

the sequence of events. He could not tell whether it was Mrs. Ross or his mother who was attending him in a prairie abode, a dug-out of one room, with a muslin ceiling cloth. There were times when he seemed to distinguish another person, a young woman reading in a book with copper clasps.

Often he would say to this one:

"I don't know who you are."

But why didn't he know? He felt humiliated that the nurse, who moved quietly, spoke gently, and was ever subdued in manner, should be one who would not allow herself to be identified. Her youth and freshness pleased him; she knew how to help him get rid of troubling visions.

"You're not travelling any more," she used to assure him, when he complained of the rough trail and the jouncing of the wagon. "Don't you see?" she would add, tapping the cabin wall with her hand to show how steady it was. "This is not a wagon but a house."

"How did you get in?" he asked; for a contradictory impression was queerly his that she had not been here before, but only now had slipped in by means of some mystifying trick. Why practise deception of that sort? Maybe she wanted to tell him something. Yet where was the good in telling him that many of the stars, but not all, are inhabited, and that the grandmother of a potato bug has no soul?

Was the visitor mocking at him? Was she? He meant to rebuke her for it.

"But no, it's delirium," he told himself, and felt very clever to have discovered, all by himself, that