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"ECHOES of the Past;

The Recompense of Love!"

CHAPTER XIII.

"I shouldn't be surprised if he pulled round," said Tibby, eyeing him with reluctant admiration. "He's a strong 'un. Lor', to see the way those wretches went down afore his straight 'uns! He ought to 'a' been in the fightin' profession; it's a kind o' waste he's bein' just a common gentleman with a harm like that. An' what we goin' to do with 'im when we get 'im 'ome, I don't know!"

"He can have Elisha's room," said Mina absently. "If he would only open his eyes, or—speak," she sobbed out again.

"Just you be quiet," commanded Tibby. "If he comes to and catches sight o' that undertaker's face o' yours, it will send 'im off again. You let me take 'im; look at your dress—clean spilt!"

But Mina shook her head, and unconsciously pressed him closer to her, and so held him for the rest of the fortunately short journey.

It was indicative of the character of the Rents and the frequency of "accidents" to its residents that their arrival created very little surprise or even curiosity; and they carried Clive to Elisha's small and poorly furnished, but scrupulously clean, room. Then Tibby summoned the landlady to her assistance, and while Mina ran for a doctor, got Clive undressed and into bed.

Mina ran to the next street and quickly returned with a doctor, who happened to be at home, and, for the first time for three nights, was going to bed. He sighed, gave up the attempt to glean some information from Mina's breathless, agitated account of the case; and having arrived at the conclusion, based upon his experience of the neighborhood, that the injured lad had met with his hurts during a street fight, was considerably surprised at finding a gentleman by the name of the brain, caused by a row at a political meeting.

Tibby would have kept Mina from the room; but with a display of firmness and resolution which was not to be thwarted, the girl stole to the bedside, her great eyes wandering from Clive's face to the doctor's.

"Yes; it's a concussion," he said when he made his examination. "Danger? No-o, no; I think not. Too soon to tell yet. You must keep him quiet. I shall want some hot water—and some

ice. One of you go to the chemist. Here, I'll give you a paper for him." Mina almost snatched the paper from him and was off again. Though she did not realize it, action was the best for her at that moment, for her heart was nigh to breaking at the sight of the still, lifeless face which looked so fearfully like death.

When she returned she found Elisha pacing up and down the sitting room, and her heart throbbled in sympathy with the rage and fury that battled with grief in his countenance.

"The hounds, the curs!" he groaned. "To hurt him! They aren't fit to breathe the same air with him! Oh, Mina, when I went in, all unprepared-like, and saw him, I thought I should choke! And him so good, so kind. There, there, don't cry, my girl." There were no tears in her eyes, though his were running over, and he had to turn away. "He'll pull through, he's so strong and brave!"

She looked at him gratefully and passed into the sick-room with the things she had brought from the chemist.

The blood-stains had been washed from Clive's face, but he was still motionless, and he lay as one dead or dying. She crushed back the tears, the means that rose to her quivering lips, and, when the doctor had made an ice-bandage, took it from his hand as if she had the right to constitute herself the injured man's nurse. And when the doctor said in a low voice:

"I wish these renewed as they get hot," she nodded as if the instruction were addressed to her exclusively. "His friends had better be communicated with," he remarked a little later. "No, no," he added in response to her anguished glance. "I don't think he's in immediate danger."

"In the morning?" That will be time enough," she asked in a dry voice; and he nodded and shrugged his shoulders.

"Will he be long like—this?" Elisha inquired in a husky whisper. The doctor shook his head. "Impossible to say. He may be conscious at any moment or may remain in the same state for a long time. There was a well-known case in which the patient was unconscious for six weeks, but I don't think that he will be unconscious for so long. I'll wait and see how he gets on."

Tibby went and made some tea—that panacea of the poor—and brought it in; but Mina, without raising her eyes from Clive's face, gently pushed away the cup offered to her.

They watched in strained silence beside the motionless figure for the rest of the night, and just before the dawn, Mina, who was kneeling by him with his hand in hers, made a faint sign and bent more closely over him; for Clive had opened his eyes. At first they met her eager, anxious, tender ones without intelligence; but presently he sighed and frowned as if with an effort to recover his memory.

"Mina—you here?" he breathed almost inaudibly, but she caught her name, and her lips quivered as her hand pressed his limp one. "Ah, yes. I remember. Were you hurt? Not hurt, Mina!" And his eyes were kept with deep anxiety on her account.

She shook her head, for she could not speak. "Thank God!" he murmured gratefully. "I was afraid—they were violent—mad, quite mad. Was any one hurt?"

The doctor touched him warningly. "Yes; it's a concussion," he said when he made his examination. "Danger? No-o, no; I think not. Too soon to tell yet. You must keep him quiet. I shall want some hot water—and some

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"Don't try and talk," he said. "You have had a nasty blow."

Clive nodded. "Yes? Ah, yes. Where am I?"

"Here—at home," whispered Mina. "I mean—Elisha's, you know?"

"That's good for you," he said. "I'm sorry. I'll be all right in an hour or two. Don't—tell any one."

"Your friends?" suggested the doctor, but Clive tried to shake his head.

"No, no!" he said feebly. "Just let me keep quiet for a little while—soon up again. Is that Tibby?" He tried to smile, but had to check a groan.

"That will do," said the doctor grimly. "If you'll lie quiet, as you say, you will be all right."

Clive nodded and closed his eyes, but he opened them again presently, and they rested on Mina's with a strange intensity. His lips moved as if he were going to speak, but he did not, and he lay quiet as if asleep. The doctor looked at his watch.

"I'll go home and send some medicine. Get some more ice and keep the bandages going, and, above all, keep him quiet."

When he had gone, Tibby went up to Mina.

"You go off to bed, Mina," she said, but Mina just glanced at her, and Tibby bit her lip and left her alone; for she knew that, for the first time, she could not exact obedience.

The dawn grew to morning sunlight, and Mina still knelt by the bedside with Clive's hand in hers. Once she had attempted to take it away that she might reach the basin, but his hand had gripped on hers, and Elisha removed the bandage, so that she should not have to move.

"About his friends?" he whispered later on. "I don't know where he lives, or how to find them!"

She looked up as if she were about to tell him that she had seen Clive coming out of a house in Burrell Street, but her lips closed again tightly. The longing to keep him here, to herself, was too strong for her, and Elisha, rubbing his head with a puzzled frown, went out. Tibby came in presently with a cup of tea. She had her bonnet on and her working-apron over her arm.

"I'm obliged to go to the factory," she said in a whisper. "We're short o' work as it is, and I'd lose my place if I stopped away. I'll send up the landlady—she's showed herself a good sort—while I'm away."

"No," said Mina, almost fiercely. "I can manage. Oh, let me, Tibby! If I want her I'll send Elisha for her."

"Elisha's got to go to his teaching," said Tibby.

"He is to be kept quiet; she will talk," pleaded Mina earnestly. "I'll knock on the floor or run down. Oh, do you think you can't trust him to me? I know what to do."

"You'll be ill," said Tibby grimly. "Not a thing's passed your lips since yesterday, and you're white as a ghost."

"Give me the tea—put some food anything on the table," broke in Mina, with a kind of subdued impatience. "Oh, leave him to me, Tibby dear! See, I'll have the tea and something to eat, I'll do everything you

tell me if—if you will let me take care of him!"

Tibby looked from one to the other with pursed lips.

"Wish I'd taken 'im to the 'orspital," she said, but in the end Mina had her way, and Clive was left in her care and Tibby reluctantly went off to her work, for with the poor the daily wage must be earned, though men may lay a-dying.

The doctor himself brought round the medicine, and did not appear surprised to find the girl in sole charge of the sick-room, for not seldom his patients were left entirely alone.

"He is better!" her eyes asked rather than her lips, and he nodded.

"Yes; he is going on all right. Give him another dose of this in a couple of hours, and don't let him talk when he wakes. I'll come in later. Send for his friends yet?"

She colored and turned her face away.

"He does not want them. He asked us not to do so."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well, it doesn't matter. He knows his own business best. Good-morning." He paused at the door when he was going, and looked at her with a doctor's keen but calm glance. "Don't wear yourself out, my girl. Better get some help."

"There is the landlady," said Mina, and as if satisfied he nodded and went out.

Elisha came in and out until he was obliged to start for his lessons, and he, too, showed his anxiety on her account, but no distrust of her capacity as a nurse; and at last Mina was alone with her hero.

Clive woke from his sleep, feverish and restless, and only half-conscious; but she sat on the bed and put her arm round him, murmuring soothingly, and with a sigh he grew more peaceful, but he talked in broken sentences with long pauses—bits of the speech he had made in the hall, snatches of conversation with Lord Chesterleigh, and presently he laughed softly and murmured:

"I beg your pardon, Lady Edith—it was a quotation—a heart as golden as her hair! You have been very good, and I am very grateful—very grateful."

Mina heard the words plainly, and at the name "Lady Edith" she shrank slightly, shyly, as if she were trespassing on his confidence. He was silent for a moment, his hand going to his head to pluck at the bandage, but she took the hand in hers and stroked and soothed it, and he sighed and was still, then presently the weak, rambling voice rose again:

(To be Continued.)

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