

CHAPTER XIV.

THE END OF ALL.

I HAVE no more to tell you, now. After Callie went away from us, I quite gave over being a little girl, and the 'thinking' which old Watson had told me about, began in sad earnest.

We gathered up her playthings, one by one, and the dresses she had worn, and the picture-books she had been so fond of, and laid them away in a drawer by themselves; only mamma let me keep the little white kitten, because I had made it for Callie myself, and it was the last thing she had ever played with. We never had a Christmas-tree after that, and never another children's party.

When the holidays were over, Lucy Walters went away to school somewhere a long way off. I missed her so much, because then I had no one to play with at all. It was always arranged that when she went to school I was to go too, so that we might keep together, but papa and mamma said I must stay at home now that Callie had left us. Montem began to