

AMEN AND AMEN.

"Oh, oh, I is killed! I is killed!" and both papa and mamma ran out into the hall, where the cries of distress came from.

"But you are not, Jennett, or you could not cry so," said papa half impatiently as he lifted his little daughter to her feet.

"But my w'ist is broken," and the brown eyes looked up into the gray ones, as if there to read the awful consequences should the fact be true.

"No, neither killed nor broken," mamma said soothingly.

"But I fell down free steps," and the little face was still drawn.

"Well, well, you are not hurt much, Jennett, so do not fear," and Mr. Summers sat his little girl down after kissing her.

But she continued to moan and worry until papa said:

"Now, Jennett, I will get me another little girl down town if you don't hush. Come, be a lady."

"Bigger than me?"

"No, just as big, so when you are naughty I can have another one."

"Do they keep them at stores?"

"Yes, yes; plenty of them."

The tears were all gone now, and two little hands rested firmly on her father's knee as she read the story from his eyes, even while he was yet speaking. Another little girl—one to be loved even as much as she; one to go to when she was naughty, so papa had said. Her dear papa not hers alone! The tears came nearer and nearer.

"And if I is dood."

Then papa saw how his words had wounded, and he felt sorry. He lifted her up, but the tears could not be staid. She cried a little until his kisses soothed her to sleep, and he laid her down and the momentary remorse at the same time.

Nothing was further from his thoughts as he hailed the passing car.

Mrs. Summers covered her little girl warmly and hurried down to receive callers.

But soon Jennett wakened and called for mamma.

"No, no," the nurse said. "Mamma is busy."

"I won't bother," and she started for the door.

"You must not go," nurse said sharply. "There is an old witch down there who hates little girls."

Jennett then paused and finally went to the window. Turning around by and by, she saw the nurse busy at her table with her work, so she slipped down stairs.

Mamma saw a timid little face at the door and said, "Come on in, darling." She pressed close to her mother while she eyed the visitors curiously.

"Oh, such a dear," Mrs. Cooler smilingly murmured.

"Such perfectly gorgeous eyes!" Miss Cora replied.

Jennett looked at each as she spoke and came to the conclusion that the last one was the witch—the witch that hated little girls, for she was the oldest of the three.

"Come and see me," Miss Cora entreated. Now, Jennett was not timid generally, but she would not go.

"But she will come to me," and Mrs. Cooler rocked forward to caress her.

"Oh, mamma, this is a witch and hates little girls," and Jennett clung around her mother's neck. "Take me away, mamma. I don't like her a bit," she screamed.

"Hush, child, what do you mean?" and Mrs. Summer's face burned painfully.

"Hush, and tell mamma all about it." She was a sensible woman in some things and knew the best way to prove it a freak of a child's brain was to let the ladies hear the confession.

"What made you fear the lady?"

"Nurse"—

"Nurse—well, go on."

"Nurse said there was a witch down here, and she hated little girls," and she still hid her face.

"Naughty nurse! Why did she say that?"

"She was afraid she would hate me," came the tones in all confidence.

"It's a shame," mamma said, "and I will tell nurse so." But no coaxing could change the little lady's mind, and the visitors departed in a little while.

But mamma forgot all about it, and she was very busy all the afternoon.

Jennett went for a walk with nurse and found mamma all dressed for an evening party when she came home.

"You is boofol," she cried gleefully.

"May I go too!"

"Oh, no, dear."

"Why can't I go?"

"Little girls are best off at home."

"Ain't mammas too?"

Mamma paused, but did not reply. Nor did she forget the little eyes looking up into hers as she went on again with her wraps.

"I wish I had two mammas, so"—

"So what, darling?"

"So I wouldn't have to stay alone so much."

"But nurse's here," and mamma went down to papa.

"Goodby, kitten," papa called up the stairway.

"Goodby" came the little voice, but then papa and mamma couldn't see the little face and the tears on the lashes.

"Come up to bed now," nurse said as Jennett finished her simple supper.

But the little eyes could not stay shut, and the little heart so "pained" for mamma.

Down stairs was some one who wa-

to see nurse, so she fell back on her old mode.

"Now shut your eyes quick and go to sleep or a big, black dog will come out of the closet and bite you."

Closed were the little eyelids now, nor did they tell of the hurried beatings of a timid heart under the counterpane. Not a muscle moved and nurse's duty was done.

But for hours it seemed to the lonely little girl did she wait and fear the ugly dog.

"Such flushed cheeks," and mamma called papa into the room after they were home again.

"Covered too warm," papa thought as he kissed the rosy mouth. "You had better caution nurse about it."

"Do you s'pose papa will get another little girl if I is sick?"

It was morning, and mamma was trying to have Jennett eat her oatmeal.

"Why?"

"Cause, I can't eat it, but"—

"No, no, darling. Papa wants only you." Glad little eyes watched her mother's face—but then—papa had said that.

The little girl was herself again in a few days, her naughty self too, one morning, as papa went off after another little girl so he said.

"No, he's alone," and Jennett turned from the window where she had been so long.

"Who is, pet?"

"Papa," and his step was in the hall.

"Where—is she, papa?"

"Where is whom?"

"The other little girl."

"Oh, down town."

The little girl down town became as real to Jennett as the president is to us. They were not bad parents, oh, no, only thoughtless and ignorant of the longing of a little heart.

"Mamma is going down town, Jennett," said Mrs. Summers one day.

"Please, may I go too?"

"No, no; Mrs. Allen goes with mamma," she answered rather impatiently. "You can go with nurse for a walk."

"Is you going to see papa's little girl?" and the lips quivered.

"Oh, you foolish child, no," and Mrs. Summers laughed. But Jennett only turned to the window and was so quiet, so very quiet that her mother came up and looked out to see what her daughter saw.

"What is it, Jennett?"

No answer, and the little form was lifted onto her lap.

"Why, darling, what is it? And you are surely crying. What for?"

"I wish—I wish you would ever let me go too. I want to see papa's"—

"Now, my dear, don't think of that. You could go, but nurse is willing to care for you, and you can go to the park."