

ENA

or taken from the hurried preparation of breakfast. Ena had known the old dame since she could remember anything, had always called her 'Nurse,'; and it never occurred to the Grandma that neither she nor Gent knew the woman's name.

'Oh!' burst out the child, as a hard-featured woman was again closing the door upon them, 'Can't you tell us where Nurse lives, Daddy is dead, and Mamma is crying, we do want Nurse so bad!'

The woman paused and thought a minute, for the misery in the child's face touched her. 'Hev she a hump-backed sister, as keeps a little schule?'

'Oh! yes, just for small children,' answered Ena eagerly.

'Then it's Miss Bullen as you want, she lives two doors down, on t'other side, that's her now,' and she pointed over the way. But Ena stopped to hear no more, she jumped down and running across the street threw her arms round the old lady's neck, as she caught her up in a motherly embrace.

The woman watched the little scene, as she said to herself, 'Swæpin' her yard indeed, this time o' morin,' mighty perticular! gits all them idees goin' a nussin'; ef she'd a hed half-a-dozen children herself, she'd a found it diffe'nt,' and she returned to her helter-skelter kitchen, and unkempt youngsters, satisfied that hers was the only right way.

Nurse knew something was wrong, or Gent would scarcely be there so early, and her thoughts flew to 'Missus,' and the baby she had left doing so well