

Now that I have got off my mind that painful thing which I did not wish to tell, I will go on about the pump. You know that Mr. Rob had made the sweet sister promise to go and see the pump-man; and a day or two after that day I have just been telling of she went, and of course I went with her. She let May go too, but she would not take Bess and Charlie, for she said it was too far.

“I can’t bear to take dear Rob’s money,” said Madame, just as we were starting, “but what a comfort it would be to have a well in the dooryard once more! I do hope Mr. Wells will not ask more than we can afford to pay him.”

Mr. Wells—that was the pump-man—lived in a very small house in the edge of a wood about two miles away, but we did not have to go through woods or anything: a nice wide road went all the way to the house, and ever so far beyond it. I often used to look at that road, and wonder if it went all the way to Richmond, and if I kept straight along on it I should come to the Jimmys’. And I don’t know to this day whether I should or not.

Mr. Wells was at home, and I listened very anxiously to the talk between him and the sweet sister, to see if he were going to do it for Mr. Rob’s money. I forget how much he said it would be, but it was not more than we could afford, and he said he would come and begin the very next day; and we were all very much pleased. He said the well that had caved in was none of his digging, and that it would really be easier to dig a new one than