ton's first ecstatic thought was of what the nurses would think when they saw this glorious basket. It would extinguish the shame of the funeral cross as sunrise puts out a candle!

'To think of its happening to me!' she cried, as she sank in the pillow with both arms round the lovely basket.

Then, unaccountably, there came up before her mind the picture of an artificial rose on a sick bed. 'It would be fairer for the Pink Girl to have the orchids,' Paxton said to herself, with a sigh. 'I have letters from home and the girls, and a sense of humor that has saved my life.'

It would be easy to send the orchids to the Pink Girl, with the doctor's card. She would merely have to change the address on the box, from Room 30 to Room 32. At the thought of letting them go, it seemed to Paxton that the orchids' baby faces drooped in reproach: but when she thought of what the flowers would mean to the Pink Girl, they seemed to flame in joyous sympathy. It would be a beautiful thing to do. As the full beauty of it burst on Paxton, she felt the same rapture that had thrilled her when she caught the first glorious glimpse of the orchids: but she knew that the enthusiasm that led her to make the sacrifice would wane, and that it would leave her just a sick girl, defending her right to keep the only orchids she had ever possessed in her life.

'If I could only keep one!' something cried within her; and she knew that if she was to do the beautiful thing at all, she must do it at once.

She heard a nurse coming down the corridor. A fine strength of spirit steadied her. She replaced the tissue paper, gazed for an instant at the orchids glowing through it, then pushed the lid over them, and seized a pencil from her table. As she sank on her pillows, with her heart leaping in her breast, the 30 stood 32.

'Did I make a mistake in the address?' cried the nurse, when she entered and stared at the address on the unopened box. Concerned with her own carelessness, she did not notice Paxton's face.

The following week it rained, and the patients were not taken on the verandah. The great doctor was out of town, and did not visit the hospital. The first Paxton knew of his return was when she heard his voice in the hall outside her door. Her door, guarded by a screen, was open, and Paxton heard in the doctor's voice the same enthusiasm that had greeted her gain on the week before. She knew that he was talking to the other doctors.

'I didn't intend the flowers for her! But they have transformed her. She is trying to get well! She was not an incorrigible: she was just too lonely to want to live! We were doing everything, except the one necessary thing of giving her a motive for wanting to get well. I am going to have her father come to see her.'

The doctor moved on.

The next day was sunny, and lying under her blanket, with the big pain wonderfully lessened, Paxton watched the Pink Girl's bed roll out on the sunny verandah. The stir at her entrance was not followed by a smile. She wore the same cap she had worn the week before, and her sweater was comfortably disarranged. Over a battered orchid that she caressed, she smiled at Paxton in a friendly, girlish way.

'I have gained this week more than in the whole three months I have been in the hospital. You can't help trying for such a grand doctor. My father will be here Sunday,' she concluded, as she passed Paxton.

The second box of orchids was not so large as the first, but the great doctor handed it himself to Paxton, a few minutes later.

'I wanted you to have a reward,' he said.

'You are—too—good to me!' Paxton choked. 'I have had a greater reward—'

She turned her face to hide her happy tears, and saw above her the pigeons circling with silver breasts. In that moment she knew that there were wings—other than college wings—that lifted to sunny heights.

'You mean your splendid gain is your reward,' said the doctor, gently. 'It means college for you when the mid-term comes.' And his reassuring smile was prophetic.—*Youth's Companion.*

INCOGNITO

Gardner MacKnight, a wealthy New Yorker and a member of the smart set, issued invitations to a select few of his friends in the swim to what he called a ranch party. They were all to go west by train to a station, and from the station to the ranch by stage coach. He did not own the ranch, but said he had hired it for the occasion. The ranchman, Patrick Coleman, would remain in charge. MacKnight's guests being in the nature of boarders during their stay at MacKnight's expense.

They were all, except one lady, representatives of American present-day society—that is, they had all come into a good deal of money during a recent date, had climbed into the swim and kicked the ladder away from under them in order that no one should be assisted upward by taking hold of their skirts. The exception was a Miss DeWitt, a scion of an old Dutch family which had managed through many generations to retain some wealth.

On the second day after the party's arrival the owner returned. The guests were somewhat taken aback by the greeting MacKnight and Coleman gave each other, which was quite chummy. Coleman was in ranch costume, rather brusque in his manner, and spoke with a brogue, though in his case it was not as broad as that of the ordinary son of Erin. On the whole, the New Yorkers did not consider that there was anything about him that required different treatment from other men who were not in their set.

It soon developed that Mr. Coleman was not of this opinion. He seemed to expect that he was to be taken in as one of the party. MacKnight treated him as such and seemed to expect his guests to do the same. Miss DeWitt, who was a cousin to the host, seemed disposed to accept Mr. Coleman as an equal at least, while under his roof—but it was supposed by the others that she had taken her cue from the host. It was not long before Mr. Coleman saw that he was *persona non grata* and drew himself away from all except Miss DeWitt.

MacKnight seemed to be provoked that his guests should carry their New York petty assumptions into the wild west. The men of the party saw at once that their host was displeased and mended their treatment of Coleman, but the women were not so minded. After all, it was quite natural that, having worked their way with so much trouble to a position where they could look down on the multitude, they appreciated what they had gained and did not propose to relinquish any infinitesimal part of it.

There was one young lady, Miss Eileen De Vine—she had only just reached the surface in the swim—who maintained that, whatever be the treatment of Patrick Coleman, she would keep him where he belonged.

'Pat,' she said to him one morning, 'get me a glass of water.'

Coleman colored a bit, but went for the water. When he returned he said:

'Are you related to the De Vines of Tipperary County, Ireland?'

It was now Miss De Vine's turn to be red in the face. Michael De Vine, her grandfather, had been steward for the estate of the Earl of Eringough. She pretended not to have heard the question, turning to speak to a girl sitting near her.

It did not take Mr. Coleman long to become used to the treatment of Mr. MacKnight's guests, and, having been assured that they had no use for him, he seemed quite as well pleased as if they had. But such was not the case with MacKnight.

'You were wrong about this matter, old man,' he said to Coleman one day. 'Your plan of bringing these people out here without letting them know anything about you and expecting them to take you in as one of them has been a failure. I told you it would be.'

'No failure at all,' replied the other. 'I supposed you would bring Americans such as are admired on the other side of the water for their broad views. Your guests I doubt not are of the commercial aristocracy. They are all right, but they have not been brought up to recognise a gentleman or a lady without an adviser. They must have some one to coach them, just as the