

Christingles were hanging there still, with the raisins drooping from them; but I did not care to eat them now, or even to look at them. What a difference it made in everything, Callie being so ill! What a long, long time it seemed since our party last night, and how different I felt, standing on the threshold of that faded, disordered room, to the little girl who had been so happy then, who had danced and played and frolicked about, and seized the glistening rings and diamonds from the old man's hamper, and scampered so gaily after the crackers which he threw down. All the crackers in the world could not have made me scamper gaily after them now.

When we were on our way into town, I asked Skinny if she could tell me what was the matter with Callie. She said she had had an attack of croup in the night. Then I asked her if croup was a very bad thing, and she said yes, it was very bad indeed, very dangerous, but it never lasted long. I was glad to hear her say that, because I thought Callie must soon be better, if croup never lasted very long. You see I did not remember then that there are two ways in which most things may end. Skinny seemed tired and sad, and did not tell me stories