

"I'm afraid I am, Marjorie," then in a voice half-laughing, half-crying, "now's your time to come out strong, Marjorie, or never."

And Mark Tapley never came out stronger than Marjorie. All that evening and night she hung over her little friend, doing all she could, with Frau Kercher's help, to relieve symptoms which in the morning caused serious alarm. Marjorie felt annoyed that she had listened to Frau Kercher's advice and not sent for a doctor immediately.

The doctor, when he came, did not lessen Marjorie's bitter misgivings, and to his inquiries as to any exposure Marjorie told of Erica's visit to a sick friend, mentioning name and locality.

"A bad case of fever there I have heard—the family isolated. I will have to treat you in the same manner, I am afraid. Do not admit anyone till you see me again. Is there anything I can do for you? You will want a nurse."

"No, no, doctor, not yet. I am strong, and Frau Kercher will help me. I could not rest