



CHAPTER IV.

RUMOURS OF WAR.

"Yes: fierce looks thy nature, e'en hushed in repose—
In the depth of thy desert, regardless of foes."

WILSON.

HIM SEATON went on to the town in very low spirits. He would have liked to be the one to lead May home; but he had caught a look from her brown eyes cast on Phil which showed him where her thoughts were—a look which, in her usual merry mood, she would never have allowed to escape her, but which in weakness and anxiety she could not repress.

He went at once to find the doctor, who was out, ten miles away. Leaving an urgent message for him, he next found a chemist, and ordered the recipe to be made up, and then went in search of Mr. Dent, whom he found at last, and who—much