

THE SHEPHERD OF SUNSHINE-SHADDER

"Wall, Billy, I cain't hardly b'lieve it; of course he's not as young as he uster be, fer he's steppin' towards sixty, same as me 'n' ye, 'n' we all know that he's hed it most rough on this here hill, what with docterin' 'n' preachin' 'n' trampin' over the roads well nigh on thirty years. Blame it all, Billy, I don't know how a cleever doctor o' the body 'n' soul ever stayed on this here hill so long; 'n' twixt me 'n' ye, if it t'wan't fer the fac' that his missus 'n' baby lies on yon bit o' groun', he'd been away ter the city long ere this."

"Theer be a grain o' truth ter that," Billy admitted.

"Yes, 'n' neow, as I didn't get a word with him comin' out o' church, I'll jest climb up 'n' hev' a look at him," he announced as he turned around and, bidding Billy a half-absent good-night, hobbled up the hill again.

Peter Paul had one room in the manse which served the part of reception, library and dispensary. It was a small room, simply but cosily furnished. Rows of books, many of them well worn and thumbed, ranged from theological to medical behind the glass doors of a huge book-case which lined the wall in one part of the room.

A modest dispensary and a small cabinet of surgical instruments filled a space between the two windows which commanded an exposure of the hillside and valley. The library table, strewn with books, papers and odds and ends, met the eye on entrance, and opposite it was an open log fire, and near it a com-