

scuttling down the path with some limp figure in its arms. I was sorry to recognize an uncle of John's, from whom John had expectations. I knew his bald head. The maid had him by the middle, and his feet and head hung down, so that his hat dropped off. He was too much surprised to attempt resistance, and the maid deposited him in a heap in the gutter, and then returned. We were so bothered by the turn affairs had taken that we forgot to get out of the way. Fred received a slap which sent him sprawling. John was lifted bodily, after the manner of his uncle, and laid upon the table, while I, my skirts being caught, was forced to run backwards in a very undignified manner, till, by grasping a door-knob, I wrenched myself free at the expense of a width of my skirt. I stood hanging on to that door-knob as if I expected momentarily to be snatched up and thrown out of the window, when my eyes happened to fall upon Tommy. He was lying upon his back on the floor, his legs slowly waving in the air. He made not a sound. The expression on his face gave me such a start that I relaxed my hold on the door-knob, thinking that he was injured internally. But he raised his hand, and feebly waved me aside. He was simply too tired to laugh any more, and was obliged to lie down and wave his legs to express his feelings. Fred had begun to whimper after picking himself up, but, catching sight of Tommy, laughed instead, until something in their father's eye caused both of the boys to take themselves out of doors. However, they perched upon the fence just outside of a window and looked in.

"You see, Fanny, we must expect some complications at first," said John, "but after awhile we'll get used to running it better." This he said as the maid started out of the front door again, after having buzzed around the hall for a minute; for, as I told you, it was necessary to start it at some new work in order to stop what it was do-

ing, and, in the meantime, while we were recovering our breath, it was making trips through the hall to the front gate, and hence to the gutter and back again. John was explaining that we could arrange the length of the trip as we pleased, and it need ordinarily be only to the front door. Just then, however, we heard most awful screams, and we rushed to the door to see what was the matter. It seems that the maid had encountered at the gate the form of a stout, elderly female, with a basket and an umbrella, and of course had proceeded to remove the obstacle. However, the obstacle refused to be removed, and they were having a lively time of it. A crowd was beginning to collect, and a policeman appeared around the corner. He interfered in behalf of the stout female, and attempted to arrest the maid. The maid, however, made short work of him. It did not succeed, it's true, in depositing him in the ditch, but it spoiled his hat, and caused him to beat a hasty retreat; then, having removed all obstacles, traversed the remainder of the limit and returned to the house, followed by another angry policeman, who, after considerable persuasion, was induced to depart.

After the door closed upon the policeman, John looked at me and I at him. The maid had accomplished several revolutions around the dining-room and was about to return. "Mercy, Fanny, you're always talking how much there is to do; can't you think of something I'm not supposed to know?" "No," I answered, grimly, but an idea struck John, and he immediately hurried to pull another wire. He did not accomplish it with impunity, however, and I'm sorry to say he made use of some expressions, as he danced around for a minute, which I was glad the boys didn't hear.

The maid now went out to the woodshed, and John fixed the handle of the axe into the attachment at the end of one of the arms. Here was something out of the ordinary way, and John