

Denslow's THREE LITTLE KITTENS



To Hugh Comer Howell.

A LONG time ago, and many miles away from here, in a snug little cottage at the foot of "Merry Mountain," there lived a great gray cat, called Mrs. Mouzer, with her happy family of three little kittens.

Mrs. Mouzer took good care of her little ones. She baked them nice things, and made warm clothes for them to wear in the winter-time.

The kittens were named Blackey, Whitey, and Spoty.

They were very lively, playful, full of mischief and apt to get into trouble.

One crisp day in the Autumn, when they were playing about the house and yard, they lost the pretty mittens that their mother had so carefully knit for them.

The kittens were very much ashamed of themselves for their carelessness, but, like the good children they were, they went to their mother and told her all about it.

Three little kittens
Lost their mittens,
When they went out to play:
"Oh! Mama dear,
We sadly fear,
Our mittens went astray!"

"What! Lost your mittens,
You naughty kittens,
Then you shall have no pie!
Miew, miew—miew, miew, miew,
Then you shall have no pie!"

Of course the good old cat was very much vexed with her careless little ones, and scolded them roundly for losing the nice, warm mittens that she had knit for them with so much tender care.

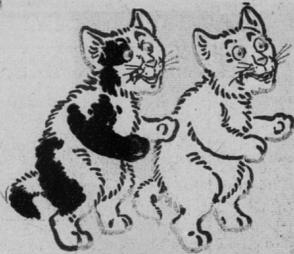
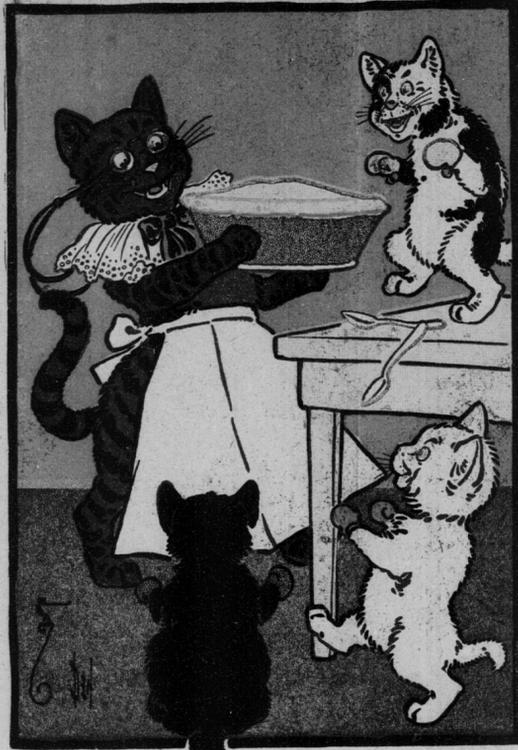
She had made a nice bread and butter pie, with raisins in it, but she told the naughty kittens that they should have none of it, until they had found the lost mittens.

The kittens were bright, smart little chaps, and they were soon hunting high and low, indoors and out, around the barn-yard, and in the garden.

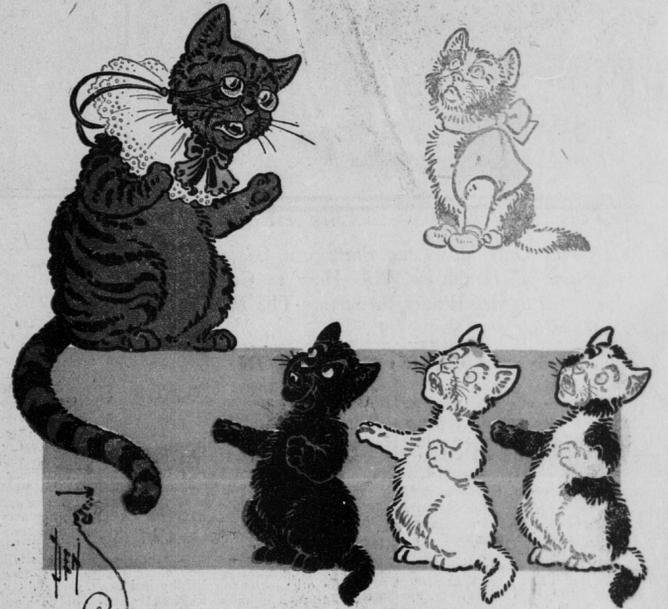
They finally found their mittens, in the yard, behind the wood-shed.

Away they went, prancing back to their mother, waving their paws in the air to show the mittens were found.

The three little kittens
Sought their mittens,
At the foot of the mountain high:
Indoors, and out,
They dodged about,
For they were young and spry;



To Be Concluded Next Week



Looking here and there,
And everywhere,
Their mittens they did spy:
Miew, miew—miew, miew, miew,
Their mittens they did spy.

The three little kittens,
Found their mittens,
Lying on the ground.
"Oh! Mama dear,
See here, see here,

"Our mittens we have found!"
"What! Found your mittens,
You good little kittens,
Then you shall have some pie:
Purr, purr—purr, purr, purr,
Then you shall have some pie."

So Mother Mouzer rang the bell for dinner, put their bibs about their necks, and gave the kittens their spoons. She then placed the great,

good pie on the table, and the three healthy young kittens began to eat.
(To Be Concluded.)

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SOME STARTLING EFFECTS SEEN IN DRESSY HATS



The new shaded effects in millinery.



Jetted tricornes.



Stately directoire lines.