flew at me like mad, and before I could put the kitten down, she gave me this wound;' and Maurice uncovered his wrist, and showed a very red and angry-looking scratch.

'It's your own fault; you should let the cats alone,' said his sisters. 'Mamma is always scolding you for teasing them.'

'Well, I think we have had enough of cats,' said Robert Newlove; 'I don't like them myself, but I should be very sorry to hurt them;' and in this charitable declaration he was seconded by the whole party, Maurice excepted.

We must now bid good-night to our young friends, as they will soon do to each other. Aunt Mary and Clara are expected home to-morrow, and that careful domestic of hers, Bridget Morley, who has lived so many years at Oak Villa, has got everything in apple-pie order for her much-esteemed mistress, and a lovely brood of chickens, which have been hatched since they went away, to present to the young lady who has the charge of all the poultry.

CHAPTER X.

THE BROKEN BOX.

BEFORE we congratulate ourselves on Aunt Mary's return home, let us just take a look at the