

496 THE CONGRESSWOMAN

this is—suicide.” The old man shook his head.

“Can you pull her through?” the servant asked the question with quivering lips.

“If it’s in human power we will,” said the doctor grimly.

July was flinging torrid waves across the city before Cynthia Pike began to recover.

“She is too weak to travel even if she does need cooler air,” reflected the physician. “You must have a livable roof on this great house. Build a shack up there and let her lie outdoors from morning till night.”

Twenty-four hours later a little eyrie arose on the housetop as if built by magic. It was hedged in by green things and a mass of blossom. Vines climbed over the green bamboo curtains and a fountain drenched its spray over a basinful of lilies. On the streets of the city asphalt melted and bubbled while the sick woman turned the corner which leads to health.

“Don’t let a soul go near her except yourself until I change my orders. Keep the nurse out of her sight. You don’t seem to get on her nerves.” The doctor smiled at the big, gaunt Scotchwoman. “If there was a war on I would enlist you and set you at the head of a Red Cross detachment. You’re certainly a stalwart.”

“I’m no on the enlistin’ roll,” she answered stolidly.

“The more’s the pity,” mourned the doctor.