

bared her beautiful white arm, upon which the mosquito fastened with avidity.

"See! how greedy he is: gobbling so fast, rushing through the soup, fish, game, and entrée to get to the savoury and the sweets! See, he has tossed off a drop of claret and it has gone to his head!" as the gorged creature flew unsteadily away, leaving a rose-red stain on the fair white skin.

Francesca is a queer girl—she is the one who steps out into the muddy road to avoid disturbing a couple of ragged little sparrows having a bath in a puddle on the pavement. She picks up stray scraps of bread and throws them into empty front gardens that the birds may enjoy them in peace. Another day I saw her go out into the middle of one of the most congested of our city streets and pick up an empty gin bottle which she was afraid would get broken and cut some dog or horse, or puncture a tire.

Francesca has a horror of cats, but would never be unkind to them. When she was quite a little girl her sister's cat, called Minnie, died a violent death. Francesca's heart was sad, for she thought she had perhaps not been as kind to the animal as she might have been, so she resolved to do justice to her in an obituary ode. The heroic strain petered out sadly after