

tainly never have tasted such good water as that was and is. And the very first thing I heard Helen say the next morning was, "I drank a whole tumblerful, Jock, and it has not made me ill at all!"

By the next evening the well was quite finished—they had done a good deal of the wall the day they blasted—the windlass was put up and the bucket hung, and Uncle Jake, who was a very good carpenter, made the box, with a spout at one side, into which to pour the water from the bucket. Afterward he built a sort of house over the well, with lattice-work sides made of laths, and the sweet sister and May planted vines and rose-bushes all around it, until now it is a beautiful bower, and when all the things are in bloom it looks like a monstrous bouquet. Jake made a trough to carry off the waste water too, and led it off behind the barn, and there he dug a hole for a duck-pond: he had heard Madame say that she lost a great many ducks, because they had to go down to the brook, and then they wandered off into the fields. Jake only told Aunt Nancy and me about the pond, and I helped him dig like everything. I pretended there were moles, and that they were down very deep; and I tell you I made the earth fly! Uncle Jake said I was "'most as good as a man with a shovel." When the pond was done we waited till a nice rain had nearly filled it; then we drove all the ducks we could find into it, and they seemed as pleased as we were. Then we called Madame; and when she thanked Uncle Jake, and said it was very thoughtful and kind of him, and that