

the air, do just as I do, and make the floor clean for mother."

Eric obeyed, and used it with delight, singing joyfully, and doing his work with his mother's exactitude. So it was in almost all the details of the day. In the afternoons she gave him not a bit of waste cloth, but part of a garment, saying, :

"See, Eric, when I sew I join these pieces together, but when you sew you make nothing, only move your arms as I do."

Then Eric watched closely, and saw that the needle went through her work, imitated her with joy and really made a little sleeve.

Viola thought it wonderful, and showed it to everybody.

Eric alone was not satisfied, because it was not as good as his mother's.

Viola laughed at the idea of his first attempt to equal her own sewing.

Olaf had made a table, two chairs, and a bedstead which Viola wanted in the house.

Eric determined to make a miniature set. He pounded and cut his fingers, but that made no difference; tables and chairs he was resolved to make.

When they were finished his mother made a little doll, and the whole establishment was given to Carina.

His father could appreciate this better than the needlework, and was astonished. He found great pleasure in taking Eric with him to his work, and in answering his endless questions, which were becoming more and more intelligent.

Olaf determined to have Eric's education hurried forward as speedily as possible. But how was this to be done? While the subject was under discussion the Prost came to say he had secured a teacher for the village, which should have been done years ago.

The family rejoicings were great.

Meanwhile Olaf had to take a pedestrian trip to Italy to sell articles that he had made.

Next day Eric carefully went through the parting between Viola and Olaf with his little sister.

Viola watching him exclaimed: "Was there ever such a boy?"

Eric gave her one of his guileless smiles and said, "No, never!" exactly as if he were a third person, and then with the usual good-bye kiss, proceeded on his way to school.

Olaf returned from Italy in very good spirits, having sold all his goods. He greeted Viola in a way that procured for Carina, on the part of Eric, embraces, kisses and endearments not a few. Olaf produced a little painting of Viola's native land, which he had bought for her.

When she saw it she could not help bursting into tears.

"Thou wicked picture, to make dear mother cry!" said Eric, rushing at it with a stick of wood. "I'll kill thee!"

But as his eye fell on it his hand dropped to his side, and a new soul shone in his face.

They laughed and shook him, and tried in every way to divert his rapt attention, but all in vain.

"Let him alone!" said Eric at last. "He has gone clean daft over a picture no bigger than my hand!"

Indeed he and Viola had enough to talk about, for they had no correspondence during his absence, as Viola could not write.

After a long time Viola called Eric to her. He woke from his abstraction and bounded to her.

"See what father has bought for you!" holding up a paint-box and some brushes. A cheap affair for children. "Put in the thumb—so, no, no, the left one, hold the brush, thus. Ah, I have seen men paint in my country. Bring me a cup of water and a bit of paper, there, now, thou art an Italian, not a Swede, and shall paint Carina."

The boy looked at her, then at the colours, delighted, trembling, confused, then suddenly seized the materials, and began to make a rude imitation of the picture that