

I think, in fact, I'll search for eleven, in order to have one for Sandy. He's as pathetically in need of a little mothering as any of the chicks. It must be pretty dispiriting to come home every night to the ministrations of Mrs. McGur-rk.

How I do not like that woman! She has with complacent firmness told me four different times that the dochther was ashleep and not wantin' to be disturbed. I have n't set eyes on him yet, and I have just about finished being polite. However, I waive judgment until to-morrow at four, when I am to pay a short, unexciting call of half an hour. He made the appointment himself, and if she tells me again that he is ashleep, I shall give her a gentle push and tip her over (she's very fat and unstable) and, planting a foot firmly on her stomach, pursue my way tranquilly in and up. Luellen, formerly chauffeur, chambermaid, and gardener, is now also trained nurse. I am eager to see how he looks in a white cap and apron.

The mail has just come, with a letter from Mrs. Bretland, telling how happy they are to have the children. She inclosed their first photograph — all packed in a governess cart, with Clifford proudly holding the reins, and a groom at the pony's head. How is that for three late inmates of the John Grier Home? It's all very inspiring when I think of their futures, but a trifle sad when I remember their poor father, and how he worked himself to death for those three chicks who are going to forget him. The Bretlands will do