

following her, or her papa watching her.

She got the grapes, too, without picking them; for when she had climbed up to the very top, there was papa waiting for her with a beautiful bunch in his hand. And he said, —

“Come in, Rosy; mamma wants her breakfast very badly. See, mamma, what a pair of roses your little girl has been getting already!”

Rosy knew very well what that meant, for she rubbed her cheeks with her little fat hands, and then tumbled her merry little head about her mamma's lap to “roll the roses off,” as she said.