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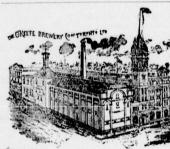
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AT THE WORLD'S FAIR



ARMINE.

CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Left alone — after Armine had walked away with Madelon — Egerton sank back on the seat and began in his accustomed fashion to consider the interview just past. Characteristically, his mind dwelt most on the personality of Armine, which had been revealed to him in a clearer light than ever before. It was like a pathetic picure - the idea of the girl, at an age when most girls are free from care or thought, sitting by this fountain in the garden of the old palace, pondering the deep problems and weighing the fierce war cries of the tumultuous age in which her lot was cast. Egerton had known, in a degree at least, how heavy the weight of the time can be to a soul which is unable to satisfy self with the mere surface of life, with the pursuit of gain or of pleasure out what was his realization of this empared to that of Armine? In her very childhood she had struggled with giants — those giants called Ideas, which had drenched France with blood and convulsed all Europe—and she had come victorious from the struggle. come victorious from the struggle.

He could not forget the rapt look of her
eyes when she said, "It was like a
vision of the new Jerusalem — of a
world reconciled with God." The look had struck him even more than the vords, for it indicated an assurance peyond the power of expression. ould he think it a mere exaggeration sentiment. The memory came back him of a day when he stood under he mighty arches of Notre Dame and listened to a voice which while he lis-tened reconciled for him, too, this crime darkened, suffering-steeped world with the gracious purpose of its Creator. eloquently that He remembered how voice had justified the ways of God with man, and made it clear that those who in their madness constitute them selves the critics and judges of God display in their arraignment an ignor-ance equal to that of a child who should

dawned upon him that if an answer to the riddles of life was to be found at all it must be sought in that Catholic theology which modern philosophers ignore, while they seek in systems vithout a base what such systems can never give, and then fling them aside, "We have tested this thing called revealed religion, and found i without a single reason for its existence worth the attention of a philos-A multitude follow ophical mind. their lead as blindly as another multitude followed, three hundred years ago, those who substituted human opinion for the voice of God and led the numan mind into a quagmire of error where it has struggled ever since. And among this multitude Egerton might have remained but for—yes, he said to himself with something like a start of surprise, but for the voice of Armine. If he had made a long nental journey since the day when he stood before the great portal of Notre Dame, and thought complacently, ye with some strange yearning toward the repose of faith, that a man must belong to his age, it was to her voice that he owed the first impulse on that journey. How well he recalled the evening when he met her first, and when, amid the passionate utterances of the apostle of destruction, her simple words had made so deep an impression and sent him to D'Antignac as a questioner rather than merely as a friend by the statement of the apostle of destruction, her simple words had made so deep an impression and sent him to D'Antignac as a questioner rather than merely as a friend by the statement of the apostle of destruction, her simple words had made so deep an impression and sent him to D'Antignac as a questioner rather than merely as a friend by the statement of the apostle of destruction, her simple words had made so deep an impression and sent him to D'Antignac as a questioner rather than merely as a friend by the statement of the apostle of destruction, her simple words had made so deep an impression and sent him to D'Antignac as a questioner rather than merely as a friend by the statement of the apostle of destruction and sent him to D'Antignac as a friend by the statement of the apostle of destruction and sent him to D'Antignac as a friend by the statement of the apostle of destruction and sent him to D'Antignac as a friend by the statement of the apostle of destruction and sent him to D'Antignac as a friend by the statement of the apostle of destruction and sent him to D'Antignac as a friend by the statement of the apostle o of the apostle of destruction, her simple

retfully declaim against the heat of

the sun that ripens the wide harvests

Since that day it had more and more

of the earth.

Yes, it was to Armine he owed what ever light had come to him; and that being so, was it more than chance which had led his feet here to day? "It is strange," he thought. "The ways are many '—have I not seen that somewhere? A Socialist meeting was

COULD HARDLY WALK ON ACCOUNT OF

RHEUMATISM P. H. FORD



THE USE THE USE OF Ayer's Sarsaparilla

For fully two years, I suffered from neumatism, and was frequently in such condition that I could hardly walk. spent some time in Hot Springs, Ark. on the treatment helped me for the dime being; but soon the complaint re-urned and I was as badly afflicted as over. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being recom-wer. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being recomever. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being recom-mended, I resolved to try it, and, after using six bottles, I was completely cured."—P. H. FORD, Quachita City, La.

And now, coming in very idleness to to seek Winter, who first roused my curiosity with regard to Duchesne, I find a sibyl with a message. Shall I ever heed it? God only knows. And yet if there be a God there can

tainly be no duty higher than the duty

of acknowledging Him." He rose, and, leaving the fountain, walked slowly along the allee which led to the broad terrace with its stately flights of steps descending to the parterre before the palace. Again he thought of Armine in her childhood and girlhood, of the poetic face and the clear, searching eyes, as she had wandered here, alone amid the bourgeois crowd, bearing already the penalty of isolation which all ear whose mind or spirit elevates them above the multitude that surounds them. What was to be the fate of this delicate creature - strong in mind, but sensitive as a mimosa in feeling — whom fate had placed where mind and heart were set so cruelly at would proclaim to morrow a crusade of variance? He felt his interest in her

growing almost insistent in its de-

nands, as if urging him to put out his

hand to help her. But was it in his power to help? He knew that it was

not; but he determined that at leas

in the struggle, and that he would no

ne would know how it fared with her

But was it in his

ose the position in which her confilence and sympathy had placed him. While thinking in this manner h had been walking toward one of the gates of the garden, and he now passed through into the Boulevard St. Michel. having before him the narrow street and the steep hill of the Quartier Latin, when a hand fell on his shoulder, and, as once before in the same neighbor hood, he was accosted by the man whon he had crossed the Seine to seek.

"So here you are!" said Winter "I thought I should find you." "How did you know that I was to b

found?" asked Egerton, turning. "Oh! the concierge, chez moi, told me that 'un monsieur bien distingue had been inquiring for me. So, judg ing it to be you, and judging also that, having nothing to occupy your time, you would be likely to stroll into the Luxembourg Garden—that is the ben efit of having a palace for near neigh bor-I decided to take a turn in search of you. Et voila!"

He uttered the last words in a tone of satisfaction which Egerton felt un able to echo. His meeting with Armine had thrown him so entirely out of accord with Winter that it was only by an effort he could recall himself t the plane of the latter or remember why he had sought him. He had too much of the social faculty to suffer thi to be apparent, however, and when Winter presently inquired concerning his immediate intentions he said:

'I was on my way home ; but, now that we have met, the best thing to do would be to breakfast together. I presume that you know a good cafe in the neighborhood.'

"I know half a dozen where you can get a better breakfast than in your gilded haunts on the Boulevard des Italiens," said Winter. "If you want to fare well in foreign towns you should avoid all places where strangers congregate. Their presence has always two effects—to increase prices and to deteriorate quality

"Unhappily true," said Egerton; so I put myself in your hands. Take me where our degrading influence is unknown.

Winter laughed, but proceeded to guide him to one of those cafes where students, artists, and journalists congregate, where the foreigner, unless he belongs to the Bohemian ranks, is unknown, and where one finds few mirrors and little gliding, but good service and distinctively French cook

The two men sat down at a small table, and, after they had ordered breakfast, Egerton looked around 'It strikes me," he said, "that I have been here before. Is not this the cafe where you found the man who so obligingly went with me to the meet ing in Montmartre where I first saw Duchesne?"

"The same." Winter answered. 'It is a great resort of Leroux's. should not be surprised if he dropped in at any moment. If he did he night give us news of Duchesne, who has been out of Paris lately—"

"He is back in Paris now, how ever," said Egerton involuntarily Have you seen him?

inquired Winter.
"No," replied Egerton, slightly vexed with his own thoughtlessnes and determined not to mention Ar mine; "I have only heard of his arri val.

The other looked at him with som surprise and a little curiosity.
"You seem well informed," he said Only vesterday I heard a man whom I should have supposed likely to

know more than you, regret his absence. "Yesterday he was absent," said Egerton, "but he arrived in Paris last

"You are sure of it?"

"I am perfectly sure." "Well," said Winter, with a slight shrug, "it seems that you have become a Socialist in earnest, since you are admitted to the confidence of the chiefs of the party. Up to this time I have never believed in your conver-' He is only playing with that, as he has played with other things,' I said to Leroux when he told me how you were impressed by Duchesne; 'he

has no stability in him. "You are very kind," said Egerton. "There is nothing so refreshing as the good opinion of a friend candidly

stability has not been your most strik-

ing characteristic,"
"I have laid no claim to it," said
Egerton. "I have thought more of finding truth - if truth were to found—than of preserving a character for consistency; which, after all, often simply means that a man is not acces sible to new ideas."
"If you have been in search of

truth I retract all my criticisms," said Winter, "for my opinion has been that you were simply in search of novelty. Eh bien, you have discov ered what you sought, then, in the principles of Socialism as expounded by Duchesne?"
"By no means," Egerton answered.

"Principles which would reconstruct the world on a basis of communal tyranny are not to my fancy. That part of Socialism which dwells upon the wrongs and the miseries of poor is true; but when it comes to a question of remedies it is impossible to

follow men who, if they had the power,

wholesale robbery."
"Who by one violent revolution would set right the wrongs of centur ies and demolish social conditions which nothing short of revolution can overturn," said Winter. "It is natural that you do not welcome such a prospect, since you are one of the class to be dispossessed; but it proves that I was right in believing that you

were only amusing yourself with Socialism, as with other things." Now, Egerton was amiable almost to a fault, but the scarcely veiled con tempt of the other's tone was too much even for his amiability. He looked up with a spark of fire in his glance as he said:

"You are entirely mistaken have not been amusing myself with Socialism. It is rather a grim subject for amusement. But I was attracted by the ideal which it presented; and in order to indge it fairly I heard its claims presented and its aims declared not by outsiders but by its warmes supporters and advocates. Consequently I have a right to say that I have weigher Socialism in the balance and found i wanting. It may convulse the world and destroy society - I grant you it has power enough for that; but it has no power to construct another society. The basis on which it rests is too un-

"Do you mean," said Winter, "th busis of the equal rights of man? "Yes," answered Egerton, basis of the equal rights of man. how can you prove that man has any rights? It is an assertion without hadow of proof. In the pagan world there was but one recognized right—that of force. The Christianity which you despise, in declaring that man has an immortal soul, gave him the charter of all the rights he possesses. But in destroying and denying Christianity you throw yourselves back upon Na ture: and neither you nor any other man can prove that naturally—that is according to the nature revealed to us by positive science — man has any rights above those of the horse and

dog."
There was a moment's silence after this bold challenge-a challenge which no positivist can answer, and which was perhaps for the first time pre sented to Winter. It evidently startled him a little, and probably he was not sorry for conversation to be interrupted breakfast, which the garcon just then placed on the table before them. But as he poured out a glass of red wine a minute later he recovered himself sufficiently to say, with the meer which always comes readily in default of argument :

"Oh! if you have gone back to the fables of religion there is nothing nore to be said. It is very natural in that case that you should turn your oack on the rights of man.

"It would be so far from natural, said Egerton, "that I repeat and in sist upon the assertion that it is re ligion which first introduced into the world the doctrine that man had any rights at all; and without religionthat is, without some form of theistic belief, however vague - you canno prove the existence of a single right to which he may logically lay claim All the high-sounding declarations o the French Revolution merely asserted in a political sense what the Catholic Church had for eighteen centurie asserted in a spiritual sense-that all men are equal before God. But ob literate the idea of God, and where is your equality? Science absolutely denies it, Nature—as has been well said — abhors it, all experience disproves it. And since neither Nature for science gives man his charter of equal rights, where do you find it? Only in Catholic theology. Your Your eaders have stolen it thence, but the fire of heaven in their hands can only kindle conflagration on earth.

"By Jove!" said Winter, with a tare. "Well as I thought I knew stare. you, this is a change for which I was hardly prepared! From liberalism to Catholic theology, from positive From liberalism science to the dogmas of the Church, would prove a very long step for any one but yourself. You seem to have taken it, however, with wonderful agility; and but for the fact that your conversions never last long, I should expect to hear of you soon as 'received 'at the Madeleine. "You could hear nothing better of

me, if I had the necessary faith," said "But because I Egerton quietly. point out a simple fact-a fact easily verified by history-it does not follow that I must accept that on which the claims of the Church rest. Yet the man is intellectually blind who denies expressed."

"There is no worth in a friend who on after a moment; "and between the company of t that they are mighty claims," he went is not candid," said Winter. "And that Church as she stands, with all her

the great fabric of Christian civilization as her work, and clothed in that mantle of infallibility without which she would have no right to speak-for what is a fallible Church but a human society a little more absurd than any other, inasmuch as it attempts to teach great truths of which avowedly it has no certainty? - and liberalism with its creed of human progress, which the future alone can prove, the choice is to be made. These two forces divide the world. One or the other must win the victory — the kingdom of God or

what your new thinkers call the kingdom of man. Winter looked up with the defiance which is the characteristic attitude of his school. "The human mind has outgrown the fables of the Church of which you speak," he said. "The kingdom of God, which it invented, has passed away, and the kingdom of man has come."
"Has it?" said Egerton. "Then

God help-but how if there is no God? Can we call upon matter to help man thus left at the mercy of the blind forces of nature and the blinder passions of his fellow-man, for whom just ice, mercy, and right must soon become mere idle words signifying noth ing, since deriving authority from nothing? But let me tell you this that as I am never so near being Catholic as when I talk to a positivist so there will be nothing so likely to drive men to the kingdom of God as the founding of your kingdom of man.

CHAPTER XXV.

It was about this time that Miss Dorrance said to her cousin one day Does it strike you that Sibyl is th victim of a grand passion?

Mr. Talford looked a little startled.
'No," he replied. "I confess that it has not struck me. Whom do you take to be the object of the passion?" "Not yourself," said Laura, with a laugh, nor yet any one whom you But you have heard of M. know. 'Antignac?'

"Heard of him-I should think so answered Mr. Talford Miss Bertram has entertained me on everal occasions with rhapsodies about nim. But what has that to do with the matter? "Only that he is the object of the

passion. Mr. Talford stared for a moment

then he looked disgusted. "Women have strange ideas," he said. "There seems to me something equally absurd and revolting in the any attraction in the man of whom you speak—a hopeless invalid who, from what I hear of him, can only be said to be half alive."

"He is not much more, as far as his body is concerned." Laura replied; but men have strange ideas if they imagine that what attracts a woman like Sibyl Bertram has anything to do with the body. It is the spirit; and certainly there is enough of that in M.

"Is there?" said her cousin, with a slight laugh. "I confess to not knowing much about spirits, either in the flesh or out of it. But I should not take them to be formidable rivals-that is, if one were sufficiently in earnest to fear a rival." Of course you are the best judge

on that point," said Laura-"I mean about being sufficiently in earnest; but as for what constitutes a formidable rival-well, that, I should say, depends on the woman concerned With some women it would be a million of dollars, with others a handsome face But you ought to know whether or not Sibyl is like such women.

"Miss Bertram is very ideal," said Mr. Talford, "but I do her the justice to believe that she distinguishes clearly between what is ideal and what is practical, and that no one is less likely to confound the one with the other. Her fancy for M. d'Antignac is very natural: but it will not interfere with -anything else.'

"Will it not?" said Laura, with a glance of amusement. "Well, we shall see. I thought it only kind to give you a warning."
"A warning is justified by its need,

said her cousin: "but in this case fail to perceive the need."

Nevertheless, lightly as he had re-ceived it, the warning was not with out its effect upon him, inasmuch as he began to ask himself if the time had eally come when he must definitely bid farewell to the pleasant liberty of his life and take upon himself fetters of matrimony. They were not fetters for which he was in the least eager, and he had more than once asked himself why he should think of assuming them. But these doubts had a fashion of vanishing under the inluence of Sibyl Bertram; and in the magic of her presence it seemed to him that he could do nothing better than to secure a companion so well calculcated at once to stimulate interest and reflect credit on his taste. And it was characteristic of the man that he felt not the least fear of being refused. He was one of a class who are so steeped in materialism that they are honestly unable to conceive a different standard in the mind of any one else. He knew his own advantages well, and to suppose Miss Bertram ignorant of or indifferent to them would simply, in his opinion, have been to convict her of want of sense. But there was no reason for such a suspicion. The peculiarity of her manner, which struck Egerton so forcibly, had not been lost on him, and he had, as we are aware, drawn his own conclusions from it. A more acute man might. indeed, have been deceived, not having the mot de l'enique in a sufficient Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc. lieve they take so many away at &

to me the vestibule to Notre Dame. you must confess that up to this time glorious past behind her, pointing to knowledge of the character of this

TO BE CONTINUED.

MY BETTY.

A Charming Story by the Author of "Little Lord Fauntelroy."

I am Betty's kitten-at least I was Betty's kitten once. That was more than a year ago. I am not a kitten now, I am a little cat, and I have grown serious, and think a great deal as I sit on the hearth rug looking at the fire and blinking my eyes. I have so much to think about that I even stop to ponder things over when I am lapping my milk or washing my face. am very careful about lapping my milk. I never upset the saucer. told me I must not. She used to talk to me about it when she gave me my dinner. She said that only untidy kittens were careless. She liked to see me wash my face, too, so I am par-ticular about that. It is always Betty I am thinking about when I sit on the rug and blink at the fire. Sometimes feel so puzzled and so anxious that if her mamma or papa are sitting near look up to them and say:

" Mee-alow? Mee-alow?" But they do not seem to understand me as Betty did. Perhaps that is because they are grown up people and she was a little girl. But one day her mamma said:

'It sounds almost as 'if she were asking a question."

I was asking a question. I was ask ing about Betty. I wante when she was coming back. I wanted to know

I know where she came from, but I do not know where she is gone or why she went. She usually told me things but she did not tell me that. I never knew her to go away before. I wish she had taken me with her. I would have kept my face and paws very

clean, and never have upset my milk. I said I knew where she came from She came from behind the white ros bush before it began to bloom, and I was lying close to my mother in our bed under the porch that was around the house. It was a nice porch, with vines climbing over it, and I had been born under it. We were very comfortable there, but my mothe afraid of people. She was afraid lest they might come and look at us.

She said I was so pretty they would admire me and take me away. had happened to two or three of my brothers and sisters before their eyes had opened, and it had made my suggestion that a young, beautiful mother nervous. She said the same creature like Miss Bertram could find thing had happened before when she had had families quite as promising. and many of her lady friends had told her that it continually happened to themselves. They said that people coming and looking at you when you had kittens was a sort of epidemic. always ended in your losing children.

She talked to me a great deal about She said she felt rather less nerv ous after my eyes were opened because people did not seem to want you so much after your eyes were opened There were fewer disappearances in families after the first nine days. Bu she told me she preferred that I should not be intimate with people who looked under the porch, and glad when I could use my legs and get farther under the house, when any one bent down and said, "Pussy! pussy!" She said I must not get silly and flattered and intimate even when they said, "Pretty pussy, poo' ittle kitty pussy!" She said it might end in

trouble So I was very cautious indeed when I first saw Betty. I did not intend to be caught, but I was not so much afraid as I should have have been it she had not been so very little and so pretty.

Not very long before she went away she said to me one day when we were in the swing together:
"Kitty, I am nearly 5 o'clock!"

So when she came from behind the white rose bush perhaps she was 4

I shall never forget that morning It was such a beautiful morning. It was in the early spring, and all the world seemed to be beginning to break into buds and blossoms. There were pink and white flowers on the trees, and there was such a delicious smell when one sniffed a little. Birds were chirping and singing and every now and then darting across the garden Flowers were coming out of the ground too; they were blooming in the garden beds and among the grass, and it seemed quite natural to see a new kind of flower bloom out on the rose bush, which had no flowers on it then, because the season was too early. I was such a young kitten that I thought the little face peeping round the green bush was a flower. But it was Betty, and she was peeping at me! She had such a pink bud of a mouth and such pink soft cheeks and such large eyes, just like the velvet of a pansy blossom. a tiny pink frock and a tiny white apron with frills and a pretty white muslin hat, like a frilled daisy, and the soft wind made the curly soft hair fall ing over her shoulder as she bent for

ward sway as the vines sway.
"Mother," I whispered, "what kind of a flower is that? I never saw one before.

She looked and began to be quite nervous. "Ah, dear! ah, dear!" she said;

"it is not a flower at all; it is a person and she is looking at you." "Ah, mother!" I said, how can it be a person, when it is not half as high

as the rose bush. And it is such pretty

colors. Do look again. "It is a child-person," she said, "and I have heard they are sometimes the worst of all—though I don't bedown to peep her cheek and her hear tercups and "Oh, you "Pretty pus kitty! Poo you!" She made going to pu troke me. b and I heard " Betty.

JANUA

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