

once. "And how's the baby?" he inquired. As he spoke he caught sight of spectacled eyes looking at him with concentrated interest.

"This," the visitor added, as he indicated the short man of reddish beard and glasses, "is Doctor Lunn. Belongs to a Mormon train. As soon as he finished looking over the sick folks at my place I thought it mightn't be a bad idea to have him come with me to look you up."

"Thanks, thanks," North articulated, and pressed the hand of the physician. "And how is it with her, Doctor Lunn? Our other patient—have you seen her?"

With a jerky mannerism of speech, and a foreign accent—Swedish perhaps—the practitioner said:

"The travel you must quit. You could, maybe, lay up at Julesburg. That's it. You know, I believe, how it should not yet be correct—for a wound like what you got—so much jouncing in a wagon. Another thing for caution: that your fever should not run himself into brain fever. Eh, you comprehend me?"

With a look at once irritated and beseeching, North said:

"Tell me, please, about Miss Barton. Have you dressed her wound?"

Marvin and Lunn exchanged glances; then the doctor wiped his spectacles with a blue handkerchief speckled with white dots.

"Have you?" North insisted.

At this moment Mrs. Ross appeared. The physician said to her, as he put on his spectacles and rubbed his palms together: