

came out of that cavern, and I don't know where we are. Are we on the upper earth or in fairyland, or in the land of spirits? And are you angels?"

Isabel ran hastily into the kitchen, where she burst into a fit of laughter, which was not the less violent because she was obliged to go through the performance without noise.

When she re-entered the hall, it required the utmost exertion of her self-control to prevent another burst of mirth. It seemed that, whatever Constance did for her patient, Sylvia took it for granted must be the correct thing for her to do for the tall man whom she had taken under her especial protection. Therefore, when Constance proceeded to wash Mr. Ainsleigh's face and hands, and comb his hair, her little imitator did the same for Mr. Grant, with all the gravity of an experienced nurse.

Isabel secretly watched the performance.

"The wretch," she said to herself, "how he enjoys being fussed over!"

The little dog lay before the fire, licking his fore feet. As she stopped to caress him, she saw that they were bleeding.

"The poor dear little fellow," she exclaimed, "his feet are sore from scratching at that door in the cellar! What can be done for him, Constance?"

"I think I can see to that," said Sylvia. "Does he like cats, Mr. Grant?"

"He was very friendly with the cat in London," replied Grant, with an air of exhaustion that caused Isabel to be nearly choked with a suppressed giggle.

"And Zuleika is very fond of well-educated dogs," said Sylvia. "So I'll introduce them, and I dare say she will wash his poor little toes for him."

She took her cat from the sofa, and, sitting on a thick matting that covered the floor in lieu of carpet, cautiously presented the two creatures to each other. The dog sniffed at the cat, and, seeming satisfied, gave her a little kiss on the side of her face. Zuleika apparently understood at once that her ministrations were required, for she settled herself down, and began to wash the dog's wounds.

"Ainsleigh, Ainsleigh! Look there!" exclaimed Grant, in quite a strong voice, and with a roar of laughter, "the very cat shares the family proclivities! She is actually nursing Nip!"

"I am glad to see you so much better, Mr. Grant," said Isabel, looking him full in the face, with the air of a barrister cross-examining a shifty witness: "and I think Nip shares his master's proclivities, for he appears to enjoy his nursing and coddling very much."

Rather to her astonishment, Grant met her gaze so fairly and frankly that a friendly understanding was established between the two in a moment.

"Can you blame me?" he asked in a low tone, so as to be heard by her only.

"Some allowance must be made for a mind weakened by semi-starvation," she replied. "I won't blame you yet."

"Now, children," cried Constance, "let us see about dinner, while our patients take a little sleep! They cannot have had much in that dreadful cavern. You are doing very well"—as she felt Grant's pulse, which she had done many times—"You will be quite well to-morrow, except for a little weakness. Your friend's case is much more serious, but if we can ward off fever, he will be well in a week or two. Sleep well, and then you'll be able to enjoy turkey and mince-pies!" She gave a little professional touch to his wrappings, and went quickly and silently away, followed by her sisters.

As they passed the foot of the stairs, Isabel pointed towards the organ and whispered—

"Shall we?"

Constance smiled and nodded assent, whispering in return—

"Something very soft and dreamy, and not too long."

Isabel was the musician of the family. She took her seat at the instrument, and Sylvia went to the bellows.

Presently a sweet melody floated through the air, "like the faint exquisite music of a dream." From some peculiarity in the con-

struction of the building, it seemed rather to wander all around than to proceed from any fixed point. It was a plaintive Irish melody, and was played with rare skill and feeling.

The two men stared around in a state of bewilderment.

"The resources of this wonderful house are boundless!" murmured Grant.

"Where should this music be? 'Tis the earth or the air?" sighed Ainsleigh.

As the last soft breath of the fairy-like music died away, the two performers ran noiselessly down the stairs; but, before joining their sister in the kitchen, they peeped around the screen to see how the invalids were progressing.

"Ainsleigh, old chap," they heard Grant say, "I wish you'd oblige me with your ideas on the subject of paradise."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied Ainsleigh in a languid tone. "What's the use of talking about ideas when one is enjoying the reality?"

"Can you tell me whether angels always wear large white aprons?" persisted Grant.

"That's the custom of all the angels I have ever met with," was the drowsy reply.

"With bibs to them?" continued the tormentor.

"With bibs—with bibs, of course. Oh, go to sleep, Grant, and let me sleep!"

With a soft chuckle, Grant turned his cheek upon the pillow, and the eavesdroppers flew to report the queer conversation to Constance, and help her in the preparations for dinner.

(Continued.)

It is not altogether strange that a bee-trothal should lead to a honey-moon.

A Western blizzard is what one might call with propriety a "howling success."

It is to be hoped that the students at Princeton College will Patton after the new president of the institution.

First tramp: "Run, run, Jake!" Second tramp: "Eh? Has that farmer got a gun?" "No, he's got a wood pile!"

Kentucky boasts of a citizen named Colonel Cammei. He can go a remarkably long time without water, too.

Curious—but the man who has the best standing in a fashionable church is generally the man who pays the most for his seat.

"Now, my dear," said the teacher, "what is memory?" The little girl answered, after a moment's reflection, "It is the thing you forget with."

We sometimes exercise with all our might
In order to create an appetite;
The appetite created, down we sit
And do our utmost to get rid of it.

Little Johnny—"Pa, do actors walk and talk like human beings when they are off the stage?" Pa—"Yes, my son—as you say, when they are off the stage."

There was a young lady from Niger,
Who went to ride on a tiger.
They returned from the ride,
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

Tramp (to farmer)—"Does your dog like strangers?" Farmer (re-assuringly)—"Yes, come on; Towser never refused to eat one yet."

A lad who had been bathing was in the act of dressing himself, when one of his shoes rolled down the rocks and disappeared in the water. In his attempt to rescue it he lost the other one also, whereupon, contemplating his feet with a most melancholy expression, he apostrophized: "Well, you are a nice pair of orphans, ain't you?"

A FLOWER'S BALLAD.

"It was a thorn,
And it stood forlorn
In the burning sunrise land:

A blighted thorn,
And at eve and morn
Thus it sighed to the desert sand:

'Every flower,
By its beauty's power,
With a crown of glory is crown'd.

'No crown have I;
For a crown I sigh—
For a crown that I have not found.

'A crown! a crown!
A crown of mine own,
To wind in a maiden's hair!'

Sad thorn, why grieve?
Thou a crown shalt weave,
But not for a maiden to wear.

That crown shall shine
When all crowns save thine.
With the glory they gave, are gone:

For, thorn, my thorn,
Thy crown shall be worn
By the King of Sorrows alone."

Physician (to patient)—"Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be held." Patient (too sick to care for anything)—"Very well, doctor; have as many accomplices as you like."

The proper size—Customer (to coal dealer)—"I want to get a ton of coal." Dealer—"Yes, sir; what size?" Customer (timidly)—"Well, if it isn't asking too much, sir, I would like to have a 2000-pound ton."

The rooster would be a much more popular bird if he could only be induced to feel that there is no real, vital necessity for his reporting his whereabouts between midnight and 3 a.m. We know that he is at home, in the bosom of his family. So are we, but we don't get up in the night to brag about it.

Teacher—"There will be no school to-morrow, as it is Washington's birthday. When was Washington born, children?" Pupil—"February 22, 1776." Teacher—"Why, that cannot be. That was the time of the Revolutionary war." Pupil—"But, sir, you said yesterday that he was in arms that year!"

A miser, troubled with heart disease, finally decided to call a physician. After the preliminary examination, the patient asked, "Doctor, how much is it going to cost?" "Not a sou." "Thanks; but you're too kind. I ought not to—" "Oh, don't you trouble yourself. Your heirs will see that I am paid."

Extenuating circumstances:—Magistrate (to prisoner)—"You say, Uncle Rastus, that you took the ham because you are out of work and your family are starving. And yet I understand that you have four dogs about the house." Uncle Rastus—"Yes, sah, but I wuddent arsk my family to eat dogs, yo' Honah!"

He—"I never saw clothing so cheap as it is now. Any man can dress like a gentleman." She—"Yes, indeed. So can the ladies."