

so the energy displayed in getting himself tangled up in his clothes was something wonderful.

"Stop, boys," said I, "you must have on clean clothes to-day. You don't want your father and mother to see you all dirty, do you?"

"Of course not," said Budge.

"Oh, izh I goin' to be djesped up all nicey?" asked Toddie. "Goody! goody! goody!"

I always thought my sister Helen had an undue amount of vanity, and here it was reappearing in the second generation.

"An' I wantsh my shoes made all nigger," said Toddie.

"What?"

"Wantsh my shoesh made all nigger wif a bottle-bwush, too," said Toddie.

I looked appealingly at Budge, who answered:—

"He means he wants his shoes blacked, with the polish that's in a bottle, an' you rub it on with a brush."

"An' I wantsh a thath on," continued Toddie.

"Sash, he means," said Budge. "He's awful proud."

"An' Ize doin' to wear my takker-hat," said Toddie. "An' my wed juvs."

"That's his tassal-hat an' his red gloves," continued the interpreter.

"Toddie, you can't wear gloves such hot days as these," said I.

A look of enquiry was speedily followed by Toddie's own unmistakable preparations for weeping; and as I did not want his eyes dimmed when his mother looked into them I hastily exclaimed:—

"Put them on, then—put on the mantle of rude Boreas, if you choose; but don't go to crying."

"Don't want no mantle-o'-wude bawyusses," declared Toddie, following me phonetically, "wantsh my own pittty cozhesh, an' nobody eshesh."

"Oh Uncle Harry!" exclaimed Budge, "I want to bring mamma home in my goat-carriage!"

"The goat isn't strong enough, Budge, to draw mamma and you."

"Well, then, let me drive down to the depot, just to show papa an' mamma I've got a goat-carriage—I'm sure mamma would be very unhappy when she found out I had one, and she hadn't seen it first thing."

"Well, I guess you may follow me down, Budge; but you must drive very carefully."

"Oh, yes—I wouldn't get us hurt when mamma was coming, for anything."

"Now, boys," said I, "I want you to stay in the house and play this morning. If you go out of doors you'll get yourselves dirty."

"I guess the sun'll be disappointed if it don't have us to look at," suggested Budge.

"Never mind," said I, "the sun's old enough to have learned to be patient."

Breakfast over, the boys moved reluctantly away to the play-room, while I inspected the house and grounds pretty closely, to see that everything should at least fail to do my manage-

ment discredit. A dollar given to Mike and another to Maggie were of material assistance in this work, so I felt free to adorn the parlors and Helen's chamber with flowers. As I went into the latter room I heard some one at the wash-stand, which was in an alcove, and on looking in I saw Toddie drinking the last of the contents of a goblet which contained a dark-colored mixture.

"Izhe tatin black medshin," said Toddie; "I likes black medshin awfoo muts."

"What do you make it of?" I asked, with some sympathy, and tracing parental influence again. When Helen and I were children we spent hours in soaking liquorice in water and administering it as medicine.

"Makesh it out of shoda mitsure," said Toddie.

This was another medicine of our childhood days, but one prepared according to physicians' prescription, and not beneficial when taken *ad libitum*. As I took the vial—a two-ounce-one—I asked:—

"How much did you take, Toddie?"

"Took whole bottoo full—twas nysh," said he.

Suddenly the label caught my eye—it read PAREGORIC. In a second I had snatched a shawl, wrapped Toddie in it, tucked him under my arm, and was on my way to the barn. In a moment more I was on one of the horses and galloping furiously to the village, with Toddie under one arm, his yellow curls streaming in the breeze. People came out and stared as they did at John Gilpin, while one old farmer whom I met turned his team about, whipped up furiously, and followed me shouting, "Stop thief!" I afterwards learned that he took me to be one of the abductors of Charley Ross, with the lost child under my arm, and that visions of the \$20,000 reward floated before his eyes. In front of an apothecary's I brought the horse suddenly upon his haunches, and dashed in, exclaiming:—

"Give this child a strong emetic—quick! He's swallowed poison!"

The apothecary hurried to his prescription-desk, while a motherly-looking Irishwoman upon whom he had been waiting, exclaimed, "Holy Mither! I'll run an' fetch Father O'Kelley," and hurried out. Meanwhile Toddie, upon whom the medicine had not commenced to take effect, had seized the apothecary's cat by the tail, which operation resulted in a considerable vocal protest from that animal.

The experiences of the next few moments were more pronounced and revolutionary than pleasing to relate in detail. It is sufficient to say that Toddie's weight was materially diminished, and that his complexion was temporarily pallid. Father O'Kelley arrived at a brisk run, and was honestly glad to find that his services were not required, although I assured him that if Catholic baptism and a sprinkling of holy water would improve Toddie's character, I thought there was excuse for several applications. We rode quietly back to the house, and while I was asking Maggie to try to coax Tod-