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More Heat and Less Trouble from soft coal, after you have read this article.



The Night of the Storm

(Continued from page 49)

he must wrap her up and take her home. That half mile would not matter to him now—only he must make it soon, soon, before he grew worse. When the baby was warm and rested, they would go.

He sat down in his chair before the hot fire, the strong soup ran in his blood, his weariness preyed upon him, his head sank upon his breast.

HE WAS wakened by a sound which at first he thought came from without. A calling and a trampling. Abruptly this impression changed, and his eyes went to the child in terror. It was she—it was her breathing. That rough, rattling sound was in her little throat, and in a moment Waldo knew. His two years of fatherhood were there to serve him, and he sprang up in that terror which all watchers upon children know.

In the same instant, the noise which he had fancied without was sharpened and defined. It was as he had thought—a trampling of feet. He did not see the face outside the cabin window, but there was a leap of feet on to his threshold and Jake Mullet was there, looking like a snow man. And he whirled and shouted: "Stephen! Here—she's here!"

There was a rush of cold air across the floor, and Waldo sprang before the child, and lifted the quilt to cover her. At the same instant Stephen Mine leaped into the room.

"Here!" he cried out in a terrible voice. "Here!"

He strode forward, tore the quilt from Waldo's hand and looked. The door filled with faces, with figures crusted with snow, and the cruel night air swept in and possessed the cabin. Waldo turned to the throng at the door and shook both fists in the air.

"Get in or get out!" he shouted. "Don't leave the door open on her. She's sick!"

They crowded in the room, stamping and breathing loudly, and they made way for a woman who came staggering in and threw herself beside the child. It was Hannah Mine, and she dared not touch the baby with her own stiff hands and in her wet garments. She only crouched beside her, and burst into terrible, dry sobs. The cabin door was sharply shut, and then the thirty or more men and women who had crowded into the room, became conscious of its fearful tension.

Stephen Mine stood with his child at his feet, and he lifted his head and looked at Waldo. Stephen was a huge man, black and thick. Waldo, small and shaken by his chill, began to tell how all this had come about.

"In the cut, Stephen," he said, "about a quarter mile down the cut, toward Rightseys'. I'd been to look at my traps, and I heard her cry. She was in the bottom of the cut—I found her. I've rubbed snow on her feet—but I'm afraid—"

Stephen Mine came close to Waldo and looked down at him.

"You expect I'm goin' to believe that?" he said.

The silence in the room was instant and terrifying.

Waldo lifted his face. The matted hair was low on his forehead—he brushed it aside and his clear eyes met Stephen's; but his shaking hands and his shaking voice gave doubt to his hearers.

"Stephen, I swear—" he began, and Stephen laughed.

"I seen you sneaking past my place twice today," he said. "I know you. You found a way to get even at last, and you took it, you dog."

He stooped to the woman.

"Wrap her up, Hannah," he said. Waldo put out his trembling hands.

"Stephen," he cried. "The child's sick—she's done. You mustn't take her out. Stay here—you're all more than welcome—and keep care of her—I've got what she needs. Don't take her out into this."

"How do I know," said Stephen Mine, "what it is you mean to give her? Hannah, wrap her up."

The woman, still breathing heavily, put her hand on her husband's knee.

"No, no, Stephen," she said. "He's

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