

shown her the Short-Horn's latest edition, a big, double-jointed, ugly, hungry male calf, who slept all day in a bedded stall, a young Hercules in repose, and only waked up long enough to wrinkle his huge nose and sleep again.

There Uncle Jack found her. She had climbed over the high stall-gate to pet and coddle the great calf. She had placed her own beautiful string of beads around his tawny neck.

"Come out of there," laughed Uncle Jack. "What do you see pretty about that great ugly calf?"

"O Uncle Jack," and she sighed affectedly, "I am truly sorry for him. He is not pretty, to be sure — and so I have given him my beads. And he doesn't seem to be very bright, nor at all well mannered, poor dear — but — but," she added reflectively — "he has a lovely curly head and he seems to be such a healthy child!"

On another occasion they missed her. It was nearly night. Everybody started out in alarm to hunt for her. Aunt Lucretia was the first to find her, coming from the brood-sow's lot.

"Where in the world have you been, child?" she asked as she picked her up.

"Playing with the little yesterday-pigs," said Little Sister. "And Aunt Lucretia, I ought to have come home sooner, I know, but I kissed one of the cunningest of the little pigs good night, and all the others looked so hurt, and squealed so because I didn't kiss them too, I just had to