

she always squealed), "Looke! here's the biggest purple violet I've ever seen - a whole patch of 'em" and the hunt was on.

We picked violets, white, blue, yellow; dainty anemones; Jack in the Pulpits, so dignified; flowing cowslips; fragile spring beauties; dutchmen's breeches with their little pink tips and leaves of fairy lace; sweet grass and ferns.

We searched and picked until our feet and backs were weary; then we sat down on a mossy mound or the trunk of a fallen tree to eat our lunch. It was always home-made bread and butter, pickles, cookies, to which we added wild leeks. When we found the somewhat rare "slippery elm" we pulled off long slabs and with great enjoyment chewed them up into a horrible sticky gelatinous mess. There was also pine gum, and for dessert the black walnuts, beech and hickory nuts which had escaped the fall pickers.

Harriet, whose short fat little body needed exercise more than food, always found the fewest flowers but the greatest number of nuts.

We talked, we sang, we talked again. We were alive, we were young, it was spring---what more could a mortal want!

At last, replete and weary, we gathered up our big baskets of flowers and walked the mile and a half back to the village where our fond parents greeted us with such remarks as:

"Mercy! how you smell! Leeks again! Don't come near me!"

If our homes boasted of big flower gardens--and most of them did--we could add poet's narcissus, jonquils, daffodils, double lilacs, tulips to our store of wild blossoms.