

upon by Tommy, who appeared at the door. He hesitated to enter until invited; but Bertha saw him, and held out her hand. He came forward, holding in his hand a small bunch of flowers that he had gathered for her, but was ashamed to offer them. Bertha observed them, and divining his intention, asked,—

“Were those flowers for me, Tommy?”

“Yes, Miss Bertha, if you want ’em.”

“To be sure I want them, if you gathered them for me,” Bertha answered, taking the humble offering.

“I was afraid maybe you would’nt think ’em worth having, you have such nice ones.”

“I am always glad to take anything from you, Tommy; and these flowers are very nice indeed. How is your garden getting on?”

“It looks real lovely, Miss Bertha, and the white rose is all covered with blossoms,” and Tommy descanted on the beauties of