

work yourself. I do not want my only patient as pale as her favorite flowers. Take good care of my little daughter—Marjorie.”

Marjorie's cheeks took a faint tinge as her name fell—ah ! too musically—for the first time from his lips, but she answered, quietly: “You may trust her to me, Dr. Graham. I will watch over her.”

For a time after Keith Graham's departure Marjorie sat silent. It was as if some immeasurable joy had passed out of her life forever, and only the ghost of bygone hours remained. But Erica was coming to-morrow, and Jack would often be with them. How could she be lonely with such devoted friends? Yes, through Erica she would have the first news, and perhaps some message to cheer the intervening days. And Jack, dear, faithful Jack, whom she had treated coldly, almost unfriendly, how glad she was to know those wounds were healing and that Jack had realized at last that the old Marjorie was lost and the new Marjorie would always be a dear, kind friend.