

gently felt his limbs, while she was conscious that Edna had crept up and was looking down at the white face with streaming eyes.

"He's not dead," her mother said, slowly, "somebody must fetch the doctor, quick."

"I'll go," the girl cried. "I'll put the saddle on Bess, and ride off before the men can get the rig."

"Mrs. McBain nodded, it was no time to think of conventions, and Edna flew off.

When the men returned from securing the bull Mrs. McBain directed them how to move the still figure.

"Fetch a mattress," she commanded, "and we'll carry him into the parlor. Gently now, I guess one of his legs is broken, and the brute gored him a bit down his side. I hope he is not injured internally, poor fellow. He's a brave lad, that's sure."

Very carefully they bore him in and laid him on the floor, where the light from the lamp fell on his blanched face. Gently as his own mother, Mrs. McBain did all she could for him till the doctor came.

It seemed a very long time before he arrived, though Edna had fetched him as quickly as possible.

His face was grave as he rose from examining the wounded man.

"He is badly hurt, but he may pull through, with careful nursing. He ought to go to the hospital, but the journey might kill him."

"He shall stay here," Mrs. McBain said, shortly, "He risked his life for my daughter, I guess I can nurse him myself. Edna must do the other work."

"Yes, of course," Edna agreed, with surprising readiness.

How the next few weeks passed neither woman very clearly remembered afterwards. Edna worked as she had never in her life worked before. Her pretty hands got hard and discolored, her face lost some of its dainty freshness, but she did not utter a word of complaint, and the discontented look vanished. She went to bed tired out every night, and rose at four to get the men's breakfast, as her mother had done, till at last the threshing was over, and all except the two regular hired men had gone.

Meanwhile, Mrs. McBain was nursing the invalid back to life. For a while she almost gave up hope, but in the end unflinching devotion prevailed, and the doctor declared that "little Willie" would live.

"I guess he'll be all right," he declared, "thanks to you, Mrs. McBain."

"What about yourself, doctor?"

"Poof, I did nothing! It was just nursing that saved him."

The first time "little Willie" was able to sit up Edna went in to see him. She was horrified to see how white and thin he had grown.

"I hope you are better," she said timidly, holding out her hand.

He affected not to see the outstretched palm.

"Thank you I am doing splendidly, and shall soon be able to move about again."

"I want to thank you," she began.

"Please don't," he interrupted, "Any other fellow would have done the same, it was nothing."

"You are very brave," she said, her pretty face aglow.

He did not answer, and his eyes looked away through the window where the October sun shone in the clear, frosty sky.

"I want you to forgive me for being so snippy," she faltered.

"You were perfectly right to remind me of my position," he smiled, and this time he took her hand, "But I did not forget it, you know."

And then, somehow, they both laughed.

A few weeks later "little Willie" left. He was profuse in his thanks to Mrs. McBain and to Edna for all they had done for him, and refused to take a cent of the wages he had earned. Edna herself drove him to the station.

"I hope you'll come and see us if ever you are near here," she said, at parting.

"Thanks, indeed I will," he replied, wringing her hand. "But I am returning to England very shortly."

"Then I suppose we shall never hear of you again?"

"Oh, indeed you will," he replied, with a strange little smile.

Six weeks later Edna received a newspaper from the old country with a small paragraph marked with red ink.

"The honorable Renold Kenyon has returned from a prolonged stay in Canada, whither he went to study the conditions of the country, with a view to establishing settlements in different parts, for young Englishmen. He had some amusing experiences on a farm, where he worked as an ordinary laborer, and incidentally, was nearly gored to death by a bull. He declares the West possesses unlimited possibilities for any man not afraid of work, and speaks very highly of the kindness he received. He hopes to revisit the Northwest at no far distant date, but declares he will not return as a hired man."

On the side was scribbled, "Please forgive."

Deadly Dull.

A group of New Yorkers recently got back to town after a long tour through the South. During that tour their mouths had cankered in responding to toasts at the Commercial Club banquets. If you woke one of them up suddenly in the smoking car, even before he got his eyes open he'd be saying something about "your beautiful little city."

"So," said one of the bunch, "let's get together and tell the truth, now that we're back home."

They did. They sat in one corner of the club grill and conscientiously went through the post office list. Every time a Southern town was named, they moved that burg to the very center of the griddle. By and by a stranger who had been sitting quietly in the corner yawned, stretched himself and started out.

"Any of you fellows ever been in Selma, Ala.?" he asked.

No one had.

"Well, said he, "there's just three things in Selma—morning, noon and night."—Exchange.

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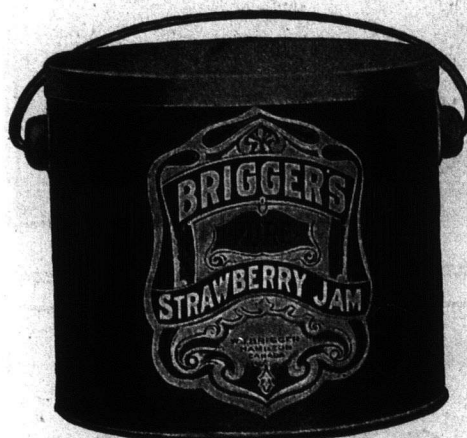
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