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So the governess was sent back into the house to return Miss Hazel, while Mrs. Durer by turns scolded Carolyn and promised her a fine, new doll.

And this was the end of the little girl's dream.

It was the following winter. One snowy night, the Doctor was coming down his steps to take his carriage, when he ran into a woman hurrying up the steps. "Oh! Doctor," she panted, "come at once—she is so bad."

"Who is? Whom are you talking about?"

"Your little girl—my poor little angel."

"What is the matter with her? How long has she been sick? Who has been attending her? Where is her mother?" were all asked at once, for the Doctor now recognized Mrs. Durer's nurse.

"I don't know, sir, what's the matter. She was taken just after Madame went out to-night. She hasn't been quite well for some time. A doctor came once, but there hasn't been any doctor called in since, because Madame didn't think there was much the matter. You see she hasn't seen much of her lately—she's been so busy going out—but she always runs up every evening before she goes out, to ask if she wants anything." (The Doctor grunted.) "But this evening she was going out to dinner and afterwards to the opera and then she

"Send for her at once," he said quietly, and immediately turned all his attention again to the little girl who was muttering in her delirium.

An hour later there was a rush up the stairs, a murmur without, and Mrs. Durer hastily entered the room. She blazed with jewels.

"Oh! my angel! My poor little darling. What is it? Are you ill?"

She paused as she approached the bed, and then stood still, while a look of horror came into her face and remained stamped there, as though she had turned to stone.

"Oh! Doctor! What is it? Is she dying?"

"She is very sick," said the Doctor, without taking his eyes from the child's face. The woman threw herself on her knees beside the bed.

"My darling—don't you know me? Don't you know Mamma?" she asked.

The deep sunken eyes rested on her a second, but there was no recognition. They turned away, and the child went on muttering:

"Where is Jane! Tell Jane when my beautiful Mamma comes she will play with us."

The Doctor's face hardened at the words. He had heard them often during the past summer, and he knew the sad ending of that dream. The woman at the bedside crouched lower.



In the Kootenay Valley, B.C.

was going on to a ball somewhere. And she got in so late she just had time to dress and didn't have time to come up to the nursery. And the little girl was so disappointed she didn't go to sleep very quietly. But presently she went to sleep pretending that she had "Miss Hazel" in her arms—that's the old doll you mended for 'em last summer—the other little girl gave it to her when Madame took her away and she always loved it best of all, and played that she still had her. Then after she had been asleep a little while she waked and asked for her mamma, and when I went to her she had a burning fever, and was out of her head. And I thought of you at once, because you know her so well. But William—he's the butler, he said as it wasn't etiquette to send for you and Madame would be home before long."

"Etiquette be d—!" growled the Doctor, and opening his carriage he handed the nurse in and sprang in after her. "I was sure you'd come," panted the nurse, "so I thought I'd come and see you anyway, so I just put on my bonnet and came right away."

A few minutes later the Doctor was at the child's bedside bending over her, examining her with a grave face, while a half dozen sympathetic servants, awe-struck at the sudden illness, stood just within or just without the doors.

"Where's Mrs. Durer?" he asked, as he raised her up.

"She must be at the ball by this time," said the butler. "She was going to a ball from the opera."

"Don't you know Mamma, darling?" "No. Where is Miss Hazel? When she gets well and strong we will all play together."

Mechanically the woman at the bedside began to strip off her jewels and they rolled down on the floor, without anyone heeding them. "I will get her for you," she said humbly.

A fleeting look of recognition dawned in the little face. "Is she well? May I play with her when I get well?"

"Yes—soon."

"And Jane?—My Mamma won't let me play with her any more."

Mrs. Durer winced.

"Doctor, what is the matter with her?"

"Starved," said the Doctor.

She sprang to her feet and turned on the nurse like a tigress.

"You! You wretch! How dare you!"

"It was not she," the doctor's voice was low, but vibrant, and his deep eyes burned.

"What?—Who then? I told her to give her the best—to eat—are nothing."

"She obeyed you, but she could not give her the best."

"What? How could she be starved?"

"It was her heart. It starved."

"You mean—?" Her voice died in her throat as the Doctor suddenly bent low over the child and put his hand on her softly, as after a sigh the tossing ceased and her head sank on the pillow. Mrs. Durer bent forward with horror in her eyes.

"Doctor! what—is—it?"

The Doctor made no reply. He folded

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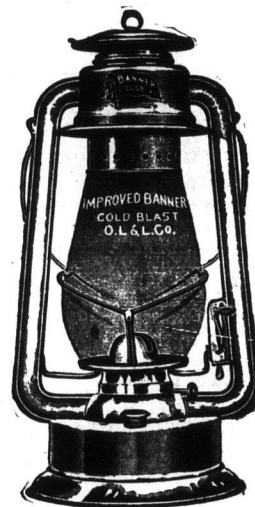
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