

UNFORTUNATE BESSIE

BESSIE—Oh, kitty, do you love your poor, naughty mistress? I'm awful bad, sister says, Kittykins, bad enough to send to jail, an' mamma sent me up here to stay all alone till bed time an' not have a bit of supper. I'm hungry, too, though not so very, 'cause while Megs was here to play we went in the pantry an' swiped peanut sandwiches an' cream puffs an' wafers with cocoanut all sprinkled on 'em that Sister Josephine had fixed for her company to-night. My, they was awful good an' we didn't know there was only enough to go 'round for the company an' so we ate, oh, a whole lot—though we didn't mean to eat heardly any—jus' a little teeny bit, Kittykins.

Don't you think this is a hard world to live in, kitty dear, for children, I mean? I'm the most unfortunate girl—allus getting caught in some trouble when I don't mean anything bad. Sister says I'm a holy terror, an' Uncle Jack says I'm an imp, an' Aunt Mehitable says I'm on the broad road that leads to Perdition. I looked in my geography to see if Perdition is a nice city, but I couldn't find it an' I don't believe Aunt Mehitable knew what she was talking about. I can't bear her—I make faces behind her back every time I get a chance.

I wouldn't be bad, kitty, if folks wasn't allus finding me in mischief when they shouldn't ought to