

RUNNING WATER

"I don't think you understand, Hilary," she said, quickly. She turned to her father and looked straight at him with an eager interest.

"I wonder whether we are both thinking of the same thing," she said, curiously.

"Perhaps," replied her father. "All your life you have dreamed of running water."

And Sylvia nodded her head.

"Yes, yes," she said, with a peculiar intentness.

"The dream is part of you, part of your life. For all you know, it may have modified your character."

"Yes," said Sylvia.

"It is a part of you of which you could not rid yourself if you tried. When you are asleep, this dream comes to you. It is as much a part of you as a limb."

And again Sylvia answered: "Yes."

"Well, you are not responsible for it," and Sylvia leaned forward.

"Ah!" she said. She had been wondering whether it was to this point that he was coming.

"You know now why you hear it, why it's part of you. You were born to the sound of running water in that old house in Dorsetshire. Before you were born, in the daytime and in the stillness of the night your mother heard it week after week. Perhaps even when she was asleep the sound rippled through her dreams. Thus you came by it. It was born in you."

"Yes," she answered, following his argument step by step very carefully, but without a sign of the per-