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push that when it was once on the incline leading from the barn door to the gravelled driveway, the trills slipped from his hands and the carriage rolled rapidly down, turning sharply as it struck the gravel, and breaking with its wheels two geraniums and a tall stalk of yellow lilies that grew in a narrow bed between the walk and driveway.

"There!" exclaimed Felix, impatiently pulling the carriage back into place. "See what the contrary thing has done now!"

Taking up the hose he went to the hydrant and turned on the water. But just as the stream from the nozzle struck the wheels he remembered that he had not taken whip, lap-robe or foot-mat from the carriage. So he threw down the hose, dragged them out and tossed them into the barn to be out of the way, the water in the meantime making a good-sized puddle which he thoughtlessly stepped in as he again took up the hose, wetting his feet most uncomfortably, which circumstance did not tend to increase his good humour.

Then he allowed the water to play on the running gear of the carriage, moving the stream idly back and forth to wash off the mud spatters that clung and stuck to the wheels most persistently. The cat came to the door and sat down to sun herself, and the temptation to send her flying away from the water was too strong for Felix. She got a most unwelcome shower-bath and retreated in high dudgeon. The dog, too, came in for a share of the same treatment, and while he watched for their re-appearance Felix industriously sprinkled the gravel and the walk.

With these diversions it took a long time to wash the mud from the carriage, and when at last it was done, it was so late that the leather dash-board, top and cushions received only the briefest and most unsatisfactory dusting before Felix ran upstairs to get on dry footwear. Then he started for school, saying complainingly to himself:

"It's too bad that I couldn't get over to see Carv this morning! I hate to wash that carriage! I think father might give me a quarter for doing it!"

When Mrs. Reamer went out to harness her pretty brown pony to

the carriage, she found it standing on the gravel, its wheels dull and streaked from having been improperly dried, the cushions white with dust in the creases and the lap-robe and mat in a damp, crumpled heap on the dusty barn floor. Was it any wonder that she frowned when she saw the work so poorly done, and that the pleasure of her ride with Miss Elliott was marred by the unpleasant reminders of her son's carelessness? And was it strange that Felix was reproved both for what he had done and what he had not done? Or that he was cross and surly in consequence? That is the way Felix cleaned the carriage.

The next week, after a sharp rain had made the streets muddy, the carriage needed attention again. This time Mr. Reamer spoke of it to his younger son, saying, as he arose from the breakfast table:

"Rob, I wish you would clean the carriage this morning before you go to school."

"All right!" answered Rob cheerfully, and soon after he started for the barn, whistling so blithely that the "mocking-bird," had it heard him, could not have helped trying to imitate the wonderful variations of trills and quavers that issued from his pursed-up lips.

Rolling the carriage carefully down to the driveway, Rob took out the robe, shook it free from dust and hung it over the back fence to receive a bath of fresh air and sunshine. Next the carriage mat got a vigorous shaking and went to keep the robe company, while the whip was taken from its socket and set in one corner of the barn. Then he looked at the carriage with a critic's eye and shook his head.

"Pretty muddy, sure enough!" said he, and, going into the barn once more, he found a broom, with which he proceeded to vigorously attack the dried mud until he had dislodged the greater portion of it from its resting-place on the wheels and hubs. Then the hose was brought into play and in a surprisingly short time the mud-covered wheels were clean.

Next he ran to the kitchen for a pail of warm water, and with the big carriage sponge he carefully washed the top, dash-board and floor of the carriage, wiping the

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leather dry and shining with a cloth. Then he turned his attention to the cushions and not a crease so small that it escaped his notice—or his cloth. By the time the cushions were finished, the wind had partially dried the wheels, but he polished them up with the cloth until not a streak marred their glossy blackness.

"There!" said Rob, stepping back and surveying his work with much satisfaction. "That looks most like new. Now I'll put it back in the barn out of the dust, and mother can ride out as befits the best woman in the world!"

So, with a long pull and a strong pull, he drew the carriage up the incline, put the whip again into its socket, brought in the mat and put it in place, and folded the robe neatly and laid it on the seat. Then he ran into the house, saying triumphantly as he glanced at the clock:

"Just an hour from start to finish! I call that pretty good time, don't you, mother?"

"Pretty good time, indeed," replied Mrs. Reamer, with a smile. "I hope the work is pretty good, too."

"Yes'm, the work's all right," answered Rob confidently. "It makes it 'most as good as play to run a race with yourself when you're working. That's what I did this morning. Now can I go over to Joe Perry's a minute before school?"

"Yes," assented Mrs. Reamer; and Rob was off on a run with his books under his arm, and whistling as though cleaning carriages was the best thing in the world to put a boy in tip-top spirits.

And this is Rob's way. Which do you think is the better, his or his brother's?"

### DEATH.

At Bury, Quebec, on August 13th, 1898, Mary White, widow of Cornelius Helgemis Tambs, and mother of the Rev. R. C. Tamba, M.A., Incumbent of the Mission of Waterville, Que., in the 86th year of her age.

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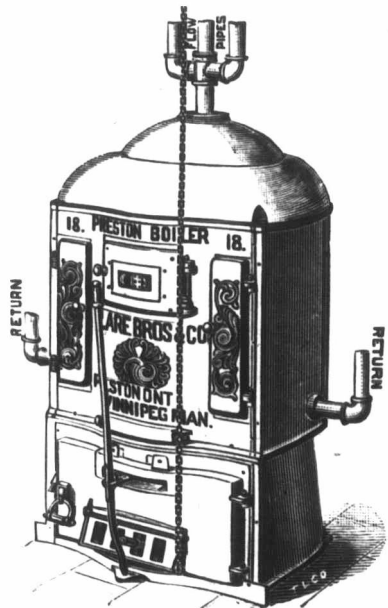
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