

The short conversation had done him good. It had a lasting after-effect. "Only the boyhood friendships endure," he thought. "What follows after is not unselfish. Where are all the later friends? Gone with the last bottle of wine to which I invited them. *Habeant sibi.*"

He dreamt with open eyes. Of old Klaus and of his own father's vessel, and Klaus the skipper. Of Heinrich Koch, the merry little comrade, who always romped at his side. And of the little sneak—what was his name?—Oh, yes, Metardus—Metardus Terbroich. The name chased his dreaming. Metardus—Laurenz. "Hypocrites.—We'll have an accounting."

Watch in hand, he attended to his duties as a nurse. Before dawn, Frau Maria awoke. "Good-morning, dearest," he said, stooping over her. "How do you feel?"

Her glances passed over him and over the walls, and then they returned to him. "What was it? That last matter?"

"You probably have dreamt, dear. Do you recognize me now?"

"You? Why should I not know you, Joseph? You and Carmen—— Oh, please call her."

"You are in Zons, Maria. Are you still suffering pains?"

"Pains—pains?" she murmured. "Yes, I have pains. In one way, they are not pains. It's only the breathing. If I could only just once—draw a good deep breath."

Shortly after she suffered a severe attack. She fought for air until her body half arose. Her hands clutched at the bed-covers. At once Otten brought her