

again. Take this now," and Marjorie obediently drank the draught which she had at first refused.

As Marjorie turned to re-enter her room Dr. Graham took the little hand in his, and laid his cheek on the little fingers that had brought to his mother's declining years such perpetual joy and had so lovingly ministered to the wants of his little girl.

It was late the next day when Marjorie awoke. At first she wondered at the gathering twilight, and then all came back—Keith Graham's coming, Erica sleeping and conscious—and she hastened to the sick room, fearing she might have been needed. As she entered and bent over the quiet figure, Erica looked up with a wan smile and said,

"You look as if you had come out tremendously, Marjorie."