

Olive sent all the attendants out of the room, and most of the time she hung over him, watching every quiver of the eyelid, listening to the little moans that came with increasing frequency from his lips, feeling momentarily for the message of the pulse. She had seen him shot and ridden down while proclaiming his message of peace, not once, but time and again; but she was not one to cry out or faint while there was need for action. Morgan went to her often and urged her to lie down and let him or the nurse take her place; but she put him gently away. She had put her face down in the blankets by his side, and let her arm rest lightly across him, until the thought had come to her that perhaps it might impede the faltering breath, and she denied herself the poor comfort of this endearment, standing or sitting by his side, hour after hour, until they wondered at her endurance.

"Can he live?" she asked.

"We do not know," said the physician. "His wound is one that does not show its real character for a day or so."

"Will he rally before—before the end?"

"Probably," was the reply. "That is, you are not to infer that there is no hope. I mean that he will be likely to rally from the shock before the internal inflammation becomes the dominant feature of the case. The real struggle will come then."

The doctor was right. The pulse grew fuller and more rapid; the breath came deeper, but quicker; and along the pale cheek ran a faint flush like that of morning. Ah! Knowledge hath penalties! A more ignorant woman would have hailed these with joy and hope. Olive saw in them the banners of the