

new aprons should be made; and again she joked and disputed with her father. "If you growl and grumble a-plenty about not being sick," she ironically informed him, "that is surely going to cure you."

Once she said to Mrs. Ross: "I wish I could keep awake. The craziness don't bother so much if I keep awake."

Even when her eyes remained open there was one vision in particular that seemed to come back many times. She listened to inaudible speech; she gazed at an invisible presence, and often talked to someone whom neither Mrs. Ross nor Doctor North could see. But let him smooth her forehead with his hand, or put on another wet towel, and the phantom visitor would depart.

With a cajoling smile Winifred presently observed:

"She's not there—not really. Is she? You don't see anything? No, of course, because it's only my silly head up to its silly tricks again." And yet a little while later she might address vacancy with fretful irritation: "So, here you are again! Goodness knows how you manage it. A long ways to travel, but, apparently. . . . Well, and how are the children? Is Connie well? Did Arthur get home all right?"

After the towel compress for her head had been wet with vinegar to see whether that might not prove more efficacious than water, the girl presently exclaimed, as one who had made an interesting discovery:

"That's queer; that's awfully queer! How is it that there's two of me? Twins. How ridiculous