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Notice the label on your paper and see if your time expires this month.

BY THE SONDER.

By JOSEPHINE BOWEN.

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"I fear, Mr. Burton," he said at length, in a voice which exactly suited his face, "that this is a very serious case. The man is badly bruised from having been knocked about among the logs. You see, the boys told me. I asked them a few questions. It was a wonderful escape from death. But he may die yet. He is not very strong naturally, and he must have been in that icy water a long time. Has he no papers, nothing to show who he is? He is past telling now, and may remain so for some time."

"There were some bills in his pockets and a little knife, nothing more." "Use the money as far as it will go. Let the boys go to Orquay and get some brandy. I will furnish the medicine, as I am in the habit of doing. This is hard on you and your daughter, very hard, but it cannot be helped. I will do my best to relieve you of the burden of his care, but I can do nothing in regard to expenses. I will take that responsibility myself, and I will send you some help in nursing."

Janie had been standing at the corner of the fireplace silent and attentive, with pale face and compressed lips. "Doctor," she said at last, "I am going to take care of him until he gets well or dies. I shall watch him day and night, and I want no help."

"Miss Benton," replied the doctor gravely, "you risked your life last night to save a human being. It was a noble thing to do. The occasion called for heroic action and you were equal to it. But don't throw away your life or your health unnecessarily; there would be nothing praiseworthy in that."

"I shouldn't do it for praise: I am tired of thinking about myself and hating the people on the Sonder," she answered impulsively. "I am glad that I have this man to take care of. I want to work hard and he is not like the rest."

"By the rest? I suppose you mean these poor neighbors of ours among the bluffs. What have they done, I wonder, to deserve your hatred? I think I have seen your holding their babies in your arms when they were nearly dead with fever; I think I have seen you nursing and caring for my patients when I thought of your own safety. Do you hate those whom you help to save from death? I do not," he added with a smile.

"They hate me," she answered bitterly. "You are mistaken. They fail to understand you. They feel that although you are in one sense one of themselves you live apart from them in thought and feeling. Do you expect gratitude when you sacrifice your comfort and endanger your health for them? I have been a physician for fifteen years, Miss Burton, and I have found but few cases of gratitude. My patients are often too poor to pay me, but they generally regard themselves as the injured parties in the transaction and are seldom grateful; indeed, I might say with you that they hate me, but yet I love my work. Success is my greatest reward. I love to save life, and so do you."

"In regard to your patient here, I can understand why it is more pleasant for you to care for him. He is very handsome, and as you saved his life you have a right to feel a great interest in him."

"I wonder if he lives in Orquay?" said Janie. "No," replied the doctor decidedly, "the world be as much out of place in Orquay as on the Sonder. Doubtless he will be inquired after and found. In the meantime we must take as good care of him as we can. But be careful of your own health and strength, Miss Burton, and remember that the rich and handsome can be as ungrateful as well as the poor and homely."

Day after day passed, with no change in the patient save a gradual sinking. At first a few neighbors, curious to see the man saved out of the river by that proud Janie Burton, came and offered to help, but they looked so ague stricken and woebegone, so obviously in need of help themselves that Mrs. Burton, at Janie's entreaty, sent them away with thanks, saying that they could do all there was to be done. As to Janie, the tide of life was running high with her. She seemed incapable of fatigue, and the doctor on his daily visits looked upon her with wonder. Instead of weariness there was buoyancy. Her face had lost its pallor, and was blooming as if she had partaken some fabled elixir of life.

As he watched her hovering over the still unconscious man, with that grand maternal look in her face so characteristic of all truly noble women when caring for the helpless or suffering, he experienced a pang of anguish when he thought what the awakening and reaction might be.

"He had better die," was the thought of the physician, "than to live to break the heart of such a woman, as I feel that he will. And yet he must not die if I can save him. He must be restored. Yet she will die unless he returns her love. A woman is a strange creature anyway. Think of her loving this man who has never been able to recognize her, whose name she doesn't know, who may even have a wife! It is past belief. By his bedside she is transformed. If he regains consciousness, as I think he will, he will see her at her best. God grant he may not blight such a flower."

Still the days went on, and there was no change. On Sundays an elderly, hard working man came and sat awhile by the bed and then went away. He was the husband and father, who was at home no other day.

The boys fished, brought home and milked the cow, cut wood and did other chores about the place. The mother attended to her housework, and at night watched for three hours while Janie slept, and every day the doctor came. It was not his busiest season, and he could spend an hour or two daily by the bedside of his still unconscious patient, for no inquiries had been made about him, although the story of the rescue had found its way into the columns of The Orquay News. Nor had he in his delirium given a history of his life good or bad.

It is only in fiction that connected stories are told in the ravings of fever. In reality the labored breathing, the

sharp cry, the heart breaking moan and unuttered meanings, were told no story of the past—only one of present suffering and a terrible battle with the king of terrors on the sands of a shadowy sea.

So these three, mother, daughter and physician, watched the stranger as he went down, down to the river of death. At length there came a day when there was a slight change in the daily routine.

As soon as the doctor had looked at his patient he asked that the boys might take care of his horse. "I shall stay today and to-night," he said. "By midnight we shall know the worst or the best, whichever it may be."

He looked at Janie. "Love is immortal in her eyes," he thought. "She doesn't believe that he can die, but it will be far better for her if he does. She will always believe that her love would have been returned, and if no one claims him she can have his grave to love and devote her life to planting flowers on it—but I think he will live, and what then? Well, we shall see."

As midnight approached a deep silence fell upon the three watchers. The doctor sat with his fingers on the pulse of his patient. Janie stood near him with a look of awe on her face, but with no fear. Her mother sat near the foot of the bed, her head resting upon her hands, waiting. Suddenly there was a slight movement; the doctor arose, laid the sick man's hand across his breast, slightly changed the position of his head, drew the covers up over his shoulders, then turned to Janie and said: "Go up to bed now and sleep until morning."

"Is he dead?" she asked, with white lips. "No, he is asleep. His sleep his natural, his skin is moist. When he wakes he will be conscious, but very weak. I will watch until then, and it may be several hours. The few moments after he awakens will be critical ones. I want to be by him then. Can you sleep? If not I will give you something to make you sleep. You must rest."

"Oh, no to-night! Please let me stay. I don't care if I die to-morrow. Let me stay here to-night."

"Very well. I have no right to command you. You have not employed me as your physician, but as your friend; if you will consider me such I will say you are unreasonable, but that is a woman's privilege. I will stay to-night, but I will not give you anything to make you sleep. You must rest."

"Oh, no to-night! Please let me stay. I don't care if I die to-morrow. Let me stay here to-night."

"Very well. I have no right to command you. You have not employed me as your physician, but as your friend; if you will consider me such I will say you are unreasonable, but that is a woman's privilege. I will stay to-night, but I will not give you anything to make you sleep. You must rest."

Mrs. Burton, when she knew that the crisis was passed, retired to the attic to rest and sleep. The doctor drew his chair to the hearth, stirred up the smoldering fire and laid on fresh wood. Janie had disappeared, but soon returned with delicious coffee, cream toast and cold chicken, which she placed on a stand, and drawing it up in front of the fire requested the doctor to eat, while she took her position by the bed.

"I am going to be obstinate as well as you," he said; "I will not touch your nice lunch unless you eat with me. Come!"

He drew a chair opposite his own, and she came and sat down. "How good this coffee smells!" he said. "I have found out the secret of your family's health in the midst of all this malaria. Your mother knows how to feed her children and how to keep everything pure. She is one of those who could make the stable in Bethlehem a fitting place for the advent of the King. If your mother and you should start out and convert all the people on the Sonder to your way of living I should have to move away."

Janie sipped her coffee with her eyes fixed upon the glowing fire and made no response to the doctor's kindly remarks. "How long will it be," she asked at length, "before he can talk—before he will be well?"

He will talk a little to-morrow, or rather today, when he wakes, but he must not be questioned or worried. I need not tell you that, however. What a born nurse you are! This man, whoever he is, owes his life to you twice over. A month of such devotion! How have you kept up? It is the most wonderful thing that I ever knew."

"I am strong," she replied; "I haven't felt tired, but it will soon be over, the weather will be hot and there will be fever all along the Sonder, and the days will be so long."

There was an infinite pathos in her voice and words that shook the firmness of the man opposite her. His voice trembled in spite of his self control as he replied: "Hope for the best, Miss Janie. Try to think everything will be as you desire. From my heart I hope that no disappointment awaits you, but should it be otherwise be courageous. You are young, with a grand capacity for happiness and usefulness. Time is the great healer and comforter."

"There is no trouble, however unendurable it may seem, that cannot be lived through by a brave soul. If we lose the one great joy of our lives we will find that much is left worth living for. I have seen you walking on the bluffs in the early morning, breathing the purer air and gaining health for your body; remember there are moral heights to be climbed and health to be gained for the soul as well. Will you promise me to try to be a brave girl, whatever course events may take, during the next few weeks?"

"Yes, I will try," she said, and burst into a passion of tears.

CHAPTER II.

Harry Forrester fell into a state of the situation. He was not with his feeling of gratitude, but his nature was shallow, his emotions, if he could be said to have any, were but a ripple on the surface. The power of an absorbing passion was something of which he had no comprehension. A good waiter with a doll face and a broad head was his ideal of womanhood; such an one he meant to place at the head of his grand new house in St. Louis. But now he was in an awkward fix. Here was a fine young woman in love with him—a fact which would have added to his self complacency only for the little circumstance that he owed his life to her, and that Dr. Selwyn, who was certainly a very fine man, seemed to think that he, Harry Forrester, was acting the scoundrel.

Here he began to revolve in his mind the subject of a reward. "Confound Selwyn's pride!" he said to himself. "I know girls—there are thousands of things that they want, and I am going to find out what she would like."

His reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Janie herself, with her hands

expression of real anxiety on his face. "She has saved your life twice—once at the eminent risk of her own and this by her devoted nursing. You are the one to place an estimate on the value of such service."

The two men were alone. Janie had gone for a walk on the bluffs and Mrs. Burton had borrowed a neighbor's wagon, and with the boys had gone to Orquay for household supplies.

Ten days of convalescence had done good to the stranger; he was now out of danger and rapidly recovering. "It was a wonderful thing for a girl to do, that is a fact," he resumed. "I was about gone. I remember her hands—how they held on to mine. I don't remember anything else until I awoke and saw you leaning over me."

"I have not mentioned it before," said the doctor, "but I have wondered why you were not missed and searched for after."

"Oh, that isn't strange at all. I often strike out for a trip, and seldom write to the governor until I have business. I have no mother to worry about me. As I told you, I was thinking of investing a few thousands in timber lands, and was looking through here when this happened. A mighty close call, I can tell you, and then to be rescued by a girl. A nice job it is, I must say! But how am I to reward her? I want you to help me with your advice. I have been studying it over ever since I could think at all. Of course I am going to do the fair thing—give her mother a lot of money if she will have it, and all that, but what must I give the girl?"

"Give her the life that she saved. Give her your heart—if you have one."

"Oh, by Jove, doctor, that is going to be too strong. I don't say that I couldn't love the girl, and if I lived in these woods it would be all right. But to take her to St. Louis and introduce her into my set, I couldn't, you know, and then her family! Oh, no—ask me to do something easy."

"As easy, for instance, as for a girl to pull you out of the clutches of death and nurse you back to life and strength."

"I say I do not do anything in reason. In a novel of course I should fall in love and marry her regardless of conventionalities. But I will make a confession to you, doctor. Two days before I fell into the cursed creek I was at a ball, and I met my divinity there—a little angel in rose colored tulle—and I valed with her all night. Do you know, while I was lying here with this fever I was waltzing with her, by Jove—waltzing over red hot sand—dying with thirst—and she seemed to be a living coal of fire; her rose colored dress was flame, and when I thought I was burning to a coal myself an angel would come and cool the awful heat and give me water. The angel was Janie Burton. I know that now."

"Young man," said the doctor, solemnly, "I wish to God you had drowned before you reached the bridge that night. You are not worth the sacrifice of her life."

"Thanks, awfully, for the compliment; but it occurs to me that she is yet alive and well; and something else occurs to me, by the way. You talk as if you loved her yourself. You are a bachelor; what stands in the way?"

"Be careful, sir, how you speak. A man wants the love of the woman whom he marries. She has unfortunately bestowed hers elsewhere. I shall never marry. I have had a long struggle with adverse circumstances, and now I have established a mission among these hills. I mean to devote my life to the fever stricken settlers along the Sonder."

"Not a very brilliant prospect, I should say," drawled Forrester. "No, but more satisfying to me than life in what you call society."

"You have had experience, of course. One can see that you are a cultured man."

"Yes, I have eaten of the tree of knowledge, and to me the fruit tasted of death. But no matter for that. I am going to speak to you as one man to another. Janie Burton is a noble and beautiful girl. Her parents are New England people, poor, it is true, but with a certain refinement and fair education. You can tell that by the speech of the family. Their language is as good as yours or mine. She has grown up here among these rude settlers like a lily among thorns. A lily is no purer, a wild rose is no sweeter, an angel is no stronger or more helpful."

"She has never loved, having seen no one to love until she dragged a handsome ingrate out of the hands of death. God pity her if she has warmed a frozen godpity to life in her bosom. You admit that you could love her if she were in your set. Such love would be an insult to a woman like her. You are incapable of any love with her acceptance. But I will waste no more words on you. You must not stay here any longer. You are able to take to my house, and I will take you there to-morrow. In the meantime give Mrs. Burton a check for your trouble and the expense she has incurred on your account, but don't insult her daughter by offering her a present."

So saying Dr. Selwyn strode out of the house and drove away with a look of wrath on his face and a bitterness in his heart beyond anything he had ever known in all his troubled life.

After the departure of Dr. Selwyn Harry Forrester fell into a state of the situation. He was not with his feeling of gratitude, but his nature was shallow, his emotions, if he could be said to have any, were but a ripple on the surface. The power of an absorbing passion was something of which he had no comprehension. A good waiter with a doll face and a broad head was his ideal of womanhood; such an one he meant to place at the head of his grand new house in St. Louis. But now he was in an awkward fix. Here was a fine young woman in love with him—a fact which would have added to his self complacency only for the little circumstance that he owed his life to her, and that Dr. Selwyn, who was certainly a very fine man, seemed to think that he, Harry Forrester, was acting the scoundrel.

Here he began to revolve in his mind the subject of a reward. "Confound Selwyn's pride!" he said to himself. "I know girls—there are thousands of things that they want, and I am going to find out what she would like."

His reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Janie herself, with her hands

full of early wildflowers, which she laid on a stand at his side.



"You must be growing delicious again, Mr. Forrester."

"How would you look?" he exclaimed half enviously. "Do you know, Miss Janie, the doctor says that I have troubled you long enough, and he means to take me away to his house to-morrow."

Janie stood as if turned to marble, while the color slowly drifted out of her face.

Harry Forrester looked up, expecting a reply, and was struck with pity at her expression.

"Do sit down," he said, "and let us talk a little." He reached for a chair and she dropped into it.

"Are you sorry to be rid of your troublesome charge, Miss Janie?"

"Yes," she said. "My life has been so different of late; but it is all over now, and there will never be any change again."

"Oh, don't think that; I am sure I hope that you will be very happy."

Her eyes were downcast, and as he looked at her he was for the first time struck by the statuesque beauty of her face and form, and he began to wonder if after all she were not the disguised princess of some fairy story. His thoughts found expression: "I hope you will pardon me, Miss Janie, but haven't you seen better days?"

"No," she answered, "I never shall see any better. There is no romance about me, Mr. Forrester, I am not even a fondling. My father is a machinist and works in Orquay. We live out here because it is cheaper. We own this little place, and the boys run wild in the woods except when there is a school."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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"Why, Tommy, you awful boy," said Sister Sallie, as the happy hearted youth leaped from behind the sofa with a blood-curling screech and thrust his masked face into Mr. Slowgo's.

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