

"MY ALL—THE—WORLD"

than a dream to you, forgotten all the faster because of the unusual nature of them. You will be incapable of accounting for such acts as you do remember, and the task of tracing out those extremely interesting and curious mental processes and confusions of yours will be utterly beyond your powers. Yet it is a record which, if clearly and copiously made, would be of inestimable value. So waste no time setting about it, my friend."

I should have been loath to take up the task had not the doctor let me see how highly he would prize the result of it; how eagerly he wanted the story, told from my point of view, of the events which he already knew so well from his own. His interest in it, of course, was purely scientific, but I am afraid that for his purposes he will find it treated in too highly romantic a manner. Well, that is distinctly not my fault.

We are here at la Mesle, Virginia and I, alone together, living out our honeymoon which Fate deprived us of before. Mr. Heatherfield and the doctor are jogging about Europe, doing our traveling for us, leaving to us the sweet solitude and peace of this dear old home of mine.

Our future is bound to be crowded with activities. Cleveport is there—horrible, gaunt, squalid as ever—for us to remake into a place for human habitation, a place where men and women and