

Dorry was quite affronted. Peacemaker Clover soothed him, and called on Katy, in her turn, to tell what she would do.

"I'm not sure about what I'll be," replied Katy; "beautiful, of course, and good if I can, only not so good as you, Cecy, because it would be nice to go and ride with the young gentlemen sometimes. And I'd like to have a large house and a splendiferous garden, and then you could all come in and live with me, and we would play in the garden, and Dorry should have turkey five times a day if he liked. And we'd have a machine to darn the stockings, and another machine to put the bureau drawers in order, and we'd never sew or knit garters, or do anything we didn't want to. That's what I'd like to be. But now I'll tell you what I mean to do."

"Isn't it the same thing?" asked Cecy.

"Oh, no!" replied Katy, "quite different; for you see I mean to *do* something. I don't know what, yet; but when I'm grown up, I'll find out. "Perhaps," she went on, "it will be rowing out in boats saving people's lives, like that girl in the book. Or perhaps I shall go and nurse in the hospital, like Miss Nightingale. Or else I'll head a crusade, and ride on a white horse, with armor and helmet on my head, and carry a sacred flag. Or, if I don't do that, I'll paint pictures, or sing, or sculp—sculp—what is it! you know—make figures in marble. Anyhow it shall be something. And when Aunt Izzie sees it, and reads about me in the newspapers, she will say, 'The dear child! I always knew she would turn out an ornament to the family.'"—"*What Katy did,*" by Susan Coolidge.

LOOKING UP AND DOWN.

"If I only lived in that pretty white house up there!"

A very weary, discontented little maiden sat on a shady doorstep, holding a big, hot, worrisome baby-brother on her lap, while her mother, more weary still, was ironing the clothes. Eternal vigilance was the price of that baby's safety, for he experimented on everything his busy fingers could carry to his mouth, and made fearfully perilous

journeys to the water-butt, and the barnyard, where the scythes were ready to cut and grindstones to tip over on his toes, whenever opportunity offered.

Sister Janet was a kind of "deputy mother" in the household, where every other year brought its inevitable baby to be watched and tended. They were fearful little tyrants, too, and not only demanded her instant obedience, but commanded songs of joy and change of scene in the most overbearing manner. Janet loved them all dearly, and kissed and cooed and carried, and sang to them in turn, but to-day—

Well—she did want to run off to the hollyhocks in the back garden to study the morning's lesson, and she did want to put that new stitch in a poor little bit of worsted-work she had rashly undertaken to copy from Sue Linnet's cushion—and here was this busybody to be looked after! He had nearly succeeded in devouring a beetle while she was taking a peep at her book, and had chewed up the cuff of a freshly ironed shirt while she sat thinking of her trials.

That was a bad thing to do, to count up one's trials; but I am afraid we all do it sometimes, instead of remembering our blessings.

Away off, on the crest of the mountain, there glimmered through the great trees the white front of a big house. An opening through the wood below showed its green lawn with its strip of carriage-road winding about, and in very clear days she had seen the glimmer of a snowy dress on the porch, and had seen a carriage before the open door. She loved to watch the sunset lighting up its many windows with a blaze of glory, and dreamed so many day-dreams while she looked, that it seemed almost an enchanted palace where there could be no want nor care nor sorrow.

"No baby Tom," she said to herself, and then was dreadfully remorseful, and hugged him tight in her little motherly arms as though to make amends for her impatient thought. And as Tom did not understand the caress, of course he struck out wildly, and slid off her lap, rolled over toward the hen-coop, frightened the old hen and chickens, and made such a commotion that