

"I guess poor Spot and Petrel would like to have borrowed our horse's long tail more times than he could spare it," said Dick, his eyes on his good mother, as she served the sweet raisin pudding.

"It's dirty mean to dock a horse," said Ben, his face beaming with smiles on Mrs. Niven giving him a generous supply of the pudding. "I heard a policeman tell a gent, whose shoes I was a-shinin', that he had seen a horse docked the other day, and the poor animal suffered so much from being seared with a red-hot iron, as well as the docking, that he gave such a big sob as turned the cob sick for two days." Here the boot-black cried out "Oh!" and fell to rubbing his knee, on Trixy, the cat, creeping softly to his side and sticking a pair of sharp claws into his knee in begging for a bit.

Little Molly laughed merrily, and getting off her chair, carried the cat back again to her patch-work bed by the stove.

"Our puss went to you because she thought you were anodder boy," said Molly, "and our puss thought you would give her a bit, 'cause you wouldn't know we don't feed her at table. Isn't she a cunnin' puss?"

"You just bet she is," said Dick, as he and Molly helped their mother to wash the dishes, fold the cloth and gather up the crumbs."

"Here, Trixy!" called out Mrs. Niven. "Here are the scraps for you. Come, puss, to your oilcloth in the corner. You see, Ben, I can easily wash the bit of oilcloth, and so, our pretty rag-carpet is neither greased nor stained."

"You thinks of everything, ma'am," said Ben, sorrowfully. "Now, my step-mother

SLIDE 13.—BEN'S STEP-MOTHER.

just says cats is dirty beasts, an' she up with the broom or rake an' drives 'em out when I brings 'em in out of the cold since I joined the Band of Mercy."

"You have a nasty step-mother an' I hate her!" cried Molly, with a stamp of her tiny foot, "but I just love cats, they are so soft an' buzz so pretty. Do you know, Ben, what I'se goin' to do when our Trixy dies? Guess."

"Bury her," replied Ben, promptly.

"No! no!" cried Molly, clapping her chubby hands. "I knowed you couldn't guess. I'se going to have a muff made out of her fur coat for mother. See!"

SLIDE 14.—SHOWING MOLLY AS SHE TALKS—THE CAT BESIDE HER.

"Yes, I see that will be a dandy muff," said Ben, stroking the cat, who had jumped to his knee.

"Now, my dear children, and you also Ben, come and sit around the stove," said Mrs. Niven, affectionately, "and we shall eat an apple and