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or talk to me much, but it might only be because she was thinking about her own mother, who had been ill such a very long time. She did not tell me that she had been up all night, waiting upon Callie.

It was late in the afternoon before we came home, for the chemist was a long time making up the prescription, and papa had told Skinny to be sure and bring it with her. She was not to trust to any one sending it. When we did get back, the house somehow seemed different. Such a strange hush and stillness had fallen upon it. The servants were not going about, the rooms downstairs were empty and deserted, nothing looked as it was accustomed to look when we were all well and happy together. I was going back again to mamma's dressing-room door, for that was the only place where I could bear to stay, when aunt Mary came and told me, in a very low voice, that she would take me to see Callie, just for one moment, not more than that.

I was running away directly, as fast as I could, but she took hold of my hand and said I must go quietly, I must not make any noise at all. So we went upstairs, treading softly, stealthily, just as