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FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

How Little Mary Brought Joy into Two Lonely Lives



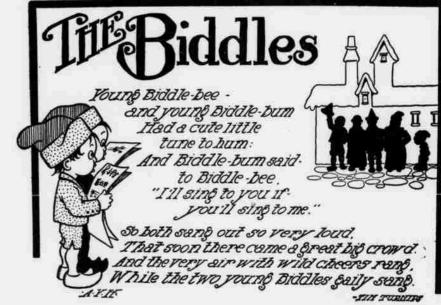
MARY STONE was walking down the street, returning to her home after a visit made to some little girl friend. The day was very cold, and Mary held her muff close against her face as she hurried along the almost deserted street.

Just as Mary turned a corner she saw a little kitten run from an old, untenanted honse, going across the street towards a small park. The poor little animal looked cold and miserable, and its thin body spoke of starvation and abuses. In a moment Mary's sympathy was enlisted, and she turned across the street, going in pursuit of the kitten. She had conceived the idea of carrying the wretched little thing to her home, where it should have food and warmth and loving care.

"Yes, sir; did you see where it went? I want to eatch it and carry it home with me. It looks so miserable."

The old man sighed. "Yes, to be out in the cold-and hungry, and no friend in the world-is enough to make a creature-animal or man-miserable. I think, little girl, that the kitten is in one of those boxes. Don't frighten it. It has been used so badly that it is afraid of any person-even a friend."

Mary thanked the old man and turned to continue searching for the kitten. But after a little while she gave up in despair, for the kitten seemed to have disappeared from the earth. She turned towards the street, but in doing so she saw the old man looking in a garbage barrel for food. When he found that he was being watched his pale face flushed and he turned to leave the barrel. Mary's heart throbbed with pity. The man was so old and thin, his face pale from the pangs of hardship, his eyes dim with unspoken misery. Going to him, she said: " Are you in need, sir!"



When Mary had almost reached the | kitten's side, and had stooped over to grasp it in her arms, saying "Kitty, kitty, come here," the frightened animal ran off down an alley-way, for kind treatment had never been bestowed on it, and it did not know that the little girl who was trying to capture it had good intentions. Rather did it think there was more torture for it to suffer come to me. I'll not hurt you, kitty!"

barrel, and some boxes also piled there, Mrs. Stone, and tell her I sent you." she heard a noise at her elbow. Turning she beheld a very old man in ragged his face was drawn and white. He was in the shadow of an old stable, and Mary supposed he had come from its shelter. She knew at once that he was some poor

asked the man.

Tears leaped to the old man's eyes. "Yes, little girl, I am greatly in need. I have been out of work for such a long time. I am in real need. But a child like you cannot help me. I thank you, though, for your sweet, interested look, and for your having noticed a worn-out old man."

"But I can help you, sir," declared Mary. "I live just round that block should it fall into her hands, so it ran yonder-number eleven-and my papa off as fast as ever it could, hiding from and mamma are very kind people. They sight. But Mary had seen the kitten will find something for you to do, I am disappear behind an old barrel in the sure, if you will call there and say I sent alley, and thither she went in pursuit of you. I must look a little further for it, calling gently, "Kitty-cat, kitty-cat, that poor kitten, but I'll run home very soon. Please do go to my house - num-As Mary began searching behind the ber eleven - and ask for my mother,

"But, little girl, I fear she'll think me a common old beggar, and I couldn't clothes. He was leaning on a stick, and bear to be thought that, for I never begged a penny in my life. I have been seeking for work-everywhere-but cannot find anyone who will employ such a a good-for-nothing old man. You see, child, after the body has become broken "Say, little girl, are you after the by hard labor, the face aged by time, no kitten that just run round that barrel?" one wants you about. They think an lold person can't work. But I could