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Mary, and then the house would have been no surprise at all.

We worked on very resolutely; but we seemed to have done scarcely anything when Mrs. Tubbs shouted for us to come in to tea. I almost began to be afraid we should never be able to finish it. Sometimes we broke the boughs in pulling them down, and then they looked so miserable and untidy, and even when we had pulled them down without breaking them and had succeeded in tying them, as we thought, fast together, they would slip back and spring away farther than ever out of our reach. It was very provoking. If we had not been working for aunt Mary, we should have sat down and cried.

We came in to tea, and Mrs. Tubbs scolded us for being so hot and red and dirty. I am sure she was just the same herself, and cross too, so she need not have said anything. I don't believe some grown-up people ever remember that it is possible for children to be tired and disappointed like themselves, or they would not speak so sharply to them when things go wrong. As soon as tea was over—and we finished it as quickly as ever we could—we went back to our house, taking our little wooden stools with us to stand