

write, and I think you'll see him soon. Do you have more pain now, or is it only that you are weaker?"

"It's both, Rob," said my Helen; and after a few minutes she added, "I don't think that doctor can do anything; and, Rob, you needn't be sorry when—"

Mr. Rob stopped her mouth with a kiss. Then he said, "You shall not talk so, darling; you are going to be made well for all of us; we could not do without you."

I never wanted to howl so much as I did when they talked in this way, but I managed not to; I was afraid of making my Helen worse. I waited until some one opened the door, and then I slipped out and went away to the woods, and howled all I wanted to. I was a little disappointed to find that it was not much, after all. By the time I had reached the woods I felt almost certain that the Richmond doctor would make Helen well; so I ran home as hard as I could, and was just in time for supper, and after supper, instead of a stupid story, we had a nice lively game of Blindman's Buff. And the next morning Mr. Rob went back to Richmond.

It is quite difficult, even with the help of my journal, to keep things straight about this time, for so many things began to happen—all at once, as it were—that I hardly know which I had better tell first. But as one of them is a thing about myself which is worrying me until I get it told and done with, I will tell that first, and then it will be over and I never need speak of it again.

To make you quite understand it, I must tell you that every one