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A LAPSE OF MEMORY

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soon spinning merrily along the road towards home. My friend proved a vivacious talker and was glad to be going home. Luckily he did not ask any embarrassing questions about the health of the people at home, but monopolized the conversation himself, probably realizing that I did not feel much like talking.

As we drew near to a comfortable looking homestead he slowed down, and said that he could easily walk the rest of the way. This admission gave me the very information I needed — that this must be my home. Mentally thanking him, I told him to drive on to his place since I was in no hurry. He thanked me, and we proceeded down the road to the next house, a distance of about half a mile. Here my friend left me, and I was soon back at the spot he had indicated as my home. Driving into the yard I saw a small garage with the doors open and drove my car in. As I proceeded towards the house, I seemed to feel a sort of haunting familiarity about the place. I could not actually recall having been there before, but it seemed to me to be a scene that I had visited in a dream some time ago.

By this time it was quite dusk and the lamps were alight in the house as I entered. An elderly lady was in the room, who I immediately concluded was my mother. I did not actually recognize her, but some instinct beyond all question seemed to cry out to me that it was she, and I called her "Mother" without any hesitation. She told me that my supper was waiting for me on the table, and that I

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