

said just as many nice things about me, and to me, as the rest of them had, but I noticed that he looked troubled; and after dinner he told the sweet sister that he wished her to take a walk with him. Of course the rest all wished to go too, but he said no, he would take no one but the sweet sister and me. I was very much pleased with this, though I was sorry for the others; but he said he would take them all fishing the next morning, which made them feel a great deal better. We walked till we came to a pretty shady place, where there was plenty of grass, and then Mr. Rob made the sweet sister sit down, and threw himself beside her on the grass.

I did not stay with them all the time, for I found the field was full of mole-tracks, and Jet had impressed it upon me that it was my duty to kill moles whenever I could, because they did so much mischief in the fields and gardens. But I came back every few minutes to see if they were going to walk farther or go home; and I found they were talking about the well that had caved in, and about having another one dug. Once, when I came back, Mr. Rob was saying, "Why didn't you write me when the well caved in, dear? You know I like to hear about everything, and if I had only been told, I could have rubbed along with my old suit another winter, and you could have had a new well dug right away."

"It was because I didn't mean you to do that very thing that I did not write you a word about it," said the sweet sister decidedly.