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package he had brought with hands forced to steadiness, filled a needle and administered a hypodermic.

In a second relaxation ensued, then quieter respiration.

"Now," he cried; "quick work. We shall save her!"

flung off his coat, rolled up his sleeve. by mere man's power, his science, his acquired knowledge to hold back death

little closer, looked straight into the other's eyes, and then spoke very quietly: "She belongs to you by no right." He

looked about the sordid place. "You are not even an honest man! You brought

> Rare days they spent in planning their future. Perfect their hours together, undisturbed by the tiniest cloud.

on the eighth day of her sojourn in his home, so rapid was her convalescence, she was able to sit up. He carried her, wrapped in her lovely robe, to a great padded chair drawn close to the window. He drew a footstool near her. It was then she asked her question.

"There was a child, wasn't there, David, and it died because I wasn't strong enough to keep it?"

+

THE shock of a great surprise made him pale, but he answered steadily: "A little child, beloved, who only stayed a short time. But our love, yours and mine, lived on."

"But our child would have been so wonderful," she mused. But he soothed and comforted her. And from that time she simply lived in the moment. Her mind could only dart back touching high lights.

She was sitting in her big chair one morning when she called to me. I had been arranging her little dressing-room and I hastened to her.

"Where's David, nurse?" she asked.

"He'll be back in an hour," I told ber. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Why, no," she said in her little child way. "I wanted to tell him of a dream." "Think about it, dear, till he comes." I suggested.

And she did remember, strangely, till he came. And then she told him she had dreamed they'd been separated in some way and she had been very, very unhappy, and a wicked man had said bitter, cruel things to her. And when she awakened she remembered, it had been so vivid, and she was frightened.

He took her in his arms. "Just a bad dream, sweetheart," he reassured her. And then he went on to tell her of a place by the sea. He had that hour concluded arrangements for a little white cottage with green shutters. What a picture he drew for her! Of days and days spent together by that crooning sea. Of soft nights with walks beneath tranquil stars, her hand in his, the enchantment of their love making all things beautiful and articulate. They were to be together for all time. *

Her eyes were radiant as she listened. Even I, unnoticed, unintrusive listener, fell under the spell of their romance. And the days went on and the other man, that great, godlike creature who had always taken what he wanted, was quiescent, letting his own go from him with no word. And the doctor, great lover, went steadily on with his preparations, knowing now no law but that of his love and his passion to give Daphne all the beauty and service of his manhood.

And I helped; oh, yes, I helped. The ory they were living was so exquisite She had been unworthy of him, so I had agreed with the oldest nurse, yet now with her fragile beauty, her tenderness, I could not remember her unfaithfulness. And he moved in his orbit like a king newly crowned. Rare days they spent in planning their future. Perfect their hours together, undisturbed by the tiniest cloud.

till my strength was wrung from me, drop by drop.

The other p

and miraculously a faint pink tinge came ger. Hunger! My God!" up into her face. She opened her eyes, looked into his with full recognition.

That great cry plunged through limits her to this. She has known even hun-



and looked in; went away again. I heard him in the kitchen, walking up and down, up and down.

On the doctor worked, indefatigably. unrelentingly. "She must live," he cried. out once. He was suffering with her. Every pang he gave her to bear by his manipulations, he bore with her. And then, all at once she smiled.

"David!" she cried in a clear voice. "You've come back. I've wanted you so, wanted you!"

He was on his knees beside her.

"Lift me up," she whispered. So he raised her to him and held her, reverently. As though she had been very tired and was all at once rested, she breathed deeply and closed her eyes. She lay very quiet. • • •

I was ready in a moment; but he waved me aside. He looked down for an intense winging of a second at the colorless face, then in a soft monotone he began:

"Beloved! You are here with me, David. Look at me. I promise you you shall never suffer again!"

But the silence was very deep. Suddenly he seemed to gather all that he was, had ever been or was capable of becoming into one great, burning force. "Daphne! Daphne!" he called, and all of life was in his voice. "Daphne!"

Gently he lowered her to her pillow. "Call up my house and tell Hayes to bring a car to this place," he said to me. + + +

THE car arrived in short time, considering the kind of roads it had to travel. Hearing its purr, the doctor went downstairs, returned in a moment, passing the man of the house with no word.

"Find a shawl, anything," he said to me.

I went to a closet, procured a long silk-lined, much worn coat, in fashion of years before. "Put it about her," he ordered.

When I had done so he raised her in his arms, hushed her against him and walked to the door. She fell asleep again immediately, a normal sleep, her face resting like a child's against his breast.

In the kitchen the other man started forward. He put out his hand with a forceful gesture to bar the way.

"How dare you!" he cried. "She's my wife." He stood a huge, impelling figure, full of uncontrolled passion. It seemed that he should be the one of cave man methods, but-the leopards both had changed their_spots.

The doctor answered nothing for a moment. He held his slight burden a

The combatant spoke in a ringing voice: "She's my wife, I tell you. She belongs to me!" He seemed about to spring

"Hush! You'll wake her," said the doctor in a soft, chiding tone. And then: "Out of my way, or I'll kill you!"

When we reached Dr. Heyworth's home it was nearly dawn.

The doctor's guest awoke the next noon in a room that was a bower of beauty. Flowers were everywhere. The sun filtered in in golden bars through window curtains of frostwork lace. A coverlet of silk that could be weighed in ounces covered her bed; a robe of crepe. hyacinth colored, awaited her future wearing. All accomplished, it seemed to me, in the space of an hour.

The doctor was close beside her when she stirred. He leaned over her and her eyes opened into his with a surprised joy.

"You've been ill, beloved, very ill," he said quickly.

"Very ill, David? But you've been here all the time? I thought-" A little shadow crept into her eyes.

"You've had a very bad dream," he told her. "Your kind of sickness would bring that. But you are better now."

"And back with you. But I seem to forget so much."

He rarely left her, day or night. And

The morning of the day they were to leave for the cottage by the sea the other man came. I opened the door to him. He had regained his courage.

"I've come for my wife," he began. "and I mean to have her. There's to be trouble for such high-handed ways."

I did not answer. He put his foot in the door, but I held it with all my might against his intrusion.

He pointed over his shoulder. I saw a short, square man loitering at the corner. "The law's with me, too; now let me

in," said Daphne's husband. .

"No," I said.

He came a little closer, looked ingratiatingly at me. "You don't understand, nurse," he said; "I'm not blaming you. But I've come for my wife."

Then I told him.

"She's dead," I said curtly. And I stood and watched him stonily as he went stumbling down the steps.

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