

"You are a very sensible young woman," said Aunt Sie, "and I approve of all you say."

"It would be jolly," agreed mamma.

"But how would we all go?" asked grandfather.

"In the farm wagon. You and Cobbin, who is our honored guest, on the spring seat, Leashie and I on kitchen chairs behind you, and the babies on stools behind us. We would go off in old Virginia fashion. We could take along a coffee-pot and a basket of bread and butter, and have lunch in the woods. That is, we could do all this, only maybe the babies are too stuck up to go in a farm wagon and sit on stools."

"Aunt Sie, Aunt Sie! You know we're not too stuck up; you know we just hate stuck-up children," and the two flew at her and kissed and pounded her in the fullness of their joy.

"Well, I don't know what to do with such an unstylish set of 'wimen folks,'"