

See they get plenty lights on — at the stairhead and in the passage — and the room on the left of it ready.”

She was gone in another moment, and Evelyn hastily carried out her instructions and then waited with what patience she could assume. At last there was a rattle of wheels outside, followed by a voice giving orders, and then a tramp of feet. The sounds brought her a strange inward shrinking, but she ran to the door, and saw two tattered men awkwardly carrying a stretcher up the steps, while Carroll and another assisted them. Then the light fell upon its burden and, half prepared as she was, she started in dismay. Vane, whom she had last seen in vigorous health, lay partly covered with an old blanket which had slipped off him to the waist. His jacket looked a mass of rags, his hat had fallen aside and his face showed hollow and worn and pinched. Then he saw her and a light leaped into his eyes, but the next moment Carroll's shoulder hid him and the men plodded on toward the stairs. They ascended them with difficulty and the girl waited until Carroll came down.

“I noticed you at the door. I dare say you were a little shocked at the change in Vane,” he said. “What he has undergone has pulled him down, but if you had seen him when I first found him, you'd have been worse startled. He's getting on quite satisfactorily.”

Evelyn was relieved to hear it; and Carroll continued:

“As soon as the doctor comes, we'll make him more presentable; he can't be moved till then, as I'm not sure about the last bandages I put on. Afterward, he'll no doubt hold an audience.”