

the woman to another room. "But it will be the only chance of saving his life from a rapid torturing death. I have given your husband something to ease the pain for a time, so he will be able to speak to you. Will you tell your husband?"

The brave woman simply bowed her head, and quietly left the doctor alone while she went on her mission.

Re-entering the bedroom, she found her husband lying more peacefully than she had seen him since he was brought to his home in his helpless state. The once frozen face was drawn with pain, and white as the sheets on which he lay. But he seemed glad to see his wife, and a smile was on his lips to greet her.

"I'm a sight better now, Mary," he said. "The pain has cleared, and left me quite easy. But my head is hot. Come, Mary girl, and lay your hand on my brow the way you used to do—years ago—when I was sick." Then he added with a choking in his throat: "There's heaps of old customs we've been and forgotten these years, Mary. It's a pity we didn't keep them up."

Mrs. Gordon was sitting by her husband's side by this time, and her cool hand was resting on the hot forehead, where she could feel the pulses leaping frantically.

"Don't fret, old man," she said softly. "God'll send the old times back again; and you and me'll spend the autumn-like years in making up for them as is lost. But Seth"—and her voice dropped lower; it wavered slightly, and her eyes moistened—"Seth, the doctor sent me to tell you something. Can you bear it? It's something that'll be terrible bad to bear."