

DAY IS DYING.

Day is dying! Float, O song,
Down the westward river,
Requiem chanting to the Day—
Day, the mighty Giver.

Pierced by shafts of Time he bleeds,
Melted rubies sending
Through the river and the sky;
Earth and heaven blending;

All the long-drawn earthy banks
Up to cloud-land lifting;
Slow beneath them drifts the swan,
Twint two heavens drifting;

Wings half open, like a flower
Inly deeply flushing,
Neck and breast as virgin's pure—
Virgin proudly blushing.

Day is dying! Float, O swan,
Down the ruby river;
Fellow, song, in requiem
To the mighty Giver.

—George Eliot.

SIS

The heavy touring car came around the turn at a rapid pace. There was a depression in the roadway where the recent rains had flooded the wagon track. As the ground slowly drained deep ruts had formed, ruts that dried and hardened.

Into one of these a front wheel sank. The driver made a quick turn, the car swerved and went into the ditch.

The ground was soft and the machine came to a sudden stop. Three human forms were flung from the seats and fell sprawling on the sloping turf.

For a moment or two there was silence. It was broken by a twittering bird on a branch above the stranded car. The breeze softly stirred the leaves.

Then a boy came down the roadway. He stopped short and stared at the wreckage. Then he plunged down the incline.

A moment later he whistled shrilly—once, twice, thrice. He ran back to the roadway. He whistled again.

Around the bend a girl came running, bareheaded, her curls flying.

"What is it, Arlie?" she cried.

The boy pointed down.

"Three men hurt, Sis," he gasped. "They look like they're dead."

She leaped down the bank and dropped to her knees beside the first man.

"Tom," the man moaned. "Tom."

The girl arose and ran to the second man.

"Arlie," she called over her shoulder, "get a pail of water—and the walnut box in the parlor cupboard—and a sheet from the press in the hall. Quick!"

The boy disappeared around the bend, and the girl darted to the third man.

In a moment the boy was back.

"They're all alive, Arlie," said the girl. "This one is hurt the worst, I think. Bring the water. Now raise his head. Don't be afraid." The girl worked swiftly. The bruised and bleeding forehead was bathed, a strip of plaster from the walnut box was affixed, and a bandage torn from the sheet deftly bound the wound. The water revived the man.

"Is that you, Jim?" he thickly muttered.

"Quiet," said the girl. "Put his head down, Arlie. Now this one."

As they approached the second man a weak voice hailed them.

"Hello," it said. "What's going on?"

The third man was sitting up staring at them.

"Hush," said the girl warily.

She was on her knees besides the second man, pushing back his thick gray hair and staring into his half-closed eyes.

"What's the matter with Jim?" said the third man stupidly.

The girl dashed a little water into the second man's face. His eyelids fluttered. He gave a little gasp.

"Let me up," he muttered. "Where are the boys? Is somebody hurt?"

He tried to raise himself, but the girl quietly but firmly put him back.

"Lie still for a little longer," she said. "Give him a drink, Arlie, but don't let him get up."

She crossed to the third man. He was blinking as he stared up at her.

"Angel of mercy," he murmured, "sitting about 'neath the greenwood tree. Where's Robin Hood, sweet lady?"

The girl stood before him studying him with her keen black eyes.

"Come," she said, "let me see you stand up."

"Anything to oblige," the man replied. The girl gave him her hand and he tried to arise.

"Wow!" he cried, and he dropped back. "Something's wrong with that right ankle."

The girl was down in a moment studying the hurt.

"It's a sprain," she said. "You twisted it when you fell. I'll put it in hot water when we get to the house."

The man's head was rapidly clearing. He stared about him. His face paled.

"Are they much hurt?" he gasped. "I think not," the girl hurriedly answered. "The man there has hurt his head. The other man seems to be suffering from the shock."

"Have you sent for help?"

"The nearest help is five miles away."

A groan from the man with the bandaged head drew her away.

"How are the others?" the man faintly asked.

"Doing very well," the girl answered.

ed. "Can you stand up? I want to see if anything is broken."

She helped him to arise and he took a step or two. Then he caught at the girl's arm. She held him up.

"A little dazed," she said, "but no bones broken. Arlie, bring one of the cushions. There," she cried as she let him down, "you are on the convalescent list. Give the gentleman a drink of the blackberry brandy, Arlie."

As the boy ran for the medicine box the girl bent over the second man. He looked up at her.

"How is Jim?" he asked.

"And Jack?"

"Equally well."

"How soon will help get here?"

She ignored the question.

"I want to see how much you are hurt," she said. "Can you get up?"

"I am sore all over," he answered.

"The left shoulder certainly is the sorest place."

"Move your left hand—your left arm. Now let me see you stand."

He arose and walked a few steps and then leaned for support against the careened car.

The three men stared at one another.

"Hullo, fellow joy riders," said the third man, weakly.

"Hullo, Jack and Tom," said the first man.

"Hullo, both of you," said the second man. His voice was hoarse and faint.

"I guess we should be thankful it isn't any worse," quavered the first man as he felt of his bandage with an uncertain hand.

"Optimist," growled the second man.

"He hasn't any sprain," snarled the third man. "Wow!" he shrilly added.

"What's to be done?" growled the second man.

The girl had been in close converse with the boy. As she stepped forward he darted away.

She looked at the three men.

"Our home," she said, "is close by. I want to get you there as soon as possible. You will be much more com-



"TOM," THE MAN MOANED.

fortable. I think both the man with the bruised head and the man with the wrenched shoulder can walk. We will have to help the man with the sprained ankle."

"Has the boy gone for help?"

It was the man with the bruised head who asked this question.

"No," the girl replied. "You will have to depend on me."

They looked at her. She was young—not more than seventeen—a slight girl with bright eyes and a quick smile.

"All right," said the third man, "but it's something of a responsibility."

"I don't mind that," said the girl gravely.

The boy came hurrying back with a crutch and a cane.

"You will take these," said the girl to the third man, "and my brother will help you. I am going to walk between you gentlemen," she added to the other sufferers. "You will find me firm and strong if you need my help. Come."

So the procession took up its slow way to the old brown farmhouse that stood back from the road a short distance. It arrived in fairly good order, the man with the sprained ankle panting a little, and the other men were glad to sink back on the comfortable chairs of the cool sitting room.

"I will get the sprained ankle into hot water at once," said the girl. "And then I will look after the bandage and the strained shoulder."

A half hour later the three victims of the accident were as comfortable as they could be made. They had been steamed and rubbed with liniment, and more thoroughly bandaged, and had enjoyed the reviving effects of a cup of hot tea and a plate of excellent bread and butter.

Now they were out on the broad front porch, where the air was cool and they were shaded from the sun, all three smoking the cigars from the silver box of the man with the lame shoulder.

"Clear case of falling into a Samaritan ditch," said the man with the sprained ankle.

"Yes," the bandaged man agreed. "There isn't any discount on little Miss Samaritan."

"Fine girl," growled the man with the lame shoulder. "Knows just what to do and does it. Never thought I'd reach the time when a kid like that could gain my confidence. I've had two doctors and a pair of trained nurses fussing around me for a good deal less than this. And here I am cheerfully taking the advice of a seventeen-year-old, and a girl at that."

The other man chuckled.

"Same here," said the bandaged man. "I'm not even making a virtue

of necessity. I'm in that happy frame of mind when I'm confident all is for the best."

The man with the sprained ankle suddenly frowned.

"I'd feel a good deal better," he grumbled, "if we hadn't slipped up on our little scheme."

"Back to the shop again, eh?" said the bandaged man. "But what can be done about it?"

"Let's ask the girl," growled the man with the lame shoulder.

He looked around. The girl stood in the doorway. Her face was flushed, her eyes dancing.

"You mustn't get impatient," she said. "I am hurrying dinner as fast as I can."

The man with the sprained ankle raised his hand.

"Young lady," he said in his odd way, "we want to divert a few moments of your valuable time. Can we do so?"

"Not more than five minutes," said the girl. "Arlie is apt to let things roll over."

The man who had spoken last took out his watch.

"Stopped," he said.

The man with the bandage fumbled in his pocket.

"Smashed," he snapped.

"Use the kitchen clock," growled the man with the lame shoulder.

"Kind lady," said the man who had spoken first, "I want you to formally meet your beneficiaries. This," he pointed to the lame shoulder, "is Jim. The other man, the bandit with the bandage, is Tom. I am Jack."

They laughed at this and winced afterward.

"Now," said the man who had called himself Jack, "let me tell you something. We are on our way to Monticello when Tom here dumped us out of his car. Our errand was an important one—to us, at least. It concerns a short line railroad that is to be sold at the county seat to-day. We meant to stop this sale—it should be stopped. We are hurrying to Monticello over a road that was unfamiliar to us, but which we were told would bring us there a little sooner. Now we want your advice. Can you find a us a messenger who by any possibility could reach Monticello by 2 o'clock?"

She shook her head.

"No," she answered.

"I was afraid you couldn't," said the man. "It's all off, boys," he at last growled.

"But I can go myself," said the girl.

They stared at her.

"You!" cried Jack. "But how is it possible?"

"Cut that out, Jack," said the man called Tom. "Sis says she'll do it. That's enough."

The girl laughed.

"I have a pony," she said. "He will carry me five miles across country to Burbank, and there the morning train stops on signal. I know the station master. He will help me. And the train reaches Monticello at one-twenty."

The man called Jack drew a long envelope from an inner pocket.

"Here is the packet," he said. "You will hurry with it to the law office of Thorpe & Holmes. Hand it to Thorpe. Go with him to the courthouse. Bring back the papers he will give you. Here is money for your fare."

"I'll pin the envelope inside my dress," said the girl. "I can catch the 3:10 train for home. Look for me before dark. But your dinner?"

"Never mind the dinner, Sis," cried Jim. "This ride means many dinners to us. Go, dear girl, and luck be with you!"

A moment or two later, Sis was on the porch, clattered up the road.

Presently the boy came out on the porch.

"I had to quit in there," he apologized. "Sis said I'd spoil things. She will get the dinner when she gets back. And if you are hungry there's plenty of cold beef and bread and butter and milk and sauce and cheese."

"That's all right, laddle," said Jack. "And now tell us how you two children happen to be living here alone?"

"We ain't afraid," said the boy. "Sis has got a gun an' she can handle it as well as any man. Our mother is at Springfield nursing. Father died out West last spring—he went there because he wasn't very well and we had him brought home and buried beside my baby brother. And—well, it cost so much that we had to give up our house in Monticello and come here and mother goes nursing to help out, you know. It's awful lonesome here sometimes—we're so far away from everybody—but Sis has some books and she reads to me, an' we go hunting, an' there's the garden, an' the chickens, an' the pony. Sis knows how to do a lot of things. She's pretty clever at nursing, too. She helped old Dr. Raines a good deal last summer, an' when the threshing boiler machine blew up at Sam Thompson's and hurt seven men, Sis was the first one there. An' they all say she saved Sam Thompson's life by keeping him from bleeding to death. Sam gave her the pony. Sis would awfully like to move back to Monticello an' go to school at the seminary there—but she says this is the best we can do now."

There was a little silence.

"You've got a good sister, laddle," said the man called Jack.

The boy nodded vigorously.

"You bet your life she's a good sister," he said.

"We're all betting the same way," he said the man called Jim.

It was almost dark when the cantering hoofs of the returning pony were heard.

The three men on the porch, still solemnly smoking, kept silence. And

presently Sis appeared in the doorway.

"The train was late," she quietly said, "but I got there."

A sigh of relief ran across the porch.

"You saw Thorpe?" inquired Jack.</p