

enough. There is not a better or more industrious girl in the Asylum, but I rather think she studies too much. She will sit up and read of nights, when the others are all sound asleep; and very often, when Kate and I put out the hall lamp, we find her with her book alone in the cold. I can't get my consent to forbid her reading, especially as it never interferes with her regular work, and she is so fond of it." As the kind-hearted matron uttered these words she glanced at the child and sighed involuntarily.

"You are too indulgent, Mrs. Williams; we cannot afford to clothe girls of her age, to wear themselves out reading trash all night. We are very much in arrears at best, and I think some plan should be adopted to make these large girls, who have been on hand so long, more useful. What do you say, ladies?" Miss Dorothea looked around for some encouragement and support in her move.

"Well, for my part, Miss White, I think that child is not strong enough to do much hard work; she always has looked delicate and pale," said Mrs. Taylor, an amiable looking woman, who had taken one of the youngest orphans on her knee.

"My dear friend, that is the very reason: she does not exercise sufficiently to make her robust. Just look at her face and hands, as bloodless as a turnip."

"Beulah, do ask her to give you some of her beautiful colour; she looks exactly like a cake of tallow, with two glass beads in the middle."

"Hush!" and Beulah's hand was pressed firmly over Claudia's crimson lips, lest the whisper of the indignant little brunette should reach ears for which it was not intended.

As no one essayed to answer Miss White, the matron ventured to suggest a darling scheme of her own:

"I have always hoped the managers would conclude to educate her for a teacher. She is so studious, I know she would learn very rapidly."

"My dear madam, you do not in the least understand what you are talking about. It would require at least five years' careful training to fit her to teach, and our finances do not admit of any such expenditure. As the best thing for her, I should move to bind her out to a mantuamaker or milliner, but she could not stand the confinement. She would go off with consumption in less than a year. There is the trouble with these delicate children."

"How is the babe that was brought here last week?" asked Mrs. Taylor.

"Oh, he is doing beautifully. Bring him round the table, Susan;" and the rosy, smiling infant was handed about for closer inspection. A few general inquiries followed, and

then Beulah was not surprised to hear the order given for the children to retire, as the managers had some special business with their matron. The orphan band defiled into the hall, and dispersed to their various occupations; but Beulah approached the matron, and whispered something, to which the reply was:

"No; if you have finished that other apron, you shall sew no more to-day. You can pump a fresh bucket of water, and then run out into the yard for some air."

She performed the duty assigned to her, and then hastened to the dormitory, whither Lillian and Claudia had preceded her. The latter was standing on a chair, mimicking Miss Dorothea, and haranguing her sole auditor, in a nasal twang, which she contrived to force from her beautiful curling lips. At sight of Beulah, she sprang toward her, exclaiming:

"You shall be a teacher if you want to; shan't you, Beulah?"

"I am afraid not, Claudy. But don't say any more about her; she is not as kind as our dear matron, or some of the managers, but she thinks she is right. Remember, she made these pretty blue curtains round your and Lilly's bed."

"I don't care if she did. All the ladies were making them, and she did no more than the rest. Never mind: I shall be a young lady some of these days; our matron says I will be beautiful enough to marry the President, and then I will see whether Miss Dorothy Red-head come meddling and bothering you any more." The brilliant eyes dilated with pleasure at the thought of the protection which the future lady President would afford her protégé.

Beulah smiled, and asked almost gaily:

"Claudy, how much will you pay me a month, to dress you, and keep your hair in order, when you get into the White House at Washington?"

"Oh, you dear darling! you shall have everything you want, and do nothing but read." The impulsive child threw her arms around Beulah's neck, and kissed her repeatedly, while the latter bent down over her basket.

"Lilly, here are some ohincapings for you and Claudy. I am going out into the yard, and you may both go and play hull-gull."

In the debating room of the visiting committee, Miss White again had the floor. She was no less important a personage than vice-president of the board of managers, and felt authorized to investigate closely, and redress all grievances.

"Who did you say sent that book here, Mrs. Mason?"

"Engene Rutland, who was once a mem-