

THE STORY

YOU should have seen Paul. He was the happiest little boy in the world. He was six years old when all this happened, perfectly healthy, and the pleasantest sight imaginable. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he was all one lovely, rosy pink, except where his eyes glowed out, like deep, blue flames. Of course you will understand that the pink became rosier in his cheeks and, in his lips, was like bright scarlet cherries. His hair formed quite a contrast; it was pure white and curled all over his manly little head, and it was all the hat that ever he wore.

But boys never care about looks, and it was certainly not his pink flesh or his blue eyes or his white head that made Paul so happy. The fact is, he lived in just, what he