

When does the dog days of summer begin

He had accomplished much, but he had been driven in. There was no place to go but back to his father's house, and there, living in close rooms with lungs that panted for all the air of the open sky, he was brought down by a third attack of pneumonia. He grew weaker even than before. In that tottering tabernacle of flesh, his brain collapsed. He lay like a corpse, too weak to stand the fatigue of speaking, too irritated and tired in his miserable brain to care to listen to the speech of others. The only act of will of which he was capable was to stick his fingers in his ears and resolutely to refuse to hear a single word that was spoken to him.

They sent for the insanity experts. He was adjudged insane, and also the verdict was given that he would not live a month.

“Couldn't you have saved a bit, Daddy?” she asked, “of all that wealth of youth—just enough to live on?” She placed the ring on her finger and held out her hand. “I might have been measured for it,” she said. “I wonder how he knew.” “But I've got to give it up,” she added. “I can't leave Dad.” “ Longroyston, October 12,

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