

## A Wheelbarrow Ride.

'Oh, grandma, isn't it too bad it rains? This is the day Grace Allen gives her party. She is twelve years old to-day.'

'Are you going?' questioned grandma, over her knitting.

'Of course. Mother has telephoned for a hack to take Harry and me.'

'It seems to me that children nowadays must feel as if they were living in fairyland, their wants are so quickly satisfied. When I was a girl of your age I was going to a party one rainy-day and the only way I could get there was in a wheelbarrow.'

'Tell us about it, do, grandma?' exclaimed May and Harry.

'Well, in those days we could not "telephone for a hack," for there were neither hacks nor telephones. True, father owned a horse and chaise; so did our neighbors, the Prescotts, whose daughter Bessie was going to the party, too. Our horse was away, so mother dressed me up and sent me across the street to go with Bessie. I remember I had my best pantalets, and a cotton-flannel petticoat under my nice one, because that held the starch; and the servant girl, taking pride in having me in fashion, had made it as stiff as a board, to hold my dress out all around. That was just before hoops came in.

'I found Bessie in trouble, for her father was away with their horse, and we could not walk the half-mile to the house where the party was to be without getting wet to the skin, for there were no waterproofs in those days.

'At last we thought of the wheelbarrow, and asked the amiable hired-man if he would wheel us there. He good naturedly said yes and that he did not mind a wetting; so, after Mrs. Prescott had lined the barrow with an old quilt, so that we would not soil our clothes, in we got, a large shawl over our shoulders and an umbrella that Bessie and I had great fun holding over our heads in the wind. How we did laugh and scream when the wind blew it backward and the rain dashed in our faces, making us gasp for breath at times.

'I have travelled a great deal since then, but I have never enjoyed a ride so much as that ride in the wheelbarrow, though when we reached the house the rain had taken the starch from our petticoats and we were a sight to behold. Though we were so limp and starchless, we were not wet, and the party was no less a success.'—'The Youth's Companion.'

## Reading Letters

Aunt Mary laid down the last sheet of the letter she had just received, and pushed her spectacles to the top of her forehead.

'If there is such a thing on the face of the earth,' she declared, in the deliberate accents of extreme exasperation, 'as a woman who can read a letter properly, I'd be willing to travel a hundred miles to see her!'

Aunt Mary's niece gazed at her in astonishment not unmingled with disapproval; such wholesale condemnation seemed to leave small loophole for escape.

'What "do" you mean, Aunt Mary?' she exclaimed.

Aunt Mary smiled grimly.

'I mean what I said,' she returned. 'For instance, there's Anne Putnam. Her hands are about as full as they can be, and I wrote her I could just as well as not make up two or three dresses for little Annie if she'd send me arm and skirt measurements. Here's her letter. She's as grateful as she can be, and she's sent a package of cloth, but there isn't a word of the measurements from beginning to end. I shall have to write again and wait till I hear, or else make the things up by guess.

'Then there was Jane Cortwell's last letter. There's some excuse for Anne, for she's worked to death, but Jane hasn't anything to do. That's what ails her, I believe, though she calls it nerves. Well, as I was saying, I wrote Jane to send me a line by return mail telling me how Sam Potter's wife was. She had to go to the hospital, you know, and I thought maybe a letter would please her—if she came through all right. You wouldn't think anybody would overlook a thing like that, would you? But Jane wrote six pages and never even mentioned the Potters.

'And 'tisn't only things like that; that might be carelessness in the answering, not the reading. But I remember when somebody made us all fly round because a friend was coming that day until, happening to glance at the letter a second time, she discovered that she had misread the date—she wasn't coming for a week. And I remember—'

But Rosamund interrupted. Her pretty face was flushed and her voice full of distress.

'Don't, aunty, please! I hadn't realized before. I'm so ashamed.'

Aunt Mary looked at her and her frown melted. 'There,' she declared, 'the sermon's over! I won't say a word more. That is,' she added, cautiously, 'I won't till I get another letter.'—'Youth's Companion.'

## A Hawk Outwitted by Pigeons

A flock of pigeons were one day cut off from their cote, by a large hawk. The pigeons knew instinctively that if the hawk once got above them, one, at least, of their number would go to make the hawk a meal; and so, up they flew in circles, perhaps hoping to go higher than the hawk. In the rising game they were no match for the hawk. The latter kept under the pigeons, and leisurely followed their laborious movements. Then came a curious and unexpected sight. When they appeared to be about the size of sparrows, every pigeon closed its wings and dropped past the hawk, at a terrific rate. That astonished the hawk. It actually dodged the dropping birds, and missed half-a-dozen wingstrokes before it got in full chase of them. When it arrived at the barn-yard, not a pigeon was in sight—some were in the cote, some in the porch, two in the well-house, and one was in the kitchen. The hawk had been outwitted completely. —'Sunday Friend.'

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## 'In the Country.'

(Eugene Field.)

It seems to me I'd like to go  
Where bells don't ring, nor whistles blow,  
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't  
sound,  
And I'd have stillness all around.

Not real stillness, but just the trees'  
Low whisperings, or the hum of bees,  
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones  
In strangely, softly tangled tones.

Or maybe a cricket or katydid  
Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid,  
Or just some such sweet sounds as these  
To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell  
I'd like a city pretty well;  
But when it comes to getting rest  
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must  
Just quit the city's din and dust  
And get out where the sky is blue;  
And say, now, how does it seem to you?

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