

ENOCH CRANE

very sleepy, 'and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with "M"—'

"'Why with an "M"?' said Alice," as Enoch turned the page.

"'Why not?' said the March Hare.

"'Delicious!' exclaimed Enoch aloud.

Two thousand miles back over that vast desert of wintry sea, the old house in Waverly Place stood stark and empty. Robbed even of its sign, "For Sale"—having been sold, and only waiting now for the crowbars of a wrecking crew to complete its final ruin and give place to a new building.

A general exodus of its tenants and their belongings from cellar to roof had occurred immediately after Joe and Sue's quiet wedding. Fortune and Mercury still smiled at the passer-by, but over a filthy vestibule, dust begrimed, a refuge for stray cats and dentists' circulars.

Close to the locked area-gate stood a battered ash-can, from which emerged a pair of cast-off shoes, and the skeleton of a broken umbrella; the whole place seemed dead and forgotten.

Even Moses and Matilda's black cat now dozed contentedly before a new kitchen fire in Brooklyn, in a snug frame house Enoch had bestowed upon these faithful servitors, including an income sufficient for their declining years.

Since her sister Jane's death, Miss Ann had been living in Virginia, in a fine old estate close to Richmond, an inheritance from a cousin. An old school