

May 16th 1884

B

He sits there on the
gayly colored cushion, as
I try vigorously to con-
centrate on my homework.

Never will I forget his dark,
deep-set, brown eyes which
nature had given him, nor
his shiny, wavy, black hair.

Every once in a while
when I accidentally raise
my eyebrows, he blinks at
me, just like blinking
lights.

I think he's the adorable

little creature that ever
lived. "Butch" is his name,
and I think someone found
him a perfect name, for he
craves over meat.

Sometimes he acts like
a grown-up, but at times he's
a crazy little fool.

As for tricks, he sits
there like a bump on a log
and never tries to learn
anything.

When Betty comes over she
picks him up and says: "Oh!
you cute little devil." I'll
admit that [^] for my puppy is
really cute.