

"He's conscious. The cooling off of the air, it appears . . . and the hail falling . . . very good, very good."

"If only she wouldn't keep asking for him!" Mrs. Ross blurted out. "What's one to do? But he can't go to her, I suppose."

Instantly North got to his feet. Tottering a little at first, he walked away from the men. "Winnie, Winnie," he kept saying as he went. "Where are you?"

Mrs. Ross conducted him to where she lay, and he was glad to see that the rainy afternoon, with its fitful showers and rattles of hail, had been beneficial to her, as to him. Wet compresses had also helped to keep her fever down. But now, as the sunset hour came on, even though the air remained cool and tranquil, her restlessness indicated a rising temperature. Lunn had given it as his opinion, after making a long examination in the forenoon, that nothing remained to be done for her except to make her as comfortable as possible.

Although she had her quiet intervals, almost free from pain, and although there were periods when her mind came clear for lucid thinking, the time grew more and more prolonged when she strove against delirium, exerting herself to keep down the troubling visions.

"They annoy a body so!" North heard her complaining, as he seated himself, unrecognized, beside her pillow. "My head goes on getting mussed up inside, and flighty, and full of nightmarish nonsense."

In one of her vagaries she seemed to talk with her mother, discussing the important point of how some