

vanguard of the oncoming fever. It was with a yearning fear, therefore, that she saw him open his eyes at last, and look at her with the surprise and pleasure of intelligence.

"It's good to wake—like this!" said he, smiling the strange smile of suffering. "I'm glad you came, dearie."

"You mustn't talk too much, sweetheart," she said in quite a matter-of-fact way, as she kissed him tremulously. "You must save your strength."

He took her hand in his and held it, while she noted with terror the heat of his palm, and pressed an electric button for the nurse, who came, took his temperature, and went out to telephone to the physician.

"Have they called the strike off?" he queried.

"Yes," said she.

"Was any one else hit?" he asked, after a pause.

"Not that we know about," she replied. "It is thought not. Don't think, or talk about it, darling!"

"That's good!" said he wearily, and then: "I wouldn't have thought that Jack would do such a thing."

She laid her finger gently on his lips in a way that he knew of sweet experience, commanded silence. He gave her a glance of comprehension and assent, and soon he seemed to be sleeping; but now the little moans were more frequent, and he began to repeat fragments of speech about Jack, and oftenest an expression of wonder as to how Jack could do such a thing. Morgan had entered the room now, and was sitting on the other side of the bed. He explained that Emerson was thinking of the strike, and of Jack

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