

the little hands and smoothed the soft hair on the little face which had suddenly grown placid. Then he bent over and kissed the white, calm brow. And when he raised up, his eyes, as he glanced at Mrs. Durer, had softened.

I learned of the death of the little girl through a letter from the doctor which showed real grief and some bitterness. I knew therefore that the story which came to me of his attention to Mrs. Durer was as unfounded as ever. And when, some years later, I again visited Rock Ledge, now grown to a watering place of the degree which the press calls "some importance," I was interested to learn something of her later history.

It seems that for years the lady returned no more to Rock Ledge; but went abroad annually, returning just in time each season to exhibit at one of the most fashionable summer resorts on the Coast the creations of the first dressmakers of the Rue de la Paix, reinforced gradually more and more by the efforts of other artists. All of which was duly chronicled by those sheets which cater to the millinery tastes of the public which are particularly interested in such important matters. Then after a period in which younger rivals appeared to supplant her in the eye of that public, she reappeared at Rock Ledge. She was still handsome. Some said, handsomer than ever; but my friend who spoke to me of her, said she was the most discontented woman she ever saw; "she wanted nothing that she had and wanted everything else. The fact is," she said, "she always wanted the moon—she wanted to marry that big, good-looking doctor who attended her child; and who performed such a wonderful cure in the case of old Mrs. Dow's crippled grand-daughter—you know about that?"

I replied that I had heard of it; but she went on to tell me all the details quite as if I had not known them. "You know she did not have any spine at all." "No, I did not know that," I interjected.

"Not a particle of one—oh! not the least bit, and your friend took her and just made one for her, and now—"

"How on earth did he perform that miracle?"

"I don't know—you go and see old Mrs. Dow, in the old cottage down under the big apple-trees, with the lilac bushes by the side door and the peonies and hollyhocks—and she'll tell you. He actually made her one—strapped her to a board for years—and put her in a plaster jacket for I don't know how long, and now—what do you think?" She paused for breath and in the interval I said, "I did not know what to think."

"She is a trained nurse—a strapping, strong woman—a trained nurse."

This was news, indeed, and my memory of old times and of my first visit to Rock Ledge having been revived by the conversation, I strolled down that afternoon to see Elishy Dow's widow and the old cottage under the big apple-trees.

I found her, like her apple-trees, a good deal aged since I had been one of her early boarders that summer; but with her keen eyes still glinting shrewdly through her spectacles, on which the old silver rims had now been replaced by rims of gold—"given her by Jane," as she mentioned with grandmotherly pride.

She still cherished the memory of Elishy Dow, and apparently cherished some other memories as well. She referred again and again to that summer that I had spent beneath her roof, and showed me a photograph of the Doctor, hung in her front room in a place quite as conspicuous as the memorable portrait of Elishy Dow. It also was the gift of Jane, as she explained.

"Oh! I say, you don't know how much Jane thinks of that man—she don't allow there's anybody in the whole world just exactly like him. Why, she thinks as much of him as if she was his widder. You know she's in his hospital now?"

"Ah! I am sorry to hear that."

"Oh! bless you! not that away—why, Jane's as well and strong and peart now as anybody. I say, you just ought to see her. Why! the Doctor!—Well, you just'd ought to see her! You'd hardly believe it."

And then the details came out quite as

my friend had said they would.

Also there came another part of the story.

One summer, not long before "just about dusk—well, good dusk," as Mrs. Dow explained, with the particularity natural to her, a knock had come on the door—the side door that the neighbors used—and when she had put down the basket she had in her hand with the hood in it which she was "knitting for Jane," she went to the door—and there was—"Who do you suppose!"

I started to hazard "Jane?" but it was plainly not she, nor could it be Elishy Dow, for according to Captain Spile he was well buried. So I gave it up as someone I could not imagine. Mrs. Dow looked triumphant.

"That woman!" Her face became reflective. "Well, I—!" she began, and then her expression softened. "I don't know 'as I ever felt : sorry for any woman in my life. I never expected to feel sorry for her; but I did. And do you know I took and showed her this hull house and everything that poor little thing had used. And she cried like her heart would break. And she asked me to take her down to where the Doctor made the play-house for 'em that summer, and asked me if I thought she could buy that place."

"I never expected to be sorry for that woman; but I was. She was so lonesome. She said she didn't have a soul in the worl' as cared for her—just cared for the money she had."

"And as I was showin' her the room that little thing had had, and the bureau, and pulled open a drawer, there was the old doll the Doctor had mended for Jane that first summer he came here, when he wanted Jane to let him mend her. Jane had given it to that little girl the day that wom—the day she went away and her mother wouldn't let her keep it, though she cried so—and there it lay just where Jane put it, with the little plaster jacket on it the Doctor made and all, and when that wom—when she saw it she grabbed it up and first thing I knew she fell down flat on the floor with it in her arms kissin' it like 'twas her own child."

"Well, I will say my floor is clean. One thing Elishy Dow always would have was a clean floor. And when she got up, she asked me if I would sell her the doll. I told her 'No,' I couldn't sell her—'t she was Jane's. Then she asked if I thought Jane would sell her; 't she'd give anything for her, 'anything in reason.'"

As she paused I ventured to ask her what her reply was.

"I told her, 'No—I didn't think Jane would; but I thought Jane would want me to give it to her.' She was so lonesome."

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J R Miller.

At school David had great difficulty with his arithmetic problems, and his teacher tried in vain to make him understand. Finally, to bring the matter home, he said, "If I should go into your father's shop and say I wanted two pounds of meat, and he only had a pound and a half, what would he do?"

The boy thought profoundly for a moment, and then said, "He would make up the weight with his thumb!"

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