

## THE DREAM GIRL

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too tired to write more — oh, Max, it was so pitifully true. I was sickening for that fever, and you were so persistent. I was a bit light-headed, that night, I think. I know the keys kept jumping up at me, and I had to rest between each word.

I don't know how I did it . . . and met you, every day. I manifolded my letters, or I should have been in a difficulty many a time. As it was, my tenses got jumbled up, and I was afraid you would guess. I wanted so badly, to tell you that Winsome married the Man-from-the-Mallee, and went to England with him, and then I remembered that I had not left time.

I have gone through the letters you wrote when I was ill. They say — a