

fever is not infectious, I'm glad to say. So you need have no fear of being with her—on account of others."

"I have no fear," responded Sheila with a friendly smile, "and I will go to her now—no, if you don't mind, I'd prefer to go alone," she added as she saw the doctor was coming with her.

The other bowed and nodded approvingly. "The fewer the better," he said. "I think you ought to go in alone—quite alone," he said with gentle firmness, for he saw the girl with Sheila was also going with her.

So it was that Sheila entered alone, and came to the bed and looked at the woman in the extreme depression of fever. "Prepare some lime-juice, please," she said to the servant on the other side of the bed. "Keep it always beside the bed—I know what these cases are."

The servant disappeared, and the eyes of the sick woman opened and looked at Sheila. There shot into them a look of horror and relief in one, if such a thing might be. A sudden energy inspired her, and she drew herself up in bed, her face gone ghastly.

"You are Sheila Boyne, aren't you?" she asked in a low half-guttural note.

"I am Sheila Llyn," was the astonished reply.

"It's the same thing," came the response. "You are the daughter of Erris Boyne."

Sheila turned pale. Who was this woman that knew her and her history?

"What is your name?" she asked—"your real name—what is it?"

"My name is Noreen Balfe; it was Noreen Boyne."

For a moment Sheila could not get her bearings. The heavy scent of the flowers coming in at the win-