

A VERY KIND CAT.

It was a lovely morning in the end of May, and a little Molly Gray tripped gaily along the broad shady road leading to her friend Ailsie Dean's house, she thought that surely she must be the happiest little girl in the world. For this was Ailsie's birthday and they were to have more treats than could be counted on the fingers of one small fat hand. She was going now to call for Ailsie and they had leave to go together into the fresh green fields and fill their baskets with violets; for the little girl who was born in the violet month liked to have a bunch of her favorite flowers to give each friend bidden to her birthday party, and a garland to hang around the neck of Muff, her dear tiny terrier. And Molly was to stay and help make the bouquets and the garlands, and when she returned home she was going down town to buy Ailsie a present. Then in the afternoon she and Ailsie and four other little friends were to have a long