

practise on when he is able to sit up without a cushion behind his back, and to hold something besides a rubber rattle. And—oh, do you know how Lone is teaching the Little Feller to sit up on the floor? He took a horse collar and scrubbed it until he nearly wore out the leather. Then he brought it to the cabin, put it on the floor and set the Little Feller inside it.

They sent me a snap-shot of the event, but it is not very good. The film was under-exposed, and nothing was to be seen of the Little Feller except a hazy spot which I judged was a hand, holding a black object I guessed was the ridgy, rubber rattle with the whistle gone out of the end,—down the Little Feller's throat, they are afraid. And there was his smile, and a glimpse of his eyes.

Aren't you envious as sin, and glad they're so happy?

THE END