



A TROUBLESOME GUEST.

BY MARY BRADFORD-WHITING,

Author of "Denis O'Niel," etc.

ONCE upon a time a great trouble was brought into a house in the shape of a new inmate.

The house was a very pretty one. Lace curtains hung in the windows; there were new carpets on the floors, and pictures on the walls; flower-pots stood on the window-sills, and a canary sang in a cage all day long, filling the house with music.

A husband and wife, whose names were George and Kate, lived there, and they thought that there was no place like it all the world over. When they went out for a walk together they used to look at all the houses they passed, but they never saw any to compare with their own little home. George went to work every day, and while he was gone Kate swept and dusted and

washed and cooked, and when he came home in the evening she sat down to her needlework, while he rested in his arm-chair and read aloud to her. It seemed as if two people had never been so happy before!

But all this was quite changed when the new inmate came to take up his abode with them. George gave a start when he saw him first; he really was dreadfully ugly! He was very bald, he had a mottled red face, which he was always screwing up into all kinds of odd shapes, and, as he had no teeth, some of the grimaces he made were terrible.

Then, too, his manners were decidedly odd. When he first saw George he doubled up his fist and hit out at him, and if George