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The first thing I heard was a carriage stopping just under my window. I thought somebody was coming to stay with us. We often had people come to stay with us about Christmas-time, and sometimes we had skating parties, which were very good fun. I hoped we were going to have a skating party again. As Skinny seemed to have forgotten all about me, I got up and began to dress myself, and then ran away to look for aunt Mary, and ask her who had come to stay with us.

Aunt Mary said no one had come to stay. It was the doctor. Callie had been taken ill, and papa had gone for him in the night. This was already the third time he had called.

I thought directly about what Watson had been saying only a few days before, and such a strange, uncomfortable feeling came over me. I asked if I might go to Callie; but aunt Mary said no, she must be kept very quiet. Then I asked if she would not want some one to play with her and amuse her. Always if she had a cold and stayed up in the nursery I used to sit with her and show her pictures, and I thought she would be so very dull by herself in mamma's room. Aunt Mary said she was not