

wardrobe. There had spilled out long black stockings; high button shoes; a thick white cotton night gown; full white cotton petticoats trimmed with much embroidery; a "shirt"; big square white handkerchiefs, combs, hairbands; a wash cloth and towels: panties long and full; a "corset cover," and lastly but by no means least--the corset itself: long, white, stiff with innumerable large black whale bones and finished with several pairs of dangling home made garters!

When the boys could stop laughing enough to think, they jumped in unison to pick up the scattered garments. They tugged for the acquisition of the panties and the corset; they swung the long black stockings merrily around their heads yelling "Yippee!" I stood helpless, my face the color of beets. At last, with an exaggerated bow, the boys motioned me into the carriage as one of them put the ill-fated telescope under the back seat. I headed the horse towards the big double door, grabbed the whip out of the socket and gave Bess a sharp tap on the withers--which made her shoot out of that barn at a gallop, nearly upsetting us as she turned the next corner.

I thought I could hear laughter behind me for several blocks down the street and I don't think my face cooled off until I reached Vermontville, twelve miles away.