

report a panic had seized upon the settlement, and Janner and his wife were by no means the least influenced by it. A stolidly stubborn courage upheld Bess, but even she was subdued and somewhat awed.

"I niver herd much about th' cholera," Seth said to her after breakfast. "Is this here true, this as thy feyther says?"

"I dunnot know fur sure," Bess answered gravely, "but it's bad enow."

"Coom out wi' me into th' fresh air," said the lad, laying his hand upon her sleeve: "I mun say a word or so to thee." And they went out together.

There was no work done in the mine that day. Two or three new cases broke out, and the terror spread itself and grew stronger. In fact, Black Creek scarcely comported itself as stoically as might have been expected. A messenger was despatched to the nearest town for a doctor, and his arrival by the night train was awaited with excited impatience.

When he came, however, the matter became worse. He had bad news to tell himself. The epidemic had broken out in the town he had left, and great fears were entertained by its inhabitants. "If you had not been so entirely thrown on your own resources," he said, "I could not have come."

A heavy enough responsibility rested upon his shoulders during the next few weeks. He had little help from the settlement. Those who were unstricken looked on at the progress of the disease with helpless fear: few indeed escaped a slight attack, and those who did were scarcely more useful than his patients. In the whole place he found only two reliable and unterrified assistants.

His first visit was to a small farm house round the foot of the mountain and a short distance from the mine. There he found the family huddled in a back room like a flock of frightened sheep, and in the only chamber a handsome, bright-haired young fellow lying upon the bed with a pined and ominous look upon his comely face. The only person with him was a lad roughly clad in miner's clothes—a lad who stood by chafing his hands, and who turned desperate eyes to the door when it opened. "Ye're too late, mester," he said—"ye're too late."

But young as he was—and he was a very young man—the doctor had presence of mind and energy, and he flung his whole soul and strength into the case. The beauty and solitariness of his patient roused his sympathy almost as if it had been the beauty of a woman; he felt drawn toward the stalwart, helpless young figure lying upon the humble couch in such apparent utter loneliness. He did not count much upon the lad at first—he

seemed too much bewildered and shaken—but it was not long before he changed his mind. "You are getting over your fear," he said.

"It wasna fear, mester," was the answer he received; "or at least it wasna fear for mysen."

"What is your name?"

"Seth Raynor, mester. Him an' me," with a gesture toward the bed, "comin' from th' same place. Th' cholera couldna fear me fro' him—nor nowt else if he wur i' need."

So it was Seth Raynor who watched by the bedside, and laboured with loving care and a patience which knew no weariness, until the worst was over and Langley was among the convalescent.

"The poor fellow and Bess Janner were my only stay," the young doctor was wont to say. "Only such care as his would have saved you, and you had a close race or it as it was."

During the convalescence nurse and invalid were drawn together with a stronger tie through every hour. Wearied and weak, Langley's old interest in the lad became a warm affection. He could scarcely bear to lose sight of the awkward boyish figure, and never rested so completely as when it was by his bedside.

"Give me your hand, dear fellow," he would say, "and let me hold it. I shall sleep better for knowing you are near me."

He fell asleep thus one morning, and awakened suddenly to a consciousness of someone's presence in the room. Seth no longer sat in the chair near the pillow, but stood a little apart; and surely he would have been no lover if the feeble blood had not leaped in his veins at the sight of the face bending over him—the innocent, fair young face which had so haunted his pained and troubled dreams. "Cathie!" he cried out aloud.

The girl fell upon her knees and caught his extended hand with a passionate little gesture of love and pity. "I did not know," she poured forth in hurried, broken tones. "I have been away ever since the sickness broke out at home. They sent me away and I only heard yesterday—Father, tell him, for I cannot."

He scarcely heard the more definite explanation, he was at once so happy and so fearful.

"Sweetheart," he said, "I can scarcely bear to think of what may come of this; and yet how blessed it is to have you near me again! The danger for me is all over; even your dear self could not have cared for me more faithfully than I have been cared for. Raynor there has saved my life."

But Cathie could only answer with a

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