

before you when you learn geography, and see if it helps you."

"Will you, May? Thank you very much," said Annie, doubtfully. "But won't it be a *doll*? I want a sperrit from unknown redgions."

Annie sat with her chin in her two little hands, gazing thoughtfully at her sister, who was now placing the dough on the hearth to rise, still laughing at the child's quaint seriousness, when a sudden shrill call came down the stairs.

"May, May! Come quick!"

May rushed up to her mother's room, where she found her sister Carrie vainly trying to raise the head of that dear mother, who had fallen in a swoon on the floor.

"Oh, what is it, May?" she cried, herself as pale as the poor invalid. "Is she *dead*?" she murmured under her breath.

"No, no, darling; only fainting. Give me some water; or, first, a pillow to put under her head."

The two did all in their power, but it was a long time before Mrs. Dent's eyes opened, and even then it was clear that her mind was not yet collected enough to know what had happened, and her moans showed that she was in acute pain.

"What can we do?" said May. "Father has