

【 插图 · 中文导读英文版 】



Further Chronicles of Avonlea

埃文利新传奇

[加拿大] 露西·莫德·蒙哥马利 著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译



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内容简介



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内 容 简 介

《埃文利新传奇》是“安妮系列”丛书之一，它是 20 世纪最伟大的英语文学作品之一。本书是《埃文利传奇》的续篇，同样讲述的是发生在埃文利的传奇故事，谱写了一首对爱、友情以及善良的赞美诗。这儿有着离奇的巧合，让一对冤家和一对陌生人都成为眷属（《辛西娅的波斯猫》、《假戏真做》）；有着甜蜜的纠缠，使多年以前的爱人破镜重圆（《两对璧人》、《赫斯达的幽魂》、《成全》）；有着对母爱的歌颂与宽恕，也有着对姐妹情深的细腻描写。在这些如梦一般编织而成的故事里，既讲述着平凡世界中小人物的小事件，亦包含着令人心醉神迷的大感动和大道理。

无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。

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露西·莫德·蒙哥马利 (Lucy Maud Montgomery, 1874—1942), 20 世纪加拿大最伟大的作家之一。

1874 年 10 月 30 日, 露西出生在加拿大爱德华王子岛的克里夫顿。由于母亲早逝, 露西的童年和少年时代几乎都是在在外祖母家中度过的。露西自幼喜爱写作, 她在中学时代就显示出了良好的文学天赋。1908 年, 露西出版了她的第一部小说《绿山墙的安妮》, 该书一出版便成为当时最畅销的英语小说, 受到全世界青少年读者的热烈欢迎。《绿山墙的安妮》俘获了众多少男少女的心, 千百万崇拜者的信如雪片般飞到爱德华王子岛露西的家里, 希望知道“小安妮后来怎么样了? ”。在读者的鼓励和支持下, 露西将安妮的故事写成了系列小说, 之后陆续出版了《少女安妮》、《小岛上的安妮》、《梦中小屋的安妮》、《彩虹幽谷》、《埃文利传奇》、《壁炉山庄的丽拉》等小说, 分别描述了不同时期安妮的生活经历和情感历程。

“安妮系列”小说是一套在英语国家风行近一个多世纪而不衰的经典名著, 颇受读者欢迎。许多人将它作为礼品书, 送给正在成长的女孩子。“安妮系列”从安妮的少女时代写到她成为一个 6 个孩子的母亲, 以迷人的艺术魅力展示了一个加拿大少女丰满的成长过程, 征服了全世界女孩的心。《绿山墙的安妮》之后, 是《少女安妮》, 写安妮在家乡生气勃勃地做小学教师; 《小岛上的安妮》写安妮在大学读学士学位, 经历交友、恋爱; 《梦中小屋的安妮》, 写安妮开始了婚姻生活, 依然对一切充满爱心和好奇; 在《彩虹幽谷》中, 安妮的孩子们长大了, 安妮给他们热情、欢乐、爱的教育。马克·吐温称: “安妮是继不朽的爱丽斯之后最令人感动和喜爱的儿童形象”, 安妮的故事已成为“世界上最甜蜜的少女成长故事”。安妮系列小说故事是关于“伴随着内心秘密成长”的故事, 一个让两位英国首相都为之着迷的美妙故事, 是让家长、老师和孩子都能从中获得感悟的心灵读物。



1942年4月24日，露西因冠状动脉血栓症在多伦多去世，丧礼于长老会的教堂举行，在绿色屋顶之家守夜之后，蒙哥马利被葬于卡文迪什社区公墓。露西是一位多产作家，一生共创作了二十多部长篇小说，以及许多短篇小说、诗歌、自传。然而使她名扬世界的还是以安妮为主人公的系列小说，该安妮系列小说问世近百年来，至今被译成世界上几十种文字，风靡全世界；同时，它还多次被改编成电影、电视剧、动画片，影响和感染了一代又一代世界各地的读者。

在中国，安妮同样是读者最熟悉、最喜爱的少女形象。时至今日，在中国这部被世界公认的文学名著仍然散发着永恒的魅力。基于以上原因，我们决定编译安妮系列丛书，系列丛书包括《绿山墙的安妮》、《少女安妮》、《小岛上的安妮》、《彩虹幽谷》、《梦中小屋的安妮》、《埃文利传奇》、《壁炉山庄的丽拉》和《埃文利新传奇》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、李智能、李鑫、熊红华、傅颖、乐贵明、王婷婷、熊志勇、聂利生、傅建平、蔡红昌、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、胡武荣、贡东兴、张镇、熊建国、张文绮、王多多、陈楠、彭勇、王婷婷、邵舒丽、黄福成、冯洁、熊红华、王晓旭、王业伟、龚桂平、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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1. 辛西娅的波斯猫

Aunt Cynthia's Persian Cat



我和伊斯梅一向不喜欢猫，但是在一个倒霉的日子里，辛西娅阿姨却抱着她的猫儿“费迪马”来到了史宾赛维尔，提出了一个令我大惊失色的要求——她希望我替她照顾费迪马两个月。

迈克斯很喜欢猫，第二天，他就过来教我怎样照料猫。而当伊斯梅走开以后，迈克斯又一次向我求婚。

和过去一样，我得体地婉拒了他。迈克斯却开始掐指算了起来，他说：“我要算一算我一共向你求了几次婚。好啦，这已经是十一次了，我想我的极限快到了。出于男人的尊严，下次是我最后一次向你求婚了，亲爱的施施。”

我暗暗焦急，要是迈克斯再也不向我求婚，我一定会难过死的……可是，迈克斯确实不可能永远都向我求婚。

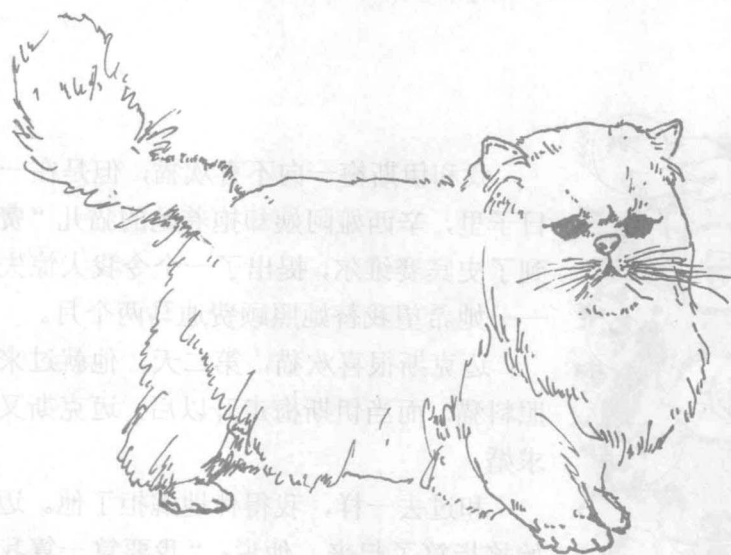
接下来的日子，迈克斯依然天天出现，耐心地指导我们照顾费迪马。可是，万万没想到的是，三周之后，费迪马竟然像人间蒸发了一样，彻底消失了！

我和伊斯梅束手无策，迈克斯建议说，如果担心发布悬赏通告会让辛西娅阿姨注意到，不妨在镇上的报纸上刊登征求白色波斯猫的广告，如果有的话，买下来当做费迪马不就行了。

伊斯梅叹了口气说：“我想这一定要花很多钱。不过要是惹火了辛西娅

1. 辛西娅的波斯猫

Aunt Cynthia's Persian Cat



辛西娅的波斯猫

阿姨，我们的下场会更悲惨。”

四天后，迈克斯竟然拿回了一封提供猫的信件。上面说，她的猫和我们所描述的一模一样，价格一百元，洽谈地点是赫里斯街一百一十号。

就在这节骨眼上，邮局的男孩突然又拿来一封电报——是辛西娅阿姨的，她让我们火速把费迪马送回到她那儿。

“迈克斯——”情急之下，我哀求道，“能拜托你明早去一趟哈利法克斯吗？无论是我还是伊斯梅，都不可能立刻去那儿。你先去赫里斯街，如果猫长得像费迪马，就把它买下，然后送到辛西娅阿姨那儿。你愿意帮我们俩的忙么？”

迈克斯的表情变得和平时不太一样了。他严肃地说：“这件事情很不讨好，因为辛西娅阿姨不一定会受骗。不过，如果成为了这个家庭的一员，我可以带一只黑色的野猫过去，硬把它说成是费迪马。总之，我什么都可以做，如果你成为我的妻子。”

我的大脑高速旋转起来。迈克斯的行为有些卑鄙——可是，他已经求过第十二次婚了。

“好……吧！”

第二天一早，迈克斯去了哈利法克斯。隔了一天，他回到了史宾赛维尔。

“一切顺利……不过，你们不是告诉我，辛西娅阿姨的住址是布蕾森多街十号吗？事实上，她一周前就搬到了赫里斯街一百一十号！我一进门，正想向女佣提出买猫的事，阿姨就出现了，冲过来问我是不是把费迪马带来了。我赶紧说自己是顺路来办事的，然后用话一试探，才知道辛西娅阿姨正是回信说要卖猫的人——她一直担心，费迪马会死掉让她蒙受损失，正好有人登广告求猫，就决定忍痛割爱。我立刻接口说，登广告的就是我，因为施施和伊斯梅都想要那样的一只猫。于是，我给了辛西娅阿姨一百元钱，你们就成了费迪马的主人啦，恭喜！”

“好吧！这么一折腾，我们损失了一百元钱！”伊斯梅叫道。

“我可不止损失了一百元呢！”我站起来，打算走上楼。就在那一瞬间，迈克斯抓住我，俯在我耳旁轻轻地问：“你觉得自己损失惨重吗？”

我望着他，发现他的一切确实无可挑剔。

“哦，一点也不。”我说。

*M*ax always blesses the animal when it is referred to; and I don't deny that things have worked together for good after all. But when I think of the anguish of mind which Ismay and I underwent on account of that abominable cat, it is not a blessing that arises uppermost in my thoughts.

I never was fond of cats, although I admit they are well enough in their place, and I can worry along comfortably with a nice, matronly old tabby who can take care of herself and be of some use in the world. As for Ismay, she hates cats and always did.

But Aunt Cynthia, who adored them, never could bring herself to understand that any one could possibly dislike them. She firmly believed that Ismay and I really liked cats deep down in our hearts, but that, owing to some perverse twist in our moral natures, we would not own up to it, but willfully persisted in declaring we didn't.

Of all cats I loathed that white Persian cat of Aunt Cynthia's. And, indeed, as we always suspected and finally proved, Aunt herself looked upon the creature with more pride than affection. She would have taken ten times the comfort in a good, common puss that she did in that spoiled beauty. But a Persian cat with a recorded pedigree and a market value of one hundred dollars tickled Aunt Cynthia's pride of possession to such an extent that she deluded herself into believing that the animal was really the apple of her eye.

It had been presented to her when a kitten by a missionary nephew who had brought it all the way home from Persia; and for the next three years Aunt Cynthia's household existed to wait on that cat, hand and foot. It was snow-white, with a bluish-gray spot on the tip of its tail; and it was blue-eyed and deaf and delicate. Aunt Cynthia was always worrying lest it should take cold and die. Ismay and I used to wish that it would—we were so tired of hearing about it and its whims. But we did not say so to Aunt Cynthia. She would probably never have spoken to us again and there was no wisdom in offending Aunt Cynthia. When you have an unencumbered aunt, with a fat bank account, it is just as well to keep on good terms with her, if you can.



Besides, we really liked Aunt Cynthia very much—at times. Aunt Cynthia was one of those rather exasperating people who nag at and find fault with you until you think you are justified in hating them, and who then turn round and do something so really nice and kind for you that you feel as if you were compelled to love them dutifully instead.

So we listened meekly when she discoursed on Fatima—the cat's name was Fatima—and, if it was wicked of us to wish for the latter's decease, we were well punished for it later on.

One day, in November, Aunt Cynthia came sailing out to Spencervale. She really came in a phaeton, drawn by a fat gray pony, but somehow Aunt Cynthia always gave you the impression of a full rigged ship coming gallantly on before a favorable wind.

That was a Jonah day for us all through. Everything had gone wrong. Ismay had spilled grease on her velvet coat, and the fit of the new blouse I was making was hopelessly askew, and the kitchen stove smoked and the bread was sour. Moreover, Huldah Jane Keyson, our tried and trusty old family nurse and cook and general "boss," had what she called the "realagy" in her shoulder; and, though Huldah Jane is as good an old creature as ever lived, when she has the "realagy" other people who are in the house want to get out of it and, if they can't, feel about as comfortable as St. Lawrence on his gridiron.

And on top of this came Aunt Cynthia's call and request.

"Dear me," said Aunt Cynthia, sniffing, "don't I smell smoke?"

You girls must manage your range very badly. Mine never smokes.

But it is no more than one might expect when two girls try to

keep house without a man about the place."

"We get along very well without a man about the place," I said loftily. Max hadn't been in for four whole days and, though nobody wanted to see him particularly, I couldn't help wondering why. "Men are nuisances."

"I dare say you would like to pretend you think so," said Aunt Cynthia, aggravatingly. "But no woman ever does really think so, you know. I imagine that pretty Anne Shirley, who is visiting Ella Kimball, doesn't. I saw her and Dr.

Irving out walking this afternoon, looking very well satisfied with themselves. If you dilly-dally much longer, Sue, you will let Max slip through your fingers yet."

That was a tactful thing to say to ME, who had refused Max Irving so often that I had lost count. I was furious, and so I smiled most sweetly on my maddening aunt.

"Dear Aunt, how amusing of you," I said, smoothly. "You talk as if I wanted Max."

"So you do," said Aunt Cynthia.

"If so, why should I have refused him time and again?" I asked, smilingly. Right well Aunt Cynthia knew I had. Max always told her.

"Goodness alone knows why," said Aunt Cynthia, "but you may do it once too often and find yourself taken at your word. There is something very fascinating about this Anne Shirley."

"Indeed there is," I assented. "She has the loveliest eyes I ever saw. She would be just the wife for Max, and I hope he will marry her."

"Humph," said Aunt Cynthia. "Well, I won't entice you into telling any more fibs. And I didn't drive out here to-day in all this wind to talk sense into you concerning Max. I'm going to Halifax for two months and I want you to take charge of Fatima for me, while I am away."

"Fatima!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. I don't dare to trust her with the servants. Mind you always warm her milk before you give it to her, and don't on any account let her run out of doors."

I looked at Ismay and Ismay looked at me. We knew we were in for it. To refuse would mortally offend Aunt Cynthia. Besides, if I betrayed any unwillingness, Aunt Cynthia would be sure to put it down to grumpiness over what she had said about Max, and rub it in for years. But I ventured to ask, "What if anything happens to her while you are away?"

"It is to prevent that, I'm leaving her with you," said Aunt Cynthia. "You simply must not let anything happen to her. It will do you good to have a little

responsibility. And you will have a chance to find out what an adorable creature Fatima really is. Well, that is all settled. I'll send Fatima out to-morrow."

"You can take care of that, my dear Fatima," said Jarmy, when the door closed behind Aunt Cynthia. "I won't touch her with a yard-stick. You had no business to say we'd take her."

"Did I say we would take her?" I demanded, crossly. "Aunt Cynthia took our consent for granted. And you know as well as I do, we couldn't have refused. So what is the use of being cross?"

"If anything happens to her, Aunt Cynthia will hold us responsible," said

Jarmy dully.

"Do you think Aunt Cynthia is a very dangerous sister, Sister?"

I asked curiously. "I've heard that," said Jarmy, "but she can't do anything but

talk. Will it do to go to the milk? Or I guess so. But you must be really taken in love with her."

"I dare say," I replied. "But I don't know."

"Oh, of course," said Jarmy, "the thing is for Aunt Cynthia to be perfectly willing to let you do what you like. I don't know. I don't know."

"Oh, you shouldn't talk like that when you don't even know her,"

protested Jarmy. "Every one says she is lovely."

"I was talking about Fatima," I cried in a rage.

"Oh," said Jarmy.

Jarmy is stupid at times. I thought the way she said "Oh" was immensely

stupid. Fatima arrived the next day. Max brought her out in a covered basket lined with padded crimson satin. Max likes cars and Aunt Cynthia. He explained how we were to treat Fatima and when Jarmy had gone out of the room—Jarmy always went out of the room when she knew I particularly wanted her to remain—he proposed to me again. Of course I said no, as usual.

迈克斯向我求婚

responsibility. And you will have a chance to find out what an adorable creature Fatima really is. Well, that is all settled. I'll send Fatima out to-morrow."

"You can take care of that horrid Fatima beast yourself," said Ismay, when the door closed behind Aunt Cynthia. "I won't touch her with a yard-stick. You had no business to say we'd take her."

"Did I say we would take her?" I demanded, crossly. "Aunt Cynthia took our consent for granted. And you know, as well as I do, we couldn't have refused. So what is the use of being grouchy?"

"If anything happens to her Aunt Cynthia will hold us responsible," said Ismay darkly.

"Do you think Anne Shirley is really engaged to Gilbert Blythe?"

I asked curiously.

"I've heard that she was," said Ismay, absently. "Does she eat anything but milk? Will it do to give her mice?"

"Oh, I guess so. But do you think Max has really fallen in love with her?"

"I dare say. What a relief it will be for you if he has."

"Oh, of course," I said, frostily. "Anne Shirley or Anne Anybody Else, is perfectly welcome to Max if she wants him. I certainly do not. Ismay Meade, if that stove doesn't stop smoking I shall fly into bits. This is a detestable day. I hate that creature!"

"Oh, you shouldn't talk like that, when you don't even know her," protested Ismay. "Every one says Anne Shirley is lovely—"

"I was talking about Fatima," I cried in a rage.

"Oh!" said Ismay.

Ismay is stupid at times. I thought the way she said "Oh" was inexcusably stupid.

Fatima arrived the next day. Max brought her out in a covered basket, lined with padded crimson satin. Max likes cats and Aunt Cynthia. He explained how we were to treat Fatima and when Ismay had gone out of the room—Ismay always went out of the room when she knew I particularly wanted her to remain—he proposed to me again. Of course I said no, as usual,

but I was rather pleased. Max had been proposing to me about every two months for two years. Sometimes, as in this case, he went three months, and then I always wondered why. I concluded that he could not be really interested in Anne Shirley, and I was relieved. I didn't want to marry Max but it was pleasant and convenient to have him around, and we would miss him dreadfully if any other girl snapped him up. He was so useful and always willing to do anything for us—nail a shingle on the roof, drive us to town, put down carpets—in short, a very present help in all our troubles.

So I just beamed on him when I said no. Max began counting on his fingers. When he got as far as eight he shook his head and began over again.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I'm trying to count up how many times I have proposed to you," he said. "But I can't remember whether I asked you to marry me that day we dug up the garden or not. If I did it makes—"

"No, you didn't," I interrupted.

"Well, that makes it eleven," said Max reflectively. "Pretty near the limit, isn't it? My manly pride will not allow me to propose to the same girl more than twelve times. So the next time will be the last, Sue darling."

"Oh," I said, a trifle flatly. I forgot to resent his calling me darling. I wondered if things wouldn't be rather dull when Max gave up proposing to me. It was the only excitement I had. But of course it would be best—and he couldn't go on at it forever, so, by the way of gracefully dismissing the subject, I asked him what Miss Shirley was like.

"Very sweet girl," said Max. "You know I always admired those gray-eyed girls with that splendid Titian hair."

I am dark, with brown eyes. Just then I detested Max. I got up and said I was going to get some milk for Fatima.

I found Ismay in a rage in the kitchen. She had been up in the garret, and a mouse had run across her foot. Mice always get on Ismay's nerves.

"We need a cat badly enough," she fumed, "but not a useless, pampered thing, like Fatima. That garret is literally swarming with mice. You'll not catch

me going up there again.”

Fatima did not prove such a nuisance as we had feared. Huldah Jane liked her, and Ismay, in spite of her declaration that she would have nothing to do with her, looked after her comfort scrupulously. She even used to get up in the middle of the night and go out to see if Fatima was warm. Max came in every day and, being around, gave us good advice.

Then one day, about three weeks after Aunt Cynthia's departure, Fatima disappeared—just simply disappeared as if she had been dissolved into thin air. We left her one afternoon, curled up asleep in her basket by the fire, under Huldah Jane's eye, while we went out to make a call. When we came home Fatima was gone.

Huldah Jane wept and was as one whom the gods had made mad. She vowed that she had never let Fatima out of her sight the whole time, save once for three minutes when she ran up to the garret for some summer savory. When she came back the kitchen door had blown open and Fatima had vanished.

Ismay and I were frantic. We ran about the garden and through the out-houses, and the woods behind the house, like wild creatures, calling Fatima, but in vain. Then Ismay sat down on the front doorsteps and cried.

“She has got out and she'll catch her death of cold and Aunt Cynthia will never forgive us.”

“I'm going for Max,” I declared. So I did, through the spruce woods and over the field as fast as my feet could carry me, thanking my stars that there was a Max to go to in such a predicament.

Max came over and we had another search, but without result. Days passed, but we did not find Fatima. I would certainly have gone crazy had it not been for Max. He was worth his weight in gold during the awful week that followed. We did not dare advertise, lest Aunt Cynthia should see it; but we inquired far and wide for a white Persian cat with a blue spot on its tail, and offered a reward for it; but nobody had seen it, although people kept coming to the house, night and day, with every kind of a cat in baskets, wanting to know if it was the one we had lost.

"We shall never see Fatima again," I said hopelessly to Max and Ismay one afternoon. I had just turned away an old woman with a big, yellow tommy which she insisted must be ours—"cause it kem to our place, mem, a-yowling fearful, mem, and it don't belong to nobody not down Grafton way, mem."

"I'm afraid you won't," said Max. "She must have perished from exposure long ere this."

"Aunt Cynthia will never forgive us," said Ismay, dismally. "I had a presentiment of trouble the moment that cat came to this house."

We had never heard of this presentiment before, but Ismay is good at having presentiments—after things happen.

"What shall we do?" I demanded, helplessly. "Max, can't you find some way out of this scrape for us?"

"Advertise in the Charlottetown papers for a white Persian cat," suggested Max. "Some one may have one for sale. If so, you must buy it, and palm it off on your good Aunt as Fatima. She's very short-sighted, so it will be quite possible."

"But Fatima has a blue spot on her tail," I said.

"You must advertise for a cat with a blue spot on its tail," said

Max.

"It will cost a pretty penny," said Ismay dolefully. "Fatima was valued at one hundred dollars."

"We must take the money we have been saving for our new furs," I said sorrowfully. "There is no other way out of it. It will cost us a good deal more if we lose Aunt Cynthia's favor. She is quite capable of believing that we have made away with Fatima deliberately and with malice aforethought."

So we advertised. Max went to town and had the notice inserted in the most important daily. We asked any one who had a white Persian cat, with a blue spot on the tip of its tail, to dispose of, to communicate with M. I., care of the Enterprise.

We really did not have much hope that anything would come of it, so we were surprised and delighted over the letter Max brought home from town four