

morning Helen and I had another parcel from Mr. Andrew Jackson Wickes: it was a good deal like the last, only there was more of it, and instead of the flower-roots there was a beautiful wreath of wintergreen and holly-berries, which Helen and I both thought the daughter must have tied. And instead of a quail I had this time, with my name on it as before, a whole, great big wild duck! Aunt Nancy told me she was too busy to cook it for me that day, but she certainly would the next; and I did not care, for there were the turkey and the chicken-pie, and ever so many more things, and, besides, it gave me a chance to have a little party with it. I managed to run down to my old woman's after dinner—only I could not run fast, I was so full—with a mouthful of bones for Betty, for I had an idea that the old woman made soup of her bones, and there isn't much good in a done-with soup-bone, and I was very anxious that Betty should not go wrong again for want of plenty to eat. I found her as contented as possible, and looking much better already; and I told her about my duck, and that Aunt Nancy was going to cook it for me, and invited her to meet me in the large barn about five o'clock the next evening to help eat it. There would be no one else, I told her, but her own children and Jet and Snowball, and of course I should provide plenty of bones besides, but we would each have a taste of my duck. I had counted up—for I can count as high as ten; after that I get muddled—and there were two legs, two wings, two side-bones, and the carcass, which would just make it go around; and I knew I could have all