

the crystal chandelier hanging from the ceiling. But within the dim sick room a terrible power was brooding over the narrow bed, approaching nearer and nearer the struggling little form—the child was lying in violent convulsions. The professor sat beside her, his eyes fixed steadily upon the quivering limbs and distorted face. He had done all that medical skill and human science could accomplish, and now was forced to remain powerless and inactive while the forces of nature fought out their fierce conflict.

The clock outside struck twelve with slow, loud strokes. Felicitas, who was sitting silently at the foot of the bed, shuddered; it seemed as if one of those mighty, clanging notes must bear away the little one's soul. And, in truth, the convulsed limbs relaxed, the small clinched hands opened and fell wearily on the coverlet, and in a few moments more the head rested quietly on the pillow. The professor bent over the bed—ten anxious moments passed, then he raised his head and whispered in an agitated tone, "I think she will live."

The young girl leaned anxiously over her little charge, heard her deep, calm breathing, and saw the weary limbs sink into a comfortable attitude of repose. Then she rose noiselessly and went out into the next room. The fragrant night-air, in which a breath of the coolness of dawn already blonded, swept past her with its refreshing touch; she leaned her tired head against the stone casement of the window, while her folded hands hung loosely down. On the sill stood a tea-rose bush that bore a single exquisite flower, doubly pale in the white moonlight, it swayed lightly above the girl's snowy forehead and glittering hair. Felicitas' pulses were throbbing feverishly. No wonder; within yonder dark close room, death had been very near a human life; the tension of her nerves during the last few hours had been frightful—no sound save the child's sharp, shrill cries that reached her ears; she had seen only the convulsed form, and the pale, silent face of the physician, who had asked the assistance she could give merely by signs and glances. Four narrow walls had surrounded them, united in the exercise of duty and compassion, while a deep gulf of hatred and prejudice yawned between them.

The young girl's dry, burning eyes gazed through the window at the moonlit front of the town-hall. The statues on each side of the clock—the Virgin and St. Boniface—stood forth in ghostly relief from their niches. What was the use of their standing protectingly there? The tragedy had happened just beneath them. Those three tall windows, now glittering with a silvery luster, had sent forth on that fatal evening the red glow of a fairy-like illumination, and yonder, where the moonlight was shimmering on the floor, that marvelously beautiful woman had fearlessly confronted the densely crowded audience and the muzzles of the deadly weapons; but beneath her armor a mother's heart was throbbing tenderly, for at the inn lay her little child for whom she must toil, for whose sake she appeared before these staring eyes until—the last six shots crashed and she fell dying.

The professor came out of the sick-chamber and closed the door noiselessly behind him. Then he went up to Felicitas, who was still standing motionless at the window.

"Anna is sleeping quietly," he said. "I will stay with her the remainder of the night—now go and rest."

Hardly waiting for him to finish his sentence, Felicitas instantly left the window-niche and was silently passing him to go out of the room.

"I think we ought not to part so coldly to night!" he said, in a low tone—almost seemed as if he broke the spell of silence reluctantly. "We have stood loyally by each other during these last few days, like two faith-

ful comrades, trying to save a human life from the grasp of death—consider that!" he added, warmly. "In a few weeks we shall part, and our paths in life will never cross again. I will not deny you the satisfaction of admitting that the strength of your character has refuted much of the prejudice and dislike I have entertained toward you for nine years. Only one dark spot, your wicked hatred and obstinacy remains to recall the willful child who once called forth all my harshness and severity."

Felicitas had advanced several paces toward him. The moonlight flooded her whole figure. As she stood with her haughty head turned back over her shoulder toward him, while her face, with its firmly compressed lips, grew even more death-like in its pallor, there was the most implacable hostility in her whole bearing.

"In all the diseases of the human body you inquire into causes before you form your opinion," she answered. "But you never thought it worth while to investigate the sources of the waywardness you desired to correct in a human soul. You judged blindly, from mere suggestions, and thus committed as great a crime as though you had allowed one of your patients to perish from neglect. Tear from a grown man his ideal, the radiant future of which he had long dreamed, and though he may be the most devout and pious of mortal creatures, he will not, in the first flush of disappointment, fold his hands in quiet submission—how much less a child nine years old, who had been looking forward to the day when she should again see her idolized mother, whose soul cherished no dream, no hope, that was not in some way associated with this meeting."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Salads Good for Children.

"What simple desserts do you give your children," asked one mother of another recently, "besides fruit, of which mine tire? The little vandals sigh for the 'pies and things' of which they hear and see on playmates' tables."

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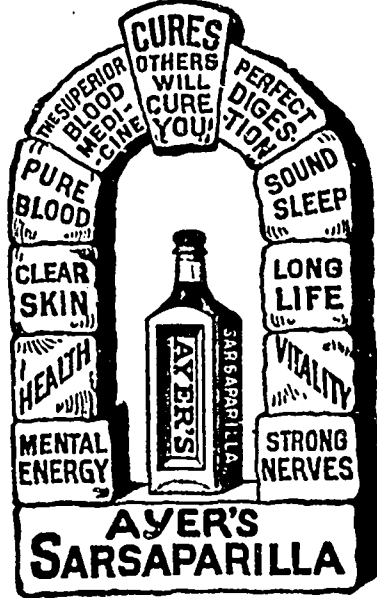
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