

She took out her chest of simples, a quaintly-made birchen-bark receptacle. They had been carefully labelled by the doctor. Yes, here was "fever"—here another. Which to take puzzled her.

"I might try first one and then the other," she ruminated. "I would get the good of both. And they might not mix well."

She boiled some water and poured it over the herbs. It diffused a bitter, but not unpleasant flavor. Then she put it out of doors to cool.

Rose was sleeping heavily, but her eyes were half open and it startled Mère Dubray.

"A child is a great responsibility," she moaned to herself. "If the *Sieur* were only here, or the doctor!" She woke her presently and administered the potion. But it brought on a desperate sickness.

"Perhaps I had better try the other." She took the hot, limp hand, the cheeks were burning, but great drops of perspiration stood out on the forehead. She twisted the soft hair in a knot and struck one of her highly-prized pins through it, then she thought a night-cap would be better. Only they would be a world too large for the child. But she succeeded in pinning it to the right shape, though she grudged the two pins. They were a great rarity in those days, and if one was lost hours were spent hunting it up.

The second dose fared better. There was nothing to do but let the child sleep. She busied herself about the few household cares, studied the weather and the