

Then he took up the cup and spoon Mrs. McGarrigle had abandoned, and decreed in a quaint voice of authority, "You must be good and take this at once. Father said we must be very particular about it while he was away."

The sick man smiled in his ragged beard and took the dose obediently.

"There!" said the child, with an air of official satisfaction. "Now you must go to sleep. And I think you will be much better when my father gets back. If you want me, just ring this little bell."

"But tell me, who is your father?" demanded the sick man eagerly.

The boy turned at the door. "Why, don't you know?" he asked innocently. "He is Dr. Peter Duboff, who saved you. But you really must not talk, or you'll be going and having a temperature again, and that's very bad for you, you know." He closed the door firmly; and the sick man turned over on his pillow, with his face to the wall.

WHEN Duboff returned that evening, from a sick visit in a neighbouring cove, he found that the stranger, though clearly convalescent, had relapsed into resolute silence.

A few days later, coming in late in the afternoon when a red-gold glory of sunset was flooding across the stranger's bed, he said cheerfully, "You are getting on so well, my friend, that I think you may sit up awhile to-morrow."

"Thank you," said the stranger, without looking at him.

This was the first time he had opened his mouth in Duboff's hearing, and Duboff was delighted. Seating himself by the bed, he began to talk in Russian. "Forgive me," said he, "if I speak in what I imagine to be your own tongue. It is a great joy to me to speak once more the speech of my own people."

"I am a Russian. I was beginning to forget it—Russia seems so very far off. I must not forget I am a Russian!" muttered the stranger.

"I knew it," cried Duboff warmly. Then he went on to talk. He told of the life of the fisherfolk in this forgotten corner of the world, of his work among them, both ashore and afloat, of the wild tempests that harried the coasts, of the wrecks, of the life saving, of the keen and vital air, the vast spaces of solitude in behind the hills, of the freedom, the bigness, and the blessed peace. Then he got up and said, "Goodnight, my friend. To-morrow you shall feel yourself a man again."

As Duboff had prophesied, on the morrow the sick man felt himself so much stronger that he was eager to be up; but while being dressed he seemed to shrink from the doctor's touch. Duboff got him out to the porch. The gray, straggling village, presided over by its whitewashed church, lay outspread beneath him. The sun gleamed on the sails of half a dozen boats just entering the harbour. The stranger's eyes swept the scene with intensity. They rested at last on the figure of Duboff's boy, at some childish play at the foot of the garden. He heard Mrs. McGarrigle rattling dishes in the kitchen.

SUDDENLY Duboff took a revolver from his pocket and handed it to him. "Here's your gun, Friend. I've cleaned it for you," said he carelessly.

The sick man took it and opened the chamber. "Where are the cartridges?" he asked, apparently forgetting to say thank you.

Duboff laughed softly. "I think they were done for; but I can let you have all you want. The gun is of the same caliber as my own."

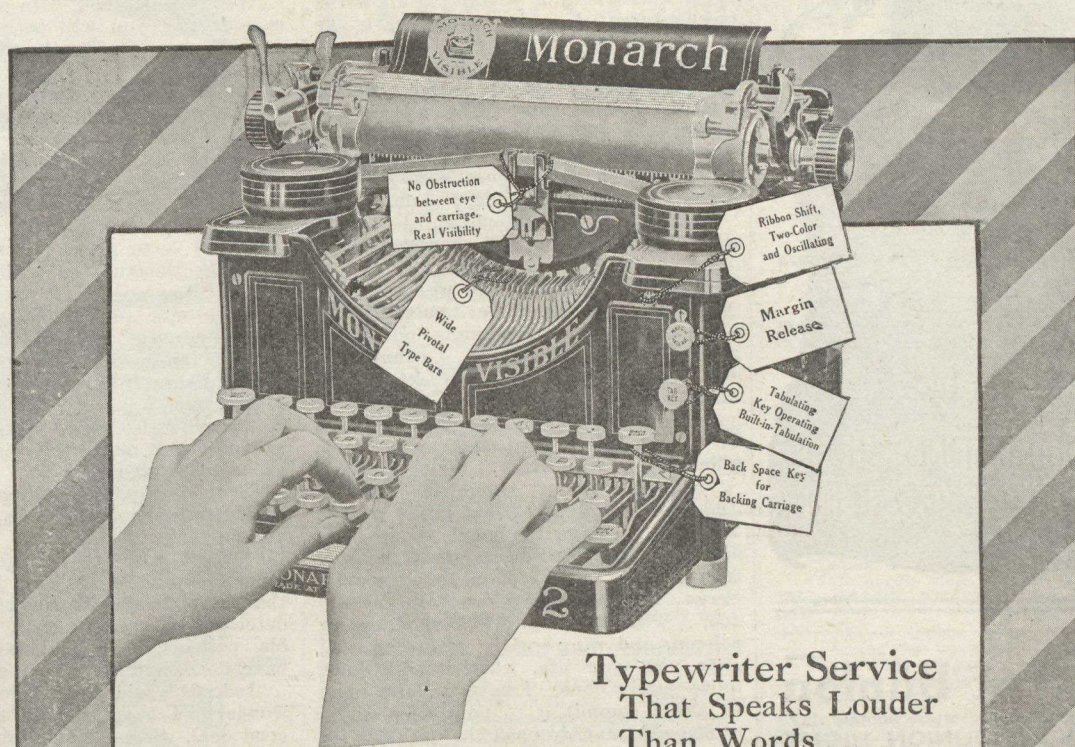
The sick man made as if to drop the weapon; but changed his mind and slipped it into his pocket. "Thank you," said he. "I shall want only one."

"One cartridge won't go far," remarked the doctor.

"It will," contradicted the stranger. "It will carry me a long, long journey—Peter Ivanovitch!" As he spoke the name, he turned his head, and for the first time looked Duboff straight in the eyes.

Duboff returned the gaze with kindly concern, and apparently saw nothing strange in the fact that his guest was aware of his full name. "If you want to use it on yourself," he answered, "I'm afraid I'll have to withdraw my offer."

The sick man continued to eye him piercingly. "My name," said he, "is Ser-



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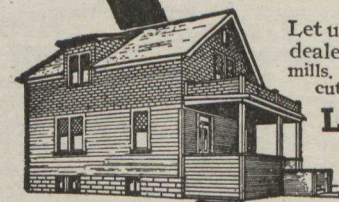
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