

“But where is Helen? Uncle Jake said you were all well, so I hoped to find her on the sofa, at least.”

“She is no worse, dear,” said Madame, “and I suppose Uncle Jake meant we were all as well as usual. She is ‘saving up,’ so as to be bright to-morrow, and I persuaded her to stay in bed, but she is quite ready to see you. Come, we will go up.—No; only Rob,” she added as she saw the whole troop making ready to follow.

Rob caught me up from the sweet sister’s lap. “Children,” he said, “I have been thinking all day how pleased Helen would be to have Jock. I am going to give him to her, out and out, but of course she will often lend him to you.”

I expected to see them all frown or make some of the faces which I had seen the Jimmy children—all except Honora and the baby—make when things did not please them; but instead of that they shouted, “Oh yes! That will be lovely! Poor Helen, who can’t have any fun at all! it’ll be such fun for her to have a dog all her own!”

So Mr. Rob and I went up stairs alone, and he knocked gently at a door. Somebody said “Come in!” and he opened it. I had never been in so pretty a place before. I don’t know much about colors, but everything looked warm and soft and like a nice fire on a cold day. A pleasant-faced woman got up from a chair by the bed; she had a book in her hand. But I did not look at her long; I saw a sweet pale face lying on the pillow, two little thin hands clasped together, and two mournful dark eyes looking up at the