

mystery, fretting uneasily in a sea of snowy cradle furniture. At the moment, the physician—who but Mr. Howard?—enters and takes his seat officially by the object of devotion. He puts his little finger gently in Baby's mouth, and Baby seizes upon it savagely.

"Ah!" says the physician, withdrawing his finger hastily—"it's through!"

"Through the finger?" asks the artist.

"No; the gum," replies the physician.

Then they all stoop to look at the new tooth—Blanche, of course, on her knees. Around that little struggling ivory they gather as might three diggers, who had come upon a nugget cropping through the quartz! The Baby resents their marked attention; and Blanche, taking it to her bosom, stills its infantile alarms. Then the physician goes away to his patients, the father to his studio, and the Baby sleeps. The mother is again on her knees by the cradle, watching the little face, kissing it,