

David ! I can look back now and see the very beginning of your interest in Mary—but that it should end in this—that you should fly from me to her——’”

•Having read so far, I burst into hysterical laughter, and it took Mary and her lover and Nurse Dean, and how many more I know not, to hold me in bed. Of course I had a relapse, and my life was despaired of, but I would not, in my sensible moments, allow Mary to write to, or send for Isabel. I pictured the streets still full of rioting strikers, and the mails and trains still disorganized. In waking and in delirium alike, “Keep her out of harm’s way !” I cried, “I’ll go home to-morrow, sure,” but it was a long to-morrow that saw me on the boat bound for Lake City.

Mary wanted to accompany me, for I was still very weak, and had to walk with a stick on account of my knee, but I said brusquely,