

CLOSING THE DOORS.

I have closed the door on Doubt: I will go by what light I can find. And hold up my hands, and reach them out...

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

Young Mrs. Redford's face was flushed and her eyes were bright. Redford laid his hand on her forehead. From the next room came the sound of a subdued sniffling.

was limited, felt a catch in her throat as she saw him calmly tie on his wife's apron that had hung for three months unused on the cellar door, and then proceed to arrange a tray with knife, fork, spoon, plate, cup, and saucer on a white dolly embroidered with forget-me-nots...

the wall in the dining-room and went into the kitchen to warm the milk. Suddenly there came a sound from the dining-room. The basket had creaked. In an instant he was back watching the process of the baby's awaking. It was very interesting and imitatively funny.

"She is a wonder. Do you realize, dear, that till to-night I haven't looked at my own baby? Of course I've seen her, but I haven't looked at her, never noticed how beautiful her eyes are and her hands and her feet. She has been wasting her sweetness on Miss Bell."

"She's improved wonderfully since I began to cook for her," answered Redford, calmly. "You're a good girl, Nora. You've done well."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Redford, holding out her hand. "And I'm not as cross as I was. The little nurse, genuinely delighted, retained the hand counting the pulse. 'Pulse normal,' said she. 'And now, deary, will you let me take your temperature?'"