

But that was over, and now like a famished beast it leaped upon her. Already she had taxed her strength and her power of resistance to the uttermost ; now she collapsed, for there was nothing left to fight for, and her only wish both for herself and Daisy was that the period of waiting might be brief. A nurse arrived during the day : all that could be done for her was to keep her as far as possible free from pain.

Daisy had seen Dr. Stables when he came that morning, and with a strange mixture of bitter grief and intense thankfulness had heard that it was very unlikely that her sister would live many days. Now, as she sat in Marion's study, or wandered aimlessly about the room, she tried to adjust herself to the knowledge. There was her sofa, where for these last days she had worked, and by it the little table that carried her writing materials. Her two stylograph pens were in the tray, and, by habit, Daisy took them up, even, as Marion had done yesterday, shaking them to see if they were furnished. On the carpet, only half obliterated, was the chalk-line Robin had drawn for some gymnastic feat, to show where the toe of the performer must not trespass, on that night so few hours ago, when by the lilac-bush she had told Teddy that she had begun to hope again. That seemed years ago ; and was it yesterday only that she had gone up to help Teddy with his flower-beds ? She