

THE POMPEY-BINKS SENSATION

old cripple Dan, had called to feast their eyes upon the animated ball of silky fur.

It was upon a Sunday about two months after Fluffy's advent to the hillside that the friendship of the neighbors was unexpectedly ruptured. Both ladies, who occupied the same pew in the red-brick church, had gone to service as usual that morning, returning arm-in-arm at its close. At Mrs. Pompey's gate they parted, and Melissa, bidding her drop in to tea that afternoon, retraced her steps leisurely to her own gate. She was in a particularly happy frame of mind that morning, for everything had tended to make her so. The sermon had been from a favorite text, and moreover the monotony of the still Sabbath afternoon was to be broken by her friend's acceptance to afternoon tea.

Once inside the gate she walked even more slowly up the flower-bordered path, and as she surveyed the fragrant bloom on either side she felt that her spring's labor had not been in vain. Added to this, the first bud on the potted rose underneath the sitting-room window had burst in fulness and beauty during her absence. It was the first time it had bloomed, and quickening her steps to drink in its crimson loveliness, she had gained the top step of the verandah when a much-prized begonia on the window sill suddenly tottered and fell with a crash directly upon the rose.

Immediately following, an object easily distinguished as Pharaoh leaped through the window and scurried into the garden. Melissa stood as if riveted