

Siege Horrors

"Since we sent all our mosquito netting to the hospital she seldom rests more than half an hour at a time," said Ray.

He looked grave, but went his way and built a raised platform of boxes as a temporary bed.

"What is the matter with Paul, mother?" asked Ray the next evening when he didn't appear for dinner. "He hasn't eaten a mouthful all day, and I found him hiding behind the stable court crying as if his heart would break."

"Paul has been making his first sacrifice," said Mrs. Gilmour, "and he is finding it hard."

"What?" asked Ray.

"He found Ming, the little lad from Hsaio Chuang, over at the Foo, almost dying. The doctor said he was wasting away for lack of nourishing food—starving, to speak plainly. You remember the remark Douglas made last night about the Chinese considering the ham of a dog a great delicacy. Paul couldn't forget it. Beauty might save Ming's life. He thought and thought about it, and Ming's pallid face haunted him so he couldn't sleep. This morning early he took Beauty to the butcher, kissed him good-bye and left him there. He said the dog looked at him with such sad, reproachful eyes he was sure it understood what he was doing."