is dying at the Padre's house, and they sent me to call you.'

"Who sent you?" asked the doctor excitedly, skaking the boy.

"I don't know, but your honor's Seetamma is dying

The doctor, letting go his hold, rushed into Seetamma's room, but not finding her he hurried into the next, his excitement rising as his fears began to gain ground. She was nowhere in the house. Unmindful of wind and rain he rushed into the street and flew towards the Padre's bungalow. In a very few minutes he reached the place, rushing in without ceremony and asking for Seetamma. But his own eyes answered him; for there upon a cot was Seetamma lying in a burning fever, tossing restlessly about, muttering strange incoherent sentences. An old woman was wringing her hands in the wildest grief, which she checked at the doctor's entrance.

His trained eye told him that his daughter was dangerously ill. Unceremoniously rummaging through the missionary's medicines, he found a specific for fever, which he applied, and then hurried back to bring his own remedies.

A few words will explain the circumstances. Seetamma, in her grief at being cast off by her father, was unconscious whither she went, but walked on until, spent with the effort of battling against the wind and rain, she sank upon a low verandah, which was that of the missionary's bungalow. The excitement and care of the previous days had greatly weakened her, while her grief made her oblivious of everything except that she could go no further. As she fell prostrate upon the verandah, she awoke the old sweeper woman who was lying there in the missionary's absence, to look after the bungalow.

Terrified, she leaped up, looking wildly about to see what it was that had waked her. Superstitious, as all ignorant people are, she trembled violently, and it was some time before she could find her voice. Gaining a little courage, she asked who it was, but no answer was vouchsafed. The young girl had fallen down half unconscious, and paid no heed to any word addressed to her. But the old woman,

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