

## THE SPINSTER, TOO.

My day is never bright and cheery, mainly in the evenings. My cat is curled up on her soft cushion and is blissfully purring herself to sleep. You could hear the tiny little chime over the "Reverie" of old. Miss [unclear] knitting with its balls of pale blue and delicate red, mostly in my bag. I have been unusually busy in my while, and with half closed eyes I let my wayward thoughts wander free.

What know what tender feelings should take a long time when the shadows are drawn and the sweet silence settles down on a quiet evening. I have helped my mother after all, my mother over the way is contented, happy than I, and my mind goes back to the time when we were schoolmates.

Littles at present the prettiest gift in school. Her hair is like soft, round clouds and the waving hair hides a gleam of pink beauty. She never wears her hair out. When she comes to have a girl time forever after. Her Jack was a good dinner and does a stately home, all the girls envied her and what more could she want?

SOULS IN HELL.

SCOTT'S EMULSION.

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