

Cheer up, old fellow; I am sure God will spare little Erica for many years to come. Tell her when she is well enough that Uncle Bob has her birthday present ready for her."

With sadly altered feelings Dr. Graham now entered the old familiar room. The quietness and oppression was a strange contrast to the busy outside world he had just shut out. Yet the memory of those pleasant hours spent amid music and laughter made the present misery more tense and lasting.

Dr. Allen, awaiting this hour, was the first to see him, and left the bedside to greet him ere he entered the room, while Marjorie, seated beside the bed, her head buried in her arms, was regardless of movements and sounds around. A whispered word or two, a moment of preparation, and Dr. Graham gazed on the little pale figure, the ghost of his little Erica. Yet as he gazed, with the keenness of a physician's practised eye, he saw favorable symptoms, and with Dr. Allen recognized the signs of a strength not wholly exhausted.

Marjorie had been unmindful of his coming. She had heard voices—possibly Frau Kercher