

ildered and shaken—
before he change; his
ing over your fear," he

ater," was the answer
ast it wasna fear for

e?"

ster. Him an' me,"
the bed, "comn from
olera couldna fear me
e if he wur i' need."
nor who watched by
ured with loving car
a knew nu weariness,
ver and Langley wa
t.

nd Bess Janner were
ng doctor was wont
are as his would have
t a close race or it as

alescence nurse and
together with a
rough every hour.
Langley's old interest
warm affection. He
lose sight of the awk
l never rested so com
by his bedside.

nd, dear fellow," he
he hold it. I shall
g you are near me."

he morning, and awar
sciousness of some new

Seth no longer sat in
w, but stood a little
had not leaped in his
he face bending over
young face which had
and troubled dreams.
aloud.

his knees and caught his
passionate little gesture
did not know," she
broken tones. "I
since the sickness
they sent me away and
—Father, tell him,

more definite ex
ce so happy and so

id, "I can" scarcely
ay come of this; and
o have you near me
me is all over; even
have cared for me
have been cared for.
my life."

only answer with a

piteous, remorseful jealousy: "Whv was it
not I who saved it? why was it not I?"

And the place where Seth had stood wait
ing was vacant, for he had left it at the sound
of Langley's first joyous cry. When he re
turned, an hour or so later, the more restful
look Langley had fancied he had seen on his
face of late had faded out: the old unawak
ened heaviness had returned. He was nerv
ous and ill at ease, shrinking and con
scious.

"I've coinn to say good-neet to yo'," he
said hesitatingly to the invalid. "Th' young
lady says as shean' her feyther will tak' my
place a bit. I'll coom i' th' mornin'."

"You want rest," said Langley; "you
are tired, poor fellow!"

"Ay," quietly: "I'm tired; 'an' th'
worst is over, yo' see, an' she's here," with a
patient smile. "Yo' wunnot need me, an'
theer's them as does."

From that hour his work at this one place
seemed done. For several days he made his
appearance regularly to see if he was needed,
and then his visits gradually ended. He
had found a fresh field of labour among the
sufferers in the settlement itself. He was
as faithful to them as he had been to his first
charge. The same unflinching patience
showed itself, the same silent con
stancy and self-sacrifice. Scarcely a man
or woman had not some cause to remember
him with gratitude, and there was not
one of those who had jested at and neglected
him but thought of their jests and neglect
with secret shame.

There came a day, however, when they
missed him from among them. If he was
not at one house he was surely at another, it
appeared for some time; but when, after
making his round of visits, the doctor did
not find him, he became anxious. He might
be at Janner's; but he was not there, nor
among the miners, who had gradually re
sumed their work as the epidemic weakened
their strength and their spirits lightened.
Making these discoveries at nightfall, the
doctor touched up his horse in some secret
dread. He had learned earlier than the rest
to feel warmly toward this simple co-laborer.
"Perhaps he's gone out to pay Langley a
visit," he said: "I'll call and see. He may
have stopped to have a rest."

But before he had passed the last group of
cabins he met Langley himself, who by this
time was well enough to resume his place in
the small world, and, hearing his story,
Langley's anxiety was greater than his own.
"I saw him last night on my way home," he
said. "About this time, too, for I remem
ber he was sitting in the moonlight at the
door of his shanty. We exchanged a few
words, as we always do, and he said he was

there because he was not needed, and
thought a quiet night would do him good.
Is it possible no one has seen him since?" in
sudden alarm.

"Come with me," said his companion.
Overwhelmed by a mutual dread, neither
spoke until they reached the shanty itself.
There was no sign of human life about it:
the door stood open, and the only sound to
be heard was the rustle of the wind whisper
ing among the pines upon the mountain side.
Both men flung themselves from their horses
with loudly-beating hearts.

"God grant he is not here!" uttered Lang
ley. "God grant he is anywhere else! The
place is so drearily desolate."

Desolate indeed! The moonbeams stream
ing through the door threw their lair light
upon the rough boards and upon the walls,
and upon the quiet figure lying on the pallet
in one of the corners, touching with pitying
whiteness the homely face upon the pillow
and the hand that rested motionless upon
the floor.

The doctor went down on his knees at the
pallet's side, and thrust his hand into the
breast of the coarse garments with a half
checked groan.

"Asleep?" broke from Langley's white
lips in a desperate whisper. "Not—not!"

"Dead!" said the doctor—"dead for
hours!" There was actual anguish in his
voice as he uttered the words, but another
element predominated in the exclamation
which burst from him scarcely a second later.
"Good God!" he cried—"good God!"

Langley bent down and caught him al
most fiercely by the arm: the exclamation
d upon him. "What is it?" he de
manded, "What do you mean?"

"It is—a woman!"
Even as they gazed at each other in
speechless questioning the silence was broken
in upon. Swift, heavy footsteps neared the
door, crossed the threshold, and Janner's
daughter stood before them.

There was no need for questioning. One
glance told her all. She made her way to
the moonlit corner, pushed both aside with
rough strength, and knelt down. "I might
ha' knowed," she said with helpless bitter
ness—"I might ha' knowed;" and she laid
her face against the dead hand in a sudden
passion of weeping. "I might ha' knowed,
Jinny lass," she cried, but I didna. It was
loike aw th' rest as tha' should lay thee
down an' die loike this. Tha' wast alone
aw along, an' tha' wast alone at th' last.
But dunnot blame me, poor lass. Nay, I
know tha' wilna."

The two men stood apart, stirred by an
emotion too deep for any spoken attempt at
sympathy. She scarcely seemed to see