

delighted face. "By the way, I suppose that is some of your work—the general improvement in the grass plots?"

"O, no, papa, that is what the children do themselves. And what do you think, papa, one of the little fellows actually comes regularly and weeds our beds, because we haven't time to attend to them ourselves. He did it at first without any prompting but that of gratitude, and now some of the others help him, and so they keep our garden tidy as well as their own."

"Yes, yes, Slyboots, but who put the idea of keeping their own tidy, into their heads? It didn't grow there, I am sure of that."

"Well, *I'm* not quite so sure of that," replied Minnie, shaking her head wisely. "Perhaps it has been there a long while, and only required some one to tap it out."

"Well, well," returned Mr. Kimberly with an amused expression, "as you have been so clever as to tap this one out, who knows how many more you may tap out before long, so go on and prosper, and remember if you run short of funds you may draw on me, because I should like to see my work-people in a better condition, though I haven't time to attend to it myself, and *they* wont. They don't seem to see the good of spending money on anything but drink, and that is how it is, though they have good houses and fair pay, they are always dirty and miserable and discontented. And a weary look took the place of his former amused one, as he turned again to the heap of papers on his desk.

Minnie saw that he was busy, and though she would have