

Widow Barnlow hobbled up the stairs, and stood for a time quietly looking at the invalid. Though lame and old, she had good sense and experience. She went up to the bed, and said in a quiet everyday tone—

“Well, Mrs. Dent, I’m sorry to see you are but poorly. Have you been like this before?”

Mrs. Dent feebly opened her eyes, and answered: “Yes, once; before Annie was born.”

“Do you know what is good for you to take?”

After a few seconds, the sick woman collected her thoughts, and said—

“May, look in my desk, in the little drawer. You will see a doctor’s prescription. That did me good; if we could send to the town to get it.”

May found the paper. “I am going, mother,” she said quietly, “and Mrs. Barnlow will stay with you. Father is in town with Franky. I shall find him at the store, and we will come back together.”

With a kiss, she left her mother, and went rapidly to prepare for her ride, Carrie having told the odd-man Jock to saddle Dapple, the quiet mare. The widow, meanwhile, began to prepare a hot fomentation and other simple remedies for the invalid, in a quiet capable manner.