

and the front door stood partly open. For a minute they hesitated, and a whispered conversation ensued.

"You go in, Jake. You've got a tongue fer sich things," suggested his companions.

But before a reply could be made there floated out upon the air a sweet voice singing an old familiar hymn. Instinctively every driver pulled off his rough hat, and bowed his shaggy head. It was a woman's voice they heard, low and tender. There was a pleading note in the singer's voice—the cry of a soul for help in trouble.

Little did Nellie realize as she sat by Dan's side this evening, and sang, that she had such attentive listeners. The past two days had been a time of much anxiety. When first she and her father had arrived, Dan did not know them. He was lying upon the bed, his little curly head resting upon the pillow as white as his own white face. Would he ever come out of that stupor? they asked each other time and time again as they sat and watched him. Often he talked, calling aloud for help, and pleading for someone to hurry. Now it was of Tony and again Nellie and Parson John. Occasionally he mentioned his father, and asked why he was so long in coming. The doctor stood by the bedside with an anxious face.

"Do you think he will recover?" Nellie asked.

"I can't say," was the reply. "He has been badly injured. But we should know soon one way or the other. This condition can't go on much longer."

It was hard for Nellie to persuade her father to take