

thump or two, as I do the pillows. (John had watched me do it and had the thing to perfection. He didn't suppose it would be tried on him. though). He didn't seem quite prepared for such a performance, for he flounced around so that he and the bed-clothes, pillows and all, landed in a heap on the floor.

By this time the boys had got over their fright, having been treated in the same manner, and we all laughed. John can't bear to be laughed at. However, we proceeded to dress after the maid had gone downstairs. I could see John was a little nervous, but he didn't want to show it, so he waited till I was ready. The boys got down first, and we could hear them laughing.

"I dare say you'll have to arrange the table a little, Fanny," said John, as we went down, "but that won't be much to do when all the things are on."

Well, we went into the dining-room, and sure enough the table was set, and pretty well too, only that the butter dish, with the butter, was upside down on the table, and the coal-scuttle was set at John's place, instead of the oatmeal dish. That was because John, who always leaves things in ridiculous places, had left it standing on the back of the stove after putting in the coal ready for the morning fire. The porridge was standing cooked on the stove. We had got an arrangement with a white earthen bowl set into a kettle, and the bowl had just to be removed and carried in. However, the coal scuttle had stood in the way, and John had to carry it out and bring in the porridge. The toast was scorched a little, but the eggs were boiled just to perfection, and we enjoyed it all immensely.

Meanwhile the maid was upstairs making the beds, and such beds you never saw. You'd think they'd been cast in a mould. The maid came downstairs just as we were through, and then John pulled another wire. After doing so he acted rather strangely. He didn't seem to be able to let

go the wire for a minute. It gave him a shock, you know. After that he handled the wires more carefully.

Then the maid proceeded to clear the table. Here was a slight complication, however, for the maid washed everything, and though we had eaten up nearly all, still there was some butter in the dish, a bowl of sugar, and the salt-cellar. However, as there was lots of good hot water, the dishes after they were wiped were as clean as could be; but John suggested that for the present, until he could make some improvements, the eatables had better be removed first, for "of course," he said, "there will be some imperfections."

"Now, Fanny, I suppose you want to wash, don't you? You have the clothes ready, I see."

"Yes, but it seems to me the dining-room is not swept very clean. Anyway the crumbs ought to be swept up."

"Exactly," returned John, "only, you see, I fixed it so that it would just run around the table once before breakfast, then afterwards you can have all the furniture moved out and the whole room swept every day."

Well, the maid proceeded to remove the furniture. It went to the middle of the room, then began to circle around, removing everything it came in contact with, and setting things out in the hall. John dropped the leaves of the table, and all went well till it came to the stove and attempted to remove that also; but something was amiss, and it veered off to one side. John started forward to turn it off that track, but it promptly picked him up and removed him. I forgot to say that a revolving brush in the bottom was sweeping all this time, and now the thing was making the last circuit as I thought, for it had touched the wall on three sides, and I was wondering how it would get into the corners, while John watched the stove, and wondered if it could pass between that and the wall without coming in contact with the stove. But there the