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basket of Watson's early strawberries, or a bunch of grapes covered with vine-leaves, and said,—

‘Alice, dear, will you run across with these to Mrs. Walters, and ask how she is, and give them to her with mamma's love?’

I never needed twice asking to do *that*. Off I started like a little rabbit, away over the grass-plot, down the laurel walk and past the old ruined fountain to the shady path which led to Mrs. Walters' back garden. I never stayed very long, because, you know, she was so very old, and mamma thought she might not like to have a little girl like me chattering to her all the time. So, when I had given her my message, and told her how papa and mamma were, and asked if her rheumatism was better—which it never was—I began to get ready to come away. As soon as I began to get ready to come away, Mrs. Walters always said,—

‘Stay, my dear, just one moment.’

I felt very glad then, for I knew what was going to be done. When Mrs. Walters had said ‘Stay, my dear, just one moment,’ she rose from her tall, straight-backed chair, and took her silver-headed stick, and walked very slowly indeed—for you must