

"In response to my knock, Mead himself opened the door and I went in. I tell you, boys, I never want to see a sight like that again. You can talk of your slums in the city, but there are poor, miserable wretches in the country as well.

"In a bed placed a few feet from a small cook stove were the five children, three at the head and two at the foot; and on her knees at the side of the bed away from the stove, was the mother, praying. The children, who ranged from ten to two years were all sleeping save one, the eldest, a rather good-featured girl.

"As my first glance was taking this in, I could see beyond the bed a door leading into another room, where there was another bed, which seemed to have been occupied, as, indeed, it had been, for the mother arose whilst I was taking off my coat and quietly withdrew to her room. I saw also at this glance that the eldest child was very pale, breathing hard, croupy, was, in fact, dying.

"'Mead,' I said, 'that child is dying of diphtheria before I look at her. Why didn't you send for me three days ago?'

"He sat in front of the little stove and all he did was just to shake his head sullenly and utter one word, 'No,' without even looking up at me.

"I was astounded at the apathy of the man. What was it—grief, indifference, or simply stubbornness?

"But I was not to be balked now. I was on the ground and saw the state of affairs. I decided to take a firm stand.

"'Here! Hold the lamp 'til I look at these throats!' I commanded in a steady tone. I was not prepared for his answer.

"'What are you going to do?' jumping to his feet. 'I didn't send for you. I want no doctor to come into my house and order me around. I want no doctor at all. They're not sick. I sent Jack Newton for Nancy—Nancy Younger,' and he faced me across the bed.

"'Nancy Younger is away,' I replied. 'Nancy Younger would be no good to you in a case like this. She might if your wife needed her. Come! Hold the lamp!' and I moved nearer the head of the bed.

"He looked at me, stupefied.

"'Nancy away—and my wife going to be sick, possibly to-night,' he gasped.

"In the silence of the moment a happy thought struck me. I had not said a word to Miss Christie about this family professing Christian Science principles, so I said to him:

"'Mead, there is a nurse out in the cutter, a real good, Christian, scientific nurse—I slurred the 'scientific' a trifle—who will