, falls flat and dies, while Hagar

informs him what she has done in a song of exquisite power and melody.

This was a truly thrilling scene, though some persons might have thought that the sudden tumbling down of a quantity of long red hair rather marred the effect of the villain's death. He was called before the curtain, and with great propriety appeared,

leading Hagar, whose singing was considered more wonderful than all the rest of the performance put together.

Act fourth displayed the despairing Roderigo on the point of stabbing himself because he has been told that Zara has deserted him. Just as the dagger is at his heart, a lovely song is sung under his window, informing him that Zara is true but in danger, and he can save her if he will. A key is thrown in, which unlocks the door, and in a spasm of rapture he tears off his chains and rushes away to find and rescue his lady love.

Act fifth opened with a stormy scene between Zara and Don Pedro. He wishes her to go into a convent, but she won't hear of it, and after a touching appeal, is about to faint when Roderigo dashes in and demands her hand. Don Pedro refuses, because he is not rich. They shout and gesticulate tremendously but cannot agree, and Rodrigo is about to bear away the exhausted Zara, when the timid

servant enters with a letter and a bag from Hagar, who has mysteriously disappeared. The latter informs the party that she bequeaths untold wealth to the young pair and an awful doom to Don Pedro, if he doesn't make them happy. The bag is opened, and several quarts of tin money shower down upon the stage till it is quite glorified with the glitter. This entirely softens the stern sire. He consents without a murmur, all join in a joyful chorus,

and the curtain falls upon the lovers kneeling to receive Don Pedro's blessing in attitudes of the most romantic grace.

Tumultuous applause followed but received an unexpected check, for the cot bed, on which the dress circle was built, suddenly shut up and extinguished the enthusiastic audience. Roderigo and Don Pedro flew to the rescue, and all were taken out unhurt, though many were speechless with laughter. the excitement had hardly subsided when Hannah appeared, with 'Mrs. March's compliments, and would the ladies walk down to supper.'

This was a surprise even to the actors, and when they saw the table, they looked at one another in rapturous amazement. It was like Marmee to get up a little treat for them, but anything so fine as this was unheard of since the departed days of plenty. There was ice cream, actually two dishes of it, pink and white, and cake and fruit and

distracting french bonbons and, in the middle of the table, four great bouquets of hot house flowers.

It quite took their breath away, and they stared first at the table and then at their mother, who looked as if she enjoyed it immensely.

'Is it fairies?' asked Amy. 'Santa Claus,' said Beth.

‘Mother did it.’ And Meg smiled her sweetest, in spite of her gray beard and white eyebrows.

‘Aunt March had a good fit and sent the supper,’ cried Jo, with a sudden inspiration.

‘All wrong. Old Mr. Laurence sent it,’ replied Mrs.

March.

‘The Laurence boy’s grandfather! What in the world put such a thing into his head? We don’t know him!’ exclaimed Meg.

‘Hannah told one of his servants about your breakfast party. He is an odd old gentleman, but that pleased him. He knew my father years ago, and he sent me a polite note this afternoon, saying he hoped I would allow him to express his friendly feeling toward my children by sending them a few trifles in honor of the day. I could not refuse, and so you have a little feast at night to make up for the bread-and-milk breakfast.’

‘That boy; put it into his head, I know he did! He’s a capital fellow, and I wish we could get acquainted. He looks as if he’d like to know us but he’s bashful, and Meg is so prim she won’t let me speak to him when we pass,’ said Jo, as the plates went round, and the ice began to melt out of sight, with ohs and ahs of satisfaction.

‘You mean the people who live in the big house next door, don’t you?’ asked one of the girls. ‘My mother knows old Mr. Laurence, but says he’s very proud and doesn’t like to mix with his neighbors. He keeps his grandson shut up, when he isn’t riding or walking with his tutor, and makes him study very hard. We invited him to our party, but he didn’t come. Mother says he’s very nice, though he never speaks to us girls.’

‘Our cat ran away once, and he brought her back, and we talked over the fence, and were getting on capitally, all about cricket, and so on, when he saw Meg coming, and walked off. I mean to know him some day, for he needs fun, I’m sure he does,’ said Jo decidedly.

‘I like his manners, and he looks like a little gentleman, so I’ve no objection to your knowing him, if a proper opportunity comes. He brought the flowers himself, and I should have asked him in, if I had been sure what was

going on upstairs. He looked so wistful as he went away, hearing the frolic and evidently having none of his own.’

‘It’s a mercy you didn’t , Mother!’ laughed Jo, looking at her boots. ‘But we’ll have another play sometime that he can see. Perhaps he’ll help act. Wouldn’t that be jolly?’

‘I never had such a fine bouquet before! How pretty it is!’ And Meg examined her flowers with great interest.

‘They are lovely. But Beth’s roses are sweeter to me,’ said Mrs. March, smelling the half-dead posy in her belt.

Beth nestled up to her, and whispered softly, ‘I wish I could send my bunch to Father. I’m afraid he isn’t having such a merry Christmas as we are.’

CHAPTER III

‘Jo! Jo! Where are you?’ cried Meg at the foot of the garret stairs.

‘Here!’ answered a husky voice from above, and, running up, Meg found her sister eating apples and crying over the Heir of Redclyffe, wrapped up in a comforter on an old three-legged sofa by the sunny window. This was Jo’s favorite refuge, and here she loved to retire with half a dozen russets and a nice book, to enjoy the quiet and the society of a pet rat who lived near by and didn’t mind her a particle. As Meg appeared, Scrabble whisked into his hole. Jo shook the tears off her cheeks and waited to hear the news.

‘Such fun! Only see! A regular note of invitation from Mrs. Gardiner for tomorrow night!’ cried Meg, waving the precious paper and then proceeding to read it with girlish delight.

“Mrs. Gardiner would be happy to see Miss March and Miss Josephine at a little dance on New Year’s Eve.’ Marmee is willing we should go, now what shall we wear?’

‘What’s the use of asking that, when you know we shall wear our poplins, because we haven’t got anything else?’ answered Jo with her mouth full.

‘If I only had a silk!’ sighed Meg. ‘Mother says I may when I’m eighteen perhaps, but two years is an everlasting time to wait.’

‘I’m sure our pops look like silk, and they are nice enough for us. Yours is as good as new, but I forgot the burn and the tear in mine. Whatever shall I do? The burn shows badly, and I can’t take any out.’

‘You must sit still all you can and keep your back out of sight. The front is all right. I shall have a new ribbon for my hair, and Marmee will lend me her little pearl pin, and my new slippers are lovely, and my gloves will do, though they aren’t as nice as I’d like.’

‘Mine are spoiled with lemonade, and I can’t get any new ones, so I shall have to go without,’ said Jo, who never troubled herself much about dress.

‘You must have gloves, or I won’t go,’ cried Meg decidedly.

‘Gloves are more important than anything else. You can’t dance without them, and if you don’t I should be so mortified.’ ‘Then I’ll stay still. I don’t care much for company dancing. It’s no fun to go sailing round. I like to fly about and cut capers.’

‘You can’t ask Mother for new ones, they are so expensive, and you are so careless. She said when you spoiled the others that

she shouldn't get you any more this winter. Can't you make them do?'

'I can hold them crumpled up in my hand, so no one will know how stained they are. That's all I can do. No! I'll tell you how we can manage, each wear one good one and carry a bad one. Don't you see?'

'Your hands are bigger than mine, and you will stretch my glove dreadfully,' began Meg, whose gloves were a tender point with her.

'Then I'll go without. I don't care what people say!' cried Jo, taking up her book.

'You may have it, you may! Only don't stain it, and do behave nicely. Don't put your hands behind you, or stare, or say 'Christopher Columbus!' will you?'

'Don't worry about me. I'll be as prim as I can and not get into any scrapes, if I can help it. Now go and answer your note, and let me finish this splendid story.'

So Meg went away to 'accept with thanks', look over her dress, and sing blithely as she did up her one real lace frill, while Jo finished her story, her four apples, and had a game of romps with Scrabble.

On New Year's Eve the parlor was deserted, for the two younger girls played dressing maids and the two elder were absorbed in the all-important business of 'getting ready for the party'.

Simple as the toilets were, there was a great deal of running up and down, laughing and talking, and at one time a strong smell of burned hair pervaded the house. Meg wanted a few curls about her face, and Jo undertook to pinch the papered locks with a pair of hot tongs.

'Ought they to smoke like that?' asked Beth from her perch on the bed.

'It's the dampness drying,' replied Jo.

'What a queer smell! It's like burned feathers,' observed Amy, smoothing her own pretty curls with a superior air.

'There, now I'll take off the papers and you'll see a cloud of little ringlets,' said Jo, putting down the tongs.

She did take off the papers, but no cloud of ringlets appeared, for the hair came with the papers, and the horrified hairdresser laid a row of little scorched bundles on the bureau before her victim.

'Oh, oh, oh! What have you done? I'm spoiled! I can't go! My hair, oh, my hair!' wailed Meg, looking with despair at the uneven frizzle on her forehead.

‘Just my luck! You shouldn’t have asked me to do it. I always spoil everything. I’m so sorry, but the tongs were too hot, and so I’ve made a mess,’ groaned poor Jo, regarding the little black pancakes with tears of regret.

‘It isn’t spoiled. Just frizzle it, and tie your ribbon so the ends come on your forehead a bit, and it will look like the last fashion. I’ve seen many girls do it so,’ said Amy consolingly.

‘Serves me right for trying to be fine. I wish I’d let my hair alone,’ cried Meg petulantly.

‘So do I, it was so smooth and pretty. But it will soon grow out again,’ said Beth, coming to kiss and comfort the shorn sheep.

After various lesser mishaps, Meg was finished at last, and by the united exertions of the entire family Jo’s hair was got up and her dress on. They looked very well in their simple suits, Meg’s in silvery drab, with a blue velvet snood, lace frills, and the pearl pin. Jo in maroon, with a stiff, gentlemanly linen collar, and a white chrysanthemum or two for her only ornament. Each put on one nice light glove, and carried one soiled one, and all pronounced the effect ‘quite easy and fine’. Meg’s high-heeled slippers were very tight and hurt her, though she would not own it, and Jo’s nineteen hairpins all seemed stuck straight into

her head, which was not exactly comfortable, but, dear me, let us be elegant or die.

‘Have a good time, dearies!’ said Mrs. March, as the sisters went daintily down the walk. ‘Don’t eat much supper, and come away at eleven when I send Hannah for you.’ As the gate clashed behind them, a voice cried from a window...

‘Girls, girls! Have you both got nice pocket handkerchiefs?’

‘Yes, yes, spandy nice, and Meg has cologne on hers,’ cried Jo, adding with a laugh as they went on, ‘I do believe Marmee would ask that if we were all running away from an earthquake.

‘It is one of her aristocratic tastes, and quite proper, for a real lady is always known by neat boots, gloves, and handkerchief,’ replied Meg, who had a good many little ‘aristocratic tastes’ of her own.

‘Now don’t forget to keep the bad breadth out of sight, Jo. Is my sash right? And does my hair look very bad?’ said Meg, as she turned from the glass in Mrs. Gardiner’s dressing room after a prolonged prink.

‘I know I shall forget. If you see me doing anything wrong, just remind me by a wink, will you?’ returned Jo, giving her collar a twitch and her head a hasty brush.

‘No, winking isn’t ladylike. I’ll lift my eyebrows if any thing is wrong, and nod if you are all right. Now hold your shoulder straight, and take short steps, and don’t shake hands if you are introduced to anyone. It isn’t the thing.’

‘How do you learn all the proper ways? I never can.

Isn’t that music gay?’

Down they went, feeling a trifle timid, for they seldom went to parties, and informal as this little gathering was, it was an event to them. Mrs. Gardiner, a stately old lady, greeted them kindly and handed them over to the eldest of her six daughters. Meg knew Sallie and was at her ease very soon, but Jo, who didn’t care much for girls or girlish gossip, stood about, with her back carefully against the wall, and felt as much out of place as a colt in a flower garden. Half a dozen jovial lads were talking about skates in another part of the room, and she longed to go and join them, for skating was one of the joys of her life. She telegraphed her wish to Meg, but the eyebrows went up so alarmingly that she dared not stir. No one came to talk to her, and one by one the group dwindled away till she was left alone. She could not roam about and amuse herself, for the burned breadth would show, so she stared at people rather forlornly till the dancing began. Meg was

asked at once, and the tight slippers tripped about so briskly that none would have guessed the pain their wearer suffered smilingly. Jo saw a big red headed youth approaching her corner, and fearing he meant to engage her, she slipped into a curtained recess, intending to peep and enjoy herself in peace. Unfortunately, another bashful person had chosen the same refuge, for, as the curtain fell behind her, she found herself face to face with the 'Laurence boy'.

'Dear me, I didn't know anyone was here!' stammered Jo, preparing to back out as speedily as she had bounced in.

But the boy laughed and said pleasantly, though he looked a little startled, 'Don't mind me, stay if you like.'

'Shan't I disturb you?'

'Not a bit. I only came here because I don't know many people and felt rather strange at first, you know.'

'So did I. Don't go away, please, unless you'd rather.'

The boy sat down again and looked at his pumps, till Jo said, trying to be polite and easy, 'I think I've had the pleasure of seeing you before. You live near us, don't you?'

'Next door.' And he looked up and laughed outright, for Jo's prim manner was rather funny when he

remembered how they had chatted about cricket when he brought the cat home.

That put Jo at her ease and she laughed too, as she said, in her heartiest way, 'We did have such a good time over your nice Christmas present.'

'Grandpa sent it.'

'But you put it into his head, didn't you, now?'

'How is your cat, Miss March?' asked the boy, trying to look sober while his black eyes shone with fun.

'Nicely, thank you, Mr. Laurence. But I am not Miss March, I'm only Jo,' returned the young lady.

'I'm not Mr. Laurence, I'm only Laurie.' 'Laurie Laurence, what an odd name.'

'My first name is theodore, but I don't like it, for the fellows called me Dora, so I made the say Laurie instead.'

'I hate my name, too, so sentimental! I wish every one would say Jo instead of Josephine. How did you make the boys stop calling you Dora?'

'I thrashed 'em.'

'I can't thrash Aunt March, so I suppose I shall have to bear it.' And Jo resigned herself with a sigh.

'Don't you like to dance, Miss Jo?' asked Laurie, looking as if he thought the name suited her.

‘I like it well enough if there is plenty of room, and everyone is lively. In a place like this I’m sure to upset something, tread on people’s toes, or do something dreadful, so I keep out of mischief and let Meg sail about. Don’t you dance?’

‘Sometimes. You see I’ve been abroad a good many years, and haven’t been into company enough yet to know how you do things here.’

‘Abroad!’ cried Jo. ‘Oh, tell me about it! I love dearly to hear people describe their travels.’

Laurie didn’t seem to know where to begin, but Jo’s eager questions soon set him going, and he told her how he had been at school in Vevay, where the boys never wore hats and had a fleet of boats on the lake, and for holiday fun went on walking trips about Switzerland with their teachers.

‘Don’t I wish I’d been there!’ cried Jo. ‘Did you go to Paris?’

‘We spent last winter there.’ ‘Can you talk French?’

‘We were not allowed to speak anything else at Vevay.’ ‘Do say some! I can read it, but can’t pronounce.’ ‘Quel nom a cetter jeune demoiselle en les pantouilles jolis?’

‘How nicely you do it! Let me see...you said, ‘Who is the young lady in the pretty slippers’, didn’t you?’

‘Oui, mademoiselle.’

‘It’s my sister Margaret, and you knew it was! Do you think she is pretty?’

‘Yes, she makes me think of the German girls, she looks so fresh and quiet, and dances like a lady.’

Jo quite glowed with pleasure at this boyish praise of her sister, and stored it up to repeat to Meg. Both peeped and critisized and chatted till they felt like old acquaintances. Laurie’s bashfulness soon wore off, for Jo’s gentlemanly demeanor amused and set him at his ease, and Jo was her merry self again, because her dress was forgotten and nobody lifted their eyebrows at her. She liked the ‘Laurence boy’ better than ever and took several good looks at him, so that she might describe him to the girls, for they had no brothers, very few male cousins, and boys were almost unknown creatures to them.

‘Curly black hair, brown skin, big black eyes, handsome nose, fine teeth, small hands and feet, taller than I am, very polite, for a boy, and altogether jolly. Wonder how old he is?’

It was on the tip of Jo's tongue to ask, but she checked herself in time and, with unusual tact, tried to find out in a round-about way.

'I suppose you are going to college soon? I see you pegging away at your books, no, I mean studying hard.' And Jo blushed at the dreadful 'pegging' which had escaped her.

Laurie smiled but didn't seem shocked, and answered with a shrug. 'Not for a year or two. I won't go before seventeen, anyway.'

'Aren't you but fifteen?' asked Jo, looking at the tall lad, whom she had imagined seventeen already.

'Sixteen, next month.'

'How I wish I was going to college! You don't look as if you liked it.'

'I hate it! Nothing but grinding or skylarking. And I don't like the way fellows do either, in this country.' 'What do you like?'

'To live in Italy, and to enjoy myself in my own way.'

Jo wanted very much to ask what his own way was, but his black brows looked rather threatening as he knit them, so she changed the subject by saying, as her foot kept time, 'That's a splendid polka! Why don't you go and try it?'

‘If you will come too,’ he answered, with a gallant little bow.

‘I can’t, for I told meg I wouldn’t, because...’ There Jo stopped, and looked undecided whether to tell or to laugh.

‘Because, what?’ ‘You won’t tell?’ ‘Never!’

‘Well, I have a bad trick of standing before the fire, and so I burn my frocks, and I scorched this one, and though it’s nicely mended, it shows, and Meg told me to keep still so no one would see it. You may laugh, if you want to. It is funny, I know.’

But Laurie didn’t laugh. He only looked down a minute, and the expression of his face puzzled Jo when he said very gently, ‘Never mind that. I’ll tell you how we can manage. There’s a long hall out there, and we can dance grandly, and no one will see us. Please come.’

Jo thanked him and gladly went, wishing she had two neat gloves when she saw the nice, pearl-colored ones her partner wore. The hall was empty, and they had a grand polka, for Laurie danced well, and taught her the German step, which delighted Jo, being full of swing and spring. When the music stopped, they sat down on the stairs to

get their breath, and Laurie was in the midst of an account of a students’ festival at Heidelberg when Meg appeared in search of her sister. She beckoned, and Jo reluctantly followed her into

a side room, where she found her on a sofa, holding her foot, and looking pale.

‘I’ve sprained my ankle. That stupid high heel turned and gave me a sad wrench. It aches so, I can hardly stand, and I don’t know how I’m ever going to get home,’ she said, rocking to and fro in pain.

‘I knew you’d hurt your feet with those silly shoes. I’m sorry. But I don’t see what you can do, except get a carriage, or stay here all night,’ answered Jo, softly rubbing the poor ankle as she spoke.

‘I can’t have a carriage without its costing ever so much. I dare say I can’t get one at all, for most people come in their own, and it’s a long way to the stable, and no one to send.’ ‘I’ll go.’

‘No, indeed! It’s past nine, and dark as Egypt. I can’t stop here, for the house is full. Sallie has some girls staying with her. I’ll rest till Hannah comes, and then do the best I can.’

‘I’ll ask Laurie. He will go,’ said Jo,’ looking relieved as the idea occurred to her.

‘Mercy, no! Don’t ask or tell anyone. Get me my rubbers, and put these slippers with our things. I can’t dance anymore, but as soon as supper is over, watch for Hannah and tell me the minute she comes.’

‘They are going out to supper now. I’ll stay with you.

I’d rather.’

‘No, dear, run along, and bring me some coffee. I’m so tired I can’t stir.’

So Meg reclined, with rubbers well hidden, and Jo went blundering away to the dining room, which she found after going into a china closet, and opening the door of a room where old Mr. Gardiner was taking a little private refreshment. Making a dart at the table, she secured the coffee, which she immediately spilled, thereby making the front of her dress as bad as the back.

‘Oh, dear, what a blunderbuss I am!’ exclaimed Jo, finishing Meg’s glove by scrubbing her gown with it.

‘Can I help you?’ said a friendly voice. And there was Laurie, with a full cup in one hand and a plate of ice in the other.

‘I was trying to get something for Meg, who is very tired, and someone shook me, and here I am in a nice state,’ answered Jo, glancing dismally from the stained skirt to the coffee-colored glove.

‘Too bad! I was looking for someone to give this to.

May I take it to your sister?’

‘Oh, thank you! I’ll show you where she is. I don’t offer to take it myself, for I should only get into another scrape if I did.’

Jo led the way, and as if used to waiting on ladies, Laurie drew up a little table, brought a second installment of coffee and ice for Jo, and was so obliging that even particular Meg pronounced him a ‘nice boy’. They had a merry time over the bonbons and mottoes, and were in the midst of a quiet game of BUZZ, with two or three other young people who had strayed in, when Hannah appeared. Meg forgot her foot and rose so quickly that she was forced to catch hold of Jo, with an exclamation of pain.

‘Hush! Don’t say anything,’ she whispered, adding aloud, ‘It’s nothing. I turned my foot a little, that’s all,’ and limped upstairs to put her things on. Hannah scolded, Meg cried, and Jo was at her wits’ end, till she decided to take things into her own hands. Slipping out, she ran down and, finding a servant, asked if he could get her a carriage. It happened to be a hired waiter who knew nothing about the neighborhood and Jo was looking round for help when Laurie, who had heard what she said,

came up and offered his grandfather’s carriage, which had just come for him, he said.

‘It’s so early! You can’t mean to go yet?’ began Jo, looking relieved but hesitating to accept the offer.

‘I always go early, I do, truly! Please let me take you home. It’s all on my way, you know, and it rains, they say.’

That settled it, and telling him of Meg’s mishap, Jo gratefully accepted and rushed up to bring down the rest of the party. Hannah hated rain as much as a cat does so she made no trouble, and they rolled away in the luxurious close carriage, feeling very festive and elegant. Laurie went on the box so Meg could keep her foot up, and the girls talked over their party in freedom.

‘I had a capital time. Did you?’ asked Jo, rumpling up her hair, and making herself comfortable.

‘Yes, till I hurt myself. Sallie’s friend, Annie Moffat, took a fancy to me, and asked me to come and spend a week with her when Sallie does. She is going in the spring when the opera comes, and it will be perfectly splendid, if Mother only lets me go,’ answered Meg, cheering up at the thought.

‘I saw you dancing with the red headed man I ran away from. Was he nice?’

‘Oh. very! His hair is auburn, not red, and he was very polite, and I had a delicious redowa with him.’

‘He looked like a grasshopper in a fit when he did the new step. Laurie and I couldn’t help laughing. Did you hear us?’

‘No, but it was very rude. What were you about all that time, hidden away there?’

Jo told her adventures, and by the time she had finished they were at home. With many thanks, they said good night and crept in, hoping to disturb no one, but the instant their door creaked, two little nightcaps bobbed up, and two sleepy but eager voices cried out...

‘Tell about the party! Tell about the party!’

With what Meg called ‘a great want of manners’ Jo had saved some bonbons for the little girls, and they soon subsided, after hearing the most thrilling events of the evening.

‘I declare, it really seems like being a fine young lady, to come home from the party in a carriage and sit in my dressing gown with a maid to wait on me,’ said Meg, as Jo bound up her foot with arnica and brushed her hair.

‘I don’t believe fine young ladies enjoy themselves a bit more than we do, in spite of our burned hair, old gowns, one glove apiece and tight slippers that sprain our ankles

when we are silly enough to wear them,’ And I think Jo was quite right.

CHAPTER IV

‘Oh, dear, how hard it does seem to take up our packs and go on,’ sighed Meg the morning after the party, for now the holidays were over, the week of merrymaking did not fit her for going on easily with the task she never liked.

‘I wish it was Christmas or New Year’s all the time.

Wouldn’t it be fun?’ answered Jo, yawning dismally.

‘We shouldn’t enjoy ourselves half so much as we do now. But it does seem so nice to have little suppers and bouquets, and go to parties, and drive home, and read and rest, and not work. It’s like other people, you know, and I always envy girls who do such things, I’m so fond of luxury,’ said Meg, trying to decide which of two shabby gowns was the least shabby.

‘Well, we can’t have it, so don’t let us grumble but shoulder our bundles and trudge along as cheerfully as Marmee does. I’m sure Aunt March is a regular Old Man of the Sea to me, but I suppose when I’ve learned to carry her without complaining, she will tumble off, or get so light that I shan’t mind her.’

This idea tickled Jo’s fancy and put her in good spirits, but Meg didn’t brighten, for her burden, consisting of four spoiled children, seemed heavier than ever. She had not heart enough

even to make herself pretty as usual by putting on a blue neck ribbon and dressing her hair in the most becoming way.

‘Where’s the use of looking nice, when no one sees me but those cross midgets, and no one cares whether I’m pretty or not?’ she muttered, shutting her drawer with a jerk. ‘I shall have to toil and moil all my days, with only little bits of fun now and then, and get old and ugly and sour, because I’m poor and can’t enjoy my life as other girls do. It’s a shame!’

So Meg went down, wearing an injured look, and wasn’t at all agreeable at breakfast time. Everyone seemed rather out of sorts and inclined to croak.

Beth had a headache and lay on the sofa, trying to comfort herself with the cat and three kittens. Amy was fretting because her lessons were not learned, and she couldn’t find her rubbers. Jo would whistle and make a great racket getting ready.

Mrs. March was very busy trying to finish a letter, which must go at once, and Hannah had the grumps, for being up late didn’t suit her.

‘There never was such a cross family!’ cried Jo, losing her temper when she had upset an inkstand, broken both boot lacings, and sat down upon her hat.

‘You’re the crossest person in it!’ returned Amy, washing out the sum that was all wrong with the tears that had fallen on her slate.

‘Beth, if you don’t keep these horrid cats down cellar I’ll have them drowned,’ exclaimed Meg angrily as she tried to get rid of the kitten which had scrambled up her back and stuck like a burr just out of reach.

Jo laughed, Meg scolded, Beth implored, and Amy wailed because she couldn’t remember how much nine times twelve was.

‘Girls, girls, do be quiet one minute! I must get this off by the early mail, and you drive me distracted with your worry,’ cried Mrs. March, crossing out the third spoiled sentence in her letter.

There was a momentary lull, broken by Hannah, who stalked in, laid two hot turnovers on the table, and stalked out again. These turnovers were an institution, and the girls called them ‘muffs’, for they had no others and found the hot pies very comforting to their hands on cold mornings.

Hannah never forgot to make them, no matter how busy or grumpy she might be, for the walk was long and bleak. The poor things got no other lunch and were seldom home before two.

‘Cuddle your cats and get over your headache, Bethy. Goodbye, Marmee. We are a set of rascals this morning, but we’ll come home regular angels. Now then, Meg!’ And Jo tramped away, feeling that the pilgrims were not setting out as they ought to do.

They always looked back before turning the corner, for their mother was always at the window to nod and smile, and wave her hand to them. Somehow it seemed as if they couldn’t have got through the day without that, for whatever their mood might be, the last glimpse of that motherly face was sure to affect them like sunshine.

‘If Marmee shook her fist instead of kissing her hand to us, it would serve us right, for more ungrateful wretches than we are were never seen,’ cried Jo, taking a remorseful satisfaction in the snowy walk and bitter wind. ‘Don’t use such dreadful expressions,’ replied Meg from the depths of the veil in which she had shrouded herself like a nun sick of the world.

‘I like good strong words that mean something,’ replied Jo, catching her hat as it took a leap off her head preparatory to flying away altogether.

‘Call yourself any names you like, but I am neither a rascal nor a wretch and I don’t choose to be called so.’

‘You’re a blighted being, and decidedly cross today because you can’t sit in the lap of luxury all the time. Poor dear, just wait till I make my fortune, and you shall revel in carriages and ice cream and high-heeled slippers, and posies, and red-headed boys to dance with.’

‘How ridiculous you are, Jo!’ But Meg laughed at the nonsense and felt better in spite of herself.

‘Lucky for you I am, for if I put on crushed airs and tried to be dismal, as you do, we should be in a nice state. Thank goodness, I can always find something funny to keep me up. Don’t croak any more, but come home jolly, there’s a dear.’

Jo gave her sister an encouraging pat on the shoulder as they parted for the day, each going a different way, each hugging her little warm turnover, and each trying to be cheerful in spite of wintry weather, hard work, and the unsatisfied desires of pleasure-loving youth.

When Mr. March lost his property in trying to help an unfortunate friend, the two oldest girls begged to be

allowed to do something toward their own support, at least. Believing that they could not begin too early to cultivate energy, industry, and independence, their parents consented, and both

fell to work with the hearty good will which in spite of all obstacles is sure to succeed at last.

Margaret found a place as nursery governess and felt rich with her small salary. As she said, she was 'fond of luxury', and her chief trouble was poverty. She found it harder to bear than the others because she could remember a time when home was beautiful, life full of ease and pleasure, and want of any kind unknown. She tried not to be envious or discontented, but it was very natural that the young girl should long for pretty things, gay friends, accomplishments, and a happy life. At the Kings' she daily saw all she wanted, for the children's older sisters were just out, and Meg caught frequent glimpses of dainty ball dresses and bouquets, heard lively gossip about theaters, concerts, sleighing parties, and merrymakings of all kinds, and saw money lavished on trifles which would have been so precious to her. Poor Meg seldom complained, but a sense of injustice made her feel bitter toward everyone sometimes, for she had not yet learned to know how rich she was in the blessings which alone can make life happy.

Jo happened to suit Aunt March, who was lame and needed an active person to wait upon her. The childless old lady had offered to adopt one of the girls when the troubles came, and was much offended because her offer was declined. Other

friends told the Marches that they had lost all chance of being remembered in the rich old lady's will, but the unworldly Marches only said...

'We can't give up our girls for a dozen fortunes. Rich or poor, we will keep together and be happy in one another.'

The old lady wouldn't speak to them for a time, but happening to meet Jo at a friend's, something in her comical face and blunt manners struck the old lady's fancy, and she proposed to take her for a companion. This did not suit Jo at all, but she accepted the place since nothing better appeared and, to every one's surprise, got on remarkably well with her irascible relative. There was an occasional tempest, and once Jo marched home, declaring she couldn't bear it longer, but Aunt March always cleared up quickly, and sent for her to come back again with such urgency that she could not refuse, for in her heart she rather liked the peppery old lady.

I suspect that the real attraction was a large library of fine books, which was left to dust and spiders since Uncle

March died. Jo remembered the kind old gentleman, who used to let her build railroads and bridges with his big dictionaries, tell her stories about queer pictures in his Latin books, and buy her cards of gingerbread whenever he met her in the street. The dim, dusty room, with the busts staring down from the tall

bookcases, the cozy chairs, the globes, and best of all, the wilderness of books in which she could wander where she liked, made the library a region of bliss to her.

The moment Aunt March took her nap, or was busy with company, Jo hurried to this quiet place, and curling herself up in the easy chair, devoured poetry, romance, history, travels, and pictures like a regular bookworm. But, like all happiness, it did not last long, for as sure as she had just reached the heart of the story, the sweetest verse of a song, or the most perilous adventure of her traveler, a shrill voice called, 'Josy-phine! Josy-phine! and she had to leave her paradise to wind yarn, wash the poodle, or read Belsham's Essays by the hour together.

Jo's ambition was to do something very splendid. What it was, she had no idea as yet, but left it for time to tell her, and meanwhile, found her greatest affliction in the fact that she couldn't read, run, and ride as much as she liked. A quick temper, sharp tongue, and restless spirit

were always getting her into scrapes, and her life was a series of ups and downs, which were both comic and pathetic. But the training she received at Aunt March's was just what she needed, and the thought that she was doing something to support herself made her happy in spite of the perpetual 'Josy-phine!'

Beth was too bashful to go to school. It had been tried, but she suffered so much that it was given up, and she did her lessons at home with her father. Even when he went away, and her mother was called to devote her skill and energy to Soldiers' Aid Societies, Beth went faithfully on by herself and did the best she could. She was a housewifely little creature, and helped Hannah keep home neat and comfortable for the workers, never thinking of any reward but to be loved. Long, quiet days she spent, not lonely nor idle, for her little world was peopled with imaginary friends, and she was by nature a busy bee. There were six dolls to be taken up and dressed every morning, for Beth was a child still and loved her pets as well as ever. Not one whole or handsome one among them, all were outcasts till Beth took them in, for when her sisters outgrew these idols, they passed to her because Amy would have nothing old or ugly. Beth cherished them all the more tenderly for that very reason, and set up a

hospital for infirm dolls. No pins were ever stuck into their cotton vitals, no harsh words or blows were ever given them, no neglect ever saddened the heart or the most repulsive, but all were fed and clothed, nursed and caressed with an affection which never failed. One forlorn fragment of dollanity had belonged to Jo and, having led a tempestuous life, was left a wreck in the rag bag, from which dreary poorhouse it was

rescued by Beth and taken to her refuge. Having no top to its head, she tied on a neat little cap, and as both arms and legs were gone, she hid these deficiencies by folding it in a blanket and devoting her best bed to this chronic invalid. If anyone had known the care lavished on that dolly, I think it would have touched their hearts, even while they laughed. She brought it bits of bouquets, she read to it, took it out to breathe fresh air, hidden under her coat, she sang it lullabies and never went to be without kissing its dirty face and whispering tenderly, 'I hope you'll have a good night, my poor dear.'

Beth had her troubles as well as the others, and not being an angel but a very human little girl, she often 'wept a little weep' as Jo said, because she couldn't take music lessons and have a fine piano. She loved music so dearly, tried so hard to learn, and practiced away so patiently at

the jingling old instrument, that it did seem as if someone (not to hint Aunt March) ought to help her. Nobody did, however, and nobody saw Beth wipe the tears off the yellow keys, that wouldn't keep in tune, when she was all alone. She sang like a little lark about her work, never was too tired for Marmee and the girls, and day after day said hopefully to herself, 'I know I'll get my music some time, if I'm good.'

There are many Beths in the world, shy and quiet, sitting in corners till needed, and living for others so cheerfully that no one sees the sacrifices till the little cricket on the hearth stops chirping, and the sweet, sunshiny presence vanishes, leaving silence and shadow behind.

If anybody had asked Amy what the greatest trial of her life was, she would have answered at once, 'My nose.' When she was a baby, Jo had accidentally dropped her into the coal hod, and Amy insisted that the fall had ruined her nose forever. It was not big nor red, like poor 'Petrea's', it was only rather flat, and all the pinching in the world could not give it an aristocratic point. No one minded it but herself, and it was doing its best to grow, but Amy felt deeply the want of a Grecian nose, and drew whole sheets of handsome ones to console herself.

'Little Raphael,' as her sisters called her, had a decided talent for drawing, and was never so happy as when copying flowers, designing fairies, or illustrating stories with queer specimens of art. Her teachers complained that instead of doing her sums she covered her slate with animals, the blank pages of her atlas were used to copy maps on, and caricatures of the most ludicrous description came fluttering out of all her books at unlucky moments. She got through her lessons as well as she could, and managed to escape reprimands by being a model of

deportment. She was a great favorite with her mates, being good-tempered and possessing the happy art of pleasing without effort. Her little airs and graces were much admired, so were her accomplishments, for besides her drawing, she could play twelve tunes, crochet, and read French without mispronouncing more than two-thirds of the words. She had a plaintive way of saying, 'When Papa was rich we did so-and-so,' which was very touching, and her long words were considered 'perfectly elegant' by the girls.

Amy was in a fair way to be spoiled, for everyone petted her, and her small vanities and selfishnesses were growing nicely. One thing, however, rather quenched the vanities. She had to wear her cousin's clothes. Now

Florence's mama hadn't a particle of taste, and Amy suffered deeply at having to wear a red instead of a blue bonnet, unbecoming gowns, and fussy aprons that did not fit. Everything was good, well made, and little worn, but Amy's artistic eyes were much afflicted, especially this winter, when her school dress was a dull purple with yellow dots and no trimming.

'My only comfort,' she said to Meg, with tears in her eyes, 'is that Mother doesn't take tucks in my dresses whenever I'm naughty, as Maria Parks's mother does. My dear, it's really

dreadful, for sometimes she is so bad her frock is up to her knees, and she can't come to school. When I think of this deggerredation, I fell that I can bear even my flat nose and purple gown with yellow skyrockets on it.'

Meg was Amy's confidante and monitor, and by some strange attraction of opposites Jo was gentle Beth's. To Jo alone did the shy child tell her thoughts, and over her big harum-scarum sister Beth unconsciously exercised more influence than anyone in the family. The two older girls were a great deal to one another, but each took one of the younger sisters into her keeping and watched over her in her own way, 'playing mother' they called it, and put their

sisters in the places of discarded dolls with the maternal instinct of litte women.

'Has anybody got anything to tell? It's been such a dismal day I'm really dying for some amusement,' said Meg, as they sat sewing together that evening.

'I had a queer time with Aunt today, and, as I got the best of it, I'll tell you about it,' began Jo, who dearly loved to tell stories. 'I was reading that everlasting Belsham, and droning away as I always do, for Aunt soon drops off, and then I take out some nice book, and read like fury till she wakes up. I actually made myself sleepy, and before she began to nod, I gave such a gape

that she asked me what I meant by opening my mouth wide enough to take the whole book in at once.

‘I wish I could, and be done with it,’ said I, trying not to be saucy.

‘Then she gave me a long lecture on my sins, and told me to sit and think them over while she just ‘lost’ herself for a moment. She never finds herself very soon, so the minute her cap began to bob like a top-heavy dahlia, I whipped the VICAR OF WAKEFIELD out of my pocket, and read away, with one eye on him and one on Aunt. I’d just got to where they all tumbled into the water when I forgot and laughed out loud. Aunt woke up and,

being more good-natured after her nap, told me to read a bit and show what frivolous work I preferred to the worthy and instructive Belsham. I did my very best, and she liked it, though she only said...

‘I don’t understand what it’s all about. Go back and begin it, child.’

‘Back I went, and made the Primroses as interesting as ever I could. Once I was wicked enough to stop in a thrilling place, and say meekly, ‘I’m afraid it tires you, ma’am. Shan’t I stop now?’

‘She caught up her knitting, which had dropped out of her hands, gave me a sharp look through her specs, and said, in her short way, ‘Finish the chapter, and don’t be impertinent, miss’.

‘Did she own she liked it?’ asked Meg.

‘Oh, bless you, no! But she let old Belsham rest, and when I ran back after my gloves this afternoon, there she was, so hard at the Vicar that she didn’t hear me laugh as I danced a jig in the hall because of the good time coming. What a pleasant life she might have if only she chose! I don’t envy her much, in spite of her money, for after all rich people have about as many worries as poor ones, I think,’ added Jo.

‘That reminds me,’ said Meg, ‘that I’ve got something to tell. It isn’t funny, like Jo’s story, but I thought about it a good deal as I came home. At the Kings’ today I found everybody in a flurry, and one of the children said that her oldest brother had done something dreadful, and Papa had sent him away. I heard Mrs. King crying and Mr. King talking very loud, and Grace and Ellen turned away their faces when they passed me, so I shouldn’t see how red and swollen their eyes were. I didn’t ask any questions, of course, but I felt so sorry for them and was rather glad I hadn’t any wild brothers to do wicked things and disgrace the family.’

‘I think being disgraced in school is a great deal tryinger than anything bad boys can do,’ said Amy, shaking her head, as if her experience of life had been a deep one. ‘Susie Perkins came to school today with a lovely red carnelian ring. I wanted it dreadfully, and wished I was her with all my might. Well, she drew a picture of Mr. Davis, with a monstrous nose and a hump, and the words, ‘Young ladies, my eye is upon you!’ coming out of his mouth in a balloon thing. We were laughing over it when all of a sudden his eye was on us, and he ordered Susie to bring up her slate. She was parrylized with fright, but she went, and oh, what do you think he did? He took her by

the ear—the ear! Just fancy how horrid!—and led her to the recitation platform, and made her stand there half an hour, holding the slate so everyone could see.’

‘Didn’t the girls laugh at the picture?’ asked Jo, who relished the scrape.

‘Laugh? Not one! They sat still as mice, and Susie cried quarts, I know she did. I didn’t envy her then, for I felt that millions of carnelian rings wouldn’t have made me happy after that. I never, never should have got over such a agonizing mortification.’ And Amy went on with her work, in the proud consciousness of virtue and the successful utterance of two long words in a breath.

‘I saw something I liked this morning, and I meant to tell it at dinner, but I forgot,’ said Beth, putting Jo’s topsy-turvy basket in order as she talked. ‘When I went to get some oysters for Hannah, Mr. Laurence was in the fish shop, but he didn’t see me, for I kept behind the fish barrel, and he was busy with Mr. Cutter the fishman. A poor woman came in with a pail and a mop, and asked Mr. Cutter if he would let her do some scrubbing for a bit of fish, because she hadn’t any dinner for her children, and had been disappointed of a day’s work. Mr. Cutter was in a hurry and said ‘No’, rather crossly, so she was going away, looking hungry and sorry, when Mr.

Laurence hooked up a big fish with the crooked end of his cane and held it out to her. She was so glad and surprised she took it right into her arms, and thanked him over and over. He told her to ‘go along and cook it’, and she hurried off, so happy! Wasn’t it good of him? Oh, she did look so funny, hugging the big, slippery fish, and hoping Mr. Laurence’s bed in heaven would be ‘aisy’.

When they had laughed at Beth’s story, they asked their mother for one, and after a moment’s thought, she said soberly, ‘As I sat cutting out blue flannel jackets today at the rooms, I felt very anxious about Father, and thought how lonely and helpless we should be, if anything happened to him. It was not a wise

thing to do, but I kept on worrying till an old man came in with an order for some clothes. He sat down near me, and I began to talk to him, for he looked poor and tired and anxious.

“Have you sons in the army?” I asked, for the note he brought was not to me. ‘Yes, ma’am. I had four, but two were killed, one is a prisoner, and I’m going to the other, who is very sick in a Washington hospital.’ he answered quietly.

“You have done a great deal for your country, sir, ‘ I said, feeling respect now, instead of pity.

“Not a mite more than I ought, ma’am. I’d go myself, if I was any use. As I ain’t, I give my boys, and give ‘em free.’

‘He spoke so cheerfully, looked so sincere, and seemed so glad to give his all, that I was ashamed of myself. I’d given one man and thought it too much, while he gave four without grudging them. I had all my girls to comfort me at home, and his last son was waiting, miles away, to say good-by to him, perhaps! I felt so rich, so happy thinking of my blessings, that I made him a nice bundle, gave him some money, and thanked him heartily for the lesson he had taught me.’

‘Tell another story, Mother, one with a moral to it, like this. I like to think about them afterward, if they are real and not too preachy,’ said Jo, after a minute’s silence.

Mrs. March smiled and began at once, for she had told stories to this little audience for many years, and knew how to please them.

‘Once upon a time, there were four girls, who had enough to eat and drink and wear, a good many comforts and pleasures, kind friends and parents who loved them dearly, and yet they were not contented.’ (Here the listeners stole sly looks at one another, and began to sew diligently.) ‘These girls were anxious to be good and made

many excellent resolutions, but they did not keep them very well, and were constantly saying, ‘If only we had this, ‘ or ‘If we could only do that, ‘ quite forgetting how much they already had, and how many things they actually could do. So they asked an old woman what spell they could use to make them happy, and she said, ‘When you feel discontented, think over your blessings, and be grateful.’ (Here Jo looked up quickly, as if about to speak, but changed her mind, seeing that the story was not done yet.)

‘Being sensible girls, they decided to try her advice, and soon were surprised to see how well off they were. One discovered that money couldn’t keep shame and sorrow out of rich people’s houses, another that, though she was poor, she was a great deal happier, with her youth, health, and good spirits, than a

certain fretful, feeble old lady who couldn't enjoy her comforts, a third that, disagreeable as it was to help get dinner, it was harder still to go begging for it and the fourth, that even carnelian rings were not so valuable as good behavior. So they agreed to stop complaining, to enjoy the blessings already possessed, and try to deserve them, lest they should be taken away entirely, instead of increased, and I believe they were

never disappointed or sorry that they took the old woman's advice.'

'Now, Marmee, that is very cunning of you to turn our own stories against us, and give us a sermon instead of a romance!' cried Meg. 'I like that kind of sermon. It's the sort Father used to tell us,' said Beth thoughtfully, putting the needles straight on Jo's cushion.

'I don't complain near as much as the others do, and I shall be more careful than ever now, for I've had warning from Susie's downfall,' said Amy morally.

'We needed that lesson, and we won't forget it. If we do so, you just say to us, as old Chloe did in UNCLE TOM, 'Tink ob yer marcies, chillen! 'Tink ob yer marcies!'" added Jo, who could not, for the life of her, help getting a morsel of fun out of the little sermon, though she took it to heart as much as any of them.

CHAPTER V

‘What in the world are you going to do now, Jo.’ asked Meg one snowy afternoon, as her sister came tramping through the hall, in rubber boots, old sack, and hood, with a broom in one hand and a shovel in the other.

‘Going out for exercise,’ answered Jo with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

‘I should think two long walks this morning would have been enough! It’s cold and dull out, and I advise you to stay warm and dry by the fire, as I do,’ said Meg with a shiver.

‘Never take advice! Can’t keep still all day, and not being a pussycat, I don’t like to doze by the fire. I like adventures, and I’m going to find some.’

Meg went back to toast her feet and read IVANHOE, and Jo began to dig paths with great energy. The snow was light, and with her broom she soon swept a path all round the garden, for Beth to walk in when the sun came out and the invalid dolls needed air. Now, the garden separated the Marches’ house from that of Mr. Laurence. Both stood in a suburb of the city, which was still countrylike, with groves and lawns, large gardens, and

quiet streets. A low hedge parted the two estates. On one side was an old, brown house, looking rather bare and shabby, robbed of the vines that in summer covered its walls and the flowers, which then surrounded it. On the other side was a stately stone mansion, plainly betokening every sort of comfort and luxury, from the big coach house and well-kept grounds to the conservatory and the glimpses of lovely things one caught between the rich curtains.

Yet it seemed a lonely, lifeless sort of house, for no children frolicked on the lawn, no motherly face ever smiled at the windows, and few people went in and out, except the old gentleman and his grandson.

To Jo's lively fancy, this fine house seemed a kind of enchanted palace, full of splendors and delights which no one enjoyed. She had long wanted to behold these hidden glories, and to know the Laurence boy, who looked as if he would like to be known, if he only knew how to begin. Since the party, she had been more eager than ever, and had planned many ways of making friends with him, but he had not been seen lately, and Jo began to think he had gone away, when she one day spied a brown face at an upper window, looking wistfully down into their

garden, where Beth and Amy were snow-balling one another.

‘That boy is suffering for society and fun,’ she said to herself.

‘His grandpa does not know what’s good for him, and keeps him shut up all alone. He needs a party of jolly boys to play with, or somebody young and lively. I’ve a great mind to go over and tell the old gentleman so!’

The idea amused Jo, who liked to do daring things and was always scandalizing Meg by her queer performances. The plan of ‘going over’ was not forgotten. And when the snowy afternoon came, Jo resolved to try what could be done. She saw Mr. Lawrence drive off, and then sallied out to dig her way down to the hedge, where she paused and took a survey. All quiet, curtains down at the lower windows, servants out of sight, and nothing human visible but a curly black head leaning on a thin hand at the upper window.

‘There he is,’ thought Jo, ‘Poor boy! All alone and sick this dismal day. It’s a shame! I’ll toss up a snowball and make him look out, and then say a kind word to him.’

Up went a handful of soft snow, and the head turned at once, showing a face which lost its listless look in a minute, as the big eyes brightened and the mouth began

to smile. Jo nodded and laughed, and flourished her broom as she called out...

‘How do you do? Are you sick?’

Laurie opened the window, and croaked out as hoarsely as a raven...

‘Better, thank you. I’ve had a bad cold, and been shut up a week.’

‘I’m sorry. What do you amuse yourself with?’ ‘Nothing. It’s dull as tombs up here.’

‘Don’t you read?’

‘Not much. They won’t let me.’ ‘Can’t somebody read to you?’

‘Grandpa does sometimes, but my books don’t interest him, and I hate to ask Brooke all the time.’

‘Have someone come and see you then.’

‘There isn’t anyone I’d like to see. Boys make such a row, and my head is weak.’

‘Isn’t there some nice girl who’d read and amuse you?’

Girls are quiet and like to play nurse.’ ‘Don’t know any.’

‘You know us,’ began Jo, then laughed and stopped. ‘So I do! Will you come, please?’ cried Laurie.

‘I’m not quiet and nice, but I’ll come, if Mother will let me. I’ll go ask her. Shut the window, like a good boy, and wait till I come.’

With that, Jo shouldered her broom and marched into the house, wondering what they would all say to her. Laurie was in a flutter of excitement at the idea of having company, and flew about to get ready, for as Mrs. March said, he was 'a little gentleman'. and did honor to the coming guest by brushing his curly pate, putting on a fresh color, and trying tidy up the room, which in spite of half a dozen servants, was anything but neat. Presently there came a loud ring, than a decided voice, asking for 'Mr. laurie', and a surprised- looking servant came running up to announce a young lady.

'All right, show her up, it's Miss Jo,' said Laurie, going to the door of his little parlor to meet Jo, who appeared, looking rosy and quite at her ease, with a covered dish in one hand and Beth's three kittens in the other.

'Here I am, bag and baggage,' she said briskly. 'Mother sent her love, and was glad if I could do anything for you. Meg wanted me to bring some of her blancmange, she makes it very nicely, and Beth thought her cats would be comforting. I knew you'd laugh at them, but I couldn't refuse, she was so anxious to do something.'

It so happened that Beth's funny loan was just the thing, for in laughing over the kits, Laurie forgot his bashfulness, and grew sociable at once.

‘That looks too pretty to eat,’ he said, smiling with pleasure, as Jo uncovered the dish, and showed the blancmange, surrounded by a garland of green leaves, and the scarlet flowers of Amy’s pet geranium.

‘It isn’t anything, only they all felt kindly and wanted to show it. Tell the girl to put it away for your tea. It’s so simple you can eat it, and being soft, it will slip down without hurting your sore throat. What a cozy room this is!’

‘It might be it it was kept nice, but the maids are lazy, and I don’t know how to make them mind. It worries me though.’

‘I’ll right it up in two minutes, for it only needs to have the hearth brushed, so—and the things made straight on the mantelpiece, so—and the books put here, and the bottles there, and your sofa turned from the light, and the pillows plumped up a bit. Now then, you’re fixed.’

And so he was, for, as she laughed and talked, Jo had whisked things into place and given quite a different air to the room. Laurie watched her in respectful silence, and

when she beckoned him to his sofa, he sat down with a sigh of satisfaction, saying gratefully...

‘How kind you are! Yes, that’s what it wanted. Now please take the big chair and let me do something to amuse my company.’

‘No, I came to amuse you. Shall I read aloud?’ and Jo looked affectionately toward some inviting books near by.

‘Thank you! I’ve read all those, and if you don’t mind, I’d rather talk,’ answered Laurie.

‘Not a bit. I’ll talk all day if you’ll only set me going.

Beth says I never know when to stop.’

‘Is Beth the rosy one, who stays at home good deal and sometimes goes out with a little basket?’ asked Laurie with interest.

‘Yes, that’s Beth. She’s my girl, and a regular good one she is, too.’

‘The pretty one is Meg, and the curly-haired one is Amy, I believe?’

Laurie colored up, but answered frankly, ‘Why, you see I often hear you calling to one another, and when I’m alone up here, I can’t help looking over at your house, you always seem to be having such good times. I beg your pardon for being so rude, but sometimes you forget to put down the curtain at the window where the flowers are.

And when the lamps are lighted, it’s like looking at a picture to see the fire, and you all around the table with your mother. Her

face is right opposite, and it looks so sweet behind the flowers, I can't help watching it. I haven't got any mother, you know.' And Laurie poked the fire to hide a little twitching of the lips that he could not control.

The solitary, hungry look in his eyes went straight to Jo's warm heart. she had been so simply taught that there was no nonsense in her head, and at fifteen she was as innocent and frank as any child. Laurie was sick and lonely, and feeling how rich she was in home and happiness, she gladly tried to share it with him. Her face was very friendly and her sharp voice unusually gentle as she said...

'We'll never draw that curtain any more, and I give you leave to look as much as you like. I just wish, though, instead of peeping, you'd come over and see us. Mother is so splendid, she'd do you heaps of good, and Beth would sing to you if I begged her to, and Amy would dance. Meg and I would make you laugh over our funny stage properties, and we'd have jolly times. Wouldn't your grandpa let you?'

'I think he would, if your mother asked him. He's very kind, though he does not look so, and he lets me do what I like, pretty much, only he's afraid I might be a bother to strangers,' began Laurie, brightening more and more.

‘We are not strangers, we are neighbors, and you needn’t think you’d be a bother. We want to know you, and I’ve been trying to do it this ever so long. We haven’t been here a great while, you know, but we have got acquainted with all our neighbors but you.’

‘You see, Grandpa lives among his books, and doesn’t mind much what happens outside. Mr. Brooke, my tutor, doesn’t stay here, you know, and I have no one to go about with me, so I just stop at home and get on as I can.’

‘That’s bad. You ought to make an effort and go visiting everywhere you are asked, then you’ll have plenty of friends, and pleasant places to go to. Never mind being bashful. It won’t last long if you keep going.’

Laurie turned red again, but wasn’t offended at being accused of bashfulness, for there was so much good will in Jo it was impossible not to take her blunt speeches as kindly as they were meant.

‘Do you like your school?’ asked the boy, changing the subject, after a little pause, during which he stared at the fire and Jo looked about her, well pleased.

‘Don’t go to school, I’m a businessman—girl, I mean. I go to wait on my great-aunt, and a dear, cross old soul she is, too,’ answered Jo.

Laurie opened his mouth to ask another question, but remembering just in time that it wasn’t manners to make too many inquiries into people’s affairs, he shut it again, and looked uncomfortable.

Jo liked his good breeding, and didn’t mind having a laugh at Aunt March, so she gave him a lively description of the fidgety old lady, her fat poodle, the parrot that talked Spanish, and the library where she reveled.

Laurie enjoyed that immensely, and when she told about the prim old gentleman who came once to woo Aunt March, and in the middle of a fine speech, how Poll had tweaked his wig off to his great dismay, the boy lay back and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and a maid popped her head in to see what was the matter.

‘Oh! That does me no end of good. Tell on, please,’ he said, taking his face out of the sofa cushion, red and shining with merriment.

Much elated with her success, Jo did ‘tell on’, all about their plays and plans, their hopes and fears for Father, and the most interesting events of the little world in which the sisters lived. Then they got to talking about books, and to

Jo's delight, she found that Laurie loved them as well as she did, and had read even more than herself.

'If you like them so much, come down and see ours.

Grandfather is out, so you needn't be afraid,' said Laurie, getting up.

'I'm not afraid of anything,' returned Jo, with a toss of the head.

'I don't believe you are!' exclaimed the boy, looking at her with much admiration, though he privately thought she would have good reason to be a trifle afraid of the old gentleman, if she met him in some of his moods.

The atmosphere of the whole house being summerlike, Laurie led the way from room to room, letting Jo stop to examine whatever struck her fancy. And so, at last they came to the library, where she clapped her hands and pranced, as she always did when especially delighted. It was lined with books, and there were pictures and statues, and distracting little cabinets full of coins and curiosities, and Sleepy Hollow chairs, and queer tables, and bronzes, and best of all, a great open fireplace with quaint tiles all round it.

'What richness!' sighed Jo, sinking into the depth of a velvet chair and gazing about her with an air of intense

satisfaction. 'Theodore Laurence, you ought to be the happiest boy in the world,' she added impressively.

'A fellow can't live on books,' said Laurie, shaking his head as he perched on a table opposite.

Before he could more, a bell rang, and Jo flew up, exclaiming with alarm, 'Mercy me! It's your grandpa!'

'Well, what if it is? You are not afraid of anything, you know,' returned the boy, looking wicked.

'I think I am a little bit afraid of him, but I don't know why I should be. Marmee said I might come, and I don't think you're any the worse for it,' said Jo, composing herself, though she kept her eyes on the door.

'I'm a great deal better for it, and ever so much obliged. I'm only afraid you are very tired of talking to me. It was so pleasant, I couldn't bear to stop,' said Laurie gratefully.

'The doctor to see you, sir,' and the maid beckoned as she spoke.

'Would you mind if I left you for a minute? I suppose I must see him,' said Laurie.

'Don't mind me. I'm happy as a cricket here,' answered Jo.

Laurie went away, and his guest amused herself in her

own way. She was standing before a fine portrait of the

old gentleman when the door opened again, and without turning, she said decidedly, 'I'm sure now that I shouldn't be afraid of him, for he's got kind eyes, though his mouth is grim, and he looks as if he had a tremendous will of his own. He isn't as handsome as my grandfather, but I like him.'

'Thank you, ma'am,' said a gruff voice behind her, and there, to her great dismay, stood old Mr. Laurence.

Poor Jo blushed till she couldn't blush any redder, and her heart began to beat uncomfortably fast as she thought what she had said. For a minute a wild desire to run away possessed her, but that was cowardly, and the girls would laugh at her, so she resolved to stay and get out of the scrape as she could. A second look showed her that the living eyes, under the bushy eyebrows, were kinder even than the painted ones, and there was a sly twinkle in them, which lessened her fear a good deal. The gruff voice was gruffer than ever, as the old gentleman said abruptly, after the dreadful pause, 'So you're not afraid of me, hey?'

'Not much, sir.'

'And you don't think me as handsome as your grandfather?'

'Not quite, sir.'

‘And I’ve got a tremendous will, have I?’

‘I only said I thought so.’

‘But you like me in spite of it?’ ‘Yes, I do, sir.’

That answer pleased the old gentleman. He gave a short laugh, shook hands with her, and, putting his finger under her chin, turned up her face, examined it gravely, and let it go, saying with a nod, ‘You’ve got your grandfather’s spirit, if you haven’t his face. He was a fine man, my dear, but what is better, he was a brave and an honest one, and I was proud to be his friend.’

‘Thank you, sir,’ And Jo was quite comfortable after that, for it suited her exactly.

‘What have you been doing to this boy of mine, hey?’ was the next question, sharply put.

‘Only trying to be neighborly, sir.’ And Jo told how her visit came about.

‘You think he needs cheering up a bit, do you?’

‘Yes, sir, he seems a little lonely, and young folks would do him good perhaps. We are only girls, but we should be glad to help if we could, for we don’t forget the splendid Christmas present you sent us,’ said Jo eagerly.

‘Tut, tut, tut! That was the boy’s affair. How is the poor woman?’

‘Doing nicely, sir.’ And off went Jo, talking very fast, as she told all about the Hummels, in whom her mother had interested richer friends than they were.

‘Just her father’s way of doing good. I shall come and see your mother some fine day. Tell her so. There’s the tea bell, we have it early on the boy’s account. Come down and go on being neighborly.’

‘If you’d like to have me, sir.’

‘Shouldn’t ask you, if I didn’t.’ And Mr. Laurence offered her his arm with old-fashioned courtesy.

‘What would Meg say to this?’ thought Jo, as she was marched away, while her eyes danced with fun as she imagined herself telling the story at home.

‘Hey! Why, what the dickens has come to the fellow?’ said the old gentleman, as Laurie came running downstairs and brought up with a start of surprise at the astounding sight of Jo arm in arm with his redoubtable grandfather.

‘I didn’t know you’d come, sir,’ he began, as Jo gave him a triumphant little glance.

‘That’s evident, by the way you racket downstairs. Come to your tea, sir, and behave like a gentleman.’ And having pulled the

boy's hair by way of a caress, Mr. Laurence walked on, while Laurie went through a series of

comic evolutions behind their backs, which nearly produced an explosion of laughter from Jo.

The old gentleman did not say much as he drank his four cups of tea, but he watched the young people, who soon chatted away like old friends, and the change in his grandson did not escape him. There was color, light, and life in the boy's face now, vivacity in his manner, and genuine merriment in his laugh.

'She's right, the lad is lonely. I'll see what these little girls can do for him,' thought Mr. Laurence, as he looked and listened. He liked Jo, for her odd, blunt ways suited him, and she seemed to understand the boy almost as well as if she had been one herself.

If the Laurences had been what Jo called 'prim and poky', she would not have got on at all, for such people always made her shy and awkward. But finding them free and easy, she was so herself, and made a good impression. When they rose she proposed to go, but Laurie said he had something more to show her, and took her away to the conservatory, which had been lighted for her benefit. It seemed quite fairylike to Jo, as she went up and down the walks, enjoying the blooming walls on

either side, the soft light, the damp sweet air, and the wonderful vines and trees that hung about her, while her new friend cut the

finest flowers till his hands were full. Then he tied them up, saying, with the happy look Jo liked to see, 'Please give these to your mother, and tell her I like the medicine she sent me very much.'

They found Mr. Laurence standing before the fire in the great drawing room, by Jo's attention was entirely absorbed by a grand piano, which stood open.

'Do you play?' she asked, turning to Laurie with a respectful expression.

'Sometimes,' he answered modestly.

'Please do now. I want to hear it, so I can tell Beth.' 'Won't you first?'

'Don't know how. Too stupid to learn, but I love music dearly.'

So Laurie played and Jo listened, with her nose luxuriously buried in heliotrope and tea roses. Her respect and regard for the 'Laurence' boy increased very much, for he played remarkably well and didn't put on any airs. She wished Beth could hear him, but she did not say so, only praised him till he was quite abashed, and his grandfather came to his rescue.

‘That will do, that will do, young lady. too many sugarplums are not good for him. His music isn’t bad, but I hope he will do as well in more important things.

Going? well, I’m much obliged to you, and I hope you’ll come again. My respects to your mother. Good night, Doctor Jo.’

He shook hands kindly, but looked as if something did not please him. When they got into the hall, Jo asked Laurie if she had said something amiss. He shook his head.

‘No, it was me. He doesn’t like to hear me play.’ ‘Why not?’

‘I’ll tell you some day. John is going home with you, as I can’t.’

‘No need of that. I am not a young lady, and it’s only a step. Take care of yourself, won’t you?’

‘Yes, but you will come again, I hope?’

‘If you promise to come and see us after you are well.’ ‘I will.’

‘Good night, Laurie!’ ‘Good night, Jo, good night!’

When all the afternoon’s adventures had been told, the family felt inclined to go visiting in a body, for each found something very attractive in the big house on the other side of the hedge. Mrs. March wanted to talk of her father with the old man who had not forgotten him, Meg longed to walk in the conservatory,

Beth sighed for the grand piano. and Amy was eager to see the fine pictures and statues.

‘Mother, why didn’t Mr. Laurence like to have Laurie play?’ asked Jo, who was of an inquiring disposition.

‘I am not sure, but I think it was because his son, Laurie’s father, married an Italian lady, a musician, which displeased the old man, who is very proud. The lady was good and lovely and accomplished, but he did not like her, and never saw his son after he married. They both died when Laurie was a little child, and then his grandfather took him home. I fancy the boy, who was born in Italy, is not very strong, and the old man is afraid of losing him, which makes him so careful. Laurie comes naturally by his love of music, for he is like his mother, and I dare say his grandfather fears that he may want to be a musician. At any rate, his skill reminds him of the woman he did not like, and so he ‘glowered’ as Jo said.’

‘Dear me, how romantic!’ exclaimed Meg.

‘How silly!’ said Jo. ‘Let him be a musician if he wants to, and not plague his life out sending him to college, when he hates to go.’

‘That’s why he has such handsome black eyes and pretty manners, I suppose. Italians are always nice,’ said Meg, who was a little sentimental.

‘What do you know about his eyes and his manners? You never spoke to him, hardly,’ cried Jo, who was not sentimental.

‘I saw him at the party, and what you tell shows that he knows how to behave. That was a nice little speech about the medicine Mother sent him.’

‘He meant the blanc mange, I suppose.’ ‘How stupid you are, child! He meant you, of course.’

‘Did he?’ And Jo opened her eyes as if it had never occurred to her before.

‘I never saw such a girl! You don’t know a compliment when you get it,’ said Meg, with the air of a young lady who knew all about the matter.

‘I think they are great nonsense, and I’ll thank you not to be silly and spoil my fun. Laurie’s a nice boy and I like him, and I won’t have any sentimental stuff about compliments and such rubbish. We’ll all be good to him because he hasn’t got any mother, and he may come over and see us, mayn’t he, Marmee?’

‘Yes, Jo, your little friend is very welcome, and I hope Meg will remember that children should be children as long as they can.’

‘I don’t call myself a child, and I’m not in my teens yet,’ observed Amy. ‘What do you say, Beth?’

‘I was thinking about our ‘PILGRIM’S PROGRESS’,’ answered Beth, who had not heard a word. ‘How we got out of the Slough and through the Wicket Gate by resolving to be good, and up the steep hill by trying, and that maybe the house over there, full of splendid things, is going to be our Palace Beautiful.’

‘We have got to get by the lions first,’ said Jo, as if she rather liked the prospect.

CHAPTER VI

The big house did prove a Palace Beautiful, though it took some time for all to get in, and Beth found it very hard to pass the lions. Old Mr. Laurence was the biggest one, but after he had called, said something funny or kind to each one of the girls, and talked over old times with their mother, nobody felt much afraid of him, except timid Beth. The other lion was the fact that they were poor and Laurie rich, for this made them shy of accepting favors which they could not return. But, after a while, they found that he considered them the benefactors, and could not do enough to show how grateful he was for Mrs. March's motherly welcome, their cheerful society, and the comfort he took in that humble home of theirs. So they soon forgot their pride and interchanged kindnesses without stopping to think which was the greater.

All sorts of pleasant things happened about that time, for the new friendship flourished like grass in spring. Every one liked Laurie, and he privately informed his tutor that 'the Marches were regularly splendid girls.' With the delightful enthusiasm of youth, they took the solitary boy

into their midst and made much of him, and he found something very charming in the innocent companionship of

these simple-hearted girls. Never having known mother or sisters, he was quick to feel the influences they brought about him, and their busy, lively ways made him ashamed of the indolent life he led. He was tired of books, and found people so interesting now that Mr. Brooke was obliged to make very unsatisfactory reports, for Laurie was always playing truant and running over to the Marches'.

'Never mind, let him take a holiday, and make it up afterward,' said the old gentleman. 'The good lady next door says he is studying too hard and needs young society, amusement, and exercise. I suspect she is right, and that I've been coddling the fellow as if I'd been his grandmother. Let him do what he likes, as long as he is happy. He can't get into mischief in that little nunnery over there, and Mrs. March is doing more for him than we can.'

What good times they had, to be sure. Such plays and tableaux, such sleigh rides and skating frolics, such pleasant evenings in the old parlor, and now and then such gay little parties at the great house. Meg could walk in the conservatory whenever she liked and revel in bouquets, Jo browsed over the new library voraciously, and convulsed

the old gentleman with her criticisms, Amy copied pictures and enjoyed beauty to her heart's content, and Laurie played 'lord of the manor' in the most delightful style.

But Beth, though yearning for the grand piano, could not pluck up courage to go to the 'Mansion of Bliss', as Meg called it. She went once with Jo, but the old gentleman, not being aware of her infirmity, stared at her so hard from under his heavy eyebrows, and said 'Hey!' so loud, that he frightened her so much her 'feet chattered on the floor', she never told her mother, and she ran away, declaring she would never go there any more, not even for the dear piano. No persuasions or enticements could overcome her fear, till, the fact coming to Mr. Laurence's ear in some mysterious way, he set about mending matters. During one of the brief calls he made, he artfully led the conversation to music, and talked away about great singers whom he had seen, fine organs he had heard, and told such charming anecdotes that Beth found it impossible to stay in her distant corner, but crept nearer and nearer, as if fascinated. At the back of his chair she stopped and stood listening, with her great eyes wide open and her cheeks red with excitement of this unusual performance. Taking no more notice of her than if she

had been a fly, Mr. Laurence talked on about Laurie's lessons and teachers. And presently, as if the idea had just occurred to him, he said to Mrs. March...

'The boy neglects his music now, and I'm glad of it, for he was getting too fond of it. But the piano suffers for want of use. Wouldn't some of your girls like to run over, and practice on it now and then, just to keep it in tune, you know, ma'am?'

Beth took a step forward, and pressed her hands tightly together to keep from clapping them, for this was an irresistible temptation, and the thought of practicing on that splendid instrument quite took her breath away. Before Mrs. March could reply, Mr. Laurence went on with an odd little nod and smile...

'They needn't see or speak to anyone, but run in at any time. For I'm shut up in my study at the other end of the house, Laurie is out a great deal, and the servants are never near the drawing room after nine o'clock.'

Here he rose, as if going, and Beth made up her mind to speak, for that last arrangement left nothing to be desired. 'Please, tell the young ladies what I say, and if they don't care to come, why, never mind.' Here a little hand slipped into his, and Beth looked up at him with a

face full of gratitude, as she said, in her earnest yet timid way...

‘Oh sir, they do care, very very much!’ ‘Are you the musical girl?’ he asked, without any startling ‘Hey!’ as he looked down at her very kindly.

‘I’m Beth. I love it dearly, and I’ll come, if you are quite sure nobody will hear me, and be disturbed,’ she added, fearing to be rude, and trembling at her own boldness as she spoke.

‘Not a soul, my dear. The house is empty half the day, so come and drum away as much as you like, and I shall be obliged to you.’

‘How kind you are, sir!’

Beth blushed like a rose under the friendly look he wore, but she was not frightened now, and gave the hand a grateful squeeze because she had no words to thank him for the precious gift he had given her. The old gentleman softly stroked the hair off her forehead, and, stooping down, he kissed her, saying, in a tone few people ever heard...

‘I had a little girl once, with eyes like these. God bless you, my dear! Good day, madam.’ And away he went, in a great hurry.

Beth had a rapture with her mother, and then rushed up to impart the glorious news to her family of invalids, as the girls were not home. How blithely she sang that evening, and how they all laughed at her because she woke Amy in the night by

playing the piano on her face in her sleep. Next day, having seen both the old and young gentleman out of the house, Beth, after two or three retreats, fairly got in at the side door, and made her way as noiselessly as any mouse to the drawing room where her idol stood. Quite by accident, of course, some pretty, easy music lay on the piano, and with trembling fingers and frequent stops to listen and look about, Beth at last touched the great instrument, and straightway forgot her fear, herself, and everything else but the unspeakable delight which the music gave her, for it was like the voice of a beloved friend.

She stayed till Hannah came to take her home to dinner, but she had no appetite, and could only sit and smile upon everyone in a general state of beatitude.

After that, the little brown hood slipped through the hedge nearly every day, and the great drawing room was haunted by a tuneful spirit that came and went unseen. She never knew that Mr. Laurence opened his study door to hear the old-fashioned airs he liked. She never saw

Laurie mount guard in the hall to warn the servants away. She never suspected that the exercise books and new songs which she found in the rack were put there for her especial benefit, and when he talked to her about music at home, she only thought how kind he was to tell things that helped her so much.

So she enjoyed herself heartily, and found, what isn't always the case, that her granted wish was all she had hoped. Perhaps it was because she was so grateful for this blessing that a greater was given her. At any rate she deserved both. 'Mother, I'm going to work Mr. Laurence a pair of slippers. He is so kind to me, I must thank him, and I don't know any other way. Can I do it?' asked Beth, a few weeks after that eventful call of his.

'Yes, dear. It will please him very much, and be a nice way of thanking him. The girls will help you about them, and I will pay for the making up,' replied Mrs. March, who took peculiar pleasure in granting Beth's requests because she so seldom asked anything for herself.

After many serious discussions with Meg and Jo, the pattern was chosen, the materials bought, and the slippers begun. A cluster of grave yet cheerful pansies on a deeper purple ground was pronounced very appropriate and pretty, and Beth worked away early and late, with

occasional lifts over hard parts. She was a nimble little needlewoman, and they were finished before anyone got tired of them. Then she wrote a short, simple note, and with Laurie's help, got them smuggled onto the study table one morning before the old gentleman was up.

When this excitement was over, Beth waited to see what would happen. All day passed a part of the next before any acknowledgement arrived, and she was beginning to fear she had offended her crochety friend. On the afternoon of the second day, she went out to do an errand, and give poor Joanna, the invalid doll, her daily exercise. As she came up the street, on her return, she saw three, yes, four heads popping in and out of the parlor windows, and the moment they saw her, several hands were waved, and several joyful voices screamed...

‘Here’s a letter from the old gentleman! Come quick, and read it!’

‘Oh, Beth, he’s sent you...’ began Amy, gesticulating with unseemly energy, but she got no further, for Jo quenched her by slamming down the window.

Beth hurried on in a flutter of suspense. At the door her sisters seized and bore her to the parlor in a triumphal procession, all pointing and all saying at once, ‘Look there! Look there!’ Beth did look, and turned pale with delight

and surprise, for there stood a little cabinet piano, with a letter lying on the glossy lid, directed like a sign board to ‘Miss Elizabeth March.’

‘For me?’ gasped Beth, holding onto Jo and feeling as if she should tumble down, it was such an overwhelming thing altogether.

‘Yes, all for you, my precious! Isn’t it splendid of him? Don’t you think he’s the dearest old man in the world? Here’s the key in the letter. We didn’t open it, but we are dying to know what he says,’ cried Jo, hugging her sister and offering the note.

‘You read it! I can’t, I feel so queer! Oh, it is too lovely!’ and Beth hid her face in Jo’s apron, quite upset by her present.

Jo opened the paper and began to laugh, for the first words she saw were...

‘Miss March: ‘Dear Madam—’ ‘How nice it sounds! I wish someone would write to me so!’ said Amy, who thought the old-fashioned address very elegant.

“I have had many pairs of slippers in my life, but I never had any that suited me so well as yours,” continues Jo. “Heartsease is my favorite flower, and these will always remind me of the gentle giver. I like to pay my debts, so I know you will allow ‘the old gentleman’ to send you

something which once belonged to the little grand daughter he lost. With hearty thanks and best wishes, I remain “Your grateful friend and humble servant, “JAMES LAURENCE’

‘There, Beth, that’s an honor to be proud of, I’m sure! Laurie told me how fond Mr.Laurence used to be of the child who died, and how he kept all her little things carefully. Just think, he’s given you her piano. That comes of having big blue eyes and loving music,’ said Jo, trying to soothe Beth, who trembled and looked more excited than she had ever been before.

‘See the cunning brackets to hold candles, and the nice green sild, puckered up, with a gold rose in the middle, and the pretty rack and stool, all complete,’ added Meg, opening the instrument and displaying its beauties.

“Your humble servant, James Laurence’. Only think of his writing that to you. I’ll tell the girls. They’ll think it’s splendid,’ said Amy, much impressed by the note.

‘Try it, honey. Let’s hear the sound of the baby pianny,’ said Hannah, who always took a share in the family joys and sorrows.

So Beth tried it, and everyone pronounced it the most remarkable piano ever heard. It had evidently been newly tuned and put in apple- pie order, but, perfect as it was, I

think the real charm lay in the happiest of all happy faces which leaned over it, as Beth lovingly touched the beautiful black and white keys and pressed the bright pedals.

‘You’ll have to go and thank him,’ said Jo, by way of a joke, for the idea of the child’s really going never entered her head.

‘Yes, I mean to. I guess I’ll go no, before I get frightened thinking about it.’ And, to the utter amazement of the assembled family, Beth walked deliberately down the garden, through the hedge, and in at the Laurences’ door.

‘Well, I wish I may die if it ain’t the queerest thing I ever see! The pianny has turned her head! She’d never have gone in her right mind,’ cried Hannah, staring after her, while the girls were rendered quite speechless by the miracle.

They would have been still more amazed if they had seen what Beth did afterward. If you will believe me, she went and knocked at the study door before she gave herself time to think, and when a gruff voice called out, ‘come in!’ she did go in, right up to Mr. Laurence, who looked quite taken aback, and held out her hand, saying, with only a small quaver in her voice, ‘I came to thank

you, sir, for...’ But she didn’t finish, for he looked so friendly that she forgot her speech and, only remembering that he had lost the little girl he loved, she put both arms round his neck and kissed him.

If the roof of the house had suddenly flown off, the old gentleman wouldn't have been more astonished. But he liked it. Oh, dear, yes, he liked it amazingly! And was so touched and pleased by that confiding little kiss that all his crustiness vanished, and he just set her on his knee, and laid his wrinkled cheek against her rosy one, feeling as if he had got his own little grand daughter back again. Beth ceased to fear him from that moment, and sat there talking to him as cozily as if she had known him all her life, for love casts out fear, and gratitude can conquer pride. When she went home, he walked with her to her own gate, shook hands cordially, and touched his hat as he marched back again, looking very stately and erect, like a handsome, soldierly old gentleman, as he was.

When the girls saw that performance, Jo began to dance a jig, by way of expressing her satisfaction, Amy nearly fell out of the window in her surprise, and Meg exclaimed, with up-lifted hands, 'Well, I do believe the world is coming to an end.'

CHAPTER VII

‘That boy is a perfect cyclops, isn’t he?’ said Amy one day, as Laurie clattered by on horseback, with a flourish of his whip as he passed.

‘How dare you say so, when he’s got both his eyes? And very handsome ones they are, too,’ cried Jo, who resented any slighting remarks about her friend.

‘I didn’t say anything about his eyes, and I don’t see why you need fire up when I admire his riding.’

‘Oh, my goodness! That little goose means a centaur, and she called him a Cyclops,’ exclaimed Jo, with a burst of laughter.

‘You needn’t be so rude, it’s only a ‘lapse of lingy’, as Mr. Davis says,’ retorted Amy, finishing Jo with her Latin. ‘I just wish I had a little of the money Laurie spends on that horse,’ she added, as if to herself, yet hoping her sisters would hear.

‘Why?’ asked Meg kindly, for Jo had gone off in another laugh at Amy’s second blunder.

‘I need it so much. I’m dreadfully in debt, and it won’t be my turn to have the rag money for a month.’

‘In debt, Amy? What do you mean?’ And Meg looked sober.

‘Why, I owe at least a dozen pickled limes, and I can’t pay them, you know, till I have money, for Marmee forbade my having anything charged at the shop.’

‘Tell me all about it. Are limes the fashion now? It used to be pricking bits of rubber to make balls.’ And Meg tried to keep her countenance, Amy looked so grave and important.

‘Why, you see, the girls are always buying them, and unless you want to be thought mean, you must do it too. It’s nothing but limes now, for everyone is sucking them in their desks in schooltime, and trading them off for pencils, bead rings, paper dolls, or something else, at recess. If one girl likes another, she gives her a lime. If she’s mad with her, she eats one before her face, and doesn’t offer even a suck. They treat by turns, and I’ve had ever so many but haven’t returned them, and I ought for they are debts of honor, you know.’

‘How much will pay them off and restore your credit?’ asked Meg, taking out her purse.’

‘A quarter would more than do it, and leave a few cents over for a treat for you. Don’t you like limes?’

‘Not much. You may have my share. Here’s the money. Make it last as long as you can, for it isn’t very plenty, you know.’

‘Oh, thank you! It must be so nice to have pocket money! I’ll have a grand feast, for I haven’t tasted a lime this week. I felt delicate about taking any, as I couldn’t return them, and I’m actually suffering for one.’

Next day Amy was rather late at school, but could not resist the temptation of displaying, with pardonable pride, a moist brown-paper parcel, before she consigned it to the inmost recesses of her desk. During the next few minutes the rumor that Amy March had got twenty- four delicious limes (she ate one on the way) and was going to treat circulated through her ‘set’, and the attentions of her friends became quite overwhelming. Katy Brown invited her to her next party on the spot. Mary Kinglsey insisted on lending her her watch till recess, and Jenny Snow, a satirical young lady, who had basely twitted Amy upon her limeless state, promptly buried the hatchet and offered to furnish answers to certain appalling sums. But Amy had not forgotten Miss Snow’s cutting remarks about ‘some persons whose noses were not too flat to smell other people’s limes, and stuck-up people who were not too proud to ask for them’, and she instantly crushed ‘that Snow girl’s’ hopes by the withering telegram, ‘You needn’t be so polite all of a sudden, for you won’t get any.’

A distinguished personage happened to visit the school that morning, and Amy's beautifully drawn maps received praise, which honor to her foe rankled in the soul of Miss Snow, and caused Miss March to assume the airs of a studious young peacock. But, alas, alas! Pride goes before a fall, and the revengeful Snow turned the tables with disastrous success. No sooner had the guest paid the usual stale compliments and bowed himself out, than Jenny, under pretense of asking an important question, informed Mr. Davis, the teacher, that Amy March had pickled limes in her desk.

Now Mr. Davis had declared limes a contraband article, and solemnly vowed to publicly ferrule the first person who was found breaking the law. This much-enduring man had succeeded in banishing chewing gum after a long and stormy war, had made a bonfire of the confiscated novels and newspapers, had suppressed a private post office, had forbidden distortions of the face, nicknames, and caricatures, and done all that one man could do to keep half a hundred rebellious girls in order. Boys are trying enough to human patience, goodness knows, but girls are infinitely more so, especially to nervous gentlemen with tyrannical tempers and no more talent for teaching than Dr. Blimber. Mr. Davis knew any quantity

of Greek, Latin, algebra, and ologies of all sorts so he was called a fine teacher, and manners, morals, feelings, and examples were not considered of any particular importance. It was a most unfortunate moment for denouncing Amy, and Jenny knew it. Mr. Davis had evidently taken his coffee too strong that morning, there was an east wind, which always affected his neuralgia, and his pupils had not done him the credit which he felt he deserved. Therefore, to use the expressive, if not elegant, language of a schoolgirl, 'He was as nervous as a witch and as cross as a bear'. The word 'limes' was like fire to powder, his yellow face flushed, and he rapped on his desk with an energy which made Jenny skip to her seat with unusual rapidity.

'Young ladies, attention, if you please!'

At the stern order the buzz ceased, and fifty pairs of blue, black, gray, and brown eyes were obediently fixed upon his awful countenance.

'Miss March, come to the desk.'

Amy rose to comply with outward composure, but a secret fear oppressed her, for the limes weighed upon her conscience.

'Bring with you the limes you have in your desk,' was the unexpected command which arrested her before she got out of her seat.

‘Don’t take all.’ whispered her neighbor, a young lady of great presence of mind.

Amy hastily shook out half a dozen and laid the rest down before Mr. Davis, feeling that any man possessing a human heart would relent when that delicious perfume met his nose. Unfortunately, Mr. Davis particularly detested the odor of the fashionable pickle, and disgust added to his wrath.

‘Is that all?’

‘Not quite,’ stammered Amy. ‘Bring the rest immediately.’

With a despairing glance at her set, she obeyed. ‘You are sure there are no more?’

‘I never lie, sir.’

‘So I see. Now take these disgusting things two by two, and throw them out of the window.’

There was a simultaneous sigh, which created quite a little gust, as the last hope fled, and the treat was ravished from their longing lips. Scarlet with shame and anger, Amy went to and fro six dreadful times, and as each doomed couple, looking oh, so plump and juicy, fell from

her reluctant hands, a shout from the street completed the anguish of the girls, for it told them that their feast was being

exulted over by the little Irish children, who were their sworn foes. This—this was too much. All flashed indignant or appealing glances at the inexorable Davis, and one passionate lime lover burst into tears.

As Amy returned from her last trip, Mr. Davis gave a portentous ‘Hem!’ and said, in his most impressive manner...

‘Young ladies, you remember what I said to you a week ago. I am sorry this has happened, but I never allow my rules to be infringed, and I never break my word. Miss March, hold out your hand.’

Amy started, and put both hands behind her, turning on him an imploring look which pleaded for her better than the words she could not utter. She was rather a favorite with ‘old Davis’, as, of course, he was called, and it’s my private belief that he would have broken his word if the indignation of one irrepressible young lady had not found vent in a hiss. That hiss, faint as it was, irritated the irascible gentleman, and sealed the culprit’s fate.

‘Your hand, Miss March!’ was the only answer her mute appeal received, and too proud to cry or beseech, Amy set her teeth, threw back her head defiantly, and

bore without flinching several tingling blows on her little palm. They were neither many nor heavy, but that made no difference to her. For the first time in her life she had been struck, and the disgrace, in her eyes, was as deep as if he had knocked her down.

‘You will now stand on the platform till recess,’ said Mr. Davis, resolved to do the thing thoroughly, since he had begun.

That was dreadful. It would have been bad enough to go to her seat, and see the pitying faces of her friends, or the satisfied ones of her few enemies, but to face the whole school, with that shame fresh upon her, seemed impossible, and for a second she felt as if she could only drop down where she stood, and break her heart with crying. A bitter sense of wrong and the thought of Jenny Snow helped her to bear it, and, taking the ignominious place, she fixed her eyes on the stove funnel above what now seemed a sea of faces, and stood there, so motionless and white that the girls found it hard to study with that pathetic figure before them.

During the fifteen minutes that followed, the proud and sensitive little girl suffered a shame and pain which she never forgot. To others it might seem a ludicrous or trivial affair, but to her it was a hard experience, for during the

twelve years of her life she had been governed by love alone, and a blow of that sort had never touched her before. The smart of her hand and the ache of her heart were forgotten in the sting of the thought, 'I shall have to tell at home, and they will be so disappointed in me!'

The fifteen minutes seemed an hour, but they came to an end at last, and the word 'Recess!' had never seemed so welcome to her before.

'You can go, Miss March,' said Mr. Davis, looking, as he felt, uncomfortable.

He did not soon forget the reproachful glance Amy gave him, as she went, without a word to anyone, straight into the anteroom, snatched her things, and left the place 'forever,' as she passionately declared to herself. She was in a sad state when she got home, and when the older girls arrived, some time later, an indignation meeting was held at once. Mrs. March did not say much but looked disturbed, and comforted her afflicted little daughter in her tenderest manner. Meg bathed the insulted hand with glycerine and tears, Beth felt that even her beloved kittens would fail as a balm for griefs like this, Jo wrathfully proposed that Mr. Davis be arrested without delay, and Hannah shook her fist at the 'villain' and pounded potatoes for dinner as if she had him under her pestle.

No notice was taken of Amy's flight, except by her mates, but the sharp-eyed demoiselles discovered that Mr. Davis was quite benignant in the afternoon, also unusually nervous. Just before school closed, Jo appeared, wearing a grim expression as she stalked up to the desk, and delivered a letter from her mother, then collected Amy's property, and departed, carefully scraping the mud from her boots on the door mat, as if she shook that dust of the place off her feet.

'Yes, you can have a vacation from school, but I want you to study a little every day with Beth,' said Mrs. March that evening. 'I don't approve of corporal punishment, especially for girls. I dislike Mr. Davis's manner of teaching and don't think the girls you associate with are doing you any good, so I shall ask your father's advice before I send you anywhere else.'

'That's good! I wish all the girls would leave, and spoil his old school. It's perfectly maddening to think of those lovely limes,' sighed Amy, with the air of a martyr.

'I am not sorry you lost them, for you broke the rules, and deserved some punishment for disobedience,' was the severe reply, which rather disappointed the young lady, who expected nothing but sympathy.

'Do you mean you are glad I was disgraced before the whole school?' cried Amy.

‘I should not have chosen that way of mending a fault,’ replied her mother, ‘but I’m not sure that it won’t do you more good than a molder method. You are getting to be rather conceited, my dear, and it is quite time you set about correcting it. You have a good many little gifts and virtues, but there is no need of parading them, for conceit spoils the finest genius. There is not much danger that real talent or goodness will be overlooked long, even if it is, the consciousness of possessing and using it well should satisfy one, and the great charm of all power is modesty.’

‘So it is!’ cried Laurie, who was playing chess in a corner with Jo. ‘I knew a girl once, who had a really remarkable talent for music, and she didn’t know it, never guessed what sweet little things she composed when she was alone, and wouldn’t have believed it if anyone had told her.’

‘I wish I’d known that nice girl. Maybe she would have helped me, I’m so stupid,’ said Beth, who stood beside him, listening eagerly.

‘You do know her, and she helps you better than anyone else could,’ answered Laurie, looking at her with such mischievous meaning in his merry black eyes that

Beth suddenly turned very red, and hid her face in the sofa cushion, quite overcome by such an unexpected discovery.

Jo let Laurie win the game to pay for that praise of her Beth, who could not be prevailed upon to play for them after her compliment. So Laurie did his best, and sang delightfully, being in a particularly lively humor, for to the Marches he seldom showed the moody side of his character. When he was gone, Amy, who had been pensive all evening, said suddenly, as if busy over some new idea, 'Is Laurie an accomplished boy?'

'Yes, he has had an excellent education, and has much talent. He will make a fine man, if not spoiled by petting,' replied her mother.

'And he isn't conceited, is he?' asked Amy.

'Not in the least. That is why he is so charming and we all like him so much.' 'I see. It's nice to have accomplishments and be elegant, but not to show off or get perked up,' said Amy thoughtfully.

'These things are always seen and felt in a person's manner and conversations, if modestly used, but it is not necessary to display them,' said Mrs. March.

'Any more than it's proper to wear all your bonnets and gowns and ribbons at once, that folks may know

you've got them,' added Jo, and the lecture ended in a laugh.

CHAPTER VIII

‘Girls, where are you going?’ asked Amy, coming into their room one Saturday afternoon, and finding them getting ready to go out with an air of secrecy which excited her curiosity.

‘Never mind. Little girls shouldn’t ask questions,’ returned Jo sharply.

Now if there is anything mortifying to our feelings when we are young, it is to be told that, and to be bidden to ‘run away, dear’ is still more trying to us. Amy bridled up at this insult, and determined to find out the secret, if she teased for an hour. Turning to Meg, who never refused her anything very long, she said coaxingly, ‘Do tell me! I should think you might let me go, too, for Beth is fussing over her piano, and I haven’t got anything to do, and am so lonely.’

‘I can’t, dear, because you aren’t invited,’ began Meg, but Jo broke in impatiently, ‘Now, Meg, be quiet or you will spoil it all. You can’t go, Amy, so don’t be a baby and whine about it.’

‘You are going somewhere with Laurie, I know you are. You were whispering and laughing together on the

sofa last night, and you stopped when I came in. Aren’t you going with him?’

‘Yes, we are. Now do be still, and stop bothering.’

Amy held her tongue, but used her eyes, and saw Meg slip a fan into her pocket.

‘I know! I know! You’re going to the theater to see the SEVEN CASTLES!’ she cried, adding resolutely, ‘and I shall go, for Mother said I might see it, and I’ve got my rag money, and it was mean not to tell me in time.’

‘Just listen to me a minute, and be a good child,’ said Meg soothingly. ‘Mother doesn’t wish you to go this week, because your eyes are not well enough yet to bear the light of this fairy piece. Next week you can go with Beth and Hannah, and have a nice time.’

‘I don’t like that half as well as going with you and Laurie. Please let me. I’ve been sick with this cold so long, and shut up, I’m dying for some fun. Do, Meg! I’ll be ever so good,’ pleaded Amy, looking as pathetic as she could.

‘Suppose we take her. I don’t believe Mother would mind, if we bundle her up well,’ began Meg.

‘If she goes I shan’t, and if I don’t, Laurie won’t like it, and it will be very rude, after he invited only us, to go and drag in Amy. I should think she’d hate to poke herself where she isn’t wanted,’ said Jo crossly, for she disliked the

trouble of overseeing a fidgety child when she wanted to enjoy herself.

Her tone and manner angered Amy, who began to put her boots on, saying, in her most aggravating way, 'I shall go. Meg says I may, and if I pay for myself, Laurie hasn't anything to do with it.'

'You can't sit with us, for our seats are reserved, and you mustn't sit alone, so Laurie will give you his place, and that will spoil our pleasure. Or he'll get another seat for you, and that isn't proper when you weren't asked. You shan't stir a step, so you may just stay where you are,' scolded Jo, crosser than ever, having just pricked her finger in her hurry.

Sitting on the floor with one boot on, Amy began to cry and Meg to reason with her, when Laurie called from below, and the two girls hurried down, leaving their sister wailing. For now and then she forgot her grown-up ways and acted like a spoiled child. Just as the party was setting out, Amy called over the banisters in a threatening tone, 'You'll be sorry for this, Jo March, see if you ain't.'

'Fiddlesticks!' returned Jo, slamming the door.

They had a charming time, for THE SEVEN CASTLES OF THE DIAMOND LAKE was as brilliant and wonderful as heart could wish. But in spite of the

comical red imps, sparkling elves, and the gorgeous princes and princesses, Jo's pleasure had a drop of bitterness in it. The fairy queen's yellow curls reminded her of Amy, and between the acts she amused herself with wondering what her sister would do to make her 'sorry for it'. She and Amy had had many lively skirmishes in the course of their lives, for both had quick tempers and were apt to be violent when fairly roused. Amy teased Jo, and Jo irritated Amy, and semioccasional explosions occurred, of which both were much ashamed afterward.

Although the oldest, Jo had the least self-control, and had hard times trying to curb the fiery spirit which was continually getting her into trouble. Her anger never lasted long, and having humbly confessed her fault, she sincerely repented and tried to do better. Her sisters used to say that they rather liked to get Jo into a fury because she was such an angel afterward. Poor Jo tried desperately to be good, but her bosom enemy was always ready to flame up and defeat her, and it took years of patient effort to subdue it.

When they got home, they found amy reading in the parlor. She assumed an injured air as they came in, never lifted her eyes from her book, or asked a single question. Perhaps curiosity might have conquered resentment, if Beth had not been there to inquire and receive a glowing

description of the play. On going up to put away her best hat, Jo's first look was toward the bureau, for in their last quarrel Amy had soothed her feelings by turning Jo's top drawer upside down on the floor. Everything was in its place, however, and after a hasty glance into her various closets, bags, and boxes, Jo decided that Amy had forgiven and forgotten her wrongs.

There Jo was mistaken, for next day she made a discovery which produced a tempest. Meg, Beth, and Amy were sitting together, late in the afternoon, when Jo burst into the room, looking excited and demanding breathlessly, 'Has anyone taken my book?'

Meg and Beth said, 'No.' at once, and looked surprised. Amy poked the fire and said nothing. Jo saw her color rise and was down upon her in a minute.

'Amy, you've got it!' 'No, I haven't.'

'You know where it is, then!' 'No, I don't.'

'That's a fib!' cried Jo, taking her by the shoulders, and looking fierce enough to frighten a much braver child than Amy.

'It isn't. I haven't got it, don't know where it is now, and don't care.'

‘You know something about it, and you’d better tell at once, or I’ll make you.’ And Jo gave her a slight shake.

‘Scold as much as you like, you’ll never see your silly old book again,’ cried Amy, getting excited in her turn.

‘why not?’

‘I burned it up.’

‘What! My little book I was so fond of, and worked over, and meant to finish before Father got home? Have you really burned it?’ said Jo, turning very pale, while her eyes kindled and her hands clutched Amy nervously.

‘Yes, I did! I told you I’d make you pay for being so cross yesterday, and I have, so..’

Amy got no farther, for Jo’s hot temper mastered her, and she shook Amy till her teeth chattered in her head, crying in a passion of grief and anger...

‘You wicked, wicked girl! I never can write it again, and I’ll never forgive you as long as I live.’

Meg flew to rescue Amy, and Beth to pacify Jo, but Jo was quite beside herself, and with a parting box on her sister’s ear, she rushed out of the room up to the old sofa in the garret, and finished her fight alone.

The storm cleared up below, for Mrs. March came home, and, having heard the story, soon brought Amy to a sense of the wrong she had done her sister. Jo’s book was

the pride of her heart, and was regarded by her family as a literary sprout of great promise. It was only half a dozen little fairy tales, but Jo had worked over them patiently, putting her whole heart into her work, hoping to make something good enough to print. She had just copied them with great care, and had destroyed the old manuscript, so that Amy's bonfire had consumed the loving work of several years. It seemed a small loss to others, but to Jo it was a dreadful calamity, and she felt that it never could be made up to her. Beth mourned as for a departed kitten, and Meg refused to defend her pet. Mrs. March looked grave and grieved, and Amy felt that no one would love her till she had asked pardon for the act which she now regretted more than any of them.

When the tea bell rang, Jo appeared, looking so grim and unapproachable that it took all Amy's courage to say meekly...

'Please forgive me, Jo. I'm very, very sorry.'

'I never shall forgive you,' was Jo's stern answer, and from that moment she ignored Amy entirely.

No one spoke of the great trouble, not even Mrs. March, for all had learned by experience that when Jo was in that mood words were wasted, and the wisest course was to wait till some little accident, or her own generous

nature, softened Jo's resentment and healed the breach. It was not a happy evening, for though they sewed as usual, while their mother read aloud from Bremer, Scott, or Edgeworth, something was wanting, and the sweet home peace was disturbed. They felt this most when singing time came, for Beth could only play, Jo stood dumb as a stone, and Amy broke down, so Meg and Mother sang alone. But in spite of their efforts to be as cheery as larks, the flutelike voices did not seem to chord as well as usual, and all felt out of tune.

As Jo received her good-night kiss, Mrs. March whispered gently, 'My dear, don't let the sun go down upon your anger. Forgive each other, help each other, and begin again tomorrow.'

Jo wanted to lay her head down on that motherly bosom, and cry her grief and anger all away, but tears were an unmanly weakness, and she felt so deeply injured that she really couldn't quite forgive yet. So she winked hard, shook her head, and said gruffly because Amy was listening, 'It was an abominable thing, and she doesn't deserve to be forgiven.'

With that she marched off to bed, and there was no merry or confidential gossip that night.

Amy was much offended that her overtures of peace had been repulsed, and began to wish she had not humbled herself, to feel more injured than ever, and to plume herself on her superior virtue in a way which was particularly exasperating. Jo still looked like a thunder cloud, and nothing went well all day. It was bitter cold in the morning, she dropped her precious turnover in the gutter, Aunt March had an attack of the fidgets, Meg was sensitive, Beth would look grieved and wistful when she got home, and Amy kept making remarks about people who were always talking about being good and yet wouldn't even try when other people set them a virtuous example. 'Everybody is so hateful, I'll ask Laurie to go skating. He is always kind and jolly, and will put me to rights, I know,' said Jo to herself, and off she went.

Amy heard the clash of skates, and looked out with an impatient exclamation.

'There! She promised I should go next time, for this is the last ice we shall have. But it's no use to ask such a crosspatch to take me.'

'Don't say that. You were very naughty, and it is hard to forgive the loss of her precious little book, but I think she might do it now, and I guess she will, if you try her at the right minute,' said Meg. 'Go after them. Don't say

anything till Jo has got good-natured with Laurie, than take a quiet minute and just kiss her, or do some kind thing, and I'm sure she'll be friends again with all her heart.'

'I'll try,' said Amy, for the advice suited her, and after a flurry to get ready, she ran after the friends, who were just disappearing over the hill.

It was not far to the river, but both were ready before Amy reached them. Jo saw her coming, and turned her back. Laurie did not see, for he was carefully skating along the shore, sounding the ice, for a warm spell had preceded the cold snap.

'I'll go on to the first bend, and see if it's all right before we begin to race,' Amy heard him say, as he shot away, looking like a young Russian in his fur-trimmed coat and cap.

Jo heard Amy panting after her run, stamping her feet and blowing on her fingers as she tried to put her skates on, but Jo never turned and went slowly zigzagging down the river, taking a bitter, unhappy sort of satisfaction in her sister's troubles. She had cherished her anger till it grew strong and took possession of her, as evil thoughts and feelings always do unless cast out at once. As Laurie turned the bend, he shouted back...

'Keep near the shore. It isn't safe in the middle.' Jo heard, but Amy was struggling to her feet and did not catch a word. Jo

glanced over her shoulder, and the little demon she was harboring said in her ear...

‘No matter whether she heard or not, let her take care of herself.’

Laurie had vanished round the bend, Jo was just at the turn, and Amy, far behind, striking out toward the smoother ice in the middle of the river. For a minute Jo stood still with a strange feeling in her heart, then she resolved to go on, but something held and turned her round, just in time to see Amy throw up her hands and go down, with a sudden crash of rotten ice, the splash of water, and a cry that made Jo’s heart stand still with fear. She tried to call Laurie, but her voice was gone. She tried to rush forward, but her feet seemed to have no strength in them, and for a second, she could only stand motionless, staring with a terror-stricken face at the little blue hood above the black water. Something rushed swiftly by her, and Laurie’s voice cried out...

‘Bring a rail. Quick, quick!’

How she did it, she never knew, but for the next few minutes she worked as if possessed, blindly obeying Laurie, who was quite self-possessed, and lying flat, held

Amy up by his arm and hockey stick till Jo dragged a rail from the fence, and together they got the child out, more frightened than hurt.

‘Now then, we must walk her home as fast as we can. Pile our things on her, while I get off these confounded skates,’ cried Laurie, wrapping his coat round Amy, and tugging away at the straps which never seemed so intricate before.

Shivering, dripping, and crying, they got Amy home, and after an exciting time of it, she fell asleep, rolled in blankets before a hot fire. During the bustle Jo had scarcely spoken but flown about, looking pale and wild, with her things half off, her dress torn, and her hands cut and bruised by ice and rails and refractory buckles. When Amy was comfortably asleep, the house quiet, and Mrs. March sitting by the bed, she called Jo to her and began to bind up the hurt hands.

‘Are you sure she is safe?’ whispered Jo, looking remorsefully at the golden head, which might have been swept away from her sight forever under the treacherous ice.

‘Quite safe, dear. she is not hurt, and won’t even take cold, I think, you were so sensible in covering and getting her home quickly,’ replied her mother cheerfully.

‘Laurie did it all. I only let her go. Mother, if she should die, it would be my fault.’ And Jo dropped down beside the bed in a passion of penitent tears, telling all that had happened, bitterly condemning her hardness of heart, and sobbing out her gratitude for being spared the heavy punishment which might have come upon her. ‘It’s my dreadful temper! I try to cure it, I think I have, and then it breaks out worse than ever. OH, Mother, what shall I do? What shall I do?’ cried poor Jo, in despair.

‘Watch and pray, dear, never get tired of trying, and never think it is impossible to conquer your fault,’ said Mrs. March, drawing the blowzy head to her shoulder and kissing the wet cheek so tenderly that Jo cried even harder.

‘You don’t know, you can’t guess how bad it is! It seems as if I could do anything when I’m in a passion. I get so savage, I could hurt anyone and enjoy it. I’m afraid I shall do something dreadful some day, and spoil my life, and make everybody hate me. Oh, Mother, help me, do help me!’

‘I will, my child, I will. Don’t cry so bitterly, but remember this day, and resolve with all your soul that you will never know another like it. Jo, dear, we all have our temptations, some far greater than yours, and it often takes

us all our lives to conquer them. You think your temper is the worst in the world, but mine used to be just like it.'

'Yours, Mother? Why, you are never angry!' And for the moment Jo forgot remorse in surprise.

'I've been trying to cure it for forty years, and have only succeeded in controlling it. I am angry nearly every day of my life, Jo, but I have learned not to show it, and I still hope to learn not to feel it, though it may take me another forty years to do so.'

The patience and the humility of the face she loved so well was a better lesson to Jo than the wisest lecture, the sharpest reproof. She felt comforted at once by the sympathy and confidence given her. The knowledge that her mother had a fault like hers, and tried to mend it, made her own easier to bear and strengthened her resolution to cure it, though forty years seemed rather a long time to watch and pray to a girl of fifteen.

'Mother, are you angry when you fold your lips tight together and go out of the room sometimes, when Aunt March scolds or people worry you?' asked Jo, feeling nearer and dearer to her mother than ever before.

'Yes, I've learned to check the hasty words that rise to my lips, and when I feel that they mean to break out against my will, I just go away for a minute, and give

myself a little shake for being so weak and wicked,' answered Mrs. March with a sigh and a smile, as she smoothed and fastened up Jo's disheveled hair.

'How did you learn to keep still? That is what troubles me, for the sharp words fly out before I know what I'm about, and the more I say the worse I get, till it's a pleasure to hurt people's feelings and say dreadful things. Tell me how you do it, Marmee dear.' 'My good mother used to help me..'

'As you do us...' interrupted Jo, with a grateful kiss. 'But I lost her when I was a little older than you are,

and for years had to struggle on alone, for I was too proud to confess my weakness to anyone else. I had a hard time, Jo, and shed a good many bitter tears over my failures, for in spite of my efforts I never seemed to get on. Then your father came, and I was so happy that i found it easy to be good. But by-and-by, when I had four little daughters round me and we were poor, then the old trouble began again, for I am not patient by nature, and it tried me very much to see my children wanting anything.'

'Poor Mother! What helped you then?'

'Your father, Jo. He never loses patience, never doubts or complains, but always hopes, and works and waits so cheerfully that one is ashamed to do otherwise before him.

He helped and comforted me, and showed me that I must try to practice all the virtues I would have my little girls possess, for I was their example. It was easier to try for your sakes than for my own. A startled or surprised look from one of you when I spoke sharply rebuked me more than any words could have done, and the love, respect, and confidence of my children was the sweetest reward I could receive for my efforts to be the woman I would have them copy.'

'Oh, Mother, if I'm ever half as good as you, I shall be satisfied,' cried Jo, much touched.

'I hope you will be a great deal better, dear, but you must keep watch over your 'bosom enemy', as father calls it, or it may sadden, if not spoil your life. You have had a warning. Remember it, and try with heart and soul to master this quick temper, before it brings you greater sorrow and regret than you have known today.'

'I will try, Mother, I truly will. But you must help me, remind me, and keep me from flying out. I used to see Father sometimes put his finger on his lips, and look at you with a very kind but sober face, and you always folded your lips tight and went away. Was he reminding you then?' asked Jo softly.

‘Yes. I asked him to help me so, and he never forgot it, but saved me from many a sharp word by that little gesture and kind look.’

Jo saw that her mother’s eyes filled and her lips trembled as she spoke, and fearing that she had said too much, she whispered anxiously, ‘Was it wrong to watch you and to speak of it? I didn’t mean to be rude, but it’s so comfortable to say all I think to you, and feel so safe and happy here.’

‘Mu Jo, you may say anything to your mother, for it is my greatest happiness and pride to feel that my girls confide in me and know how much I love them.’

‘I thought I’d grieved you.’

‘No, dear, but speaking of Father reminded me how much I miss him, how much I owe him, and how faithfully I should watch and work to keep his little daughters safe and good for him.’

‘Yet you told him to go, Mother, and didn’t cry when he went, and never complain now, or seem as if you needed any help,’ said Jo, wondering.

‘I gave my best to the country I love, and kept my tears till he was gone. Why should I complain, when we both have merely done our duty and will surely be the happier for it in the end? If I don’t seem to need help, it is because

I have a better friend, even than Father, to comfort and sustain me. My child, the troubles and temptations of your life are beginning and may be many, but you can overcome and outlive them all if you learn to feel the strength and tenderness of your Heavenly Father as you do that of your earthly one. The more you love and trust Him, and the less you will depend on human power and wisdom. His love and care never tire or change, can never be taken from you, but may become the source of lifelong peace, happiness, and strength. Believe this heartily, and go to God with all your little cares, and hopes, and sins, and sorrows, as freely and confidingly as you come to your mother.'

Jo's only answer was to hold her mother close, and in the silence which followed the sincerest prayer she had ever prayed left her heart without words. For in that sad yet happy hour, she had learned not only the bitterness of remorse and despair, but the sweetness of self-denial and self-control, and led by her mother's hand, she had drawn nearer to the Friend who always welcomes every child with a love stronger than that of any father, tenderer than that of any mother.

Amy stirred and sighed in her sleep, and as if eager to begin at once to mend her fault, I Jo looked up with an expression on her face which it had never worn before.

‘I let the sun go down on my anger. I wouldn’t forgive her, and today, if it hadn’t been for Laurie, it might have been too late! How could I be so wicked?’ said Jo, half aloud, as she leaned over her sister softly stroking the wet hair scattered on the pillow.

As if she heard, Amy opened her eyes, and held out her arms, with a smile that went straight to Jo’s heart. Neither said a word, but they hugged one another close, in spite of the blankets, and everything was forgiven and forgotten in one hearty kiss.

CHAPTER IX

‘I do think it was the most fortunate thing in the world that those children should have the measles just now,’ said Meg, one April day, as she stood packing the ‘go abroady’ trunk in her room, surrounded by her sisters.

‘And so nice of Annie Moffat not to forget her promise. A whole fortnight of fun will be regularly splendid,’ replied Jo, looking like a windmill as she folded skirts with her long arms.

‘And such lovely weather, I’m so glad of that,’ added Beth, tidily sorting neck and hair ribbons in her best box, lent for the great occasion.

‘I wish I was going to have a fine time and wear all these nice things,’ said Amy with her mouth full of pins, as she artistically replenished her sister’s cushion.

‘I wish you were all going, but as you can’t, I shall keep my adventures to tell you when I come back. I’m sure it’s the least I can do when you have been so kind, lending me things and helping me get ready,’ said Meg, glancing round the room at the very simple outfit, which seemed nearly perfect in their eyes.

‘What did Mother give you out of the treasure box?’ asked Amy, who had not been present at the opening of a certain cedar

chest in which Mrs. March kept a few relics of past splendor, as gifts for her girls when the proper time came.

‘A pair of silk stockings, that pretty carved fan, and a lovely blue sash. I wanted the violet silk, but there isn’t time to make it over, so I must be contented with my old tarlatan.’

‘It will look nice over my new muslin skirt, and the sash will set it off beautifully. I wish I hadn’t smashed my coral bracelet, for you might have had it,’ said Jo, who loved to give and lend, but whose possessions were usually too dilapidated to be of much use.

‘There is a lovely old-fashioned pearl set in the treasure chest, but Mother said real flowers were the prettiest ornament for a young girl, and Laurie promised to send me all I want,’ replied Meg. ‘Now, let me see, there’s my new gray walking suit, just curl up the feather in my hat, Beth, then my poplin for Sunday and the small party, it looks heavy for spring, doesn’t it? The violet silk would be so nice. Oh, dear!’

‘Never mind, you’ve got the tarlatan for the big party, and you always look like an angel in white,’ said Amy,

brooding over the little store of finery in which her soul delighted.

‘It isn’t low-necked, and it doesn’t sweep enough, but it will have to do. My blue housedress looks so well, turned and freshly trimmed, that I feel as if I’d got a new one. My silk sacque isn’t a bit the fashion, and my bonnet doesn’t look like Sallie’s. I didn’t like to say anything, but I was sadly disappointed in my umbrella. I told Mother black with a white handle, but she forgot and bought a green one with a yellowish handle. It’s strong and neat, so I ought not to complain, but I know I shall feel ashamed of it beside Annie’s silk one with a gold top,’ sighed Meg, surveying the little umbrella with great disfavor.

‘Change it,’ advised Jo.

‘I won’t be so silly, or hurt Marmee’s feelings, when she took so much pains to get my things. It’s a nonsensical notion of mine, and I’m not going to give up to it. My silk stockings and two pairs of new gloves are my comfort. You are a dear to lend me yours, Jo. I feel so rich and sort of elegant, with two new pairs, and the old ones cleaned up for common.’ And Meg took a refreshing peep at her glove box. ‘Annie Moffat has blue and pink bows on her nightcaps. Would you put some on mine?’ she asked, as

Beth brought up a pile of snowy muslins, fresh from Hannah’s hands.

‘No, I wouldn’t, for the smart caps won’t match the plain gowns without any trimming on them. Poor folks shouldn’t rig,’ said Jo decidedly.

‘I wonder if I shall ever be happy enough to have real lace on my clothes and bows on my caps?’ said Meg impatiently.

‘You said the other day that you’d be perfectly happy if you could only go to Annie Moffat’s,’ observed Beth in her quiet way.

‘So I did! Well, I am happy, and I won’t fret, but it does seem as if the more one gets the more one wants, doesn’t it? There now, the trays are ready, and everything in but my ball dress, which I shall leave for Mother to pack,’ said Meg, cheering up, as she glanced from the half-filled trunk to the many times pressed and mended white tarlatan, which she called her ‘ball dress’ with an important air.

The next day was fine, and Meg departed in style for a fortnight of novelty and pleasure. Mrs. March had consented to the visit rather reluctantly, fearing that Margaret would come back more discontented than she went. But she begged so hard, and Sallie had promised to

take good care of her, and a little pleasure seemed so delightful after a winter of irksome work that the mother yielded, and the daughter went to take her first taste of fashionable life.

The Moffats were very fashionable, and simple Meg was rather daunted, at first, by the splendor of the house and the elegance of its occupants. But they were kindly people, in spite of the frivolous life they led, and soon put their guest at her ease. Perhaps Meg felt, without understanding why, that they were not particularly cultivated or intelligent people, and that all their gilding could not quite conceal the ordinary material of which they were made. It certainly was agreeable to fare sumptuously, drive in a fine carriage, wear her best frock every day, and do nothing but enjoy herself. It suited her exactly, and soon she began to imitate the manners and conversation of those about her, to put on little airs and graces, use French phrases, crimp her hair, take in her dresses, and talk about the fashions as well as she could. The more she saw of Annie Moffat's pretty things, the more she envied her and sighed to be rich. Home now looked bare and dismal as she thought of it, work grew harder than ever, and she felt that she was a very destitute

and much-injured girl, in spite of the new gloves and silk stockings.

She had not much time for repining, however, for the three young girls were busily employed in 'having a good time'. They shopped, walked, rode, and called all day, went to theaters and

operas or frolicked at home in the evening, for Annie had many friends and knew how to entertain them. Her older sisters were very fine young ladies, and one was engaged, which was extremely interesting and romantic, Meg thought. Mr. Moffat was a fat, jolly old gentleman, who knew her father, and Mrs. Moffat, a fat, jolly old lady, who took as great a fancy to Meg as her daughter had done. Everyone petted her, and 'Daisey', as they called her, was in a fair way to have her head turned.

When the evening for the small party came, she found that the poplin wouldn't do at all, for the other girls were putting on thin dresses and making themselves very fine indeed. So out came the tarlatan, looking older, limper, and shabbier than ever beside Sallie's crisp new one. Meg saw the girls glance at it and then at one another, and her cheeks began to burn, for with all her gentleness she was very proud. No one said a word about it, but Sallie offered to dress her hair, and Annie to tie her sash, and Belle, the

engaged sister, praised her white arms. But in their kindness Meg saw only pity for her poverty, and her heart felt very heavy as she stood by herself, while the others laughed, chattered, and flew about like gauzy butterflies. The hard, bitter feeling was getting pretty bad, when the maid brought in a box of flowers.

Before she could speak, Annie had the cover off, and all were exclaiming at the lovely roses, heath, and fern within.

‘It’s for Belle, of course, George always sends her some, but these are altogether ravishing,’ cried Annie, with a great sniff.

‘They are for Miss March, the man said. And here’s a note,’ put in the maid, holding it to Meg.

‘What fun! Who are they from? Didn’t know you had a lover,’ cried the girls, fluttering about Meg in a high state of curiosity and surprise.

‘The note is from Mother, and the flowers from Laurie,’ said Meg simply, yet much gratified that he had not forgotten her.

‘Oh, indeed!’ said Annie with a funny look, as Meg slipped the note into her pocket as a sort of talisman against envy, vanity, and false pride, for the few loving words had done her good, and the flowers cheered her up by their beauty.

Feeling almost happy again, she laid by a few ferns and roses for herself, and quickly made up the rest in dainty bouquets for the breasts, hair, or skirts of her friends, offering them so prettily that Clara, the elder sister, told her she was ‘the sweetest little thing she ever saw’, and they looked quite charmed with her small attention. Somehow the kind act finished her despondency, and when all the rest went to show

themselves to Mrs. Moffat, she saw a happy, bright-eyed face in the mirror, as she laid her ferns against her rippling hair and fastened the roses in the dress that didn't strike her as so very shabby now.

She enjoyed herself very much that evening, for she danced to her heart's content. Everyone was very kind, and she had three compliments. Annie made her sing, and some one said she had a remarkably fine voice. Major Lincoln asked who 'the fresh little girl with the beautiful eyes' was, and Mr. Moffat insisted on dancing with her because she 'didn't dawdle, but had some spring in her', as he gracefully expressed it. So altogether she had a very nice time, till she overheard a bit of conversation, which disturbed her extremely. She was sitting just inside the conservatory, waiting for her partner to bring her an ice, when she heard a voice ask on the other side of the flowery wall...

'How old is he?'

'Sixteen or seventeen, I should say,' replied another voice.

'It would be a grand thing for one of those girls, wouldn't it? Sallie says they are very intimate now, and the old man quite dotes on them.'

‘Mrs. M. has made her plans, I dare say, and will play her cards well, early as it is. The girl evidently doesn’t think of it yet,’ said Mrs. Moffat.

‘She told that fib about her mamma, as if she did know, and colored up when the flowers came quite prettily. Poor thing! She’d be so nice if she was only got up in style. Do you think she’d be offended if we offered to lend her a dress for Thursday?’ asked another voice.

‘She’s proud, but I don’t believe she’d mind, for that dowdy tarlatan is all she has got. She may tear it tonight, and that will be a good excuse for offering a decent one.’

Here Meg’s partner appeared, to find her looking much flushed and rather agitated. She was proud, and her pride was useful just then, for it helped her hide her mortification, anger, and disgust at what she had just heard. For, innocent and unsuspecting as she was, she could not help understanding the gossip of her friends. She tried to forget it, but could not, and kept repeating to

herself, ‘Mrs. M. has made her plans,’ ‘that fib about her mamma,’ and ‘dowdy tarlatan,’ till she was ready to cry and rush home to tell her troubles and ask for advice. As that was impossible, she did her best to seem gay, and being rather excited, she succeeded so well that no one dreamed what an

effort she was making. She was very glad when it was all over and she was quiet in her bed, where she could think and wonder and fume till her head ached and her hot cheeks were cooled by a few natural tears. Those foolish, yet well meant words, had opened a new world to Meg, and much disturbed the peace of the old one in which till now she had lived as happily as a child. Her innocent friendship with Laurie was spoiled by the silly speeches she had overheard. Her faith in her mother was a little shaken by the worldly plans attributed to her by Mrs. Moffat, who judged others by herself, and the sensible resolution to be contented with the simple wardrobe which suited a poor man's daughter was weakened by the unnecessary pity of girls who thought a shabby dress one of the greatest calamities under heaven.

Poor Meg had a restless night, and got up heavy-eyed, unhappy, half resentful toward her friends, and half ashamed of herself for not speaking out frankly and setting everything right. Everybody dawdled that morning, and it

was noon before the girls found energy enough even to take up their worsted work. Something in the manner of her friends struck Meg at once. They treated her with more respect, she thought, took quite a tender interest in what she said, and looked at her with eyes that plainly betrayed curiosity. All this

surprised and flattered her, though she did not understand it till Miss Belle looked up from her writing, and said, with a sentimental air...

‘Daisy, dear, I’ve sent an invitation to your friend, Mr. Laurence, for Thursday. We should like to know him, and it’s only a proper compliment to you.’

Meg colored, but a mischievous fancy to tease the girls made her reply demurely, ‘You are very kind, but I’m afraid he won’t come.’

‘Why not, Cherie?’ asked Miss Belle. ‘He’s too old.’

‘My child, what do you mean? What is his age, I beg to know!’ cried Miss Clara.

‘Nearly seventy, I believe,’ answered Meg, counting stitches to hide the merriment in her eyes.

‘You sly creature! Of course we meant the young man,’ exclaimed Miss Belle, laughing.

‘There isn’t any, Laurie is only a little boy.’ And Meg laughed also at the queer look which the sisters exchanged

as she thus described her supposed lover. ‘About you age,’ Nan said.

‘Nearer my sister Jo’s, I am seventeen in August,’ returned Meg, tossing her head.

‘It’s very nice of him to send you flowers, isn’t it?’ said Annie, looking wise about nothing.

‘Yes, he often does, to all of us, for their house is full, and we are so fond of them. My mother and old Mr. Laurence are friends, you know, so it is quite natural that we children should play together.’ And Meg hoped they would say no more.

‘It’s evident Daisy isn’t out yet,’ said Miss Clara to Belle with a nod.

‘Quite a pastoral state of innocence all round,’ returned Miss Belle with a shrug.

‘I’m going out to get some little matters for my girls. Can I do anything for you, young ladies?’ asked Mrs. Moffat, lumbering in like an elephant in silk and lace.

‘No, thank you, ma’am,’ replied Sallie. ‘I’ve got my new pink silk for Thursday and don’t want a thing.’

‘Nor I...’ began Meg, but stopped because it occurred to her that she did want several things and could not have them.

‘What shall you wear?’ asked Sallie.

‘My old white one again, if I can mend it fit to be seen, it got sadly torn last night,’ said Meg, trying to speak quite easily, but feeling very uncomfortable.

‘Why don’t you send home for another?’ said Sallie, who was not an observing young lady.

‘I haven’t got any other.’ It cost Meg an effort to say that, but Sallie did not see it and exclaimed in amiable surprise, ‘Only that?’ How funny...’ She did not finish her speech, for Belle shook her head at her and broke in, saying kindly...

‘Not at all. Where is the use of having a lot of dresses when she isn’t out yet? There’s no need of sending home, Daisy, even if you had a dozen, for I’ve got a sweet blue silk laid away, which I’ve outgrown, and you shall wear it to please me, won’t you, dear?’

‘You are very kind, but I don’t mind my old dress if you don’t, it does well enough for a little girl like me,’ said Meg.

‘Now do let me please myself by dressing you up in style. I admire to do it, and you’d be a regular little beauty with a touch here and there. I shan’t let anyone see you till you are done, and then we’ll burst upon them like Cinderella and her godmother going to the ball,’ said Belle in her persuasive tone.

Meg couldn't refuse the offer so kindly made, for a desire to see if she would be 'a little beauty' after touching up caused her to accept and forget all her former uncomfortable feelings toward the Moffats.

On the Thursday evening, Belle shut herself up with her maid, and between them they turned Meg into a fine lady. They crimped and curled her hair, they polished her neck and arms with some fragrant powder, touched her lips with coralline salve to make them redder, and Hortense would have added 'a soupcon of rouge', if Meg had not rebelled. They laced her into a sky-blue dress, which was so tight she could hardly breathe and so low in the neck that modest Meg blushed at herself in the mirror. A set of silver filagree was added, bracelets, necklace, brooch, and even earrings, for Hortense tied them on with a bit of pink silk which did not show. A cluster of tea-rose buds at the bosom and a ruche, reconciled Meg to the display of her pretty, white shoulders, and a pair of high-heeled silk boots satisfied the last wish of her heart. A lace handkerchief, a plummy fan, and a bouquet in a shoulder holder finished her off, and Miss Belle surveyed her with the satisfaction of a little girl with a newly dressed doll.

'Mademoiselle is chatmante, tres jolie, is she not?' cried Hortense, clasping her hands in an affected rapture.

‘Come and show yourself,’ said Miss Belle, leading the way to the room where the others were waiting.

As Meg went rustling after, with her long skirts trailing, her earrings tinkling, her curls waving, and her heart beating, she felt as if her fun had really begun at last, for the mirror had plainly told her that she was ‘a little beauty’. Her friends repeated the pleasing phrase enthusiastically, and for several minutes she stood, like a jackdaw in the fable, enjoying her borrowed plumes, while the rest chattered like a party of magpies.

‘While I dress, do you drill her, Nan, in the management of her skirt and those French heels, or she will trip herself up. Take your silver butterfly, and catch up that long curl on the left side of her head, Clara, and don’t any of you disturb the charming work of my hands,’ said Belle, as she hurried away, looking well pleased with her success.

‘You don’t look a bit like yourself, but you are very nice. I’m nowhere beside you, for Belle has heaps of taste, and you’re quite French, I assure you. Let your flowers hang, don’t be so careful of them, and be sure you don’t trip,’ returned Sallie, trying not to care that Meg was prettier than herself.

Keeping that warning carefully in mind, Margaret got safely downstairs and sailed into the drawing rooms where the

Moffats and a few early guests were assembled. She very soon discovered that there is a charm about fine clothes which attracts a certain class of people and secures their respect. Several young ladies, who had taken no notice of her before, were very affectionate all of a sudden. Several young gentlemen, who had only stared at her at the other party, now not only stared, but asked to be introduced, and said all manner of foolish but agreeable things to her, and several old ladies, who sat on the sofas, and criticized the rest of the party, inquired who she was with an air of interest. She heard Mrs. Moffat reply to one of them...

‘Daisy March—father a colonel in the army—one of our first families, but reverses of fortune, you know; intimate friends of the Laurences; sweet creature, I assure you; my Ned is quite wild about her.’

‘Dear me!’ said the old lady, putting up her glass for another observation of Meg, who tried to look as if she had not heard and been rather shocked at Mrs. Moffat’s fibs. The ‘queer feeling’ did not pass away, but she imagined herself acting the new part of fine lady and so got on pretty well, though the tight dress gave her a side-

ache, the train kept getting under her feet, and she was in constant fear lest her earrings should fly off and get lost or

broken. She was flirting her fan and laughing at the feeble jokes of a young gentleman who tried to be witty, when she suddenly stopped laughing and looked confused, for just opposite, she saw Laurie. He was staring at her with undisguised surprise, and disapproval also, she thought, for though he bowed and smiled, yet something in his honest eyes made her blush and wish she had her old dress on. To complete her confusion, she saw Belle nudge Annie, and both glance from her to Laurie, who, she was happy to see, looked unusually boyish and shy.

‘Silly creatures, to put such thoughts into my head. I won’t care for it, or let it change me a bit,’ thought Meg, and rustled across the room to shake hands with her friend.

‘I’m glad you came, I was afraid you wouldn’t.’ she said, with her most grown-up air.

‘Jo wanted me to come, and tell her how you looked, so I did,’ answered Laurie, without turning his eyes upon her, though he half smiled at her maternal tone.

‘What shall you tell her?’ asked Meg, full of curiosity to know his opinion of her, yet feeling ill at ease with him for the first time.

‘I shall say I didn’t know you, for you look so grown- up and unlike yourself, I’m quite afraid of you,’ he said, fumbling at his glove button.

‘How absurd of you! The girls dressed me up for fun, and I rather like it. Wouldn’t Jo stare if she saw me?’ said Meg, bent on making him say whether he thought her improved or not.

‘Yes, I think she would,’ returned Laurie gravely.

‘Don’t you like me so?’ asked Meg. ‘No, I don’t,’ was the blunt reply. ‘Why not?’ in an anxious tone.

He glanced at her frizzled head, bare shoulders, and fantastically trimmed dress with an expression that abashed her more than his answer, which had not particle of his usual politeness in it.

‘I don’t like fuss and feathers.’

That was altogether too much from a lad younger than herself, and Meg walked away, saying petulantly, ‘You are the rudest boy I ever saw.’

Feeling very much ruffled, she went and stood at a quiet window to cool her cheeks, for the tight dress gave her an uncomfortably brilliant color. As she stood there, Major Lincoln passed by, and a minute after she heard him saying to his mother...

‘They are making a fool of that little girl. I wanted you to see her, but they have spoiled her entirely. She’s nothing but a doll tonight.’

‘Oh, dear!’ sighed Meg. ‘I wish I’d been sensible and worn my own things, then I should not have disgusted other people, or felt so uncomfortable and ashamed of myself.’

She leaned her forehead on the cool pane, and stood half hidden by the curtains, never minding that her favorite waltz had begun, till some one touched her, and turning, she saw Laurie, looking penitent, as he said, with his very best bow and his hand out...

‘Please forgive my rudeness, and come and dance with me.’

‘I’m afraid it will be too disagreeable to you,’ said Meg, trying to look offended and failing entirely.

‘Not a bit of it, I’m dying to do it. Come, I’ll be good. I don’t like your gown, but I do think you are just splendid.’ And he waved his hands, as if words failed to express his admiration.

Meg smiled and relented, and whispered as they stood waiting to catch the time, ‘Take care my skirt doesn’t trip you up. It’s the plague of my life and I was a goose to wear it.’

‘Pin it round your neck, and then it will be useful,’ said Laurie, looking down at the little blue boots, which he evidently approved of. Away they went fleetly and gracefully, for having practiced at home, they were well matched, and the blithe young couple were a pleasant sight to see, as they twirled

merrily round and round, feeling more friendly than ever after their small tiff.

‘Laurie, I want you to do me a favor, will you?’ said Meg, as he stood fanning her when her breath gave out, which it did very soon though she would not own why.

‘Won’t I!’ said Laurie, with alacrity.

‘Please don’t tell them at home about my dress tonight. They won’t understand the joke, and it will worry Mother.’

‘Then why did you do it?’ said Laurie’s eyes, so plainly that Meg hastily added...

‘I shall tell them myself all about it, and ‘fess’ to Mother how silly I’ve been. But I’d rather do it myself. So you’ll not tell, will you?’

‘I give you my word I won’t, only what shall I say when they ask me?’

‘Just say I looked pretty well and was having a good time.’

‘I’ll say the first with all my heart, but how about the other? You don’t look as if you were having a good time. Are you?’ And Laurie looked at her with an expression which made her answer in a whisper...

‘No, not just now. Don’t think I’m horrid. I only wanted a little fun, but this sort doesn’t pay, I find, and I’m getting tired of it.’

‘Here comes Ned Moffat. What does he want?’ said Laurie, knitting his black brows as if he did not regard his young host in the light of a pleasant addition to the party.

‘He put his name down for three dances, and I suppose he’s coming for them. What a bore!’ said Meg, assuming a languid air which amused Laurie immensely.

He did not speak to her again till suppertime, when he saw her drinking champagne with Ned and his friend Fisher, who were behaving ‘like a pair of fools’, as Laurie said to himself, for he felt a brotherly sort of right to watch over the Marches and fight their battles whenever a defender was needed.

‘You’ll have a splitting headache tomorrow, if you drink much of that. I wouldn’t, Meg, your mother doesn’t like it, you know,’ he whispered, leaning over her chair, as Ned turned to refill her glass and Fisher stooped to pick up her fan.

‘I’m not Meg tonight, I’m ‘a doll’ who does all sorts of crazy things. Tomorrow I shall put away my ‘fuss and feathers’ and be desperately good again,’ she answered with an affected little laugh.

‘Wish tomorrow was here, then,’ muttered Laurie, walking off, ill-pleased at the change he saw in her.

Meg danced and flirted, chattered and giggled, as the other girls did. After supper she undertook the German, and blundered through it, nearly upsetting her partner with her long skirt, and romping in a way that scandalized Laurie, who looked on and meditated a lecture. But he got no chance to deliver it, for Meg kept away from him till he came to say good night.

‘Remember!’ she said, trying to smile, for the splitting headache had already begun.

‘Silence *à la mort*,’ replied Laurie, with a melodramatic flourish, as he went away.

This little bit of byplay excited Annie’s curiosity, but Meg was too tired for gossip and went to bed, feeling as if she had been to a masquerade and hadn’t enjoyed herself as much as she expected. She was sick all the next day, and on Saturday went home, quite used up with her fortnight’s fun and feeling that she had ‘sat in the lap of luxury’ long enough.

‘It does seem pleasant to be quiet, and not have company manners on all the time. Home is a nice place, though it isn’t splendid,’ said Meg, looking about her with a restful expression, as she sat with her mother and Jo on the Sunday evening.

‘I’m glad to hear you say so, dear, for I was afraid home would seem dull and poor to you after your fine quarters,’ replied her

mother, who had given her many anxious looks that day. For motherly eyes are quick to see any change in children's faces.

Meg had told her adventures gayly and said over and over what a charming time she had had, but something still seemed to weigh upon her spirits, and when the younger girls were gone to bed, she sat thoughtfully staring at the fire, saying little and looking worried. As the clock struck nine and Jo proposed bed, Meg suddenly left her chair and, taking Beth's stool, leaned her elbows on her mother's knee, saying bravely...

'Marmee, I want to 'fess'.'

'I thought so. What is it, dear?' 'Shall I go away?' asked Jo discreetly.

'Of course not. Don't I always tell you everything? I was ashamed to speak of it before the younger children,

but I want you to know all the dreadful things I did at the Moffats'.'

'We are prepared,' said Mrs. March, smiling but looking a little anxious.

'I told you they dressed me up, but I didn't tell you that they powdered and squeezed and frizzled, and made me look like a fashion plate. Laurie thought I wasn't proper. I know he did, though he didn't say so, and one man called me 'a doll'. I knew

it was silly, but they flattered me and said I was a beauty, and quantities of nonsense, so I let them make a fool of me.'

'Is that all?' asked Jo, as Mrs. March looked silently at the downcast face of her pretty daughter, and could not find it in her heart to blame her little follies.

'No, I drank champagne and romped and tried to flirt, and was altogether abominable,' said Meg self-reproachfully.

'There is something more, I think.' And Mrs. March smoothed the soft cheek, which suddenly grew rosy as Meg answered slowly...

'Yes. It's very silly, but I want to tell it, because I hate to have people say and think such things about us and Laurie.'

Then she told the various bits of gossip she had heard at the Moffats', and as she spoke, Jo saw her mother fold her lips tightly, as if ill pleased that such ideas should be put into Meg's innocent mind.

'Well, if that isn't the greatest rubbish I ever heard,' cried Jo indignantly. 'Why didn't you pop out and tell them so on the spot?'

'I couldn't, it was so embarrassing for me. I couldn't help hearing at first, and then I was so angry and ashamed, I didn't remember that I ought to go away.'

‘Just wait till I see Annie Moffat, and I’ll show you how to settle such ridiculous stuff. The idea of having ‘plans’ and being kind to Laurie because he’s rich and may marry us by-and-by! Won’t he shout when I tell him what those silly things say about us poor children?’ And Jo laughed, as if on second thoughts the thing struck her as a good joke.

‘If you tell Laurie, I’ll never forgive you! She mustn’t, must she, Mother?’ said Meg, looking distressed.

‘No, never repeat that foolish gossip, and forget it as soon as you can,’ said Mrs. March gravely. ‘I was very unwise to let you go among people of whom I know so little, kind, I dare say, but worldly, ill-bred, and full of these vulgar ideas about young people. I am more sorry

than I can express for the mischief this visit may have done you, Meg.’

‘Don’t be sorry, I won’t let it hurt me. I’ll forget all the bad and remember only the good, for I did enjoy a great deal, and thank you very much for letting me go. I’ll not be sentimental or dissatisfied, Mother. I know I’m a silly little girl, and I’ll stay with you till I’m fit to take care of myself. But it is nice to be praised and admired, and I can’t help saying I like it,’ said Meg, looking half ashamed of the confession.

‘That is perfectly natural, and quite harmless, if the liking does not become a passion and lead one to do foolish or unmaidenly things. Learn to know and value the praise which is worth having, and to excite the admiration of excellent people by being modest as well as pretty, Meg.’

Margaret sat thinking a moment, while Jo stood with her hands behind her, looking both interested and a little perplexed, for it was a new thing to see Meg blushing and talking about admiration, lovers, and things of that sort. And Jo felt as if during that fortnight her sister had grown up amazingly, and was drifting away from her into a world where she could not follow.

‘Mother, do you have ‘plans’, as Mrs. Moffat said?’ asked Meg bashfully.

‘Yes, my dear, I have a great many, all mothers do, but mine differ somewhat from Mrs. Moffat’s, I suspect. I will tell you some of them, for the time has come when a word may set this romantic little head and heart of yours right, on a very serious subject. You are young, Meg, but not too young to understand me, and mothers’ lips are the fittest to speak of such things to girls like you. Jo, your turn will come in time, perhaps, so listen to my ‘plans’ and help me carry them out, if they are good.’

Jo went and sat on one arm of the chair, looking as if she thought they were about to join in some very solemn affair. Holding a hand of each, and watching the two young faces wistfully, Mrs. March said, in her serious yet cheery way...

‘I want my daughters to be beautiful, accomplished, and good. To be admired, loved, and respected. To have a happy youth, to be well and wisely married, and to lead useful, pleasant lives, with as little care and sorrow to try them as God sees fit to send. To be loved and chosen by a good man is the best and sweetest thing which can happen to a woman, and I sincerely hope my girls may know this beautiful experience. It is natural to think of it, Meg, right

to hope and wait for it, and wise to prepare for it, so that when the happy time comes, you may feel ready for the duties and worthy of the joy. My dear girls, I am ambitious for you, but not to have you make a dash in the world, marry rich men merely because they are rich, or have splendid houses, which are not homes because love is wanting. Money is a needful and precious thing, and when well used, a noble thing, but I never want you to think it is the first or only prize to strive for. I’d rather see you poor men’s wives, if you were happy, beloved, contented, than queens on thrones, without self-respect and peace.’

‘Poor girls don’t stand any chance, Belle says, unless they put themselves forward,’ sighed Meg.

‘Then we’ll be old maids,’ said Jo stoutly. ‘right, Jo. Better be happy old maids than unhappy wives, or unmaidenly girls, running about to find husbands,’ said Mrs. March decidedly.

‘Don’t be troubled, Meg, poverty seldom daunts a sincere lover. Some of the best and most honored women I know were poor girls, but so love- worthy that they were not allowed to be old maids. Leave these things to time. Make this home happy, so that you may be fit for homes of your own, if they are offered you, and contented here if they are not. One thing remember, my girls. Mother is always ready to be your confidante,

Father to be your friend, and both of hope and trust that our daughters, whether married or single, will be the pride and comfort of our lives.’

‘We will, Marmee, we will!’ cried both, with all their hearts, as she bade them good night.

CHAPTER X

As spring came on, a new set of amusements became the fashion, and the lengthening days gave long afternoons for work and play of all sorts. The garden had to be put in order, and each sister had a quarter of the little plot to do what she liked with. Hannah used to say, 'I'd know which each of them gardings belonged to, ef I see 'em in Chiny,' and so she might, for the girls' tastes differed as much as their characters. Meg's had roses and heliotrope, myrtle, and a little orange tree in it. Jo's bed was never alike two seasons, for she was always trying experiments. This year it was to be a plantation of sun flowers, the seeds of which cheerful land aspiring plant were to feed Aunt Cackle-top and her family of chicks. Beth had old-fashioned fragrant flowers in her garden, sweet peas and mignonette, larkspur, pinks, pansies, and southernwood, with chickweed for the birds and catnip for the pussies. Amy had a bower in hers, rather small and earwiggy, but very pretty to look at, with honeysuckle and morning-glories hanging their colored horns and bells in graceful wreaths all over it, tall white lilies, delicate ferns, and as many

brilliant, picturesque plants as would consent to blossom there.

Gardening, walks, rows on the river, and flower hunts employed the fine days, and for rainy ones, they had house diversions, some old, some new, all more or less original. One of these was the 'P.C.', for as secret societies were the fashion, it was thought proper to have one, and as all of the girls admired Dickens, they called themselves the Pickwick Club. With a few interruptions, they had kept this up for a year, and met every Saturday evening in the big garret, on which occasions the ceremonies were as follows: Three chairs were arranged in a row before a table on which was a lamp, also four white badges, with a big 'P.C.' in different colors on each, and the weekly newspaper called, The Pickwick Portfolio, to which all contributed something, while Jo, who reveled in pens and ink, was the editor. At seven o'clock, the four members ascended to the clubroom, tied their badges round their heads, and took their seats with great solemnity. Meg, as the eldest, was Samuel Pickwick, Jo, being of a literary turn, Augustus Snodgrass, Beth, because she was round and rosy, Tracy Tupman, and Amy, who was always trying to do what she couldn't, was Nathaniel Winkle. Pickwick, the president, read the paper, which was filled

with original tales, poetry, local news, funny advertisements, and hints, in which they good-naturedly reminded each other of their faults and short comings. On one occasion, Mr. Pickwick put on a pair of spectacles without any glass, rapped upon the

table, hemmed, and having stared hard at Mr. Snodgrass, who was tilting back in his chair, till he arranged himself properly, began to read:

‘THE PICKWICK PORTFOLIO.’ MAY 20, 18—

POET’S CORNER ANNIVERSARY ODE

Again we meet to celebrate With badge and solemn rite,
Our fifty-second anniversary, In Pickwick Hall, tonight.

We all are here in perfect health, None gone from our small
band: Again we see each well-known face, And press each
friendly hand.

Our Pickwick, always at his post, With reverence we
greet, As, spectacles on nose, he reads Our well-filled weekly
sheet.

Although he suffers from a cold, We joy to hear him
speak, For words of wisdom from him fall, In spite of croak or
squeak.

Old six-foot Snodgrass looms on high, With elephantine
grace, And beams upon the company, With brown and
jovial face.

Poetic fire lights up his eye, He struggles ‘gainst his
lot. Behold ambition on his brow, And on his nose, a blot.

Next our peaceful Tupman comes, So rosy, plump, and
sweet, Who chokes with laughter at the puns, And tumbles off
his seat.

Prim little Winkle too is here, With every hair in
place, A model of propriety, Though he hates to
wash his face.

The year is gone, we still unite To joke and laugh and read,
And tread the path of literature That doth to glory lead.

Long may our paper prosper well, Our club unbroken
be, And coming years their blessings pour On the useful, gay 'P.
C.'.

A. SNODGRASS

THE MASKED MARRIAGE

(A Tale Of Venice)

Gondola after gondola swept up to the marble steps, and left its
lovely load to swell the brilliant throng that filled the stately halls
of Count Adelon. Knights and ladies, elves and pages, monks
and flower girls, all mingled gaily in the dance. Sweet voices and
rich melody filled the air, and so with mirth and music the
masquerade went on. 'Has your Highness seen the Lady viola
tonight?' asked a gallant troubadour of the fairy queen who
floated down the hall upon his arm. 'Yes, is she not lovely,

though so sad! Her dress is well chosen, too, for in a week she weds Count Antonio, whom she passionately hates.'

'By my faith, I envy him. Yonder he comes, arrayed like a bridegroom, except

the black mask. When that is off we shall see how he regards the fair maid whose heart he cannot win, though her stern father bestows her hand,' returned the troubadour.

'Tis whispered that she loves the young English artist who haunts her steps, and is spurned by the old Count,' said the lady, as they joined the dance. The revel was at its height when a priest appeared, and withdrawing the young pair to an alcove, hung with purple velvet, he motioned them to kneel. Instant silence fell on the gay throng, and not a sound, but the dash of fountains or the rustle of orange groves sleeping in the moonlight, broke the hush, as Count de Adelon spoke thus:

'My lords and ladies, pardon the ruse by which I have gathered you here to witness the marriage of my daughter. Father, we wait your services.' All eyes turned toward the bridal party, and a murmur of amazement went through the throng, for neither bride nor groom removed their

masks. Curiosity and wonder possessed all hearts, but respect restrained all tongues till the holy rite was over. Then the eager spectators gathered round the count, demanding an explanation.

‘Gladly would I give it if I could, but I only know that it was the whim of my timid Viola, and I yielded to it. Now, my children, let the play end. Unmask and receive my blessing.’

But neither bent the knee, for the young bridegroom replied in a tone that startled all listeners as the mask fell, disclosing the noble face of Ferdinand Devereux, the artist lover, and leaning on the breast where now flashed the star of an English earl was the lovely Viola, radiant with joy and beauty.

‘My lord, you scornfully bade me claim your daughter when I could boast as high a name and vast a fortune as the Count antonio. I can do more, for even your ambitious soul cannot refuse the Earl of Devereux and De Vere, when he gives his

ancient name and boundless wealth in return for the beloved hand of this fair lady, now my wife.

The count stood like one changed to stone, and turning to the bewildered crowd, Ferdinand added, with a gay smile of triumph, ‘To you, my gallant friends, I can only wish that your

wooing may prosper as mine has done, and that you may all win as fair a bride as I have by this masked marriage.'

S. PICKWICK

Why is the P. C. like the Tower of Babel?

It is full of unruly members.

THE HISTORY OF A SQUASH

Once upon a time a farmer planted a little seed. in his garden, and after a while it sprouted and became a vine and bore many squashes. One day in October, when they were ripe, he picked one and took it to market. A gorcerman bought and put it in his shop. That same morning, a little girl in a brown hat and blue dress, with a round

face and snub nose, went and bought it for her mother. She lugged it home, cut it up, and boiled it in the big pot, mashed some of it salt and butter, for dinner. And to the rest she added a pint of milk, two eggs, four spoons of sugar, nutmeg, and some crackers, put it in a deep dish, and baked it till it was brown and nice, and next day it was eaten by a family named March.

T. TUPMAN

Mr. Pickwick, Sir:- I address you upon the subject of sin the sinner I mean is a man named Winkle who makes trouble in his club by laughing and sometimes won't write his piece in this fine paper I hope you will pardon his badness and let him send a French fable because he can't write out of his head as he has so many lessons to do and no brains in future I will try to take time by the fetlock and prepare some work which will be all commy la fo that means all right I am in haste as it is nearly school time

Yours respectably,

N. WINKLE

[The above is a manly and handsome acknowledgment of past misdemeanors. If our young friend studied punctuation, it would be well.]

A SAD ACCIDENT

On Friday last, we were startled by a violent shock in our basement, followed by cries of distress. On rushing in a body to the cellar, we discovered our beloved President prostrate upon the floor, having tripped and fallen while getting wood for domestic purposes. A perfect scene of ruin met our eyes, for in his fall Mr. Pickwick had plunged his head and shoulders into a tub of water, upset a keg of soft soap upon his manly form, and torn his garments badly. On being removed from this perilous

situation, it was discovered that he had suffered no injury but several bruises, and we are happy to add, is now doing well.

ED.

THE PUBLIC BEREAVEMENT

It is our painful duty to record the sudden and mysterious disappearance of our cherished friend, Mrs. Snowball Pat Paw. This lovely and beloved cat was the pet of a large circle of warm and admiring friends; for her beauty attracted all eyes, her graces and virtues endeared her to all hearts, and her loss is deeply felt by the whole community.

When last seen, she was sitting at the gate, watching the butcher's cart, and it is feared that some villain, tempted by her charms, basely stole her. Weeks have passed, but no trace of her has been discovered, and we relinquish all hope, tie a black ribbon to her basket, set aside her dish, and weep for her as one lost to us forever.

A sympathizing friend sends the following gem:

A LAMENT

(FOR S. B. PAT PAW)