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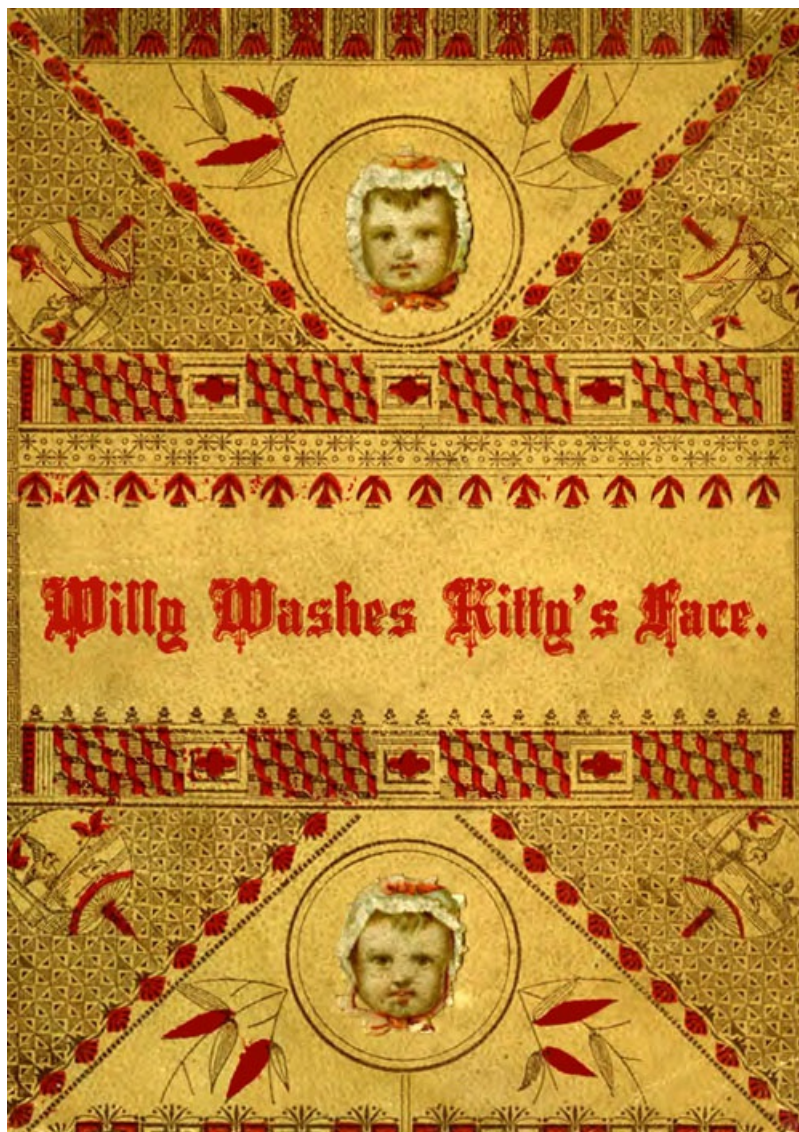
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Willy Washes Kitty's Face.



WIL-LY WASH-ES KIT-TY'S FACE.

I know the sweet-est ba-by-boy that ev-er lived! Yes, we *all* know him, on-ly we all have dif-fer-ent names for him. Wil-ly Mc-Tag-gart *I* call him—"Will-tag-gy" he calls him-self; and he lives in South Bos-ton.

Wil-ly and I were vis-it-ing his mam-ma in her own room one day, when we heard a faint tap at the door, like a fair-y rap. "See who's there, Wil-ly," says mam-ma.

Wil-ly ran to the door and o-pened it, stand-ing on his tip-toes to reach the knob. He threw up both plump lit-tle hands. "How-de-oo!" he says. "Tum wite in!"

In walked the fun-ni-est lit-tle kit-ten you *ev-er* saw. Round and soft and of a bright yel-low, with white paws and tail and breast, its two fun-ny pricked-up ears pierced and hung with pink and blue rib-bons just the col-or of its soft lit-tle nose and twink-ly eyes.

"O, my good gwa-cious!" says Wil-ly, and the kit-ten arched her back and rubbed a-gainst his legs.

Mam-ma and I looked on in as-ton-ish-ment. Where the kit-ty came from no-bod-y knows; and *I* think the fair-ies must have brought her straight from fair-y-land for Wil-ly, and left her, with that gen-tle tap, at the door.

"Milk!" de-mands Wil-ly. "Mam-ma—kit-ty—milk!" (He nev-er us-es more words than he needs.)

So mam-ma fetched some milk, and kit-ty soon showed us that what-ev-er land she came from there must have been cows there; for no kit-ty could drink milk as she drank that un-less she was used to it.

While she was eat-ing Wil-ly ran and brought a damp cloth that hung on the tow-el-rack, and sat down on the floor be-side her, cross-legged, his fat hands on his plump lit-tle knees, his gold-en head bent o-ver, and his eyes look-ing straight in-to kit-ty's face. He did not move nor stir till she had fin-ished her milk, but then he caught her up sud-den-ly, and rubbed her mouth and her del-i-cate pink nose with his cloth, just as mam-ma bathes his face af-ter he has had his milk; and kit-ty kicked and squirmed and tried to get a way, just as Wil-ly does, some-times.

I don't sup-pose kit-ty had ev-er had a-ny-one but her own mam-ma wash her face be-fore, and she was *so* sur-prised! We laughed so loud at the fun-ny sight that Wil-ly stopped to laugh with us, and kit-ty ran a-way and got un-der the bed, where, *per-haps*, she laughed, too.

Wil-ly has had his kit-ty three weeks now, and she doesn't seem to like hav-ing her face washed a-ny bet-ter than at first.

"Ver-y sin-g'-lar!" says Wil-ly.

LIT-TLE CHRIS' CHRIST-MAS PRES-ENT.

What do you sup-pose Ba-by Chris had for a Christ-mas pres-ent?

It was the cun-ning-est thing in all the world, and Chris' mam-ma was so glad when it came in-to her mind to do it. She want-ed to buy a big pict-ure-book; she want-ed to buy a gay set of nois-y bells, and a love-ly long train of cars to whiz back and forth a-long the floor; she want-ed to buy a big doub-le arm-ful of pret-ty things, but she could not, for she had on-ly five cents to spend. And I can't be-gin to tell you what a hard Christ-mas ache there was in her heart, for she longed to make her ro-sy-cheeked, lit-tle two-year-old ba-by-boy as hap-py as the hap-pi-est.

But the day be-fore Christ-mas, just at night, a bright, fun-ny thought came to her. She laughed right out, and jumped up and kissed lit-tle Chris, and told him to sit still in his crib, and ran out and spent her five cents joy-ful-ly; "for," said she, "he won't care for much else when he sees *that*!"

As soon as Chris had gone to sleep, she got her work-basket and sat down to car-ry out her mer-ry plan; she sewed a long time on the lit-tle red frock he had taken off, smil-ing to her-self all the while, and when she went to bed she looked as hap-py as if she had had five hun-dred dol-lars to spend.

Well, when Chris was dressed next morn-ing, *what* do you think he found?

Why, *there was a pock-et on his red frock*—a cun-ning, lit-tle out-side pock-et trimmed with braid and but-tons. Chris saw it at once, and though it was his first pock-et, the lit-tle dim-pled hand went straight down in-to it, and of course there were nuts and rai-sins and can-dy there, but these rare lit-tle daint-ies were nothing at all com-pared with the pock-et it-self; and I am sure Chris' mam-ma en-vied no oth-er wom-an in all the world that day, when her lit-tle boy came tod-dling up to her ev-er-y few mo-ments, hold-ing up his dress—"See! See! Mam-ma, O, *do* see!"



JUST A KISS.

It all hap-pened down in a sun-ny mead-ow—a mead-ow *so* sun-ny that the clou-dy face of wee Nell was real-ly pit-i-ful.

She was sit-ting on the ground a-mong the tall grass-es and the gay wild flow-ers. The light fin-gers of the wind ruffled her hair. Gold-en but-ter-flies flut-tered by. But Nell did not see them. She just clasped her two chub-by hands a-bout her knees and mur-mured, as she rocked back and for-ward:

"It's just too bad—and we were hav-ing such a 'light-ful time. He's not a bit nice—an' what'll I do 'th out a-ny hat? The sun'll speck-le my face all o-ver, an'—"

Just here a lit-tle fel-low in a dark sail-or suit, with gold-en hair rip-pling down his shoul-ders, came soft-ly up be-hind. He dropped a wide-brimmed hat o-ver the lit-tle dis-mal head, and cov-ered with brown hands her big brown eyes.

But hat and hands were dashed a-side.

"Why, Nell, what *is* the mat-ter, has you run mad?"

No an-swer. So Bert went on:

"Cos I just runned o-ver the hill to make a daisy wreath for you. An' I thought you'd be glad."



Nell peeped from un-der the brown lash-es at this. Yes, true as true, there was the hat all crowned with the white dai-sies of peace. She be-gan to grow glad in spite of her-self.

The brown lash-es were lifted, the brown eyes looked full in Bert's face, and a smile dim-pled her cheeks.

And Bert flung his arms a-bout her neck, his ber-ry stained lips touched her cheek in the shyest and sweet-est of kiss-es—and all was made up.



NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SWITZERLAND. By Harriet S. D. McKenzie. Lothrop's Library of Entertaining History. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. Few parts of Europe are better known to the traveller and tourist than Switzerland, that little Federative Republic which has held its own so long among the great monarchical powers of the Continent. Every season it is overrun by visitors, a large number of whom are Americans, and the letters which are written home and find place in hundreds of American newspapers, descriptive of its scenery, climate and people have made all these familiar to those who have been obliged to remain all their lives on this side the water. But Switzerland has something more to recommend it to those who read than its mere physical features, its waterfalls and lakes, its mountains and glaciers. There is as great a charm in its political independence, and in the history of the causes which led to it. As has been remarked, Switzerland may be considered an epitome of civilized Europe; all the parties, the theories, the expectations and the pretensions which agitate larger States, may be seen here, making it a country as remarkable among the States of the Old World for its moral as well as its physical peculiarities, the author, in this volume, contributes a work which is judiciously arranged and charmingly written, and one worthy to rank with its companions in the series for which it is specially prepared.

THE KEEPSAKE SCRIPTURE TEXT BOOK. With Preface by the Rev. J. C. Ryle. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price 75 cents. The idea of the compiler of this beautiful little pocket volume is not a new one, but it is freshly and effectively carried out. A text from Scripture, and a line or stanza from some poem or hymn, one of each for every day in the year, form the printed contents. These occupy places upon every left hand page, while on the opposite pages are blanks for the daily record of thoughts or experiences. The form is small enough to be slipped into the pocket, and that fact, in connection with the plan it embodies, ought to make it a companion for a large class of readers.

Transcriber's Note

- Hyphenation of words normalized.

[The end of *Willy Washes Kitty's Face* by Anonymous]