

The Man from the City

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"Oh!" she exclaimed. "I didn't think you would be back so soon."

"There's a lot of shade on the porch," he said in a business-like tone as he took possession of the money; and, running away from her, added over his shoulder: "You go up there and watch me. I'll lay this grass low in a jiffy."

"You're the most industrious person in this country; ever saw," she said laughingly, following his instructions.

"Except you," he corrected, and there was in his voice a resentment which he immediately regretted.

"That evening at supper she was unusually gay. She had wanted to go to a store three miles away, she explained, and had hitched up their old driving horse to the buggy."

"When I got to Rocky Creek," she related, "down dropped the shafts. Fortunately old Rodins hasn't spirit enough left to kick. But I had an awful time fixing those shafts with wire, and I didn't get to the store." She turned to her husband.

"Harry, you ought to have fixed that bolt."

"What's the use?" he rejoined, laughing his enjoyment. "You fixed it with wire."

"I know," she replied, serious for the moment, "but I'm not supposed to be a carriage builder."

Wayne, thinking over such incidents as these, often asked himself why he stayed on, and always he knew it was because she must have enough money to buy the winter things for the boys. It became painful to him to watch her day by day. It seemed to him that she was possessed of a mania for self-sacrifice, the thing was the only explanation he could find for her enduring all the things put upon her—burdens unlightened by anybody's help or sympathy. Sometimes, he thought, while her body drove her to the never-ending labors, her soul, wrapping itself in sackcloth, must be mourning its own crucifixion.

Then came Richard's illness. All day long he had been lying on his little bed, very quiet and very pale. After supper Mrs. Millwood found Wayne in his accustomed place on the porch. For the first time since he had known her she seemed embarrassed, painfully so, as she said, "Richard is feeling very badly," so badly that I must impose on your kindness—if you will permit me to help."

"Yes," he said eagerly, getting to his feet. "Let me do something to help. Please do."

"Once before," she went on, not sure of herself, "when he felt this way the doctor said he ought to have a lot of sherry wine and eggs. He has so little vitality."

"Certainly," he can get that at once. I'll—"

"It will have to be ordered from town," she interrupted him hurriedly. "I know that because when it then spoke to Mr. Monroe about it then said he would ask the store here to order it. But somehow—somehow, it never came. And now the child needs it—oh, so badly—and—"

He was already half way down the porch steps.

"I'll telephone to the station and have them telegraph for it," he said, and was gone.

In the road a hundred yards from the house he met a half-grown boy riding a workhorse back and stopped him. In two minutes he had slipped a dollar into the boy's hand and had mounted. "Come to Mr. Millwood's house in an hour and get

the horse," he called back, and rode off toward the store.

Millwood was among the loafers, but Wayne did not take the time to talk to him. His feverish impatience stirred the old proprietor into something like haste, and in a few minutes the order had been telephoned to the station agent.

On his way out he snatched a riding whip.

"Pay you for this to-morrow!" he said shortly and strode out to his despatched steed.

Once more in the road, he turned back toward the Millwood house. When he had reached it he had urged the horse to a gallop, and he did not stop. When he drew rein and sidled to the ground he was in Naughton's yard.

"Mrs. Millwood's little Richard is sick," he said, without preamble, to Mrs. Naughton; "and he needs sherry wine. Have you any?"

"Well, of course, wine— That



The Home of a Young Man who Started Right

is, we don't encourage anybody to—"

"It's medicine—medicine, I tell you!" he said sharply. Mr. Naughton appeared on the porch.

"Certainly, my dear," he said smoothly, "it is for medicinal purposes—"

"Then, sir, please give it to me—a bottle of it," Wayne commanded. "It may be a case of life and death. I tell you it's the doctor's orders."

He got the wine, and when his voice failed to keep the horse to a gallop he used the whip cruelly. The boy, who had been waiting for him at the Millwood gate, began to protest that the animal had been ridden to death.

"Shut up!" Wayne said fiercely, and threw him another dollar.

Going through the gate, he forced himself to walk slowly to the house. He felt the need of showing no anxiety. He went quietly to his room, and when he heard her go downstairs, followed her, the bottle of wine in his hand.

"I'm convinced my mind's failing me with a vengeance," he said regretfully. "I forgot the altogether hasn't eaten anything to-day. I must mix this for him at once."

At ten o'clock Millwood came home and found Wayne on the porch.

"How's Richard?" he asked casually.

"I think he's still awake," Wayne was polite with difficulty. "I've heard Mrs. Millwood moving about several times."

"I guess he'll be all right as soon as he gets to sleep." The other dis-

missed the subject. "Aren't you going to bed now?"

"No; I believe not. Think I'll have a cigar. By the way, mightn't it be a good thing to send for a doctor?"

Millwood had entered the hall. "Oh, no," he answered. "There's nothing to worry about. Women get scared about nothing."

An hour later she crept downstairs and came out to him. Her face was a dead-white blur in the darkness before him.

"How is he?" he asked softly.

"He's asleep now, I think," she said. "He's very sick—very sick. Oh, I'm afraid—afraid!"

For a moment his wrath against her husband dominated his special, personal concern for her. He thought angrily that, if he had not been there, she would have had nobody to whom she could turn for help or counsel.

"What does Mr. Millwood say?"

"He—he's not uneasy at all. He's gone to bed."

She said that without realizing how it accused her husband.

"I think," she added wearily, "Richard was delicious for a little while to-night. But he—"

"Why on earth don't you have the doctor?" he burst forth. "You know the child is ill!"

"Harry said he telephoned for him this morning from the store," she explained, turning half away from him; "but—but he hasn't come."

"And he knows the child is ill?"

"Yes; oh, yes," she said.

"Then, why doesn't he come?" She did not answer.

"Mrs. Millwood, why doesn't he come?"

She put her finger to her lips and listened. The sound of the child's weak crying came down to them, and she turned toward the door.

He touched her lightly on the arm. "I'll go up to him," he said imperiously, "while you wake your husband and tell him to go after the stairs."

"Richard likes me," he reassured her. "I can quiet him."

"Oh, yes; he likes you, of course," she said in her throat.

He went into the dimly lit room and took the boy in his arms. The little boy was aflame with fever.

"How does it feel, old fellow?" he asked gently.

"It hurts—hurts awful," the boy answered weakly.

"Where does it hurt? Show me where."

He held him loosely so that he could put his hand where he wished.

"It's my side," Richard explained. "Right there. Sometimes it hurts—sometimes—it don't."

"Hurts—now—awful!"

"Then we'll have to be brave Indians," Wayne comforted him. "I'll have one now, whippersnapper."

"That's right," he said. "And I've tried not to cry. It scares humans so much."

Wayne, cautious-footed, peered up and down the room, holding his eyes close and chattering him:

"We'll play it's an Indian, a bad Indian, after us. He's shooting at us, but he's afraid. He's not matter. If we keep running we can get to the shelter of the hills and build a fort, build such a high, strong fort that he can't get near us any more. And we can take our rifles and have lots of fun watching him dodge about and run and—"

He looked up and saw her standing in the doorway. He knew immediately that she was panicky-stricken.

"What is it?" he asked, going close to her, the boy still in his arms.

"Harry says it's no use to go after Doctor Bronill," she answered, wringing her hands one against the other.

"Why?"

She looked at him for a moment and let her hands drop limply at her sides, and he stood helpless, hostess, her eyes downcast.

"Oh," she said at last, making the exclamation a low wail, "we owe him money. Harry hasn't paid his bill since Henry was born."

Wayne put the boy into her arms.

"How far away does Bronill live?" he asked. "About six miles, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said, "but—but it will take a long time to get him. And you can't telephone. The store's closed. And the horse is out in the field."

"I'll have him here in less than an hour," he promised, starting to the front door; then, seeing her terror, turned back: "You know I'll do it. You know I'll have him here in less than an hour."

She nodded her belief and he was gone.

Somewhere in the hall downstairs he dropped his coat and hat. He took the porch steps in one bound, but once on the ground, settled immediately into a swift trot. He had decided what he must do, and, in order to cover the mile between the Millwood house and Tom Thornton's, he had to keep a regular, unbroken pace. He ran as he had run at college, doggedly, getting as much speed out of his will as he did out of his feet. Before he had reached the Thornton's gate his mouth had gone dry as a chip and he had wished for a handkerchief as he crossed the fence. At the end he heard the fence a moment, the blood pounding his temples, and reached down for a handful of dewy grass. This he crushed into his mouth for moisture, so that he would be able to speak.

He stormed the door with fists and feet, calling out in the meekish way a voice that grew from shrillness back to its natural tones.

"Your machine! I feel terribly to the amazed Thornton who had last had come to the door. "I must have it! You've got to drive me to Dr. Bronill's. Mrs. Millwood's Richard is dying—dying. I'll not be angry because of the doctor's fierce commands. "I've got a lot of arm here. I can't drive."

Wayne shook the unmindful arm of the doctor's wife.

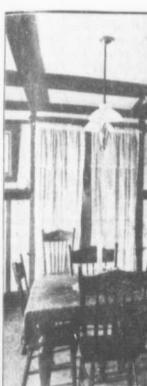
"Thornton gave him the information mechanically."

(Continued next week)

Green and White Dining

There is nothing in the dining room so lovely than a green and white dining room. It is finished, it looks, as if it were good enough to eat, but, however, is something not arrived at by using we have and leaving the color alone. Unless what we see the thing which we see the style of decoration either to discard it and create our dining room way.

The size and shape of the height of the ceiling have no account. The room



This Dining

prepared wall board, as a green and white dining room is the room illustrated.

but smaller than 15 by 16 feet, the ceiling not higher than 10 feet, it should be papered in white and a foot or two on the wall to meet a green and white paper.

The background of almost solid white, the landscape painted in various shades of green and white.

Where the landscape painting meets there is an unobscured picture rail. Below the picture rail, the landscape is painted in various shades of green and white.

The hangings at the windows are made of green and white. The hangings at the windows are made of green and white.

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