

Fred strengthened himself for the occasion. He rose up on the bed quite vigorously, and took breakfast with an apparently good appetite. His mother having cooled his face with a wet towel he laid himself down to repose, and the others withdrew from the room. Ere long the tender finger of nature closed his weary eyelids, and during nearly all the rest of the day poor Fred lay calmly enlocked in the arms of sleep.

On the following morning Fred was considerably better, and continued in a convalescent state.

However, he kept himself closely confined to his room for several days. On the second evening Clara called to see the child; and on the following, Charlie also made a visit, as he said, to see Fred; but neither of them saw him as his room-door was locked, and he was supposed to be fast asleep. In less than a week afterwards Clara again called. Fred was in the sitting-room when she entered; but, on seeing her, he instantly sprang from his seat, and without opening his lips, abruptly left the room.

Clara at once discovered in his appearance and actions that something of a serious nature had effected these results. However, she endeavored as well as she could to restrain her feelings. The others of the family also noticed the abrupt manner in which Fred absconded; but excused his doing so by attributing it to the