

498 THE CONGRESSWOMAN

"No, I opened my eyes and there you sat. Who are you?"

"Don't you remember? I'm Bona Dea, who was once Rebecca."

"Of course." Cynthia raised herself on her elbow. "Where on earth did you come from?"

"From Oklahoma," the child laughed softly.

"When?"

"Oh, weeks ago, months ago, after you grew ill."

"Alone?"

"Mercy, no. Father William brought me."

"Father William?"

"You haven't forgotten Father William?"

"No," whispered Cynthia. "Why did he come?"

"I don't know exactly." The child looked perplexed.

"Are you stopping here in my house?"

"No, we live out in the country. We come in every day on a car."

"For what?"

"To find out if you are better, of course," Bona Dea smiled.

"What do you do all day?"

"I go out with Father William or the nice Mr. Deb to see places; houses with slippery, white marble floors and pictures on the wall or men sitting in the big room where you used to sit, so Father William told me. Once we went down the river. Oh,"—the child clasped her