

deliberately walked through a pool of water, and returned to the study, making a noticeably "sloppy" sound with her feet.

"Why, my dear," said Mr. Walton, "your feet are wet."

"Yes, darling," was the meek reply, "I'm wet all over. But it doesn't matter."

"You had better change at once, Helen."

"No love, I won't bother. I'm too tired."

And neither warnings nor entreaties would

reached the desired pitch of icy coldness; then with a sigh of resigned martyrdom, she returned to bed, and sent for "darling Robert to come and see how cold she was."

The result was severe rheumatic pains next day. I thought she deserved them; and though I did not express my sentiments, she must have divined them, and accordingly determined to punish me.

Fairly late in the evening she sent Mr.

Walton to Dr. Cook for some special prescription, and as Sarah, the only servant, was out, I was left alone with her.

It was winter, and there was a nice fire in the bedroom, so I offered to read to my patient, who, however, soon jumped out of bed and began a series of most extraordinary antics.

First she executed a war dance up and down the room, jumping over an ottoman, and knocking over a chair.

Then she took Mr Walton's tall silk hat out of its leather case, and placing it before the fire, like a footstool, sat on it; with the inevitable result that she and the hat came to grief.

Without a word or a smile she crushed the battered hat down on her head, stood before me, placed her hands on my shoulders, thrust her face into mine, and grinned.

There was no mirth in the grin; it was simply a fiendish extension of the mouth, almost from ear to ear, and it made my blood run cold.

Turning away and seating herself upon ottoman, she twisted her long hair round her neck, until, with protruding tongue, and straining eyeballs, she appeared to be strangling, nor did she desist until, in mortal terror, I was about to cut her beautiful hair. Then, with a cackling, mirthless laugh she rose, took the bottles one by one off a large



STILL HOLDING ME FAST, SHE FOUGHT THE AIR AROUND ME.

induce her to change, until two hours later a hot bath was prepared; when, saying in a meekly injured tone, "Well, darling, for your sake I will do it," she allowed herself to be undressed, bathed, and put to bed, and generally coddled. Thanks to our efforts to prevent her from taking a chill, she was soon in a profuse perspiration.

This, however, did not at all suit my lady; so, getting out of bed, she walked barefoot on the linoleum until she had