

It was some time past midnight when I noticed a change. She took the nourishment I gave her, and when I laid her back on the pillow she sighed and made an effort to open her eyes.

I took her hand and held it and, after some time, I felt a slight pressure of her fingers upon mine.

"Gareth, dearest," I whispered.

At first there was no response; but when I called her again, the pressure of the fingers was distinct; and a little later she opened her eyes and looked at me.

That was all then, and she was so still afterwards, that I thought she was once more unconscious. She was not, however; and presently her eyes opened again and her lips moved.

I bent down over her, and caught the faintly whispered words:

"Am I dying?"

"No, dearest, no. You will soon be strong again."

She looked at me, and tried, I think, to smile.

"Poor Karl." Just a soft, sighing whisper, and she was silent.

"He is here, dearest. Would you like to see him?"

She made no reply, but I told Mrs. Perry to bring both Gustav and the Colonel to the door of the room. Then I went back and gave her some stimulant, as the doctor had told me.

It lent her a measure of strength.