

devilish booby bag was disposed of, but I had no sooner concluded the preceding entry in my journal than I was seized by a frantic desire to see Olivia at once.

That is the way with lovers, apparently: reason, will, intellect, everything must give way to the strength of the magic bond. As Joseph told me, when you once take holt, you may wriggle and dance, but you can't let go. And in spite of my determination, following blindly the instinct of the moth whose wings have been singed, I hastened over to The Briars.

But there was no need for haste,—I was too late. Aunt Anne received me with a little cry of surprise, and instant sympathetic inquiry about my thumb. She hadn't believed I would be able to go out for days, after hearing of my dreadful suffering: to think that I had walked the floor all night and endured the pain without a murmur, and then been so sweet and patient as to try to eat my breakfast as usual. Mrs. Biggles said it was just wonderful the way I bore up, and the speaker and Olivia couldn't help feeling frightened at the thought of my arm swelling so, after listening to so many cases of people who

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