

123 & 135 E. Main St. next St. Paul St.

When the hour for sleep came she was still thinking and thinking, and she received a slap from the hard hand of old Nancy for heedlessness, and she crawled

Each in his heart thought perhaps it was a warning of coming danger or some sort of supernatural visitation to watch over them, and determined to keep the

[illegible]

My home was as busy as busy could be. For the season of presents was nigh. So, thinking him much for his kind ones, I reluctantly bade him goodbye.

FRANK J. MORGAN