

## JUST ONE BLUE BONNET.

in sub-acute rheumatism. However, she declared she enjoyed that winter greatly. There were many pleasant things. For instance, the thrilling moment when, answering a knock at the door, she looked up at the handsome young six-foot-two nephew, who it seemed only the other day was a pretty baby in her arms.

She always took great delight in her twelve beloved nieces and nephews, as they did in her.

(*To Miss Machar.*)

HUNTSVILLE, MUSKOKA,

October, 1903.

I broke off my last letter to you rather abruptly, intending to answer yours at greater length, but I little guessed that I should be replying from my own little room at Huntsville! I seem to be one of the pawns on Life's chessboard that fate keeps constantly on the "move on" game. But this time it was from the doctor I took my marching orders. I suppose the alternation of hot and cold climate, and especially the bleak winter winds from Lake Michigan and then the dry heat of New York, became rather too overpowering.

So I am restocking my paint-box, for the autumn coloring is almost bewilderingly lovely in its seductive charms of light and shade and tint on the rocks and waters of Muskoka.

*February, 1904.*—Little did I guess how much suffering the past three months were to bring me, for I must begin by telling you that I have been quite as ill as the New York doctor prophesied; and that is the reason why I have not written before. In fact, I can only now begin to hold a pen, and that with much awkwardness. You will sympathize, I am sure, when I confess that in addition to some chest difficulty I have been caught in the toils of a prolonged attack of acute inflammatory rheumatism, which visited every joint with equal impartiality.

However, I think I have now gained the victory, and attained the summit of this most unpleasant "kopje" I have had to climb.