

and Jeannette appearing, Sylvie, in rapid French, told her to go to mamma and tell her that the doctor, the new doctor, must see her. Presently Jeannette came back, and I was shown into a large room so dark that I could not at first perceive an object in it. At last I saw a little figure—it looked hardly larger than Sylvie's—lying back in a great easy-chair, and a voice that sounded very much like Sylvie's asked me to sit down. I found a chair, and as quickly as I could told Madame Lamonte that if I did anything for her little girl I must have with her constantly a nurse of my own choosing and instruction. Madame Lamonte made no objection. I was to have any one I pleased, she said, if Sylvie was suited; but Sylvie did not like strangers. So I bade Madame Lamonte good morning; and in a few minutes I had convinced Sylvie that she would like this dreaded 'stranger' very well.

"In a few days my words proved true. I could make another story telling you about Miss Annie Tenney, the lady whom I persuaded to go and take care of Sylvie, for Miss Annie was one of those persons who seem to be born to be mothers to the motherless and sisters to the sisterless. She won all hearts at once by her tender sweetness and goodness; and she won Sylvie's, as I knew she would. Held in her kind arms, Sylvie used to submit to my treatment of her ankle with the greatest patience and courage, only making now and then her 'little groans,' as she called them. Once when I knew the pain was very hard I said to her, 'Cry out, Sylvie, as loudly as you please, don't stifle yourself with those little groans.'

"Mamma's room is over this; and if she heard me it might kill her. I heard a doctor tell her once that a shock would kill her; and my pain won't kill me. So the brave little thing went on from day to day, from week to week, and month to month, for the year that I attended her. In all this time she never made a complaint to the frail little mother up-stairs. Love for this mother had taught her to be unselfish, to control herself that she might not give pain to her. And it was real control, learned from love, for Sylvie was by no means angelic in her nature. She was quick in her temper, and as high-spirited as Em's little Mexican pony. Sometimes I would find her shut up in the small sitting-room at the end of the drawing-rooms with traces of hot tears upon her cheeks; and at my question of the cause she would usually tell me that Sylvie had been cross, or that she had been having a fuss with Jeannette or Ursule, and had behaved very badly to them. Once I asked Jeannette about it, and she confessed that Mademoiselle had got into a pet with them because they had scared the doves away by calling her to dinner. But

these pets usually ended in great penitence; and, as I say, she would go and shut herself up for punishment; for she was a generous, noble-souled little thing, and hated to find herself guilty of injustice to anybody. But bless my heart! here it is nearly ten o'clock, and Jessie's eyes are almost closed."

"O no, no, I'm just as wide awake as I can be!" cried Jessie, opening those sleepily closing eyes very wide. And "Don't go, don't go!" pleaded Em and Sue. But the doctor began to button up his coat.

"Well, tell us before you go if little Syl got well!" Jessie exclaimed, in great excitement, as the doctor turned towards the door.

"Yes, little Syl got well, and last week when I was in New York I went to see her, and found her in the garden running about, looking for her spring daffodils and chirping out her bird-notes to the doves. I have a promise from her mother that she shall visit me here in Marystown this summer, and if she does you'll have a gay time with each other. She can make paper dolls almost as well as you can, Jessie."

Doctor Tom laughed and turned again to the door, when Jessie called out, "I'll never make a fuss again, doctor, and I won't be cross any more about my ankle. I'll think how little Syl bore it, and only make 'little groans.'"

"That's right, that's right," answered the doctor from the doorway; and then he waved his hat to them, and Em and Sue and Jessie joined in a chorus of thanks and good-byes.—*Our Young Folks.*

MILLY'S PLACE IN THE WORLD.

"I can't think what to do with Milly Jackson," said the eldest Miss Laurel to her sister Miss Phoebe; "she was sent to us to be trained for a governess, and she never will do much more than read and write, I can see."

"She is not clever, certainly," said Miss Phoebe, "yet she is a good little thing, always endeavoring to make up quarrels and keep peace in the school-room; and she tries to do her lessons well."

"Yet she is always having bad marks," added Miss Laurel, "and I do believe it is because the child cannot really keep up with the rest. Well, well, it is a pity, as she must make her own living."

And Miss Laurel sighed over her pupil.

Where was Milly the while? Crying because she was so stupid? Not a bit of it. She was on her knees beside the cleverest little girl in Miss Laurel's school, coaxing and soothing her, for it was Miss Alicia Kerton who was crying, and crying, too, over her slate and book.

This was a strange thing, as Alicia was very clever and could easily keep her place