

"Somebody else is dead—" I was near saying to him. "She died at six o'clock this morning."

I know I had the impression that if I were to tell him my news, he would think no more of the burnt baby he bewailed.

The forenoon's work over, I sat down at my office-table to make the usual summary for the chief's inspection. My mind was firm on its poise. Brain and memory were competent to their duty. Yet I actually began at the top of the page, bearing the date, the haunting formula that had pursued me all day. Guarding every pen-stroke and reconsidering each sentence I framed before writing it down, I finished the record, and showered sand over the fresh lines.

Then I put on my hat and passed into the street.

My sister met me on the second block from the hospital; ran up to me and seized me by the button.

"This is dreadful about dear little Ailsie!" she cried, her eyes reddening with moisture. "I suppose you have heard it! I was never more shocked than when Mrs. Burtiss stopped me and told me just now."

"She is dead!" I answered, looking curiously at her easy tears. "She died at six o'clock this morning."

"You can't be well yourself, Barry! You look like a fright. No more colour than a ghost. I do hope you are not going to have another spell of fever. You will call upon the Darlings very soon, I suppose? You ought to. They have a right to expect it—you've been so intimate there. Please tell them how sorry I am to hear of their affliction, and give my love to Mrs. Darling and Miss Marr, and ask if Sam or I can be of any service—that's a dear boy! You doctors don't mind going where there has been a death. But it fairly uses me up. I don't recover the tone of my nerves, for days afterward. And do take care of yourself. You are overworked in that horrid hospital. I can't see why