

On the 27th of May I took my first dose of the grains of iodide of potassium and spent the rest of the day washing it down with glasses of chlorine water masked with lemon. I was still the complete invalid going rapidly downhill; on a water-bed, washed and dressed like a baby, reluctantly docile in Benham's hard, yet capable hands. Only Ella had hope for me. On the 27th of June I was walking about the house! By the 27th of July I had put on seventy pounds in weight, and had no longer any doubt of the value of nascent iodide in cases of consumption. I had found the dosage at first both nauseous and nauseating. Now I drank it off as if it had been champagne. Hope effervesced in every glass. The desire to work came back, but without the old instability. Ella, before she left, said I was more like myself than I had been for years. Dr. Kennedy had unearthed this new treatment, and she extolled him notwithstanding her old prejudices, admitted it was to him we owed my restoration. Yet never ceased to rally me and comment on the power of love. I agreed with her in that, knowing hers had saved me even before the drug began to act. It was for her hand I had groped in the darkest hour of all. Even now I remembered her passionate avowal that she would not let me die, my more weakly passionate response that I could not leave her lonely in the world. Now we said rude things to each other, as sisters will, with an intense sense of happiness and absence of emotion. I criticized Tommy's handwriting, and she retorted that at least she saw it regularly. Whilst as for Dennis . . .