

The soldiers eagerly gave the required pledge.

"I leave you now," said Sigurd, "at the post of duty. Let him who would serve me, serve my king."

"We will! we will!" cried the men.

Sigurd held up his hand.

"It is enough," said he; "I am content. And you, friend," said he to the late prisoner, "will you accompany me home?"

The man joyfully consented, and that same night those two departed to the sea, and before morning were darting over the waves towards the Castle of the North-West Wind.

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Sigurd's secret was safely kept. Ulf, to the day of his death, knew nothing of his brother's journey to Niflheim; nor could he tell the reason why the loyalty of his soldiers revived from that time forward. He died in battle not long after, yet he lived long enough to repent of his harshness towards his brother, and to desire to see him again. Messengers from him were on their way to the Tower of the North-West Wind at the time when he fell on the field of Brulform. Sigurd's first act after becoming king was to erect a monument on the spot where Ulf fell, with this simple inscription, which may be read to this day, "To my Brother."

THE END.

IN A DOLL'S HOSPITAL.

There are four well-known hospitals in Fulham road, London. One is the Consumptive; then there is the Cancer; the third is the Hospital for Women; and the fourth is the Dolls' Hospital. It is a modest institution. There are no "earnest appeals" for funds, and it is supported by other than voluntary contributions. The hospital has extended the life of many a doll. Before it was founded a doll rarely lived longer than two weeks; a month made a patriarch. The hospital is nearly always full. No one is turned away as incurable. Patients are admitted for broken heads, or fractured limbs, loss of hair, eyes, nose, teeth, fingers, hands, toes, and wasting away of the body. Operations take place every day between 9 A. M. and 8 P. M.

"Most of our patients are away at the seaside now," said Mrs. Dr. Marsh, "and the seaside doesn't suit the constitution of many dolls. They are made to bathe too much, and no doll's body will stand water. I saw a little girl the other day at the seaside bathing the feet of a delicate looking doll."

"Do you think dolls are wilfully ill-treated?"

"No; a doll is usually well cared for and carefully tended. Serious accidents often occur, however, when a tiny girl has the charge of a big doll. The girl finds the doll too heavy to carry about, drops her, and the result is a broken head for "Dolly."

"How many dolls does a girl usually have?"

"It's difficult to say," said Dr. Marsh, thoughtfully. "An affectionate child likes one doll better than any other, and this doll she sticks to. A doll is brought to the hospital over and over again for a broken head, arm, or leg. But the little nurse never leaves her without many kisses, and a promise from me to be very good to her."

"Some children like forty dolls, though. Boy dolls are not popular unless their dress is characteristic; neither are lady dolls. It is short frocked and baby dolls that are liked best as a rule. But here's a grey-haired mother doll who has been here lots of times. This time she wants a new neck and her complexion wants attend-

ing to. She has an innocent-looking face," added the doctor.

"But all dolls seem to have rather stupid faces."

"The expression on the faces of some of the dolls is quite natural and beautiful. There's life in those eyes," said the Doctor, reproachfully pointing towards a big doll. "And look how beautifully the limbs are modelled. These hands are perfect. And look at the dimples in those elbows. Common dolls are not good-looking," the Doctor admitted.

"Where do the prettiest and best dolls come from?"

"The Jumeau dolls are the best made and the best looking. They come from Paris. Their faces are usually china and their bodies *papier-maché*. German dolls cost about one-third of what French dolls cost. You can get a German doll for 25 cents as large as a French doll that would cost you four times that sum. Yet both dolls would have china faces, and their bodies would be made of the same stuff. But the German doll wouldn't be nearly so well modelled as the French. Here is a doll that must have cost about \$5.00. She is about three feet tall, and all her limbs are jointed. There's nothing the matter with her; she's only come to have her hair shampooed and dressed."

"Are the best dolls' wigs made of human hair?"

"No, they're made of goat's hair usually. But often when a little girl has her own hair cut off she has it made into a wig for her doll."

"How many patients have you in the hospital to-day?"

"Not more than twenty-five, but come and see them. A good many are serious cases. There's a family of four over there. The mother has a broken head, and her soldier son has lost his head and one arm. The two girls are a good deal battered. One looks as though she were going bald. This doll has lost one eye and the tip of her nose, but it can easily be mended, because she has a waxen face. Here's a doll with a gash down one side of her face, and it's so deep that I am afraid she will be obliged to have a new head. This is a dismembered doll. I am going to fix a new head and limbs on to the stump. It would have been thrown away if the doll hadn't been very old."

"Some of your patients' bills must be rather heavy?"

"Yes, but every year children grow more precocious and consequently less fond of dolls. Our artificial limb business outside is large. A gentleman from the country has been in this morning, and I don't know how many legs and arms he was commissioned to take back. He had got the measure of each."

PADDY AGAIN.

In days when flogging was in vogue as a punishment in the navy, a Scotchman and an Irishman, on the arrival of their ship in harbour, obtained leave to go ashore for a couple of days, but, having indulged in a drop too much, overstayed the period of leave granted them. When they did put in an appearance, they were brought up for punishment before the captain, who ordered them to undergo fifty lashes a-piece. On the day of punishment a parade was ordered to witness the infliction of the flogging. When all was ready, the Scotchman solicited as a favour to be allowed to have a piece of canvas on his back while the flogging was being administered. The captain granted the Scotchman's request; then turning to the Irishman, asked him if he required anything on his back whilst being flogged, to which the Irishman answered—"If ye please, yur honour, I'd like the Scotchman on my back."