

But that little head was too full of thoughts to stay there long.

There was so much to tell and to talk about, and that dairy took a long time to describe. Then when papa asked if she had seen the dear cows that gave the milk, she thought that that would be a capital little jaunt for to-morrow, and clapped her hands with glee.

“So you are going to find some new pets, Rosy,” he said, “to do instead of Mr. Tommy and the kittens?”

“Ah, papa, but there are no dickies here — I mean, hardly any,” she answered. “We looked so for the birdies all, all the time; but