

an impressive black forefinger at her, "You be a good gal,' an' say 'Yes, ma'am,' an' 'No, ma'am,' to de ladies," and Ella May, sitting up in the white bed that was so much too big for her, with tightly clasped hands and startled eyes faltered out a quavering "Yes, ma'am."

Isabel wondered how the Nurse-in-Charge could resist taking the child in her arms and hushing the frightened look out of her face. But nurses in large hospitals have little time, as Isabel soon discovered, for "mothering" even the most attractive babies. And this one was far from being attractive, a thin little face, with eyes that seemed to fill up half the space in it, fuzzy black hair, and a body that was a mere bag of bones. "Rickets," her history said, "parents both dead, consumption." A terrible inheritance they left to this poor baby.

That first day was very long to both Ella May and Miss Mathewson. Isabel dusted with carbolic and water till her arms and back ached, carried trays, whisked out crumbs from the beds, and dusted again; lightened spreads and then more trays.

At last the day was ended, and whispering "Good-night" to Ella May, with whom she had spent her few spare moments, she went off to her own tea, and then took her tired limbs to rest.

"It *might* have been worse," she told herself as she dropped off to sleep—"a little."

Everything seemed brighter the next day. The girls greeted her at breakfast with cheery "Good mornings," and she did not feel herself quite such an outcast as she had at tea the night before, when they had all stared silently as she made her appearance.

The sun was shining into the ward as the day nurses came on, and Ella May greeted her with the sweetest little smile imaginable.

"You dear," said Isabel, "are you glad to see me?" and Ella May smiled again, and said, "Yes, ma'am."

"That child's too good to live or else she isn't human," said the night

nurse who was passing off at that moment, which made Isabel hug the little black face to her and cast an indignant glance at the back of the unconscious offender.

"What a shame," she murmured wrathfully, and then smiled at her own anger. "Never mind, Ella May, you and I are friends, aren't we?" she said, "and you are going to get better, only not too soon, for I'd be lonely." Then she rushed off to wash her fourteen patients, and Ella May watched her all morning with big, wistful eyes.

The month of Isabel's probation flew by like the proverbial lightning, but made little change in Ella May's condition. Isabel learnt to scour a bath and make a bed with a rapidity that astonished herself; to take temperatures and go up and down the ward in a way that was neither walk nor run, but "nurses' gait," as one of the girls informed her. It may not have been pretty—Isabel scorned it a good deal when first she noticed it, but it certainly took one over the ground at a marvelous rate of speed. Then one joyful day she got her cap and was sent down to the Children's Ward as "Second Assistant."

"It's like a lovely boarding school," she wrote home to her family, "only with heaps more work and lots more liberty. I never had such fun in all my life before, and the girls are so jolly."

"Imagine Isabel liking boarding school," was the general exclamation of the family when they read this, and then, except for her weekly letter, Isabel passed from their lives.

But if she was forgotten in her home her popularity at the hospital ought to have equalized matters, though Isabel went her way serenely unconscious of the admiration she excited. She went from ward to ward as the year wore on, meeting the house doctors, and accepting their attentions with the calm dignity which belonged to her. It never occurred to her that there was anything extraordinary in the fact, that a doctor was always at