



VOL. XIX.—No. 927.]

OCTOBER 2, 1897.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

SISTERS THREE.

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CHAPTER I.

"I WISH something would happen," sighed Norah.

"I it were something nice," corrected Lettie. "Lots of things happen every day, but they are mostly disagreeable. Getting up, for instance, in the cold, dark mornings, and practising, and housework, and getting ready for stupid old classes—I don't complain of having too little to do. I want to do less—and

to be able to amuse myself as much as I like."

"We want a change, that is the truth," said Hilary, bending forward on her seat, and sending the poker into the heart of the fire with a vigorous shove. "Our lives jogtrot along in the same way year after year, and it grows monotonous. I declare when I think that this is the first day of another January, it makes me ill! Fifty-two more Mondays to sit in the morning-

room and darn stockings. Fifty-two Saturdays to give out stores. Three hundred and sixty-five days to dust the bedroom ornaments, interview the cook, and say, 'Well, let me see! the cold mutton had better be used up for lunch'—oh, dear me!"

"I'll tell you what—let's have a nice long grumble," said Lettie, giving her chair a hitch nearer the fire, and bending forward with a smile of enjoyment on her face. "Let's hold an



"LITTLE GIRLS HAVE NO BUSINESS TO LISTEN TO WHAT BIG PEOPLE ARE SAYING."

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