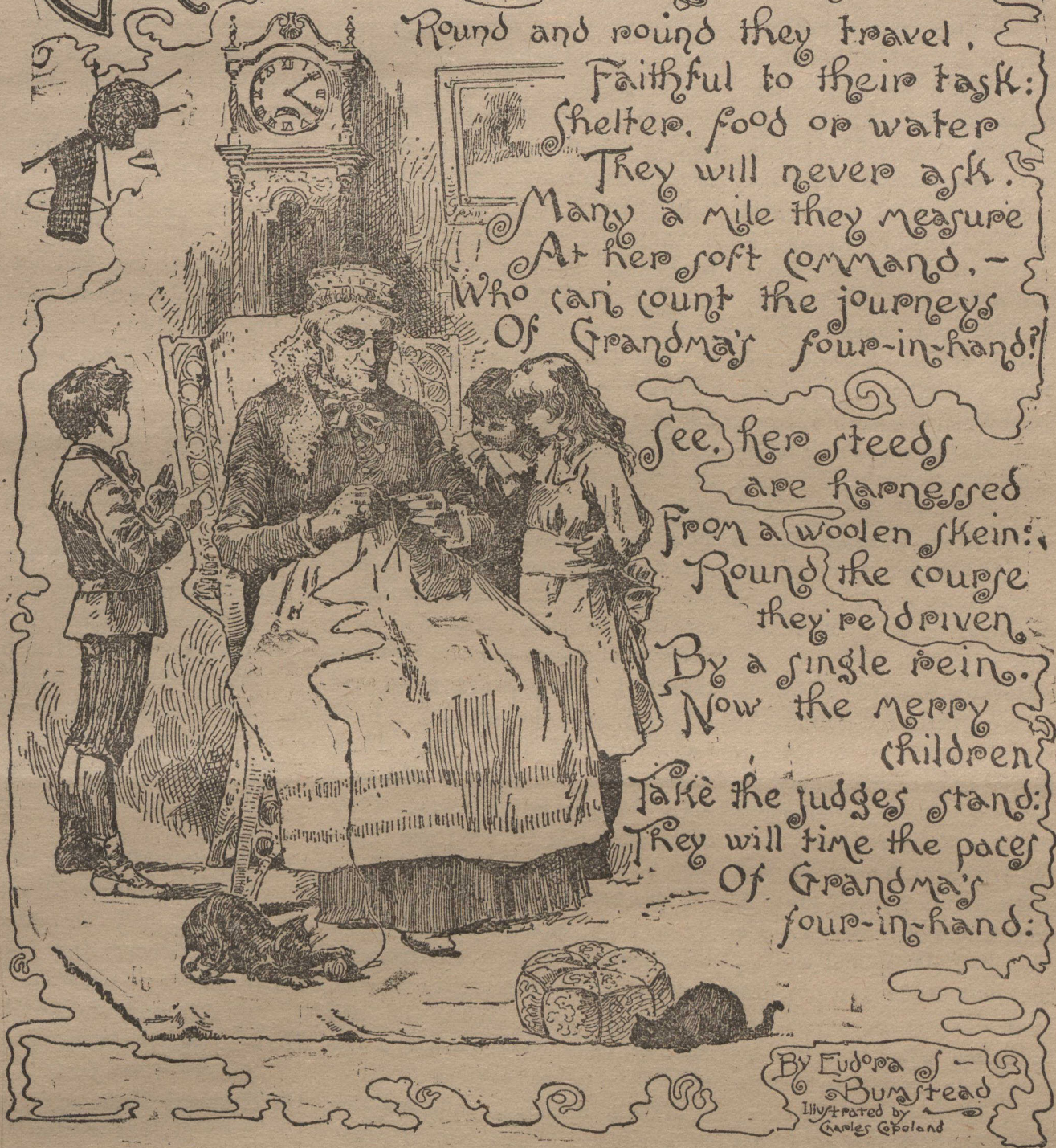


# GRANDMA'S FOUR-IN-HAND..



Round and round they travel,  
Faithful to their task:  
Shelter, food or water  
They will never ask.  
Many a mile they measure  
At her soft command,—  
Who can count the journeys  
Of Grandma's four-in-hand!

See, her steeds  
are harnessed  
from a woolen skein:  
Round the course  
they're driven,  
By a single rein.  
Now the merry  
children  
take the judges stand:  
They will time the paces  
Of Grandma's  
four-in-hand.

By Eudora  
Burnstead  
Illustrated by  
Charles Chapland

## Audrey's Window.

People passing along St. John street began to watch for Audrey's face at the window. It became a regular part of the lives of many of them. The friendly glance of those soft gray eyes was a good thing to begin the day with, and it was good to see her there as one went slowly homeward in the afternoon.

Audrey was only a little lame girl, who had to sit still all day long—except, indeed, on the days when her back was worse than usual, and she had to stay in bed—while her mother sewed and sewed, to try and earn enough money for the bare necessities of life.

There was a narrow veranda along the front of the little gray house, and a tiny strip of lawn. A beautiful Virginia creeper grew over the veranda, so that Audrey's window was a very pleasant place. The little girl soon grew to love the quiet street and the trees and the people that went by. She had no playmates; for they had only lived in Merton a year, and her mother was too busy and sad to make many acquaintances.

Audrey sometimes pretended that she was a princess, and that all the people who passed were her faithful subjects. At other times she was a fairy godmother, and

planned the gifts she would bestow on those who would look tired or lonely.

One day she noticed two children, a girl and a boy, who came hand in hand up the street and looked longingly, she thought, at her shady veranda. After that she often saw them, and liked the way the boy, who was the largest, took care of the wee girl. One sunny afternoon she dropped an orange out of her window, so that it rolled along to their feet. They looked up at her eagerly, and she nodded and smiled.

'Yes, I mean it for you,' she said. The little boy picked it up, and