

Los Angelan Invents Winged Aeroplane

and instantly averted his eyes. He patted her hand with fatherly kindness.

"Yes, I will, my girl. But I think you'll get his consent."

Nurse Bridget went to her patient's room. As she softly opened the door the sound of a strangled groan made her pause.

She saw Mr. Bellamy seated at the writing table before the window, his back toward her, his head between his hands, his shoulders shaking as he struggled with deep inward sobs. She heard him exclaim to himself in accents of despair:

"Good heavens! I'd better end it all straight away." And then there came a choking noise in his throat, a sort of curious whimpering like the crying of a wounded animal. Nurse Bridget had seen strong men weep, but she had never witnessed agony so piteous as this. And all that was tenderest and noblest in her womanhood went out in the keen desire to ease his pain. She did not think of herself, of any petty conventions; she thought only of him. Swiftly she moved to his side and bent close over him, one hand laid on his shoulder.

"Oh, don't—don't!" she said. "It breaks my heart."

The strange sobbing ceased. He did not turn a' once, but put up his hand to take hers, and he drew it down to his lips and held it there.

"Oh, my dear—my dear!" he said. "Do you care for me enough to be sorry that I can't fight an' longer?"

"I care enough to want to help you to fight and come out the conqueror. And you will if only you will do what I ask."

"I know what that is. Owen has been telling you that he wants me to go into McVittie's sanitarium for three months, and I refused. I positively declined to sign this." He struck his clenched fist on a blue paper—part printed, part written—which lay on the table before him.

"Why?"

"Can't you understand? Setting aside the degradation of it, I've no faith in such things. Hypnotic suggestion! Faugh!"

"No, not altogether. A special drug which destroys the inclination."

"You know the treatment, then?"

"I once nursed a patient who had been through the McVittie course. He seemed to have been perfectly cured."

"Oh! And has he remained cured?"

"I lost sight of him after a year; but during that time he could not bear the sight or smell of alcohol."

Mr. Bellamy laughed bitterly. "I, too, have gone a year hating the sight and smell of alcohol, but the demon has reappeared and taken possession of me again. But sometimes I've thought that if there had only been any one who would have helped me—"

He paused, his head raised slightly, his eyes staring out of the window before him, his voice husky with emotion.

"Bridget, I've thought that if there were a brave, true woman who cared enough for me to stand by so despicable a thing, then no foul fiend would have power to seize me, for her protecting arms would be my defense and shield. * * * And yet how can I dare hope? Fate has no such joy for me."

He pressed his lips wildly to her hand. There was silence, and then Bridget said quietly:

"Will you do your share? Will you not give this cure a chance—for your own sake—for the sake of your friends?"

"No! If not for the sake of the woman whose love would mean life and heaven to me, then not for my own or any other's sake. Once more it shall be a single-handed fight with the devil, and if I fail—well, I've made up my mind. You shall never see me a second time as you did when first you came—a beast—a debased creature. I'm covered with shame at the thought of what you found."

"Oh, not a thing to cry shame upon, any more than on many another sorely beset creature. We nurses know what that means!" Nurse Bridget cried. "I found a poor sick man—a man of noble nature and great ideals—who had had a hard fight and got worsted in it, so that he was fallen for a little while from his true manhood. I understood then—though I had not been told what I know now—that he was suffering for the sin of another which had fallen on him when he was a helpless babe. Should he be blamed for that? * * * And my heart went out to him in the deepest sympathy, and I longed—you don't know how I longed—to help him rise and face his trouble, and this time conquer it for good and all—"

She stopped her, turning sharply round and looking up at her, his eyes very bright and tender, searching her face in passionate questioning.

"Bridget, you said you'd help me fight my demon?"

"I will; indeed I will—if you'll do

your share—if you'll let me help you."

"Let you? You're not afraid? But no, you were not afraid that night when you locked up the drink from me."

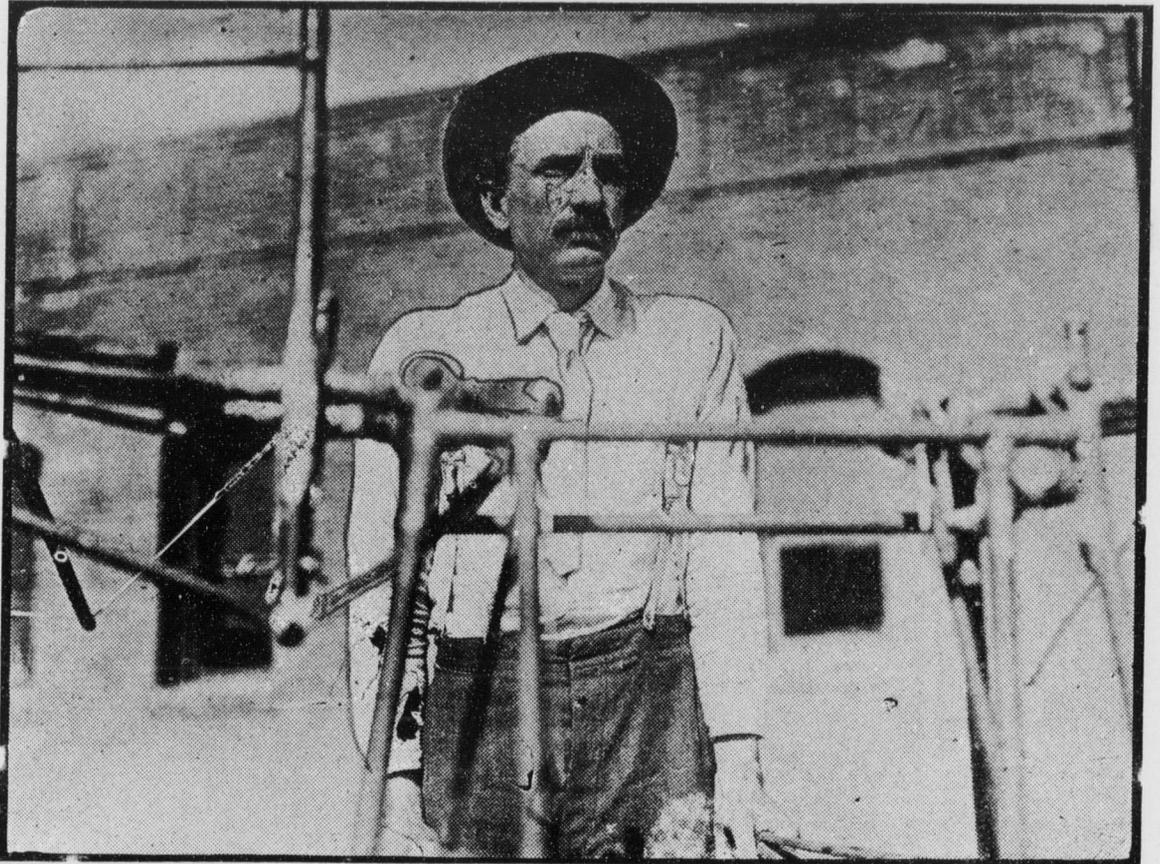
"I never had the least fear of you. We've been too good friends. And you've taught me so much in our talks about books and things. I shall always be grateful. I shall always remember."

"You speak as if that were to be in the past. And I want it to be past, present and future—everything. Bridget, if I sign the paper and go through this treatment, after it is over will you come back to me?"

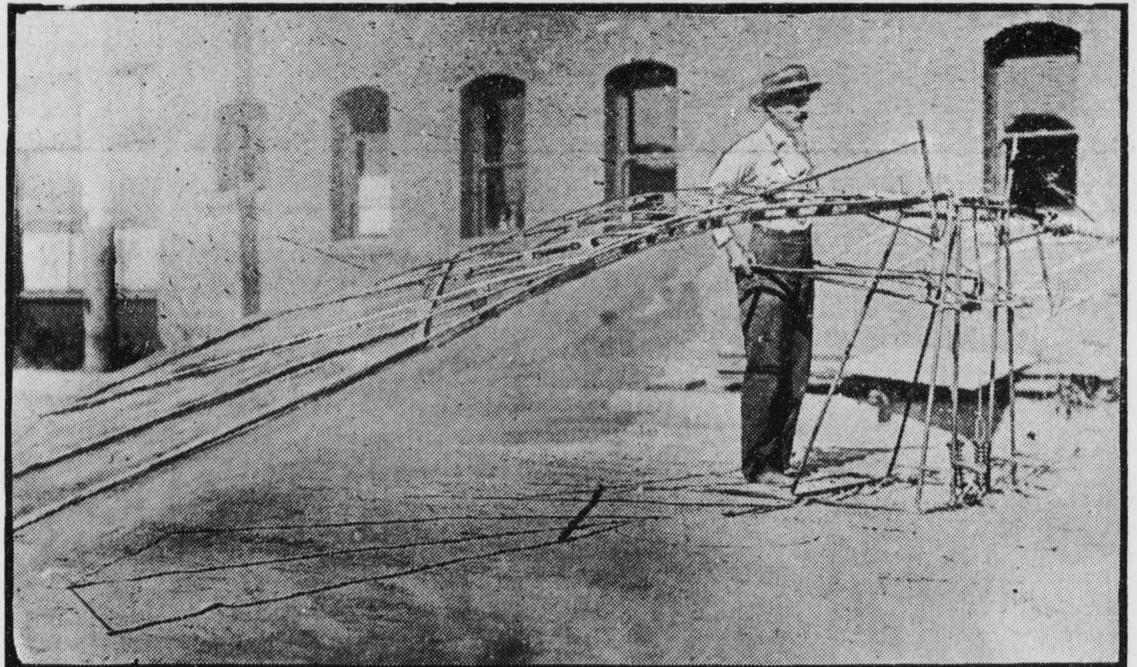
"You will be quite well. You will not want a nurse."

"A nurse, no; but I shall want a wife. Bridget, you have put new heart and hope into me; you have made me daring. If I go to the sanitarium and come back cured—as you say I shall—may I then claim your promise to help me fight the demon should it ever try to seize me again?"

He had got up and was standing before her, and now he had her two hands clasped in his. He read her answer in her eyes, and did not wait for her lips to speak it.



PROF. H. L. A. V. TWINING



SKELETON OF TWO MONSTER WINGS

"Oh, my dear, I love you with my whole heart and soul. I will do anything that you ask me. I will sign that paper, and afterward, when the course is over, we will go away together and travel in sunny lands, and you shall do with me as you choose, and make me what you will. Bridget, is it true? I am not deceiving myself? When I have proved myself worthy, you will remain with me, my saving angel, until life's end?"

"And after," the girl said, solemnly. "For love is stronger than death, and there is no evil which love shall not overcome."

FAITH AND WORKS

When Christian Science began to find firm footing in Winchester the little son of a prominent woman who had embraced the faith, and was urging others to take it up, was out of school a day or two because of sick-

ness. When the youngster returned his teacher, who was well advanced in years and possessed an inquiring mind, engaged the youngster in conversation: "Been ill, Joe?"

"Yes'm."

"Bad enough to be in bed?"

"Yes'm."

"What did your mother do for you, Joe, while you were in bed?" asked the teacher, now all expectancy for the reply.

"She mended my trousers," lisped Joe.—Answers.

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