

bird dreams as hard as ever he could ; or to glance down at "Golden," lying on the tail of my wrapper ; Golden, a monstrous yellow fur ball, too fast asleep to purr, and dreaming whatever the sand-man brings to good pussies in that wonderful dream-bag of his.

Question after question would he ask, my over-grown canary, with the blue eyes and long legs curled comfortably up ; and I did not mind so very much after all, for to me too it was given to know that these were golden moments ; that the yellow nightie would not fit for long ; and when he had once out-grown it, just think, the story would not fit either. Chips would not be the same Chips. Golden would have become something very different, perhaps a champion warrior to be backed against the Toms of the neighbourhood by an Edmond,