

Some sort of an opiate was now administered, and for some hours Emerson slept. Olive's mother arrived from New York, came in quietly, and asked that Olive be sent to the outer room. The two women embraced each other in silence; and Olive returned to the bedside. There was now no space or time for tears and mutual comfortings, until this stupendous problem of life and death could be solved.

Sometimes it seemed to them now that the end had come, he lay so still and immovable; but the slight heaving of the clothes over his chest proved their fears not yet justified.

The hours wore on through another day, and another night came down over the great throbbing city, the roar of which sounded muffled and distant to the perceptions of the watchers in the silent room. Mrs. Dearwester had begged Olive to yield for a little while to rest; but the answer had been, with a piteous glance from the great black eyes, "Not yet, ma; not yet. Let me stay; let me stay!" Yeager still sat like a statue, over across the bed. The hours went slowly by; and the great Clamor was hushed to the lull that precedes day. Olive was reclining in her chair, her eyes closed in very exhaustion, the long lashes sweeping down over the fair face—so pathetic a figure to the man of iron who looked at her! And then Morgan saw that Emerson was awake, and was looking at his wife. The subtle consciousness of a thought-change in the room seemed to rouse her; for she looked into his eyes and tried to smile.

"I want to speak to you of Mildred," said he; and the very fact of his speech being so calm and collected,