

Dickie gave me that he made out of newspapers; but they aint the same color as newspapers. Anyway I put the shinin' rubbers on, an' I went out into the garden, an' held dear dad's umberel—the one Dickie told me dad used 'fore he went up in heaven. Well, Ben," continued little Molly, as we see her talking in the picture—"well, Ben, I holded dad's umberel over Stray for fear he'd take a cold in his head, an' I wiped a drop on his nose with my hancherif, so I did. Then our cat Trixy creeped out of her out-door house—a box with a bit of carpet an' straw in it—an' say, Ben, what do you think our big cat Trixy did? Guess?"

"That's an easy one, Sissy," said Ben. "I guess your cat flew at the stray dog an' blinded his eye."

"She never!" exclaimed Molly, angrily. "An' you shan't stroke our nice, good puss any more, so you shan't, you nasty horrid boy."

"Molly! Molly!" said her mother, reprovingly, "tell Ben what a good Band of Mercy cat our Trixy is."

"Very well, mother, so I shall. Well, Ben, our good puss saw I was getting wet, so she crept out of her out-door house an' went down the garden in the rain, an' she stood up on her dandy-long-legs, an' lifted the latch of Nobby's stable door so that Stray could go in, an' he did go. Wasn't that sweet of our puss, Ben?"

"Yes, you bet it was. We'll make her a member of our Band of Mercy. Eh, Dick?"

"All right, Ben. I'll call on you to nominate the new member. I wish some of the little kids in our Band had as fine a set of furs as she has."

"This here new coat of mine is as warm as any cat's fur," said Ben, smoothing the sleeve of his coarse cloth coat with pride.

"Ben, my boy," said Dick's mother, "it's none of my business, I know, and I hope you won't mind my remarking on it, as your mother and I were old friends, but I must say since you've joined the anti-tobacco and chewing-gum league, you look quite like a gentleman."

"Oh, say!" said Molly, laughing, "see our Trixy a-lookin' at herself in Ben's shinin' boot. Isn't she cunnin'?"

SLIDE 16.—THE CAT LOOKING AT HER REFLECTION IN BEN'S BOOT.

"Cats make very pretty pictures," said Dick, sitting down on the floor beside the stove and stroking the cat. "They are very useful, too, in scaring away rats and mice; indeed, in cold storage vaults and granaries they are of great service. I wish we could have a cat tax, which would make them be better cared for. Cats are very fond of those who are kind to them. Listen, wee Molly, to my cat story. Once upon a time a lady took sick. She had a cat of which she was very fond. Well,