

The Ride with Death

connecting doorway, half dressed, and with a blanket drawn round his shrunken shoulders. He looked a spectre and not a man; his bearded cheeks were hollowed, his straight nose appeared to crook over the sunken mouth like the beak of a bird, and his blue eyes, gleaming from cavernous sockets, stared with unnatural brightness. Seeing Sibyl on the floor with the frightened women about her, he came forward and offered to help. Nothing could have astounded them more than this, for they thought he had not strength to walk.

"Put her in the bed there," he commanded, indicating an adjoining room.

He stooped to assist in lifting her; but the faintness was passing, and she showed that she was still able to assist herself.

"Yes, put me in the bed," she panted.

They helped her to the bed, Davison following with tottering steps, trying to aid. Mary shook the pillow into shape and placed it under her head. Sibyl observed her and put up her gloved hand to touch Mary's hair.

"You are here, dear; I—I am so glad!"

"Where is Clayton?" said Davison, turning about. "He is needed."

A cowboy came running into the house to report the stampede of the cattle.

"Let them go," Davison cried; "you ride at once for Doctor Clayton. Tell him to come immediately."

Pearl Harkness had hurried into the kitchen, thinking of hot-water bags. Mary stared into