

"Sammy was thriving better than any other child of her acquaintance. Some people do not know how to care for children;" and she sighed over the ignorance which would have been universal but for one precious exception. Now the truth was, Sammy had put on his entire outfit of trousers. His Sunday best, his seconds, and his every-day's were all on.

Johnny Shaw had been baffled in securing the spring millinery, but was master of the occasion in the retreat with his grandfather's plug hat in an old musty tin pail. With commendable forethought he had appropriated one of his sister Jennie's hat-pins, with which he hoped to fasten the hat on the head of his Spitz dog. Safely out of sight, he stopped to experiment for effect. The striking resemblance between Gyp so attired and the owner of the hat made Johnny chuckle immoderately.

To array the dogs was no small undertaking. The dogs of the luckiest boys were attired in two pairs of trousers. Where no convenient rent accommodated the tail, one was made, without a thought of future reckoning.

The variety of head-gear outshone the splendor of Easter Sunday. When fully attired, the dogs were coaxed or driven into the lower apartment of the summer-house.