

## THE YELLOW DOVE

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"You're goin' on your nerve, I think. Better save your strength until we get to headquarters. It isn't far now."

She tried to keep silent, but it seemed as though she must go on talking. That seemed to give her strength to complete her task, for when she sank back in her seat and tried to relax she only grew weak thinking of Cyril lying back there, hovering between life and death. And then she heard herself saying aloud, "He will not die. He has gone through too much to die now."

The man beside her glanced down at her and smiled gently.

"No, he isn't going to die. Bullets don't kill nowadays—unless they kill at once."

"Yes—yes," she assented. "That's it. If he had been going to die, he would have been dead now, wouldn't he?"

She laid her hand eagerly on the young officer's arm and he put his hand over hers.

"Palmerston is the best surgeon along this part of the line. He'll put him through. Don't you worry."

"I won't—I'll try not to—you're awfully kind. Would you mind telling me your name?"

"Jackson. Second Leinster Dragoons. And yours?"

"Mather—Doris Mather. I—I don't want to forget your name. You've been very good to understand everything so perfectly."

"Oh, it's nothing. There are reasons—I'm on Headquarters Staff, you know."

That was one reason. But another one was that there was a girl at home just as much worried over his wound as Miss Mather was over Hammersley's.

They passed from the rough roads between gates into a smoother one which was bordered with poplars.