

"Somebody's here and wants to see her. Please let me speak to her."

The woman looked at him in surprise. "She has been with him for three days and three nights, and has scarcely left his bedside. Run away now and don't trouble her," she said sternly.

"Yes, but we *must* see her," they persisted in a breath.

"Well, then you'll just wait."

"We can't wait."

The colloquy was interrupted by Mrs. MacMillan's appearance at the door. Her face was pale and troubled, but she held out a trembling hand.

"Why, it's the two laddies!" she said kindly. It was the same face that the boys remembered so well—strong and sweet and steady-eyed, and so like Donald's.

"Somebody wants to see you," faltered Sandy faintly.

She passed her hand wearily across her forehead.

"To see me," she repeated. "Ah, I fear I'm not seeing people to-day——"

"But you must see *him*," interrupted Sandy.

"It's—it's Donald!" cried Barney.

"What are you saying, laddie?" she cried sharply, and clutched the door-post for support.

Then Sandy and Barney both threw discretion to the winds. Sandy reiterated Barney's assertion, while the latter rushed out to call Donald. He waved his hat and shouted, and then when Donald, unable to keep up with this swift change of tactics,