

right when she left here. She did not feel ill at all—only tired.”

“The doctor says it must have been the excitement, but I am certain he is wrong there. I know more than he does.” The last words were spoken in a voice too low to reach any one but Minnie.

“I know,” she said, “she told me about it to-day.”

“But you don’t know half though—you don’t know the terrible state of mind she’s been in for months—it may have been years for aught I know, the wearing strain of incessant strife between feeling and reason going on beneath every other interest and occupation. It was little wonder, I think, that it should tell on her thus at last.”

Minnie listened in silence while Seymour spoke, and then she said in a low, almost inaudible voice:

“Why did Mabel keep this from me?” And without waiting for a reply went out and sought her own room.

