

ALL THAT HAPPENED
IN A WEEK



JANE H. FINDLATER

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All That Happened,
In A Week



A Story for Children

T. Nelson and Sons



“Do you live in that nice place among the baskets?”

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ALL THAT HAPPENED
IN A WEEK *A STORY*
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

By

Jane H. Findlater




LONDON, EDINBURGH,
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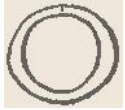
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All that happened
in a week!



CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL.



ONE summer afternoon many years ago a child, called Peggy Roberts, arrived at the door of her aunt's house in an open carriage. Peggy was just eight years old. She had been in the train since early in the morning, and was very tired when the carriage stopped at the door of Seafield. Then she noticed that everything round her was new and different from things at home, and she forgot about feeling tired. The house was exactly like the tea-caddy that stood on the dining-room side-board at home, and had been brought from China by her uncle—that is to say, it was quite square, and you felt as if you could lift off the top like the lid of the tea-caddy.



Right up to the windows there grew such a lovely rose-tree, covered all over with branches of bright red roses.

“O Martin, let me get some of the roses!” Peggy cried, standing still on the steps of the house.

Martin was her aunt's maid, a stout, cross-looking woman, who always refused to allow Peggy to do anything she wanted.

“No, no, Miss Peggy, come in for your tea; the roses are far too high up,” she said. Peggy looked up at the beautiful dangling branches, and her mouth went down at the corners; she thought nothing would make her happy unless she got one of them.

It must have been because she was so tired that she began to cry about nothing in this way. The coachman was more good-natured than Martin, however, for he stood up on the box of the carriage and gathered a bunch of the roses. “Here, missie,” he said, leaning down from his high seat, and handing them to Peggy.

“Oh! oh! oh!” Peggy cried, burying her nose in the lovely red bunch.

But then something horrid happened: a whole family of great, fat, brown earwigs came hurrying and dropping out of the roses, in the greatest speed to get away. Down went the roses on to the steps, and Peggy cried in earnest now.

There was nothing she hated like earwigs, and to have a whole nest of them fall out on her frock was too much for her altogether. And then Martin was so pleased.

“See there, Miss Peggy; that’s what you get for wanting to pick flowers!” she said. But she did brush away the earwigs, and stamped upon the biggest of them to Peggy’s great disgust. Then they went into the house, and she had to speak to her aunt; and, of course, she had nothing to say to her.

Tea was on the table. A different kind of bread was there from the home-bread Peggy knew. She went and stood beside the table and looked at it, then put out her finger and touched it.

“Don’t touch things on the table!” said Aunt Euphemia.

“I’m sorry!” said Peggy, and wanted to cry again. But the door opened, and such an exceedingly nice cat came walking in, just as if the house belonged to it, that she forgot all about crying.

She ran to the cat, and went down on her knees on the carpet to stroke him.

“He is called Patrick,” said Aunt Euphemia; “take care that he does not scratch you.”

But Patrick did not mean to scratch. He rubbed his big yellow face against Peggy in the most friendly way, and then walked to the tea-table and jumped up on a chair and mewed twice, very loudly, exactly as if he were asking for his tea.

“Patrick is very punctual,” said Aunt Euphemia.

She poured out a saucer of milk for him, and put it on the floor. Peggy sat down on the carpet to watch him take it. His little red tongue was so rough and funny, she laughed out aloud at seeing it dart in and out of the milk. Patrick never paused for a minute till he had licked the saucer so dry that you would have thought it had been washed. Then he licked his long, yellow whiskers, and walked away to the other end of the room, jumped on to the sofa, and was fast asleep in a minute. Peggy wanted to waken him,

and make him play with her; but Aunt Euphemia wouldn't allow her. As her own tea was brought in at that moment, however, she became interested in it.

Martin came in with Peggy's pinafore, and glanced at the tea-tray while she put it on. "I'll just bring a kitchen cup for Miss Peggy," she said, adding aside to Aunt Euphemia, "*She's an awfu' breaker!*"

Peggy blushed hotly. She knew that she often broke things, but it was horrid of Martin to remind Aunt Euphemia of it just then. She had wanted to take tea out of one of those nice cups with the roses on them; it wouldn't taste a bit nice out of a kitchen cup. But it was of no use to object. Martin always had her way, so the kitchen cup was brought, and an ugly kitchen plate also. It was wonderful how good tea tasted after all, and the strange bread had a nice salt taste, and the strawberry jam was different too. Altogether, Peggy enjoyed tea very much.

When it was done, she went across to the sofa to see what Patrick was doing. He opened his green eyes, and looked at her sleepily. One of his paws was lying out on the cushion. Peggy took it up in her hand and felt the funny little pads of black skin on his feet. She knew, because she had a cat at home, that if you give a cat's paw ever such a tiny squeeze with your hand, its claws pop out from between the little pads of black skin. She had sometimes done it to old Tuffy at home; so she gave Patrick's paw the tiniest squeeze possible, just to see the claws slide out from their sheaths. But instead of receiving this in Tuffy's kind way, Patrick put out his paw in a furious rage at her, and buried all his claws in her arm. Oh, what a howl Peggy gave, and what long, red scratches appeared down her arm! Then Patrick jumped down from his pillow with an angry fizz, and walked out of the room.

Aunt Euphemia rang the bell without a word.

"Martin," she said, "put Miss Peggy to bed; she has been teasing Patrick!"

And Peggy, sobbing with pain, went off to bed.



CHAPTER II.

THE WASPS.



YOU will not have read even as much as this without finding out that Peggy was always getting into trouble. And indeed it was her nature to do so, poor dear, though it seldom was through any serious fault on her part. The first evening of her visit to Seafield had ended in this fight with Patrick, and the next morning something much worse happened. I must tell you all about it.

The sun was shining very brightly next morning, and Peggy felt as happy as possible. On the way downstairs she met Patrick; and because she was very sweet-tempered and forgiving, she sat down on the top step at once, and held out her hand to him—a little warily, of course.

She was delighted to see that Patrick, too, wanted to be on friendly terms. He came and rubbed his head against her and purred. So they made it up, and Peggy ran downstairs.

“May I play in the garden, auntie?” she asked at breakfast.

Aunt Euphemia considered for a moment. “Yes, if you do not leave the garden, and do not tread upon the flower-beds, or gather the flowers,” she answered at last.

Peggy did not much mind these regulations. It looked so delightful out there in the sunshine that she wanted nothing else. So when breakfast was over, she ran out and began to wander about, looking at all the new things—quite new most of them were to her. Different flowers grew here from those that filled the garden at home, and they were so nice to smell, even if she might not pick them. In one corner grew a bush of a great feathery shrub that she had never seen before. She walked round and round it, and longed to have one of the long feathery switches for a wand, such as fairies use.

Just as she was thinking how much she would like this, a young man came across the lawn with the mowing-machine. He looked good-natured, Peggy thought, and she wondered if she might ask him about the wand. She

did not know his name, however, and felt a little shy. She stood still, with her finger in her mouth (a bad habit she had), and watched him while he poured oil into the little holes of the mowing-machine. Then she summoned up courage to speak to him.

“Man,” she said, in a very shy voice—“man, I would like one of these branches for a fairy-wand; do you think I might have one?” She pointed to the bush.

He looked up with a grunt and a laugh, flung down the oil-can, and drew a big clasp-knife out of his pocket. “One o’ thae yins?” he asked in a kind voice.

She nodded, and pointed to the branch she specially desired.

“What’s your name, please?” she asked.

“James, missie,” he said, hacking away at the branch while he spoke, and in a minute he handed her the lovely long spray she had wanted.

Oh, what a wand it was!—longer a great deal than herself, and so supple that it bent just like a whip.

“See here, missie,” said James; “ye’ll no can manage it that way; I’ll peel it to ye.” He took the branch and began peeling off the outer skin till it showed a satin-like white wood.

“Oh, let me peel!” cried Peggy; and together they peeled away till the branch was bare—all except a beautiful bunch like a green tassel at the tip.



With this in her hand, Peggy walked away across the lawn, and you may fancy how delightful it was. She pretended she was a fairy queen, and a touch of her wand would do whatever she chose. She walked about muttering charms to the flowers, and then saw her friend Patrick lying on a bank. She graciously extended the tip of her wand to him, and he played with it for a minute quite like a kitten.

But then it struck her that she would walk round the house. And outside one of the windows she saw the funniest thing hanging. It looked like a little bottle made of flimsy gray paper. She wondered what it

could possibly be; and standing right under it, she poked up her hand and tickled the mouth of the gray-paper bottle. The next moment, she heard a terrible buzzing noise, and a cloud of wasps came flying down upon her. Peggy never knew what she did. Down went the wand, and she screamed aloud, for the wasps were stinging her all over her hands and face. The next moment James came running up the bank to her. He caught her up in his arms and ran across the lawn. They both seemed surrounded and followed by the wasps, and a new sting came on poor Peggy's face or neck every moment. There was a gate in the garden wall, and James ran to the gate, opened it, and crossed the road. The next minute Peggy saw that he was wading into the sea with her and dipping her under the water.

The wasps fell away in the distance, an angry, buzzing, black cloud; and poor Peggy, more dead than alive, found herself being carried back to the house, all her clothes dripping with the salt water. James was dripping too, and moving his head in a queer way as if his neck hurt him.

CHAPTER III.

THE DOCTOR.



THOUGH it was only ten o'clock in the morning, Peggy was glad enough to be put to bed at once when she got back to the house. Martin and Aunt Euphemia rubbed all her stings with washing-blue and earth, and after that the worst of the pain went out of them. But how Peggy's head did begin to ache! Then she got sleepy, and had funny dreams, and woke up crying, and couldn't eat the nice dinner

Martin brought up to her. Martin was quite kind too, and tried to get her to eat; but it was no use—she did not want anything. It was very hot too—oh, so hot, Peggy couldn't lie still, and tumbled about in bed. At last, just when she was so hot that she sat up to see if that would make her cooler, Aunt Euphemia came in, bringing with her a strange man, who laid Peggy down on the pillows again, and took hold of her wrist with one hand, while he held his watch in the other.

“This is the doctor, Peggy,” said Aunt Euphemia in explanation.

“Do the stings hurt you still, Peggy?” he asked, pulling up her sleeves to look at the marks on her arm. But Peggy scarcely knew what hurt her most, her head was so sore, and she felt so sick.

“I am going to make you quite well,” the doctor said; “but you must take something nasty first.”

He looked at Peggy and laughed.

Aunt Euphemia looked very stern. “I will make her take it!” she said.

“Oh, Peggy is too good to need to be made to take things, I'm sure,” said the doctor.

Peggy sat up suddenly in bed.

“If *you* give it to me *quick*,” she said to the doctor, “I'll take it!”

“Very well; here it is,” he said, shaking a powder into a glass, and holding it out to Peggy.

Aunt Euphemia expected her to taste it and declare she couldn’t take it; but Peggy drank the medicine right off without a word, and lay down again.

“Poor little soul! Keep her in bed to-morrow, and I fancy she will be all right next day,” said the doctor.—“Good-night, Peggy; go to sleep, and if you are quite well on Thursday when I come you shall have a ride on my horse.”

These were the last words Peggy heard, and she fell asleep very soon, and slept all night long.

It is horrid to be kept in bed when one feels quite well. Peggy wanted to get up and go out next day, and instead, had to lie still with nothing to amuse her. The bed she was in was of a kind you never see nowadays, with four huge mahogany pillars supporting red damask curtains. It was just like sleeping in a tent.

Peggy found that by sitting high up on the pillows she could see out of the window. The sea was right in front of the house, and a little harbour filled with ships. There was a funny noise always going on at the harbour, and Martin told her it was the ships being loaded with coal. In the evening, just when Peggy was very dull, she saw a ship with great white sails come floating along. There was scarcely any wind, so every one of the sails was up, and it looked like a big white bird. Then, as it came near the mouth of the harbour, it stood quite still in the water, and a little steamer went puffing out to it. A rope was thrown to the ship, and by this rope it was towed into the harbour. Peggy could hear the men calling out to one another and laughing.

“Maybe, if you are good, Miss Peggy, I’ll take ye down to the harbour one day,” said Martin.

“Might I get on to one of the ships?” Peggy asked.

“No, no—dirty places—all coal-dust; whatever would Miss Roberts say to that?”

“Oh, but I would like to be on a ship, and the coal-dust would do me no harm,” pleaded Peggy.

“There’s nothing but dirty Germans on the ships, Miss Peggy—speaking like monkeys, and rings in their ears—Spanish, and Dutch, and Italian, some of them. No, no; it’s no place for you!”

Peggy said no more. But, would you believe it, she decided that she *must* see these men with rings in their ears, who spoke like monkeys, however she managed it. And with this thought she fell asleep.

Dr. Seaton came on Thursday, and by that time Peggy was quite well, and out of bed again.

“May I take her down the avenue on my horse, Miss Roberts?” he asked of Aunt Euphemia. “I promised her that I would.”

“Oh, don’t trouble with the child,” said Aunt Euphemia. “I mean to take her for a drive with me this afternoon.”



There was a moment’s pause, and Peggy looked very hard at Dr. Seaton—very hard indeed. A drive with Aunt Euphemia would be quite different from a ride with him, she thought.

“Mayn’t I take her? She shall not get into any mischief,” he said.

Peggy gave his hand a little squeeze to show what *she* felt about

it, and Aunt Euphemia consented.

Dr. Seaton’s horse was tied to a ring at the door—a high, gray beast. It had taken a mouthful of the earwig roses, and was munching away at them when Peggy came down the steps.

“O horse, there are such lots of earwigs in these roses,” she said in disgust, “I am sure they can’t be nice to eat!”

Dr. Seaton laughed, and told Peggy the horse didn’t mind the taste of earwigs a bit. Then he lifted her up on to the shiny saddle that made a nice creaking noise, and gave her the reins into her own hands, while he held her on. The horse stepped away down the avenue so obediently, just as if he were quite accustomed to having Peggy on his back. It was delightful, being so high up, and feeling the horse move. Peggy thought it made up for the wasps.

“I’m glad the wasps made me ill,” she said, “or I wouldn’t have had this ride.”

At the gate they came in sight of the sea, and Peggy remembered what Martin had told her.

“Oh, Martin told me the men on the ships talked like monkeys and had rings in their ears,” she said, “and I want to see them.”

“Have you never been on a ship?” Dr. Seaton asked.

“No, never. The sea doesn’t come near home, you know,” Peggy explained.

“Well, would you like to come with me some day on to one? Would Aunt Euphemia let you? I go to see a boy with a broken arm on one of the ships. I’ll take you, if your aunt lets you come.”

Peggy was quite sure now that it was worth while being ill. Dr. Seaton lifted her down off the horse, and told her to run back up the avenue.

“I’d like just to kiss the horse’s nose first,” she said. “He has been so nice.”

But Dr. Seaton suggested it would be wiser to pat him—just in case he were to bite; so Peggy contented herself with this, and then ran away up the avenue as pleased as possible.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WHITE STONES.



MARTIN will put on your hat and jacket, Peggy, and you will come out for a nice drive with me at three o'clock," said Aunt Euphemia at lunch. This seemed a pleasant thing to do, but Peggy did not look pleased. She sat quite still and made no answer.

"Don't you wish to come?" asked Aunt Euphemia at last.

"No," said truthful Peggy. The fact was, she had found such a delightful new game that she wanted to go on playing it all the rest of her life.

"What would you do if you stayed at home?"

asked Aunt Euphemia.

Peggy would not say. It spoils a game so much to explain it to other people.

"I'd just like to stay and play in the garden," she said.

Aunt Euphemia was not at all pleased. She thought it was because Peggy did not love her that she refused to go out with her.

"Very well," she said; "of course, I do not wish to take a little girl with me who does not care for me."

Peggy felt sorry, but she couldn't explain; it would have spoilt everything, you know. She stood on the steps and watched Aunt Euphemia drive away, and then she clapped her hands, and danced off into the garden. A flight of old stone steps led down from one part of the garden to another; beside the steps there was a rockery, and Peggy had found among the stones a lot of lumps of soft white chalk.

She could make her fingers as white as snow by gently rubbing the chalk over them, but the nicest thing to do with it was to pound it down into a

lovely soft powder with another stone. Peggy sat on the lowest step of the stone stair and pounded the chalk on the step above her. It was delightful to do. Among the powder she found here and there a little white stone. She called them pearls, and decided to make a collection of them, so that she might string them into a necklace. It was not every lump of chalk that had a white stone in it, however, as she soon found out. But this only made it more exciting. The time slipped away so fast at this game that Peggy couldn't believe that it really was the tea-bell she heard. "Why, auntie must have come home," she thought, "and I must go in for tea now; but I can come out and hunt for pearls again after tea." She gathered up her little white stones in her hand, and went slowly into the house counting them over in her palm.

"Peggy!" cried Aunt Euphemia.

Peggy had walked into the drawing-room, still counting the treasures.

"Yes, auntie," she replied. "Oh, do look at my pearls!"

"I'll look first at your dress, Peggy. What have you been doing to it? I never saw a child like you for getting into mischief. Ring the bell, and come here and tell me how you have destroyed your frock."

Peggy looked down. The front of her blue serge frock was covered all over with chalk. She seemed to have rubbed it into the stuff in the strangest way. She was as white as a miller.

"O auntie, I'm sorry! It's the chalk," Peggy cried.

"What chalk? Where did you get chalk, and how did you smear it over yourself in this way?" asked Aunt Euphemia.

"I was finding pearls—such lovely pearls. I am going to make a necklace of them; see!" said Peggy, holding them out to her aunt to be admired.

"Just bits of stone. What nonsense! Throw them out of the window," said Aunt Euphemia. She was much displeased.

Peggy was very obedient. It did not occur to her to refuse to throw the pearls away. She walked across to the open window, and flung them out with scarcely any hesitation; but, oh dear, what it cost her! Such a sore lump came into her throat, and she kept swallowing it down so hard. Then Martin came in, looking very cross, and carrying a large cloth-brush, and she was taken to the front door and brushed, and brushed, to get the chalk away.

"You'll please not to play *that* game again," said Martin crossly. "It's a queer thing you can't be alone half an hour without getting into mischief."

Peggy made no answer. Her throat was too sore with trying not to cry. For nothing else seemed as if it would give her any pleasure again if she wasn't allowed to pound chalk and find pearls.



CHAPTER V.

A VERY BAD CHILD.



Now I must tell you about something naughty that Peggy did. This was how it came about.

All the rest of the evening Aunt Euphemia and Martin seemed to think that Peggy was in disgrace, because she had spoiled her frock, and perhaps also because she was a little bit sulky. It is a horrid thing to sulk. It does no good; but often one wants to do it so much. Aunt Euphemia went and sat out in the garden after tea, and made Peggy sit beside her playing with a doll, and all the time she was anxious to be pounding chalk instead, so she didn't care in the least for her doll. The only thing she could do was to pretend that she was very angry with the doll, and beat it severely several times. But even this did not make the evening pass quickly. It was a terribly hot day, and that made Peggy feel cross also. After supper Aunt Euphemia read aloud

what she thought was a nice story to her; but Peggy didn't care about it in the least, and at eight o'clock she was put to bed by Martin, who was still rather grim.

Peggy's room was on the ground floor, and had a great big window. She asked Martin to let her keep the blind up, so that she might look out and see the ships if she wasn't asleep; but Martin said that if she wasn't asleep she should be, and drew down the blind. Peggy fell asleep pretty soon after this; but it was so hot that she soon woke and sat up in bed. It must have been only two or three hours since she went to bed, for it was still a soft dusk outside, as it often is between ten and eleven o'clock on a mid-summer night.

"Oh, how hot!" Peggy thought. Then she got up, and walked across the floor to the window, and lifted the blind. How cool and sweet the garden was! She stood and looked out, and wondered if every one had gone to bed,

the house sounded so quiet. Then a sudden thought struck her. Why shouldn't she get out at the window, and go and play at finding pearls just now? No one would know, and the chalk wouldn't leave any mark on her nightgown. Because it was still light, it never occurred to Peggy to feel frightened to go out into the garden. She thought it would be the greatest fun to have her game in spite of Aunt Euphemia and Martin; so she wriggled on her little white dressing-gown, and drawing a chair to the window, climbed up on it, and threw up the window very softly.

That was quite easy to do; and oh, it was nice outside! The grass felt so delicious to her bare feet—so cool and rough. She had to run right across the lawn to get to the steps, and there were the dear chalk lumps lying waiting for her, and her pounding-stone!

“I must be *very* careful not to make a noise, for then Martin might look out and see me,” she thought; and so she squeezed the chalk carefully and quietly, and searched among it for the precious little white stones.

What fun it was to be doing this unknown to any one! And then all of a sudden the game seemed to lose its pleasure, because Peggy knew quite well she shouldn't do it. She would not confess this to herself for some time, but went on crushing the chalk and thinking. Then she rose a little uneasily, and laid down her stone, and stood up.



“I think I must go back to bed, and say my prayer, and perhaps I'll be forgiven,” she said to herself.

Just as she stood up, she heard the trot of a horse passing on the road. The wall was very low which separated the garden from the road, and any

one riding past could see her distinctly as she stood there. The horse stopped.

“Hullo! is this a little ghost?” said a voice speaking to her.

Peggy was terribly frightened. She knew it was Dr. Seaton’s voice. She stood, and made no answer.

“Is that you, Peggy?” he asked; “and why are you out here so late at night?”

Peggy knew it was impossible to hide. She answered in a trembling voice, “Yes, it’s me; I’m playing.”

“Playing? Does your aunt know? What have you got on?” he asked.

He tied up the horse to a tree, and jumping over the low garden wall, came to where Peggy stood.

“Child, what are you doing?—bare feet, and scarcely any clothes on!”

“Oh, I *wanted* to play at it—at pounding chalk; and auntie wouldn’t let me in the day-time, and I came out, and it was so nice at first, and then it turned horrid; and, oh, I’m frightened, and I want to go back to bed!” she sobbed.

“You should be scolded for this, Peggy, but it’s too late for that now. Come, and I’ll lift you in at your window, and you will soon be asleep again,” said Dr. Seaton. He stooped down, and lifted Peggy right up in his arms, and carried her across the lawn to the window. “And now, suppose I hadn’t happened to see you, how would you have got in there?” he asked. “You know, Peggy, getting out of a window is a different matter from getting in at it again.”

The thought of this appalled Peggy. What indeed would she have done?

“*Oh, they would have found out!*” she said in a terrified whisper.

“Don’t you mean to let them find out, as it is?” Dr. Seaton asked very gravely. “When you do what is wrong, the best thing you can do is to tell about it, Peggy. But it’s too late for lectures. Get in at the window, and jump into bed, and go to sleep. Think about your sins in the morning. Good-night, little one.”

He lifted her through the window, and she landed safely on the chair. It seemed to Peggy that she must have been out for hours and hours, and she crept into bed and drew the blankets round her, feeling very much ashamed

indeed. In the distance she heard the trot of Dr. Seaton's horse as it went off down the road.

Now I wonder whether Peggy would have had the courage to confess her adventure to Aunt Euphemia. As it turned out, she was forced to do so; for the next thing she remembered was Martin standing beside her saying, "Time to get up, Miss Peggy," in her cross voice. Peggy was always glad to jump up; and this morning, though she felt there was something disagreeable that she couldn't remember, she jumped up as gladly as usual. "Come away to your bath," said Martin, who always superintended her toilet. Peggy loved her bath, and was playing with the soap and the sponge when Martin came to hurry her.

"Not in your bath yet? I never saw such a child for putting off time!" she said.

"I was just floating the big sponge for a minute," apologized Peggy; but as she spoke, Martin pounced upon her.

"Mercy me! how ever did you get these feet?" she demanded.

Peggy looked down. Her little white feet were all dabbled with earth stains and green streaks. The lawn had been very wet with dew, and she had run across it and then across two of the flower-beds, so the earth had stuck to her damp feet and stained them brown.

"*Oh!*" said Peggy. She was very frightened. Then she remembered Dr. Seaton's advice. "I think, Martin," she said, "I will go and speak to auntie alone." And without more ado, she ran across the passage and into Aunt Euphemia's room without giving herself time to think. You will find this isn't a bad way of telling about anything you are afraid to tell.

"Please, auntie, I've come to show you my feet, and tell. It's because I went out last night through the window, after I was put to bed. I wanted to pound chalk again, and I did for quite a long time, and then I didn't, and I went back to bed," she cried all in a breath, holding up her night-dress to show the brown earth-stains on her feet. Aunt Euphemia sat up in bed and stared.

"Peggy!" she exclaimed, "you went out—went out into the garden in your night-dress!"

"Yes. Please, auntie don't be very angry. I didn't mean to do anything wrong; it was only that I wanted so very much to find some more pearls," Peggy pleaded.

Martin came in, grim and rather pleased to have found Peggy out in such a fault.

“There’s no doing with her, Miss Roberts,” she said—“always in some mischief or other; and if I may suggest, I think a young lady that could do so wrong should just be kept in her bed all day. I doubt but she’ll have got a chill too. A day in bed will just be the best thing for her.”

Aunt Euphemia always agreed with everything Martin said, and Peggy knew her fate was sealed. Outside, the beautiful, happy world was all green and bright; but she was going to be put to bed and kept there all day.

“Come away,” said Martin triumphantly; “you must just take your bath, and then go back to your bed, Miss Peggy. No jam with your bread to-day, mind.”

So Peggy was bathed and put to bed; and turning her face to the wall, she wept long and bitterly and repented of her sins.



CHAPTER VI.

A DAY IN BED.

IT makes one feel very sick to cry for a long time. Peggy cried till she was so tired that she had to stop because it hurt her to go on. Her face was swollen up, and her eyes were red, and she looked quite ugly. But at last she got so tired that she fell sound asleep, and only wakened up to have dinner. It was a horrid dinner—cold mutton, rice pudding without raisins in it, and with no sugar sprinkled over it; that was all. However, Peggy was wonderfully hungry, and she ate it up. Then came a very long hour. She sat up in bed, and looked out at the ships; she made hills and valleys with the sheets, piling them up, and smoothing them out; she counted the roses on the wall-paper; she plaited the fringe of the counterpane into dozens of little plaits, and yet the clock in the hall had only struck three. There was the whole long day to get through!

Then she heard the door-bell ring, and some one was shown into the drawing-room. She wondered who it could be.

After ten minutes or so, she heard the drawing-room door open again, and Aunt Euphemia's voice in the hall, saying,—

“No; Peggy is in bed to-day!”

“In bed? I hope the little woman isn't ill!” some one said—Dr. Seaton, Peggy thought, with a throb of delight. Perhaps he would help her.

“No, not ill. I am sorry to say she was a very naughty child. I am keeping her in bed as a punishment.”

Peggy heard the speakers pause near her door. Dr. Seaton had evidently stood still as he was going out.

“Not all day, I hope, Miss Roberts,” he said. “It's not good for the child in this hot weather. You don't want to have her ill on your hands?”

Aunt Euphemia then began to give him the whole history of the night before; and Dr. Seaton seemed to listen, as if it were all new to him.

“Well, she told you honestly about it, Miss Roberts. Don’t you think half a day in bed will be enough punishment, this time?” he said.

“I wish to be firm!” said Aunt Euphemia; but there was a sound of wavering in her voice that made Peggy wriggle in bed with delight, for she thought her hour of release was coming.

“Suppose you let the child get up now,” Dr. Seaton urged.

“Oh, she will just get into some fresh mischief the moment she is out of bed. I never saw a child like her,” said Aunt Euphemia; “Martin is quite worn out with looking after her.”

“I saw that pleasant-looking cook of yours gathering currants in the kitchen-garden as I came past. Why don’t you let Peggy help her? She couldn’t get any harm there, I fancy,” said Dr. Seaton. “But I must go now. Good-bye, Miss Roberts.”

And Peggy heard him run down the steps. Would she be allowed to get up? She held her breath. Aunt Euphemia came in.

“Peggy, if you are a very good girl you may get up now, and go out into the kitchen-garden and gather black currants with Janet,” she said.

The words were scarcely uttered before Peggy was out of bed and struggling into her clothes. She was in such a hurry that she put on her stockings on the wrong side, and fastened her frock all wrong; but she managed to get dressed somehow, though she would have been much quicker if she had not been in such a hurry—which sounds absurd, but is quite true. Then out into the sunny garden she ran as fast as her feet could carry her. It was deliciously warm, and such a nice, hot, fruity smell was all over the place. Janet wore a big straw bonnet, and carried a basket already half full of black currants.



She gave Peggy a very warm welcome, for, unlike Martin, she was one of those people who love children.

“Dearie me, Miss Peggy! This is fine. Come away and see which of us will gather quickest,” she said. “Here’s a wee basket for you, and a wee one for me; and you take the one side of the bush, and I’ll have the other, and see who’ll be first!”

She laid down her large basket between them, and got out the two tiny baskets instead. It is much nicer to gather fruit in small baskets that are soon filled, for one seems to be getting on so much quicker. Peggy worked at a great pace, and actually got her basket full before Janet, to her great delight. Then it was poured into the large basket, and she began again. Thus the work went on for an hour at least. Peggy was just beginning to think she was getting a tiny bit tired, when Janet laid down her basket suddenly.

“Come in-bye, Miss Peggy,” she said. “I hear the baker’s man at the back door; maybe he’ll have something for you.”

Peggy followed her to the kitchen, where the baker’s man had just laid down some loaves on the table. They were still warm, and the crust had the nicest smell you can imagine.

“I’m thinking you’d like a piece,” said Janet, taking up one of the new loaves, and looking at Peggy. “It wasn’t much o’ a dinner Martin took upstairs for ye.”

“That was because I was naughty,” Peggy admitted with a blush.

“Ye’re no naughty now!” said Janet. She took a knife, and cut a slice of the nice new bread. Then from the cupboard she took out a round pat of beautiful fresh butter, stamped with a swan, and spread it thickly on the



bread. Last of all, she sprinkled a lot of sparkling, brown Jamaica sugar from the sugar-jar over it, and handed the bread to Peggy.

“Oh, *how* nice! May I sit on the doorstep and eat it?” Peggy cried.

I don’t suppose, though she lived to be a hundred years old, she would ever forget the taste of that bread and sugar, it was so delicious.

Janet was getting out a huge brass pan from the scullery, and Peggy wanted to know what it was meant for.

“It’s to make jam in, Miss Peggy; but that’s too hot a job for you. Maybe if you go and play for an hour and come back, I’ll let you stir the pan for a minute then,” said Janet. And then, anxious that Peggy should get into no further mischief that night, she suggested the washing-green as a safe place to spend the hour in. There were shamrocks growing there, and clover; and if Peggy could find a four-leaved clover, she would be lucky all the rest of her life, she assured her.

The washing-green was very cool and pleasant, and Peggy lay on her face on the grass and searched for that four-leaved clover for a whole hour without being dull for a minute. Then she heard Janet calling her, and went running to the kitchen. There the great brass pan was full of boiling fruit, deep crimson, and with the most delicious smell. Janet gave her a saucer, and told her that with a large spoon she might skim the white froth from the edge of the pan. This was great fun to do; and then she was allowed to taste it, and it was very good. Then Janet took the huge pan off the fire, and with a cup began to fill up rows and rows of jars with the jam. Peggy sat on the table and counted the jars, and was allowed, when they were full, to take a damp cloth and wipe off all the drops of jam from the edges, so that the jars were all clean and neat. When all this was done it was quite late, and Janet said Peggy must go and have her frock changed for the evening now.

“I’ve been *so* happy, Janet, I want to stay with you,” said Peggy, flinging her arms round Janet’s neck as she said good-night.



CHAPTER VII.

THE ADVENTURE IN THE LANE.



PEGGY had now been for nearly a week at Seafield, and it had not been very satisfactorily spent.

She arrived on Monday; that evening she had been scratched by Patrick. On Tuesday morning she had been stung by the wasps, so all Tuesday and Wednesday were spent in bed. On Thursday she had discovered the game of chalk-pounding which led her into such trouble that the half of Friday was spent in bed. Now, on Saturday, surely things would go better with her. We shall

see if they did.

“Martin is busy this morning,” said Aunt Euphemia, “so you must play in the garden. Try to play quietly, and not spoil your frock this time. James is there, so surely you cannot get into any mischief.”

Peggy assured her aunt that she would be as careful as possible, and went out into the garden full of good resolutions. James was very busy sweeping the avenue. He did not seem to want to talk, so Peggy left him, and strayed down to the gate. As she stood and looked through the bars she saw something so interesting that she at once decided to go out and see it nearer.

Just outside the gate of Seafield there was a bit of waste ground close to the seashore. On this bit of ground some people were camped. There was a caravan hung all over with baskets, and this evidently belonged to these people—a man and woman and three children. As Peggy came up to the gate, the man was trying to catch the horses and harness them to the caravan. She watched this with great interest. Then she saw that there was a donkey also, so she could not resist the temptation any longer. Out she went through

the gate and spoke to the woman. "If you please," she said, "may I pat your donkey?"

The woman smiled and said, "Oh yes, that you may, missie," and called to the children to catch the donkey and bring it to Peggy to pat. It was a lovely donkey, pale brown, with a long black cross upon its back, as all donkeys have. Peggy had been told the legend about the cross on the donkeys' backs, so she stroked the long black mark gravely all the way down the little beast's back, remembering about the story.

"Do you live in that nice place among the baskets?" she asked the woman.

"Yes, missie, and drive around the country in it all the day," said the woman. "Would you like to come inside and see it?"

Peggy was delighted. She jumped in and saw what a funny little house it must be to live in.

"We're just movin' on, miss," said the man, coming to the door to help Peggy out. The horses had been harnessed now, and the donkey was tied to run behind the caravan.

"Oh, *please*," said Peggy, "mightn't I just have the littlest ride with you? Won't you take me along the road?"

"Oh yes, missie. 'Twon't do us no harm," said the man good-naturedly. He cracked his whip, and the caravan swayed as if it would fall over to one side, and then off they went, rumbling slowly along the sea-road. The woman gave Peggy a seat, and chatted away to her in the kindest way.

"This is fun," said Peggy, and never gave a thought as to whether she had been wise in doing this. She told the woman all about herself, and how she had come to pay her aunt a visit, and how horrid Martin was, and how nice Janet was. But at last the cart drew up, and the man came to the door.

"You must be going home, missie," he said; "I don't want to take you too far." Peggy pleaded just to be taken to the next corner; so he said he would do that, but she must get out there.

"There's a good little lady. Run home straight; take the first turn on the right, and you'll be home in ten minutes," he said, lifting Peggy down.

"I'm *very* sorry. I would like to drive on and on with you," said Peggy. And at that the man reached up to the roof of the caravan, and pulled down a sweet little green basket, and gave it to Peggy as a present. Then he cracked his whip again, and the caravan rumbled off down the road.

Peggy watched till it was out of sight. Then she began to admire her dear little green basket. "I must fill it with something," she thought, and looked round to see what would be nicest to fill it with. There was a gate close by leading into a field, and Peggy saw such lovely large ox-eye daisies growing there that she at once wished to have them. The gate was rather stiff to open, but she managed it, and waded in among the high grass, and pulled and pulled at the daisies till her basket was overflowing. By this time she had walked right across the field, and instead of returning to the gate Peggy stupidly thought she would go through a gap in the hedge and come round. So through she went, and came into another road very like the one she had left. She trotted off down the road, arranging her daisies, and very happy. But after a little she found it was not the road she had come by, and she began to feel a little confused. She turned and ran back, but couldn't see the gap in the hedge. Then Peggy was frightened. There was no one anywhere near, and she had no idea how to get home. She ran on, and then ran back, getting more and more frightened and confused, and at last she sat down on a heap of stones and began to cry.

Such a feeling of loneliness came over her! She thought that she must now be miles and miles away from home, and that she would never see it again. In reality Peggy was only about one mile from Seafeld, and if she had been sensible, and thought how to cross the field with the daisies again, she would probably have found her way back quite easily. But it is difficult to be sensible when you are frightened; so instead of thinking, Peggy sat and cried helplessly by the roadside. It was a very lonely road. No one passed, and there was not a house in sight anywhere. She began to feel hungry too, and that made her cry worse, for she thought she would perhaps never get any food again, and would die of hunger.

Just then, as Peggy had come to this dismal conclusion, she saw two figures coming along the road. One was a woman in a shawl carrying a large basket, the other was a little girl. Peggy ran towards them crying,—

"Oh, I've lost my way; I can't get home; will you tell me where to go?" She had been so frightened that she spoke without looking at the woman, and when she did look at her, she saw that her face was not at all a pleasant one. She looked very sly and nasty, and Peggy shrank back from her, and felt inclined to run away—only there was no one else who could help her.

"Where's your home then?" said the woman, laying her hand on Peggy's shoulder and looking hard at her.

“Oh, my home is with my Aunt Euphemia, and her house is called Seafield, and I can’t find it,” sobbed Peggy.

“Well, I’ll show you the way back, if you give me something for my trouble,” the woman said.

“I’ve nothing to give you but my little basket,” said Peggy.

“That pretty dress would please me better, and them brown shoes,” said the woman. “Just sit down there and take them off; they’ll be about the size for my Bessie here.”

“I’ll give you my shoes,” said poor Peggy; “but really I can’t give you my frock, for how could I walk home in my petticoat?”

“Give me the shoes then,” said the woman. So down sat Peggy on the heap of stones, and tugged off her brown shoes, and handed them to the woman, who tucked them into her basket. “And now I’ll just have them brown stockings too,” she said.

Peggy pulled off her stockings, and stood up on her little bare white feet. “Now, *please*, show me the way home,” she said.

“Well, I must have the frock too. Look at Bessie all in rags,” said the woman.

She glanced up and down the road to see that no one was coming, and then hastily began to pull off Peggy’s frock.

“I’m not giving it to you; you’re stealing it from me!” cried Peggy indignantly. But the woman said that unless she gave her the frock she would not tell her the way home. So Peggy had just to allow herself to be undressed on the road.

The woman packed the dress into the basket. “Now,” she said, “walk right down the road till you come to where two roads cross, then go to the right.” Peggy believed her, and ran away down the road as hard as she could run. In reality the woman knew no more than Peggy about the roads, for she was a vagrant who was only passing through the country. All she wanted was to get Peggy as far away as possible.

On and on Peggy ran, always looking for the cross roads that never came. Her poor little feet were covered with dust, and they began to get very painful, for she was accustomed to wear shoes always. Then it felt exceedingly queer to be running along the road in a petticoat. Peggy didn’t like it at all, but she was getting so tired that she could think of nothing but how to get home, and home was really getting farther and farther away from



her at every step she took. At last, at the corner of the road, Peggy saw a trough where horses drink, and she was so tired and thirsty that she sat down on the edge and began to suck up the water in the palm of her hand.

As she sat there, she heard the sound of wheels coming along the road, and a little carriage came in sight, driven by a pretty young lady. Peggy felt ashamed of her own appearance, sitting there in her petticoat all covered with dust; but she decided that she must ask the lady to help her, however queer she

was looking. So she ran forward into the road, and called out as the carriage came up.

The lady stopped her pony, and the groom jumped down and held its head.

“Is anything wrong with you, my dear?” the lady asked. “And how did you get here without your frock?”

“Oh, I’ve lost my way; I can’t get home,” cried Peggy. And indeed her tear-stained face and her strange garments told their own story.

The lady told Peggy to jump into the carriage, and then she wrapped her round in a linen dust-rug to keep her warm.

“If you tell me where you come from I will drive you home, dear,” she said; and Peggy felt her troubles were ended at last.

It only took half an hour to reach Seafield after all. Peggy was almost ashamed to have been so frightened when she had been so near home, but then she had not known.

Oh, what a commotion they found Aunt Euphemia in! She had been searching far and near for Peggy for two hours, and not a trace of her had been found. At last Aunt Euphemia had begun to fear that Peggy had been drowned in the sea; and Martin, who always took the darkest view of everything, was trying to make her believe this.

“Miss Peggy’s drowned in the firth by this time, ma’am,” she was saying with a grim shake of her head, just as the carriage containing Peggy drew up at the door.

Aunt Euphemia ran out to the door, and for the first time in her life caught Peggy up in her arms and hugged her, she was so glad to get her alive and well.

And then there was all the story to tell. Peggy was too tired with her adventures to be able to tell the story so that any one could understand it. She just told a confused tale of baskets and little girls and a horrid woman; and then, worn out with it all, she began to cry again most piteously.

Even Aunt Euphemia didn’t scold her, and Martin brought her a nice dinner, and made her eat it all up, and then took her upstairs and laid her down to sleep; and this was the end of Peggy’s adventures for that day.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SHIP.



HE next morning was Sunday, and Peggy's heart sank when her aunt said to her, "I think I won't let you out of my sight to-day, Peggy, for something always happens whenever you go even into the garden alone."

"It seems to," Peggy admitted sadly, but she did not like the idea of remaining all day long with Aunt Euphemia.

Church was long and hot, and then there was dinner, and then Aunt Euphemia said she would read Peggy a story. Peggy did not care about this; she wanted to go out, and yet did not dare to say so. But just as they were sitting down to read, Dr. Seaton came in, and Peggy was delighted to have the reading stopped.

"I've come to take Peggy with me to the harbour, if you will allow it, Miss Roberts," he said. "I promised to take her there some day, and I have more time this afternoon than on week days."

Aunt Euphemia was really rather pleased to get Peggy off her hands for an hour. She was feeling sleepy, and it was a bother to her to look after Peggy, so she consented to Dr. Seaton's proposal without any difficulty.

It was not a long walk to the harbour, where there was much to see.

"I am going to take you on to a Danish ship," Dr. Seaton said; "you will hear the men talking a queer language you have never heard before, and the captain will take you down into his cabin, I dare say."

The Danish ship was lying close up to the quay. It was painted very bright emerald green, and Dr. Seaton pointed out to Peggy the figure of a woman made of wood and painted white which was at the bow of the ship.

"Poor lady, she goes through all the storms with her white dress. When she comes into harbour after a winter storm she is crusted over with salt

from the waves,” he said.

“Why do they have a wooden lady at the end of the ship?” Peggy asked.

“Because they think it brings luck to the ship,” said Dr. Seaton.

They came to the side of the quay, and he called to some of the sailors, and they came running forward to lift Peggy on board.



Sailors are always specially clean and tidy on Sunday, dressed in their best clothes. They were such nice-looking men—tall, with yellow hair; and Peggy noticed the rings in their ears at once. Of course, she couldn't speak to them, or at least they couldn't understand what she said; but the captain took her hand, and led her all round the ship, letting her look at everything she wanted to see—the huge anchor, all red with rust, that took ever so many men to lift; and what interested Peggy more than anything—the cargo of tubs that the

ship had brought over. There were tubs of every imaginable size, down to tiny ones of white wood.

“Oh, I could wash my doll's clothes in these!” Peggy cried. She wanted one dreadfully, and yet didn't know how to get it, for the man wouldn't understand about her doll. As she was standing there saying, “Doll, doll, doll,” and looking wistfully at the dear little tubs, Dr. Seaton came round again from the cabin where he had been seeing a boy with a broken arm.

“Oh, I do want a tub to wash my doll's clothes in so dreadfully!” Peggy cried, “and he doesn't understand what I mean.”

Dr. Seaton said something in German, and in a minute the captain began to pull out dozens of tubs for Peggy to choose from. But she was not quite pleased till she had explained through Dr. Seaton that she wanted to buy the tub. “I would never *ask* for anything,” she explained—“mother doesn't let me do that; and I've got a whole shilling of my own to pay it with.”

Dr. Seaton had to explain this to the captain, and they both laughed a great deal.

“But you must pay it for me just now please, Dr. Seaton, because I haven’t my shilling with me,” Peggy explained; and then a horrid fear overcame her that perhaps Dr. Seaton did not carry so much money about with him either, and she would have to go away without her tub; and he had told her that the ship would sail next morning!

She began to look very dismal at this thought, while Dr. Seaton was feeling in his pocket; but to her great relief he drew out quite a handful of shillings, and gave one to the captain, who took it and laughed again.

“There now, Peggy; you can choose which you like best,” he said.



It took Peggy a very long time to make up her mind. At last she chose a beautiful little tub, oval shaped, bound with three hoops of white wood, and with two handles to lift it by. Dr. Seaton wanted to hold it for her, but Peggy wouldn’t let it out of her own hands, she was so well pleased with it.

The captain told her that the tubs came from a place in Russia with a funny name—Archangel; and that pleased Peggy even more, because it was so much more interesting to have an Archangel tub than an ordinary Scotch or English one.

Then the captain led the way down into his cabin. The cabin of a ship like this is not like that of a large passenger steamer. It is almost as small and dark as a cupboard, and has only just room for a tiny table and two or three chairs. The table was securely fixed to the floor, so that when the sea was rough with big waves it should not slide about.

The captain brought out from a cupboard a funny-shaped bottle, and the smallest glasses Peggy had ever seen. He poured a little stuff out of the bottle into the glasses, and offered one to Dr. Seaton, who took it and smiled; then the captain took one, and held it out, and knocked the edge of the little glasses together, making a tinkling sound like a bell.

“What does he do that for?” Peggy asked.

“It’s a way of being friendly and polite in Denmark,” Dr. Seaton replied.

Then they both smiled and nodded again, and each drank off the stuff from the glass.

“Let me taste, please,” said Peggy, standing on tip-toe by the table.

“You would think it horrid,” said Dr. Seaton, laughing; “it would burn your throat.”

“Oh, just a *tiny* taste—just the tip of my tongue; I want to so much,” said Peggy.



So the captain poured another drop into the tiny glass, and tinkled the edge against his own; and Peggy, thinking she must imitate Dr. Seaton’s manners, bowed and smiled and tried to give the same funny gulp down of the liquid as he had done. But there was only a drop at the bottom of the glass, and that drop was such horrid stuff, it was like trying to swallow mustard, Peggy thought. She coughed, and coughed, and coughed till her eyes filled with tears, and both the men stood laughing at her.

“That will cure you of drinking habits, young woman,” said Dr. Seaton, “Now we must say good-bye and come home.”

Peggy was very sorry to leave the ship, for there seemed to be all manner of queer things to see there still. But she said good-bye to the captain very nicely—so nicely that he told her to wait for a minute; and going to the cupboard, he drew out from it a huge scarlet shell, which he handed to Peggy with a bow.

“O Peggy, that is a present you will like!” said Dr. Seaton.

Peggy could scarcely believe her own good luck. The shell was so perfectly beautiful; and Dr. Seaton showed her also that if she held it to her ear she would hear a rushing noise inside it.

“O captain, thank you *very, very* much,” said Peggy, quite overcome with delight.—“I think you must carry the tub, Dr. Seaton, for I can’t give my shell out of my hands,” she said.

Dr. Seaton translated her thanks to the captain, and he seemed very pleased, and told Peggy he had a little girl on the other side of the sea just her age. Peggy stood still looking very uncertain and sad at this bit of news. Then she pulled at Dr. Seaton’s hand and whispered something to him. She felt it was her duty to say so, but it was so difficult that she could not say it out loud. It was this,—

“Won’t his little daughter want the shell?”

She waited very impatiently to hear what answer the captain would make; but, to her great relief, he said that his daughter had lots of shells, because he took them home to her from almost every voyage. Then they all shook hands, and Peggy was lifted up on to the quay again, clasping her large red shell.

“I shall always be able to hear the sea now, even when I go home far away from it,” she said.

When they reached Seafield, Peggy ran into her room, and came back with a little netted purse in her hand. Out of this she took her shilling, and gave it to Dr. Seaton for the tub. But Dr. Seaton would not take the shilling, and Peggy was quite distressed, and turned to Aunt Euphemia to know what she ought to do. “Please, auntie, I bought a tub, and now Dr. Seaton won’t take my shilling,” she said. Aunt Euphemia, too, tried to make him take it, but all in vain.

So Peggy had to replace the shilling in her purse, and thank him very much.



CHAPTER IX.

THE WASHING DAY.



MONDAY morning was hopelessly wet. The rain came down in sheets, and the garden looked like a pond. But Peggy was delighted. "It's such a good washing day," she explained to her aunt, "and all my doll's things are so black."

Aunt Euphemia suggested that Janet would allow the washing to go on in the kitchen; and Peggy at once ran away to fetch the doll's clothes and her little tub, and carry them all to the kitchen. Janet was very pleased. She put the tub on a stool, so that it should be just the right height for Peggy to wash at, and filled the tub with nice soapy hot water.

Then she pinned up Peggy's sleeves to her shoulders, and together they undressed the doll (which was a baby one, in long white robes), and laid its clothes in a heap on a chair.



Peggy would have liked to wash them all at once, but Janet told her that washerwomen did things one at a time, so she consented to do this. The doll's long, tucked white robe was the first to go into the tub. It was not indeed very white, for it had got rather dirty on the railway journey.

"Rub it all over with soap, Miss Peggy," Janet said, and Peggy rubbed on the soap as hard as she could. How the water fluffed up! it almost filled the tub, and Peggy had to part the frothy suds away with her hand to see to rub the cloth. After the robe had been well washed, Janet gave Peggy a basin full of clean water to rinse the soap out of it, and then she took a ball like a big blue cherry, wrapped it in a bit of muslin, and shook it about in the water. The water became bright blue too!

"Now, Miss Peggy, put the robe in," said Janet. Peggy was afraid to do it; she thought it would come out bright blue. But Janet assured her it would



only have a nice bluish look that would make the white whiter; and Peggy believed her, and dipped the robe in the blue. It came out as white and nice as possible.

Then Janet hung it before the kitchen stove to dry, and Peggy saw that on the stove Janet had put the dearest little iron to heat.

“Am I to iron it out my own self, Janet?” she asked.

“Oh yes, Miss Peggy, that you are.”

It took only a few minutes for the frock to dry, and then Janet put a blanket with a sheet over it upon the lid of a large box, and gave the box to Peggy for an ironing table.

The little iron was not at all difficult to manage, and Peggy found that it was delightful to squeeze all the creases out of her doll’s robe. It looked as good as new when it was done.

“Why, Janet, Belinda won’t ever need new robes at all; I can go on washing and washing them,” Peggy said.

There remained, however, all Belinda’s under-clothes to be washed; and before they were half finished, Peggy began to think that washing was rather hard work.

“My hands feel so queer, Janet,” she said, drawing them out of the soapy water. They looked indeed most strange; the skin was all crinkled up in the funniest way. “Oh, look!” Peggy cried in dismay.

Janet assured her they would come right in a very short time. “But I’m thinking you’ve washed enough, Miss Peggy, for one day; maybe I’ll finish it for you,” she said.

Peggy wasn’t altogether sorry. “Well, Janet, if you will be so kind as to finish for me, I will go and listen to my shell,” she said, “and perhaps my hands will stop feeling funny.”

There was a small library at Seafield where Peggy was allowed to play by herself. She liked the room much better than the drawing-room, because there were such lots of books with nice pictures in them. Those she liked best were Hume’s “History,” with pictures of the kings and queens, and

Blair's "Grave," with illustrations by a man called William Blake. Peggy used to spread the large book upon the floor and pore over the pictures. She didn't understand them, but that only made them more interesting. To-day, instead of looking at the pictures, she got her red shell, and sat down on the corner of the sofa holding the shell to her ear. The rushing sound in the shell was just like the noise of the sea outside, and Peggy listened to it for a long time. Then getting a little tired of this, she went to the window and looked out. The rain had stopped, and the sun was beginning to come out. The thrushes were singing as if they liked the rain, and Peggy thought it would be nice to go out and see what it felt like also. So she went out to the front door, and stood there looking out. Then she stepped out on to the gravel; then she ran a little bit down the avenue; then she came to the gate and looked out at the sea; and then a new thought struck her—why should she not look to see if she could find any lovely red shells on the beach? The tide was out; there was a stretch of sand with little pools and rocks covered with seaweed: surely in these pools or on the sands she might find a red shell for herself! This was stupid of Peggy, for shells like that the captain gave her come from tropic seas, not from our own sea; but she did not know this.

Out Peggy skipped along the shining sand. It was firm and nice to run on, and she wondered she had not done this long ago; it was far nicer than the garden. Her feet made tracks on the sand like the footprint Crusoe saw, she thought. Then she came to a pool with little seaweedy rocks in it. The first thing she saw there made her stand still with interest: it was a lot of things like little red flowers growing on the edge of the rock. But when she put her hand down and tried to get one, she found it was alive; and when she touched it, it drew in all its waving red feelers, and became like a lump of red-currant jelly fixed to the rock! "I hope I didn't hurt it," Peggy thought. She leant over the pool and watched it till it cautiously put out first one feeler and then another, and at last it looked as pretty as ever again and as much alive. Peggy wondered what it was called. Then down on the slushy sand at her feet Peggy saw a great big lump of jelly, six times as large as the little one in the pool. It didn't look very nice, she thought, but she wondered if, when it was put into the water, it would bloom out like the other. The only way to find this out was to lift it into the pool, but Peggy hesitated about doing this. Then she saw a long flat stone like a slate lying near, and taking this in her hand, she tried to slip it under the "jelly beast," as she called it. But the jelly beast didn't seem to like being disturbed, and it sank down and down into the soft sand till it almost disappeared. Peggy became more and more anxious to get it. She dug her slate down into the sand, and at last, with a great effort, lifted the jelly beast, along with a great lump of

sand, and flung it into the pool. Then she sat down to watch it. To her great joy it began, just like the other one, to put out one feeler after another, till it lay there at the bottom of the pond like a big pink rose. "Oh, it's lovely; I *do* want to have it for my own!" she cried. "I wonder if I would be allowed to have it in my tub." She bent down to look nearer, and under the fringe of seaweed suddenly she saw something shining red. She plunged her hand down and grabbed the prize. But, oh dear me! the next moment she screamed and screamed. It was a large red crab she had caught at, and the crab had caught her! Have you seen the crabs lying in the fish-shop windows twitching their claws? They look harmless enough, but with these claws they can hold on in the most terrible way, once they catch hold of you. Oh, how Peggy screamed! She ran towards the house splashing through the pools, with the big red crab hanging on to her hand. She was in an agony of pain and terror. The sound of her screams brought James running from the garden. Peggy ran straight to him, calling out for help; and James caught up a stone, and gave the crab such a blow on its claw that it let go in a moment, and fell to the ground. Peggy's finger was bleeding a good deal, and he took out his own handkerchief and bound it up for her, and then took her other hand and led her, still sobbing, up to the house.

"We'll gang into Janet, missie," he said wisely. He knew that Janet was a more comforting person than Martin, and Peggy thought so too. Janet took her on her knee, and kissed her and wiped her eyes, and looked at the poor nipped finger till gradually Peggy stopped crying. Then Janet took her to the pump, and washed her face and hands, and began to tell her a funny story about a crab that had nipped her own finger once, till Peggy found herself laughing instead of crying.



When she was quite happy again, Janet said to Peggy that they would go together and tell Aunt Euphemia all about it. Peggy was a little frightened, but Janet said she must do it, and together they went into the drawing-room.

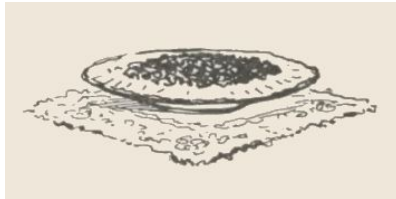
Here it seemed to Peggy that Janet took all the blame on herself. She told Aunt Euphemia how she had allowed Peggy to go away from the kitchen, and had not looked after her, and how Peggy had gone out alone, and then she told the sad story of the crab. And Aunt Euphemia, instead of being angry, accepted the excuses Janet made, for she was very fond of Janet, and never thought anything she did was wrong.

"Maybe, ma'am, you would let me take Miss Peggy to the shore myself?" Janet asked; "then she'd get no mischief."

“Indeed, Janet, I see she must never be left alone for a minute; so when your work is done, you may certainly take the child out with you,” said Aunt Euphemia.

“Come away then, Miss Peggy,” said Janet; “ye’ll bide wi’ me till I make the currant tart, and in the afternoon we can gang till the shore.”

Peggy ran off to the kitchen as happy as possible to make the currant tart, and Janet told her that they would go down to the shore together, carrying Peggy’s tub, and fill it with all manner of sea beasts, and bring them back to the house. And wasn’t this a delightful suggestion?



CHAPTER X.

THE SEA BEASTS.

IT was wonderful how many sea creatures Peggy and Janet found when they began. The little tub was quite full before long, and Peggy, looking into it, told Janet that she was afraid they wouldn't be very comfortable.

Janet considered for a minute, and then told Peggy that there was an old washing-tub in the scullery which she was sure her aunt would let her use instead of her own little one; then there would be room enough for all the creatures to be happy.

“But how would we ever get a washing-tub filled with water out of the sea?” Peggy asked.



“Hoots! James and me can carry it up in pails,” said Janet.

“Will *you* ask Aunt Euphemia about it?” Peggy asked. She had begun to see that Janet could get anything she wanted. Janet said that she would, and went off to gain Aunt Euphemia's consent to the scheme. She came back smiling, and Peggy knew all was right, so she clapped her hands with delight.

“O Janet, do you think James will get the water to-night?” she cried. “For it would be horrid if my poor beasts died, or were sick for want of it.”

Janet then went off to look for James, and before long Peggy had the joy of seeing him come toiling up the walk, carrying two huge pails of water. Then Janet went down to the sea again with two pails, and brought them back filled, and James brought two more, and when they had all been poured into the tub it was quite full.

“Now I can put in my beasts!” Peggy cried.

The first of all was a great prize: it was a bit of stone with two sea anemones attached to it. Sea anemones are the creatures that Peggy had seen in the pool that were like little pink flowers. Janet had explained to her that it hurt anemones to be scraped off the rocks, and so they had to hunt till they found them growing on a small stone that it was possible to lift. It had been some time before they found this, but at last, at the bottom of a pool, Janet spied a small stone with two beautiful anemones sticking to it. Whenever she lifted the stone out of the water, the funny little creatures drew in all their pretty petal-like feelers, and became like lumps of red-currant jelly; but the moment Peggy placed them in the tub of water, out came the feelers one by one till they were as pretty as ever again.



Then there was one of the big ones that had been scooped out of the sand with great difficulty, and was rather offended evidently, for it took a long time to put out its feelers—just lay and sulked on the bottom of the tub. Peggy watched it for a long time, but as it wouldn't put out its feelers, she turned to the other creatures.



There were a number of whelks. Whelks, you know, are sea-snails. They live in shells, and draw themselves in and out of them very quickly. The moment Peggy put them into the tub, they pushed their shells on to their backs as snails do, and began crawling slowly along the edges of the tub.

“O Janet, my whelks will walk out and get lost!” Peggy cried. But Janet told her she thought they liked the water best, and would stay in it.

Then there were three mussels. Mussels live in tight, dark blue shells; but when they please they can open their shells, much as you open a portfolio, for there is a kind of hinge at the back of the shell. However, they too were sulky, and lay still quite tight shut.



Janet had picked up a very large shell, and put it into the tub, and Peggy asked her why. She said they would see before long. Now she took the large shell and laid it in the water. Peggy watched, and suddenly she saw a thin green leg come stealing out; then another and another, till at last a tiny green

crab came scrambling altogether out of the shell, and ran rapidly about the tub.

“O Janet, it’s a little crab! How did you know? Do they always live in these big snail shells?” Peggy cried.

Janet told her that they were called hermit crabs, and that they lived in the cast-off shells of other creatures, just using them as houses.

“Put your hand into the water, Miss Peggy, and you will see him run in,” Janet said.

Peggy shook her hand in the water, and saw the little crab scuttle away and get into his shell like lightning.



Janet had wanted to add a big red crab, like the one that nipped Peggy, but Peggy wouldn’t have it. There were some limpets, in their little pyramid-shaped shells, and then Janet had added a lot of seaweed of different kinds. Some of it was slimy green stuff, like long green hair, which Peggy didn’t at all admire; but there were pretty feathery pink weed and nice brown dulse.

“I wonder if James could get a flounder,” Janet said thoughtfully.

Peggy asked what a flounder was, and Janet said it was the kind of flat little fish Peggy had had fried for breakfast that morning.

“They’re ill to catch,” she added. “But maybe James could get ye ane.”

“Oh, a fish—a real live fish—in my tub would be so *delicious!*” cried Peggy.

She ran off to beg James to try to catch one for her; and James, who was very obliging, went off once again to the shore with a pail in search of a flounder.

Peggy stood and watched him for quite half an hour as he went slowly across the sands, stooping over each pool to see if there were flounders in it.

At last he came back, and Peggy scarcely liked to ask him whether he had got one, for she felt it would be so disappointing if he hadn't—her collection would be quite incomplete. But James was grinning with pleasure, and he showed her two nice brown flounders in the pail.

“Oh, they *are* flat!” cried Peggy.

She dived her hands into the pail, and attempted to catch them—quite in vain. Then James slowly poured away all the water on to the ground, and there the flounders lay, flopping about at the bottom of the pail. Peggy was almost afraid to touch them, but James said they would do her no harm; so she caught hold of one of the slippery, wriggling little fish, and flung it into the tub, and it darted off and hid itself under the seaweed. Then she put in the other flounder, and it also hid under the seaweed, where it couldn't be seen.

“I think they must be sleepy, and be going to bed,” Peggy said. And then, quite tired out with her exertions, she rubbed her eyes and yawned, till Janet told her it was time for her to go to bed like the flounders; and Peggy agreed that it was.



CHAPTER XI.

THE LAST DAY AT SEAFIELD.

Now, if Peggy had taken time to think about it, she was only going to make herself unhappy by collecting all these delightful creatures in the tub; for her visit to Seafield was to come to an end on Wednesday, and this was Monday evening. The whole of Tuesday morning Peggy thought of nothing but her dear sea beasts. She stood beside the tub and watched them; she crumbled a bit of bread very fine, and flung it into the water, and actually saw one of the flounders eat a crumb; she chased the hermit crab into its shell a dozen times, and watched the whelks move slowly along the side of the tub. It was the nicest amusement she had ever had. But in the afternoon Aunt Euphemia said that they were going to drive to the station.

“Your father is coming for you, Peggy, you know; he is going to take you home to-morrow.”

Peggy was very fond of her father—so fond that she had cried when she said good-bye to him last week. It surprised Aunt Euphemia extremely that, instead of being glad to hear of his coming, Peggy seemed sorry, for she burst into tears.

“Why, Peggy, are you not glad to see your father?” said Aunt Euphemia.

“I don’t want to go home!” Peggy sobbed.

Aunt Euphemia was rather pleased. “Do you want to stay with me then, dear?” she asked.

“No; it’s my sea beasts. Oh, oh, oh!” sobbed Peggy. “Do you think father will take the tub of sea beasts back in the train with us?”

No wonder Aunt Euphemia was hurt. It was nasty of Peggy to say that she only wanted to stay because of the sea beasts.

“Of course, he will do nothing of the kind,” said Aunt Euphemia. “All the beasts must be put back into the sea to-night.”

She walked away and left Peggy to cry alone. But after she had cried for some time, Peggy remembered that father was different from Aunt Euphemia, and perhaps would not distress her by making her part from the dear sea beasts. So she dried her eyes, and thought perhaps it was as well that he was coming.

The drive to the station was quite dull. Nothing happened, for Peggy wasn't allowed to sit on the box-seat with the driver as she wanted to, but had to sit beside her aunt in the carriage. At the station, too, there was very little to notice—only some sheep in a truck, looking very unhappy. Peggy gathered some blades of grass, and held them to the sheep, and they nibbled them up. Then the train came puffing in, and the next minute she saw her father jump out of a carriage, and come along the platform to where she was. Peggy was so delighted to see him that she ran right at him, and caught hold of his knees so that she nearly made him fall. Then she took his hand, and began telling him everything at once, in such a hurry that it was impossible for him to understand anything she said.

“Not so fast, Peggy. Wait till we are in the carriage,” he said, laughing.

It seemed a very long time till they were all packed in, and then Peggy had to climb on to her father's knee and put her arm round his neck. “Now may I begin?” she asked.

“Yes, sweetest; tell me all about everything now,” her father said. And Peggy began her story, of course, at the wrong end.

“I've got a tub full of such dear sea beasts, father,” she said. “There are two flounders, and a lot of whelks, and a hermit crab, and two anemones fixed on a stone, and a big one stuck on to the foot of the tub, and I watch them all day; and, please, how am I to take them home?”

“Well, I must come and see them first,” her father said.

“And please, father, I got lost one day, and had my frock stolen—the new one—and the bees stung me, and a crab nipped my finger, and I was very naughty once—only once—and I went on to a green ship, and—and—”

“Why, Peggy, you seem to have had a week of the most extraordinary adventures; it will be quite dull to come home.”

Peggy wasn't quite sure about this. She had so many things she was fond of at home, that if only she might take her sea beasts back with her, she thought she would be quite happy to return. She sat still for a few minutes thinking about this, while Aunt Euphemia spoke to her father. But the

moment the carriage stopped at the door, she seized her father's hand, and begged him to come and see her tub of sea beasts.

"Not till after tea, Peggy; I'll come then," he said.

Peggy would have liked him to come there and then, but she knew she must wait.

Tea seemed longer than usual. Her father told her to be quiet, so she ate away without uttering a word, and listened to all the dull things Aunt Euphemia was saying. At last, when tea was over, she came round to where her father sat, and took hold of his hand, and gave it a little squeeze, which she knew he would understand.



"Yes, dearest!" he said, but waited to hear the end of what Aunt Euphemia was saying. "Now, Peggy," he said at last, "come along;" and together they went out to the garden, and came to the tub. Peggy looked in.

"Why, father," she cried, "my crab is floating on his

back! Isn't it funny of him?"

Colonel Roberts examined the crab for a minute.

"I'm afraid he's dead, Peggy," he said. "They don't turn up their toes that way unless they're dead."

Peggy knelt down, so as to come nearer to the tub, and looked down into it. Then she uttered a little wail. "O father, I think they're *all* looking sick somehow! Look at my flounders!"

One of the flounders, alas! was dead already, as well as the crab, and the other looked rather sorry for himself. Colonel Roberts, however, would not let Peggy cry.

"Look here, child," he said; "they want to be put back into the sea—that's all. There are too many of them all crowded together in the tub; we'll take them back to a pool on the shore, and they will soon be as frisky as ever again."

"Not the dead ones," said Peggy solemnly.

“No, not the poor dead ones, but the sick ones. Go and fetch me a pail, and we’ll carry them down to the shore.”

“But then I won’t ever see them again,” Peggy objected.

“Now, don’t be a selfish little girl. You would rather they lived and were happy, wouldn’t you?”

“Ye—s,” Peggy faltered.

“Well, go and fetch the pail.”

After all, it would be good fun to put them all back into the sea, Peggy thought; so she ran away and fetched the garden pail from the shed. Colonel Roberts pulled up his sleeves, and dived his arm into the tub, and fished up the creatures one by one. They all looked rather flabby and sick.

“Now, we must take them down to the shore,” he said.

They selected a nice large pool, and one by one placed the poor sick creatures into it. Then Peggy sat down to watch. She had not long to wait: the sick flounder revived in the most extraordinary manner, the anemones began to wave their feelers about in the nice clean water as if they too felt all right.

“See! they are all quite happy again, Peggy,” said her father.

“Oh, I *am* sorry not to keep them,” said she. “Do you think I’ll ever get anything to play with that I can love so much?”

“Well, that depends upon yourself, Peggy; but as we walk back to the house you can guess what I’ve got for you at home.”

“Have you got something new for me—something I’ll love?”

“Yes, quite new. I fancy you’ll love it very much.”

“As much as my sea beasts?”

“Oh, a great deal more. What do you think would be the nicest thing you could have?”

“A Shetland pony?”

“No, far nicer.”

“A big Persian pussy-cat?”

“No, nicer still.”

Peggy began to dance with impatience. “Oh, do tell me; what is it?” she cried.

“Well, you will find a new sister at home, very small and pink, with blue eyes and a lot of nice black hair.”

Peggy received this description dumbly; indeed, she walked on for a few yards before she said bitterly,—

“O father, I’d have liked the Shetland pony *ever* so much better; couldn’t you change it yet? Is the sister much cheaper? I’ll give you my shilling!”

She was rather hurt by the way her father laughed at this proposal.

“Why, Peggy, a sister will be ever so much nicer than a pony; she will be able to play with you and speak to you soon.”

“Can’t she speak? She can’t be a very good one,” said Peggy dolefully.

“No, she can only cry as yet—she cries a good deal.”

“Well, I don’t want her then, father. Do please send her away, and get me the pony instead, or even the cat.”

“I think we’ve got to keep her, Peggy. Suppose you wait till you see her. Perhaps you won’t wish then to send her away.”

“Can she walk, if she is so stupid, and can’t talk?” Peggy asked suspiciously.

“Oh no, she can’t walk; she is dressed in long robes, just like your Belinda.”

“Who has been playing with her?” Peggy asked. “Has mother? It doesn’t amuse her much to play with Belinda, and if this thing is just like her, I wonder mother cares to play with it either.”

“Yes, mother has played with her most of the time.”

“Well, I think it’s very queer of her, for she doesn’t like Belinda a bit,” said Peggy. Then, after a moment’s silence, she added, “Perhaps I’ll like it too; I don’t *feel* as if I would. And please, father, will you let me ride up to the house on your back?”

This ended the discussion about the new sister.

And now, if I were to tell you how precious the new sister was to Peggy, it would take another volume as big as this to tell it. For when Peggy’s sister grew a little older, they had such wonderful adventures together that Peggy

used to wonder how she had got on all the tiresome years when she was alone.



TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Misspelled words and printer errors have been corrected. Where multiple spellings occur, majority use has been employed.

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

Book name and author have been added to the original book cover. The resulting cover is placed in the public domain.

[The end of *All that Happened in a Week: A Story for Little Children* by Jane Helen Findlater]