

knotted hands, and the feet that have borne me in the prairie ever since they were the little brown legs of an innocent Yankee? You mean that I will never again be able to walk; never again be able to even feed myself?"

"My poor husband! *My* hands shall save both. I shall be everything for you," was the answer as she kissed him lovingly.

There was another pause before he spoke again.

"The punishment is a just one, Mary. I have sinned—sinned terribly against you, against the world, against Him. Then when I thought I had got everything my own way, He just came and took Alec, and then—then He laid me where I am—a helpless burden, soon to be more helpless and more burdensome. I reckon all He does is right. God's will be done." Seth paused again for strength, for the talking had considerably exhausted him. Soon he resumed, but with less energy and more haste.

"Mary, girl, I want you to send the two boys off as quick as horse-flesh will take them to fetch the pilot and Dick Westgarth here. I've wronged them terrible and I want to see them to put things straight in case—in case—*something* might happen with the chloroform. You'll see to this, Mary? Don't ask me why; just do it; and, if that something *does* happen, perhaps you'll have helped to open the Golden Gates for me, so that I can see our Alec once more. Now go, Mary. Tell the boys that they are to hurry for life or death—life if they succeed; worse than death to me if they fail."