

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 and coax Toddie into taking a nap, I heard the patient remark to his brother:—

"Budgie, down to the village I was a whay-al. I didn't froe up Djonah, but I froed up a whole floor full of uvver fings."

During the hour which passed before it was time to start for the depot, my sole attention was devcted to keeping the children from soiling their clothes; but my success was so little, that I lost my temper entirely. First they insisted upon playing on a part of the lawn which the sun had not yet reached. Then, while I had gone into the house for a match to light my cigar, Toddie had gone with his damp shoes into the middle of the road, where the dust was ankle deep. Then they got upon their hands and knees on the piazza and played bear. Each one wanted to pick a bouquet for his mother, and Toddie took the precaution to smell every flower he approached—an operation which caused him to get his nose covered with lily-pollen, so that he looked like a badly used prize-fighter. In one of their spasms of inaction, Budge asked:—

"What makes some of the men in church have no hair on the tops of their heads, Uncle Harry?"

"Because," said I, pausing long enough to shake Toddie for trying to get my watch out of my pocket, "because they have bad little boys to bother them all the time, so their hair drops out."

"I dess *my* hairs is a-goin' to drop out pitty soon; then," remarked Toddie, with an injured air.