

Having quietly slipped himself into his bedroom he retired to his couch; but there was no rest there for his unhappy soul, which, even during a few moments of slumber was distracted with dreams of the most hideous character imaginable.

Next morning Fred was not astir as usual. His mother, at length, dreading increased illness as the cause, entered his room. Fred looked up with a woe-begone countenance, which of itself was sufficient to verify her apprehensions.

"Are you worse, Fred?" his mother interrogated. "I don't feel quite as well, mother," he replied.

"Ah, Fred, I thought you would get more cold by going out last evening," said she. "Why Fred, my son, you are quite feverish," she exclaimed resting her hand upon his forehead. "I shall get father to go for Dr. Guernsey immediately."

"Mother, I beg of you not to do so, my throat is not worse. The want of sufficient sleep last night has had a tendency to make me feel debilitated. Rather bring me a cup of coffee than send for the doctor."

Mrs. Charlston at once hurried to the kitchen and told Amelia to prepare a strong cup of coffee and a slice of toast as quickly as possible. Shortly afterwards Mrs. C. entered Frederick's room with the coffee and toast, followed by his father and sisters.