

GLEAMS OF MOONLIGHT.

I was sitting, yesterday, making and mending sundry garments belonging to a small but highly important member of our little household, and planning how to make both ends meet and perhaps have a little to lap over towards paying off a few back accounts, which, though neither very large nor very numerous, lay on my mind with a weight quite out of proportion to their size; when I began to feel impatient over it all, for I am always planning, and yet my schemes never come to anything. Not that my husband does not want to get rid of them too, I don't mean that; but such is his easy, happy nature that he works away, day in and day out, content to do a little—a very little at a time—while I do so want to do everything all at once.

He says that I will grow wiser as I grow older; in that case time alone will tell.

I have often wondered why I could not do something towards augmenting the family income; but when I came to think of it seriously I found that to take a situation in an office I would have to neglect my little house, and worse still, my little girl; and although I am good with my needle I always find that I have plenty to do for ourselves in that line, without attempting any outside work.

Then, again, I don't paint well enough for my pictures to sell, and I am not a sufficiently good musician to give lessons.

There did not seem to be anything for me to do. I looked up, and I am afraid with a sigh, "I wish I could help you in some way."

"You do, sweetheart," Tom answered, "you keep Kathie and my little home bright and happy for me."

There, that was almost an echo of my own thoughts, which said, "Stick to what you can do and don't go trying impossible."

Tom often has a way of treating me as if I were a child; sometimes I don't mind it, but last night it aggravated me.

"I don't care," I rejoined, snipping something at a thread, "I want to earn my money."

I am going to think about that when I go to bed tonight, and then I'm going to sleep on it and see if something doesn't come into my head."

Tom laughed a big laugh. "You've been thinking too much already," he said, "and sewing too much as well. Put your work away, and I will give you the biggest beating at cribbage that you ever had in your life."

"Some people are so conceited about what they can do. Of course it would be cowardly in the highest degree to ignore such a challenge as that, so I prepared for battle. At the end of the war I was beaten, it is true, but only by two, and that was because I forgot to beat 'two for his heels,' and whenever that happens Tom always scores it to him."

which is horrid, I think, and I am not in the rules of cribbage. The result of it all was that I forgot to think about what I could do, and went right to sleep as soon as I got into bed. But that night I had the strangest dream.

"You know," I said to Tom this morning, sitting up and groping for Christie's Social Tea' biscuit to keep Kathie quiet a little longer, "it was ex-

actly like a story, and the funny part of it was that I was not in it at all, but I thought I heard some one telling it to me."

"Why don't you write it?" sleepily chuckled Tom.

"Oh, I couldn't," I promptly replied.

But later on, that is, by breakfast time, I had thought it over, and as I said to him, it just seemed as if some good angel had put it into my head, so that perhaps I might earn something by it.

"But, suppose nobody will print it," he suggested. He does love to dampen me, but to-day it was no use.

"If nobody does," I answered in a tone of conviction, but with a secret sinking of the heart which I wouldn't let him see for worlds, "I shall think it was not a good angel after all, but just the opposite, who put it into my mind to waste my time over it."

Tom is much amused at the whole affair. He says he will get it typewritten for me, so that perhaps the Editor may be more inclined to read it, and jibes and jeers a little, but I don't really mind much, and I have told you all this to begin with, because if the story is not worth reading after all, you see it isn't really my story, it belongs to that person who told it to me in my dream.

It was late on a Tuesday afternoon in June when Dr. Jones ran quickly down the stone steps of a large house, situated about a mile from the village of Glenalton. He had been detained much longer than he had expected at the house of one who was at the same time his greatest benefactor and his warmest friend, and where dwelt his principal patient, to whom of late he had become a very frequent visitor, and now he walked fast to make time for a couple more visits before tea. Mrs. Elton had been the first to see merit in the young Doctor, who was not considered all he should be by the townspeople, because he quietly ignored the various treatments of his old-fashioned predecessor, to which after thirty years they had become pretty thoroughly accustomed, and brought a clever brain full of latter day learning to bear on any cases which he was lucky enough to get hold of, either on account of his good looks, or the curiosity of the citizens to find out what he was like.

One day, about six months before that of which I am speaking, he had been called hurriedly to consult with a Doctor from London on the case of the youngest child and only daughter of Major and Mrs. Elton. There, partly by his clever face and partly by the cheerful view he took of the child's condition, he inspired the latter with some degree of confidence in his judgment. It was always his plan to look at the brightest side of everything. That was his happy nature, which had not yet been shadowed by all the sorrows of others that a professional medical man feels more or less, no matter how accustomed to the sights and sounds of grief he may become.

Being in consultation with the great man from London raised him considerably in the opinions of those who had before declined to employ him, but who had preferred sending into the next parish for old Dr. Harvey, and his practice increased from that day.

Mrs. Elton had been very kind to him

and the Major had asked him to dinner. His little patient, Ethel, had made a great friend of him, and the boys voted him an awfully jolly fellow, who could beat them at racing or rowing, or almost anything, in fact, that they chose to challenge him at; for the Doctor had been a well known athlete.

It was doubly hard after all their kindness for him to have to bring trouble into the household, to have to tell that loving mother that her little daughter might die any minute. True, with the greatest care she might live for months, but that was small consolation when the thought was always behind it, that she might not live another hour. The child had had a weak heart from her babyhood, and when the great Doctor whom Major Elton had called in during her last alarming illness, said "heart-failure," it seemed as if they had always known that that would be the end. They bore their grief bravely with an outward cheerfulness which their spirits were far from feeling, and strove to make that last year one of unalloyed happiness to their darling, and looked forward to keeping her with them for days, when other parents plan for years of loving companionship.

This morning she had fainted suddenly, just after she had been dressed and brought down stairs, and the Major had sent hurriedly for Dr. Jones. He had gone to them at once; but although he used every means to restore consciousness it was fully an hour before the child showed any visible signs of life. Then with a quick sigh she slowly opened her eyes and seeing who was beside her, she opened her lips as well; for he it said, the little maid was an inveterate chatterbox. But the kind voice whose firm tones she had learned to obey implicitly said immediately, "Don't speak Ethel, lie perfectly still." A half an hour later she pleaded to be allowed to say something. "Well, what is it?" he asked. "Just, how do you do, Doctor dear?"

"I'm well, thank you, girlie," he smilingly responded. "Did you think that I looked otherwise, that you were so anxious to ask me that important question?"

She shook her head at him and closed her eyes again. At last she was better and he got up to go. The dreaded hour had been stayed off a little longer, though, as he had sat beside her applying one restorative after another, he had thought that surely it was not far off. His unspoken thought was also in Mrs. Elton's mind, but the only evidence she gave of it was the question, as he was leaving, "Can I do anything more?"

"Nothing," he had answered pityingly, "except humour her every whim and avoid any excitement, exertion or shock, however slight, for it would be sure to be fatal," and she had crept back again to watch beside the quiet little figure in the darkened room.

Passionately fond of drawing, Ethel's first request during all her tedious illnesses was for her scribbling book, but not that day nor the next, nor indeed till quite the end of the week did Doctor Jones allow her the coveted pencil. She never questioned his orders, though she was inclined to coax her mother into giving her the desired article.

On Saturday he brought her a little silver pencil in the shape of a screw, and