

“You deny yourself far too much for us, as it is;” and she gave Mr. Rob a kiss.

“Fiddlesticks!” said he; and I wondered what in the world he meant by that, but I saw one of those mole-tracks moving, or thought I did, and I had to be off again. As we walked home I heard him tell her not to say anything, for fear of a disappointment, but that he thought he should have money enough if it would not cost more than—something; I never can remember about money—and that she must manage to see the well-digger and find out just what it would cost, and let him (Mr. Rob) know as soon as she could. She promised to do this, although she said Mr. Rob needed too many things himself to be spending so much money on them; but he called her a goose, and that seemed to settle it. For once, I was glad that I could not talk, for I really think that if I had been able to, I should have been obliged to tell my Helen, she so often went without a drink of water because she was afraid that if she asked they would go to the spring for fresh: she never told any one but me, and I think she only told me because she knew that I could not possibly tell any one else.

Of course after supper Mr. Rob was obliged to tell the children a story, and, as Helen was not well enough to come down stairs, we all went up to her room. I am only putting this story in because the children all seemed to like it: I do not like it myself at all, and when you have read it I will tell you why. He called