

and would have to blast. I left them for a little while to go an errand with the sweet sister, and as we were coming home she stopped in the last field to pick some flowers for my Helen. Then she sat down on a log to tie them up neatly, and while she was smelling them and fussing over them I found a very interesting mole-track behind the great log on which she was sitting, and was digging for dear life when I heard somebody run across the field, and then I heard little Bess say, "Sister, they have struck a rock, and mamma says will you come home?—that she wishes to speak to you."

The sweet sister stopped smelling her flowers, and I stopped digging for my mole, and we went home as fast as we could.

Madame was standing on the porch, looking troubled. "What do you think we had better do, dear?" she said. "Mr. Wells says nothing more can be done without blasting, and he insists upon it that he is quite willing to wait for the rest of the money until we are able to pay him."

"I would let him go on, mamma," said the sweet sister decidedly. "I know Rob will be disappointed if we do not, and I will write him all about it this evening."

"Perhaps that would be best," said Madame. "It is miserably hard to have to go to the spring for every drop of water we drink, and I can't help hoping that some of papa's bills will come in before long, and then we need not let Rob pay the difference."

I am sorry to say that I can't tell much about that blasting busi-