

into a sitting position, and tenderly stroked her moist forehead. She tried to speak. Her breath came and went in short, hard gasps. "Thanks," she finally said.

After that she lay without speaking, trying in vain to gain victory over the difficulty in breathing. In this condition the physician found her.

When Otten showed him out of the rooms, the physician's face was grave. "The fever has increased. We can do nothing but continue the same treatment. I can't make any promises."

"You must."

"I cannot."

"Allow me to have a second physician in consultation."

"I was just about to ask you to do so. Have you anyone to suggest?"

"Privy-Councilor Dr. Bartels of Cologne. He was our family physician."

"I'll telephone for him at once from the station. We can both be here in the afternoon."

When he returned to his room, Otten found Koch there, to his surprise. "What do you want here?"

"See to it that you remain sensible, Joseph. Our patient is slumbering. Now, you lie down upon the sofa at once, and try to sleep, too. I'll call you in two hours, or sooner, if our patient wakes up. My word upon it. Remember that you need your remaining strength during the coming night."

Without argument Otten did as he was told.

In the afternoon the two physicians came. Life in the little town seemed to have been awakened this day. The wave of the carnival did not pass even this silent spot, without quickening its pulse-beat. Frau Maria