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over night, then he walked slowly up the path alone.

He was lonely now, even as lonely as Alice had been, as he sat down on the door-step outside the locked door.

All his anger was gone, only a hopeless longing for Alice remained.

In his loneliness he saw himself as Alice must have seen him, he saw Alice as he had never seen her before, he felt as he knew that she must have felt, as he sat there with his head buried in his hands; he could understand now, and he pitied her. He could even forgive her for going away.

Phillip had sat for some time, giving himself up to bitter thoughts, when suddenly too soft, warm arms were wrapped around his neck; he heard a glad little cry, and he felt kisses on his forehead.

Looking up through a mist of tears he could see Alice—his patient, faithful Alice, her brown curls blowing in the slight breeze, her cheeks red, her lips rosy and smiling. He could see the saddled pony standing by the well, he could hear the dog's glad bark of welcome, yet he could scarcely understand. Had he fallen asleep in his misery—these things could not have been more unexpected or dreamlike, but he could hear Alice unlocking the door, and drawing up the shades, and lighting the fire and pouring water in the kettle.

He sat again in his own big chair and watched her as she moved about preparing his supper.

Everything seemed to be in perfect readiness for his home-coming. She had brought with her on the pony a big basket. From it she produced a loaf of fresh bread, a jug of thick sweet cream, a dish of wild strawberries, and some of his favorite cookies.

The berries brought back to him the memory of the voices in the hospital. "Where did you get them?" he asked.

"Mrs. Smith and I were over to the Cripple's coolie yesterday," she replied. "We have been going there almost every day to pick berries. I was afraid to go in the canyon alone, so I shut up the house and took the cow and the chickens over there. They wanted me, and I was so lonely here, and I was glad to go. I knew that, if you came home without first sending me word that you would have to pass the Rose ranch, and Mrs. Rose promised to send Willie over to tell me if they saw you."

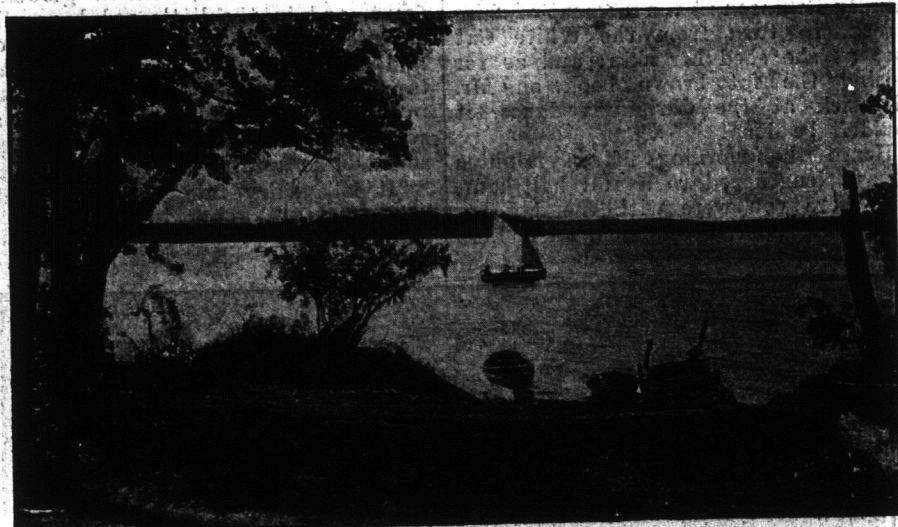
"How is your ankle?" he asked.

Alice stuck a neat foot from her cotton dress and looked at it for a moment in a puzzled way, then her face lighted, pleased that he should remember to ask. "It was my wrist that was hurt, but it is all right now."

Her answer gave Phillip a fresh tinge of pain, for he remembered that shortly before he left, she had been helping him to move a heavy box and had hurt her wrist. He had been angry because they had to give up moving the box, and then he went away and left her with her wrist still far from well.

He made several good resolutions as he sat there watching Alice prepare the most delicious meal that he had tasted for weeks. Of one thing he was certain—to Alice he was going to be one of the kindest of husbands. He would show her at least that she was appreciated, for Phillip saw his mistake.

Almost anywhere within a hundred and fifty miles of Calgary one might see canyons and shacks and women picking berries. It was another man's wife who had gone to the States with "the man who meant well by her."



Where the very air intoxicates.

## "Not Wanted."

By TEMPLE BAILEY



THE book fascinated the Little Girl, although she dared not touch them. The big house was filled with books. There were shelves and shelves of calf-bound ones in the Grave Gentleman's study, and even in the pink-and-white room of the Butterfly Lady there were novels with paper covers, which the Butterfly Lady read propped up on her frilly pillows.

In this literary land of plenty the Little Girl would wander starved and thirsty, to sit down at last before her own little treasure-store with its rows of precious volumes, many of them sombre fat ones with golden globes on the brown covers. It was because of these very brown books that she was at last brought into sympathetic relations with the doctor.

The doctor came every day and knelt by the Little Girl and put his ear against her heart and listened with his watch in his hand. "How much were you out of doors yesterday?" he would ask.

"Oh, a lot," she would answer in differently.

"And you didn't read a bit?"

She would blaze at him reproachfully.

"No."

And he would laugh and say, "Well, be sure you don't read. You must get well and strong and not tax that little brain of yours too much."

"Do you know Little Nell?" she asked suddenly, one morning, as she stood rigid within the circle of his arm, her heart pounding against his ear.

"Yes," he said, "she's an old friend of mine."

"Well, could you stand it, never to read about her, when you want to and want to and want to?" she choked.

"So that's it," he said slowly, looking up, and she discovered for the first time that his eyes were kind.

After a moment he said, "How would a half-hour do? But you mustn't read any more than that."

"Every day?"—with hope in her eyes.

"Yes, one half-hour every day. And it's a promise, you know. And, look here, I would stick to fairy tales. Let Little Nell alone for a bit."

"Oh, doctor dear!" She was breathless

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