

## The Education of Rosie.

ROSIE was a sturdy little Norwegian maid of six. In counting her age, she invariably reckoned by summers, a proceeding at which one could not wonder, for the North-western summers must be more pleasant to remember than the winters. Then, too, she seemed somehow to belong to the summer, with her sunny smile for May, her cheeks like wild-rose petals for June, her hazel eyes, like the centres of prairie daisies in July, and her golden-brown hair that shone like the ripe wheat fields in August.

She was a quaint little thing, and quaintly dressed. Her mother must have made her dresses after the pattern of those she had worn herself when a girl in Norway . . . and perhaps she had forgotten even that. Besides, Rosie had a habit of wearing (and tearing) out her own clothes quite unexpectedly—in these emergencies she had to fall back on her sister's limited wardrobes, so that as a rule her dresses were either too short or too long. But this did not seem to bother her at all; nor did her boots, heavy and clumsy as they were, prevent her from coming in first when she raced with the boys at school.

There was no doubt that Rosie was a tomboy. How she did love to go out and play in the pouring rain! No entreaty could prevail upon her to remain indoors then. When the bell rang for lessons again, she would come in quite radiant (and very, very muddy) with her hair hanging in damp strings on her shoulders. It was quite comical to see the effort she made to be sedate, but her eyes had a look of triumph, and in each cheek was a roguish dimple which she vainly tried to conceal.

Her education—as far as school was concerned—proceeded rather slowly, for each day she forgot, with an engaging smile, what she had learnt the day before. Of one thing she was quite convinced; that certain signs and symbols made certain words, but she never could remember which letters belonged to which word. In the spelling lesson, if Rosie were told to spell "blue," she was quite capable of asking, with the most disarming tone of uncertainty, if it were "y-e-l-l-o-w." At other times she made really brilliant guesses. One day she had spelt at least a dozen words quite correctly, she attempted "sky." She meditated deeply for some seconds, and then announced, with an air of deep conviction, that it was "h-e-a-v-e-n."

