

What Happened to Paul
or
The Summer Santa Claus

PART 1st—About Edmond and The
Canary-Coloured Nightie.

NOW this is Edmond's very own story, but he has out-grown it just as he has out-grown the canary-coloured flannel nightie that used to be quite long enough to wrap his toes in when he lay in my arms, before the fire, watching the cheerful flicker, and weaving, weaving plans to lengthen out the golden minutes. Yes; he planned while he listened, for well he knew that it was already sleepy-time. If he did n't know, he had only to raise his eyes to "Chips" in his cage between the frilled muslin curtains; Chips, only a fluffy ball of feathers and two small sticks of legs, dreaming