

EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

scented—I presume it was scented, a vulgar term though necessary at this point—Taki and Whaki, and started to investigate. At this, Mrs. DeWynt, who had been fairly frozen by the apparition, came to life and gave what, in a person of less breeding, would have been a squeal.

“Take that creature away this instant!” she screamed, batting at the animal with her large purple ostrich-feather fan. “Take it away!”

“Here, Jeff!” said a cool voice from the door. “Heel!” The thing went to her at once; and the smooth voice continued: “You need not be afraid. Jeff never hurts cats unless I sick him on them!”

Cats! Mrs. DeWynt’s famous thousand-dollar Peeks had been taken for cats! There was another instant of horrified silence, on which the girl’s clear voice broke in again.

“Which is Aunt Sally?” she asked simply, looking directly at Mrs. Langdon, who backed off a step or two al-