Poor Tom approached the cot and sat down beside it in silent embarrassment, for children were unknown quantities to him.

Finally he held out the calm-faced doll as an overture, and the joyous little cry with which the child took it put him more at ease; and he told her a story which was a curiosity if not a work of art.

It was very little of it that she understood; but she understood well enough the toys and gaudy picture-books he laid around her, and her eyes shone as she silently watched the blushing giant. As he rose to go she held out a thin little hand, and said, "I wants to kiss yer, Mister. I never 'spected to have a real, truly, store doll, but the pretty lady said she'd bring me a rag-baby to-morrow, and now I've got a boughten doll all my own. Ain't she lovely?"

Tom's dismay was pitiful, but he hastily kissed the child, and got out of the laughing nurse's sight as soon as possible.

He called to see the waif nearly every day, however, and often met Miss Brown on the same errand. She told him how she had happened to be passing, and had seen the accident and his remorse, although she did not add that she was a constant and welcome visitor in the children's ward, and had made many a child happy by her kindness; but the nurse took the first opportunity to give this information.

Miss Brown had not expected Tom to take any personal interest in the injured child, and had intended to try and make the little one forget her pain by stories and toys, only to find herself forestalled.

Tom took the first opportunity to call, and met with a chilling reception; but his explanation and apology, substantiated by the two dance orders, soon set matters right, and he found the remainder of his call very pleasant.

He often met Helen at the hospital, and accepted her invitations to call again, and soon became a frequent and welcome visitor.

Helen was surprised to find Tom such an earnest and manly fellow, and before long found herself as strongly prejudiced in his favor as she formerly had been against him,—so strongly prepossessed that she promised to stop playing the role of dearest friend to Tom's sister, in order to become at some future date her sister-in-law.

The little waif, whose only knowledge of home and parents was a cheerless room and a drunken apology for a mother, was a waif no longer, for Helen had found her a happy home with a childless old couple, and she had become a cheerful, happy, and pretty little creature. She was lovable and loving, sunny-tempered and anxious to learn, and her slight lameness did not debar her from the quieter childish sports. Her only trouble was to decide who stood first in her worship, "the pretty lady," or our friend Tom.

Let Me Dream Again.

He had not quite recovered,
From a night out with the boys;
But was well enough to be about
And keep his equipoise.

With nervous tread he sought the room
Where Mathematics reign;
He found his place and took his seat
With "unprepared" disdain.

He felt of all the Scripture tags
By which his hairs were numbered;
And as he sat there in his chair,
Forgot this earth and slumbered.

The King of Figures came and went
On mystic calculation;
Our hero dreamed some cause had stopped
His hirsute circulation.

"What! can it be," surprised thought he,
"That at my age I'm bald?"
A sudden start—he realized
The Prof. his name had called.

The question was a staggerer;
His brains he overhauled;
But answer none came forth from them:
"'Tis true," said he; "I'm balled." — E. V. S.

A scholarship of $200 has been offered by the Vassar Aid Society to the applicant who passes the best entrance examinations in June.