

THE JOHN GRIER HOME,

Saturday at half-past six in the morning!

*My dearest Enemy:*

"Some day soon something nice is going to happen."

Were n't you surprised when you woke up this morning and remembered the truth? I was! I could n't think for about two minutes what made me so happy.

It's not light yet, but I'm wide awake and excited and having to write to you. I shall despatch this note by the first to-be-trusted little orphan who appears, and it will go up on your breakfast tray along with your oatmeal.

