

tired out with "mishiff," would scramble on his mother's knee, and folding his pretty grimy little hands, would upturn his beautiful tragic eyes, and say—

"Tell me about the pore 'itta' children."

"For his lordship, if you please, me leddy."

In the doorway stands my lady's footman, six feet of magnificent and costly manhood, with a silver salver in his hand upon which is laid a bunch of violets—white and blue.

"From whom, Tomkins?" Lady Gleamstone asks, in her gracious way.

"If you please, me leddy, I don't know; the—er the little person as left them, said: 'Give 'em to the little lord, and say as "One-eye" sent 'em; he knows me, we's pals;' and she winked, me leddy—with her one eye, me leddy—and cut off sharp."

Sonnie makes a grab at the flowers, and buries his face in them.

"Oh! Tomkins, smell, and please be quick; do run after her and stop her; it's the little monkey girl belonging to the orgin. I promised to show her my shoulgers and my big train; and we was going to build castles. Oh! beautiful darling," addressing his mother, "make him run."

Sonnie's mother laughs, partly at the child's eagerness, partly at the notion of the exquisite Tomkins, with his powdered hair, and silken pumps, being ordered to run; then she turns her kindly eyes upon him, and asks him to bring some water for the flowers, with the mental reservation that, were she a

man, she would take the wig and the pumps and put them on to the fire-back—which, of course, is very unreasonable upon her part, as she designed his smart liveries.

Her little son's hand creeps into hers.

"Let me and you go and find little 'One-eye,'" he coaxes. "I do want her *so much*. She's a little 'talian. She comes with the orgin. Her mother banged her eye out all of a mistake. Oh, she can dance and jump so gaud! I frowed my best shoes to her out of the window. Nana says she's impèrent, but I love her cos of her eye."

"Pretty tender-hearted lamb," the mother whispers, gathering up her son. "We will find her, but not to-night. I see two little eye-peeps so full of sleep."

An hour later the child lies asleep, with the blue and white violets scattered over his pillow.

Ten days have come and gone. Sonnie's pretty head, with its fluffy curls, is still on the pillow, but the violets have gone. Sonnie is ill—"only a little ill," his mother and nurse tell one another, and they both look the other way. (Dada is at Monte Carlo.) Towards evening, Sonnie's little face grows flushed. He asks for "fizzie water," and when he swallows it he cries. Then the mother and nurse look into one another's eyes, each clouded by a film of grief, and tremble.

"I will take the carriage," the mother says, softly, "and fetch Sir Douglas Davidson at once."

In half-an-hour the great physician is by the child's cot. He has felt his throbbing pulse and burning little body; he has examined the fiery little throat,

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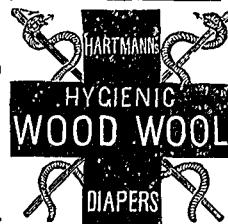
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