

any rest. He would insist upon sitting by the bed, and holding Dan's hand.

"Poor, dear boy," he murmured. "Why did you do it? Why did you run such a risk for my sake?"

Once coming quietly into the room Nellie saw her father kneeling by the bedside. His lips were moving in silent prayer. In his heart a deep love had been formed for this little wounded lad. For months past the two had been much together, and the bond of affection had been strongly formed. At length Nellie had persuaded her father to take some rest. He had cast one long, searching look upon the boy's face, and then silently left the room. For some time Nellie sat by Dan's side watching his fitful breathing. One little hand lay outside the quilt. Would it ever work for her again? she wondered. It was a brown hand—the same hand which had reached over and drawn Tony from death. As she sat there the door was quietly pushed open, and Marion stood before her. Her eyes looked towards the bed with a questioning appeal. In her right hand she clutched a little rose. It was the first time she had been in the sick room, and on this evening while her mother was busy she had softly stolen away.

"Give dis to ittle sick boy," she said. "He like pitty woses."

"Come here, dear," Nellie replied, and as the child approached she took the flower, and laced the stem in Dan's doubled-up hand. She did it merely to please Marion, but it thrilled her own heart to behold the little maiden's sweet offering lying in that poor, nerveless fist.