

walk. In spite of herself this glorious spring day, palpitant with the throbs of youth and life attracted her more than the subtle abstractions of the incomprehensible poet.

The two farms adjoined, and as she closed the great gate that led to the road she saw Jim Wilson, Norah's "boy," mending a fence in the next paddock. He had stayed at home, poor fellow, simply because Norah could not go, and because he honestly thought that he could not enjoy the day without her. He had probably been working his way towards the boundary fence all day, his mind filled with rose-lighted visions of tea at the house, a glorious night at the dance, and of long delicious, life-filled moments under the all-knowing stars before they said good-bye.

As she turned into the road she saw the sulky loom into view over the top of the far hill. It seemed to be travelling unusually fast, but in a moment the crest of the nearer hill hid it from view. Almost instantly it swept into view again, and came dashing down the nearer hill at breakneck speed. Suddenly, with a cold horror, she realized that the horse had bolted. The sulky was swaying perilously from side to side, and Norah was leaning backwards straining on the reins with all her might. The platter of wild hoofs filled the air with terror. Then she thought of the hill beyond the farm, with its sharp bend, and the steep gullies on either side, and her soul wilded with a sick fear. The sulky was almost upon her now, yet she felt powerless to move.

Suddenly a thunderbolt in blue faunched itself over the fence, straight at the frantic horse's head. Then a dim mist, out of which loomed hazily the struggling man and the plunging horse, seemed to blot out all things. When it was cleared away there on the road, almost in front of her, lay Jim, his white face upturned, his hands clinched, a tiny stream of crimson flowing across his forehead and dripping silently into the yellow dust of the road.

The horse, foam-covered, and still nervous and wild-eyed, was gingerly grazing at the roadside. Flung in wild abandon over Jim's body was Norah. As the college girl approached she looked up, her face wild, her eyes staring, blank with misery.

"He's dead! He's dead!" she wailed piteously. "Jim! Jim! Speak to me Jim!" She shook him by the shoulders, then pressed back his hair from his bleeding brow with cold, trembling fingers. "He's dead! He's dead!" she

wailed again, and then her hands closed above her head, her poor fingers turning and twisting with the agony of it, she flung herself again on his prostrate body, sobbing out her soul with an awful grief.

To the college girl it was a heaven-sent revelation. Here on the grounds of an artificial culture, an accident of intellect, she had been setting herself on an eminence high above her fellows, thinking of these two uncultured children of nature as creatures of a lower sphere. And there before her eyes was love ineffable, sacrifice noble, sacred as any her books told of; grief deep and soul-raking as the never dying wail from the world's great heart of woe. In that moment she found humanity and became herself a lover of her kind.

These thoughts came and went like a flash of light. At such moments we dwell awhile, free and unfettered by time, in the wide spaces of eternity. Then a great tenderness seemed to swell up in her soul, to overflow and inundate the parched desert of her being. This great miracle, changing and directing her whole life, took place while she was approaching the two on the road.

Tenderly she bent over Norah, and tenderly she tried to raise her. "Norah, dear Norah," she said—and she had never dreamt her voice could be so full of loving kindness—"Norah, dear, he may not be dead. Won't you let me see!"

Norah heard the kindness in her voice, felt the tenderness in her touch, and slowly she rose to her knees, and with strong anguished eyes, watched the other as her trembling fingers felt for his heart. It was beating, oh so faintly, but still beating. "He's not dead, he's not dead, Norah!" she cried joyfully.

A great wave of gladness surged into Norah's face and then she covered it with her hands, and fell quietly weeping. The other had some knowledge of first aid, and she was feeling over his body for broken bones. There seemed to be no hurt about him except that deep gash on his head, from which the red blood oozed sluggishly.

"Norah," she said gently, like one speaking to a little child. "There are no bones broken. Do you think we could get him into the sulky?"

Somehow, they managed it. Norah got up with him, and pillowed his head on her lap, while the other led the horse through the gate and down the long cart track to the house. There they managed to lift him out and carry him to the sofa in the front room. In

the dim green light percolating the drawn blinds, his face looked so white and stark that Norah, with a little whimpering cry, fell on her knees at his side and buried her face in his breast. For half an hour the college girl bathed his bleeding forehead and tried all the simple restoratives she knew, but still his eyes remained closed and a dreadful pallor dwelt on his face. His breathing too, was getting laboured. Suddenly, with a shock of fear, she rose, and gazed at the two. Clearly some one must go for Doc Ferguson—the amateur doctor of the district, and that one herself. She could not ride, she was mortally afraid of a horse, but still she must go. Norah was so shaken that she was shivering, now, as if with mortal cold. But very little more, and she too, would be insensible.

"Norah," cried the college girl, sharply. "We must untie the horse. We forgot that, you know." Norah rose mechanically, and together they went outside and took the horse, which was still in a lather of sweat, and quite unfit for another journey, out of the sulky.

"Now Norah," she said, promptly, "you go inside and watch by Jim. I am going to Doc Ferguson's, and mind, I trust you to look after him till I come back." She obeyed like one in a trance.

Norah's horse was in a small paddock near the house, and a man's old saddle and a bridle mended with flax, hung in the cart shed. With her whole being racked with fear, yet with steadfast resolution upholding her, and beating down the cowardice, she caught the horse, saddled him, and mounted. She had fixed a great spur to her dainty heel, and after she had jig-jogged painfully along the cart track, and out on to the road, she gripped the saddle with both hands, and drove the spur in savagely.

She never could remember much of that ride. Mortal terror gripped her heart, she was momentarily in danger of being flung headlong, yet when the horse slackened a little she drove in the spur again relentlessly. Fear for her own safety, anxiety for those at home, strove tumultuously within her, yet above it all sang a joyous note of triumph. For she knew that at last she had found humanity, and that henceforth the spirit of love was hers.

She galloped up to the store in a smother of dust, her hair streaming, her spectacles gone, her horse dripping and panting. She delivered the message somehow, and waited till Doc, his in-

strument case strapped to his back, ran across the road and in a few minutes came, leaping the low hedge on his great grey horse, and pounded away down the white road ahead of her. She followed as fast as she could, but her horse was tired out, and, try as she would she could get no more than a canter out of him. She arrived nearly a quarter of an hour after Doc.

"Come here. I want you!" he called as he heard her stop on the verandah. She saw that he was cutting cleanly into the flesh of Jim's forehead, and she clutched at the doorpost at the sight. He gave a quick glance at her, then, "I must have this blood sponged away," he said sharply. "Hurry now!" Not the words, but the tone, firm, strong, infinitely reassuring, gripped her, and kept her from fainting. Soon under Doc's quick, calm orders, she was sponging away the blood, while Doc, with what she saw must be extraordinary skill, laid bare the dented bone, and raised it from the compressed brain. Presently she saw the colour coming back into Jim's face; but most of all she noticed and marvelled at the change in Doc. His eyes were inspired, his fine face instinct with a great tenderness. A new dignity was on the man. What a doctor he would have made!

Only a few days ago she had seen the same man drunk, and propped up against the hotel verandah post, singing foolishly and daring the world in general to fight. She had wondered then that the young fellows, instead of baiting him, were trying one and all to get him home. But she had condemned him utterly. Now! — "And he went about doing good," she whispered to herself, as she fixed the last bandage.

When it was finished and Doc sat chin in hand, waiting for the return of consciousness, she approached him, trembling at her own temerity, yet resolved to show her contrition.

"Mr Ferguson," she said. "You are a good man. Will you let me shake your hand?"

He rose awkwardly, his face flushed. "Not good, lassie; God knows not that," he said, simply. And there were tears in the eyes of both as silently they shook hands. Then he led her gently to the door. "She's in there," he whispered, pushing her towards the half-open door of the room across the passage. "Tell her he'll live," he whispered, as she ran from him.

Norah was kneeling by the bedside, her face in her hands. The college girl knelt beside her and put her arms tenderly round the grief-stricken girl. Norah flung her arms round her former opponent, and their lips met in a long kiss of perpetual reconciliation.

Norah and Jim were married in the autumn, and the college girl, something warmer than book learning shining through her spectacles, was Norah's bridesmaid. She has many friends now, for she is rapidly becoming famous, but she does not number Jim and Norah Wilson among the least of them.

Economical Hospitality.

In nothing does the Frenchwoman show her economical spirit more than in the way of entertaining. She firmly refuses to have any promiscuous parties or even a promiscuous dinner guest. She does not provide for more than the exact members of her family, and her larder seldom holds more than the day's provisions. She gives dinner parties at stated times and seasons, just as she gives tea parties or evening receptions, but an impromptu party in Paris is unheard of in a well-regulated French family. The house is not prepared for such a thing. The drawing room is swathed in striped cotton covers, and the shutters are closed, excepting only the reception days. The servants have something better to do than to serve afternoon tea and dust sitting rooms. The cook cleans and washes, the housemaid sews and irons, consequently two French women servants do the work of three English ones. Every "frill" of household life is done away with when there is no company, thereby great economy is practiced both in wear and tear and service. A visitor in the house is even rarer than a party; for one thing, French people like to have each their own bedroom, and a spare bedroom is a luxury only possible to rich people. Then, again, a stranger is not welcomed to the intimacy of family life, and yet again resident visitors are not conducive to economy.—By M. E. Clarke, in the "Pall Mall Gazette."

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