Cambria Freeman.

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HEAD

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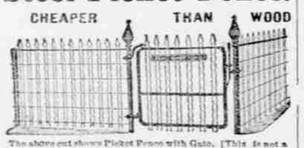

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THE SOLDIERS OF THE SUN.

Along the margin of the world
They march with their bright banners unfurled,
Until, in line of battle drawn,
They reach the boundaries of dawn.

They cross the seas and rivers deep,
They climb the mountains high and steep,
And hurl on sight
Of their black enemy—the night.

Then madly rush into the fray
The serried ranks of the night and day,
Swiftly the shining arc sweeps,
While laughing winds their warnings blow.

Strive as he will, the night is pressed
Farther and farther down the west,
Within golden spear and gleaming lance
The cohorts of the day advance.

Thus, daily, is the battle won
By the brave soldiers of the sun.
—Frank D. Sherman, in Harper's Weekly.

A FORSAKEN DUTY.

But It Was Well Cared for by a Brave Girl.

"I won't be able to drive the stage to-morrow, Lou."

"Why not, Tom?"

A faint tinge of color flew to Tom Carlin's cheek.

"I want to go down to Jimtown to-morrow on business. I'm going to take the morning train."

"What business?"

"That's my affair, Lou, and don't you ask any questions," he answered gruffly.

The girl at the other side of the room came to her brother's side and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"I'm afraid, Tom," she murmured, sadly.

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid that those rough men you have been taking up with lately will lead you into trouble. You are going to Jimtown with them—I know it. Oh, Tom, don't go. For my sake, Tom."

She placed an arm around his neck and looked pleadingly into his eyes.

He hesitated a moment and then started to his feet, throwing her from him.

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Lou. I'm going to Bismarck in the morning and that settles it."

"I thought it was to Jimtown."

"Well, Jimtown, then."

"You ought to be here, Tom, attending to business. Don't you know that Henry Gordon is going north to-morrow morning with fifteen thousand dollars for the bank at Sykeston?"

"Of course I know it," replied Tom, a strange glitter in his eye. "The more fool he for not taking the train and going around by way of Jimtown instead of carrying that amount of money across country."

"The money must be in the hands of the bank by to-morrow afternoon," returned the girl. "If he goes by train, via Jimtown, he won't reach Sykeston before midnight."

"Well, it's none of my affair," muttered Tom; "I wonder who I can get to run the stage for me?"

"I will, Tom."

He started forward impetuously.

"No, no, Lou—not you!" he cried. "Not you, anyone but you! Promise me you won't run the stage!"

His words were wild; his looks pleading.

She drew herself up a trifle sternly.

"If you forsake your duty when you are needed most, it devolves upon me, who love you and care for your reputation, to step into your shoes and do the work you fail to perform. I shall run the stage!"

He turned his back to her and walked toward the door. There he paused, the spirit of good striving within his breast to overcome the spirit of evil. But the strife was in vain. He faced her once more with a cruel laugh.

"I see through your scheme, Lou. You're setting your cap at this Gordon—you're afraid he'll get into trouble with that fifteen thousand dollars of his—ha, ha, ha! That talk about your brother is all very fine, but it won't wash. I'm off for Jimtown, anyway. Good-by, Lou!"

Waiting for no parting word from his pale-faced sister, Tom Carlin passed out of the house.

Half an hour afterward a knock fell upon the door of the little "shack" where Tom Carlin, the stage-driver, and his sister lived.

The knock was twice repeated before it was answered.

Lou at once threw open the door, and when she saw who the caller was would have given the world had her eyes held fewer traces of tears recently shed.

"Come in, Henry," she said.

A young man with a handsome, resolute face stepped into the room and caught her hand.

"Good-evening, Lou," said he, and then, noticing her red and downcast eyes, he would have said something further but stopped himself with an effort that was almost a sigh.

"Pardon me for calling at this unseemly hour, Lou, but I wished to talk with Tom. Is he here?"

She shook her head mutely.

"There are two or three desperate-looking strangers in town, and I came to ask your brother if he thought there would be any danger in my taking that money north to-morrow. Do not think me cowardly, Lou; it is not my own money, you know—I should feel differently if it were otherwise."

"There is not the slightest danger, Henry," she replied. "Tom is not here, so I will answer for him."

"Thank you," he returned. "You have reassured me, but—"

He paused.

"But what?" she asked.

"Nothing," he returned, catching her hands and looking wistfully into her face. "I shall have something to tell you, Lou, when I come back from Sykeston."

"Tell me now."

Smiling, he shook his head. Bringing her hand quickly to his lips he kissed it, leaving her at once with an abrupt "good night."

"All aboard for Sykeston!"

It was a woman's voice that spoke words as four horses came dashing up to the Dawson house dragging the Mouse river stage.

Four passengers came out of the hotel, among them Henry Gordon. Seeing Lou Carlin on the box he stopped short, astounded.

"Where's Tom, Lou?" he asked.

"Jimtown," she answered, briefly. Gordon's face became grave.

"When did he go?"

"On this morning's train."

"The three o'clock train?"

"Yes."

"No passengers took that train from this station. I was at the depot when it pulled out."

Lou Carlin reeled in her seat and almost fell to the ground.

Gordon leaped up beside her.

"You are ill!" he exclaimed.

"No," she answered, resolutely, recovering herself with an effort.

"Surely you are not going to drive the stage?"

"Surely I am!" she replied, with compressed lips. "That looks like business, doesn't it?"

She pointed to a Winchester rifle lying at her feet.

"But you are not well enough," returned Gordon, with a shade of anxiety in his face.

"Nonsense!" she cried, with a forced laugh. "All aboard, Henry! We're late now."

"I'm going to ride out here with you."

"All right."

And then, with a crack of whip and a creak of wheels, the stage departed.

Gordon was reserved and thoughtful.

So was Lou. She was thinking of her brother and wondering where he had gone if not to Jimtown.

At Shoemaker's ranch a halt was made for dinner.

As they once more started on their journey Gordon drew from his breast pocket a package of bills.

"Lou," said he, quietly, "will you take charge of this?"

She drew back and looked at him with wondering eyes. Then a half-sneer curled her lip.

She had been deceived in Gordon. He was a coward!

"Certainly," she replied, in a distant voice; "you bear the risk of placing this in my hands?"

"Risk!"

He said no more. The taunt in her voice was ill-concealed. He understood it and turned away his head.

The stage drew near the rocky coteaux which they were to cross.

Barely had they entered the pass when three masked men stepped from behind a bowlder.

They had guns in their hands.

"Halt!" cried one of them, in a hoarse voice.

One of his companions sprang to the horses' heads.

"What do you want?" cried Lou Carlin, with a white face.

"We want a word with that man beside you."

Then for the first time Lou noticed that the two robbers had covered Gordon with their guns.

Quick as a flash she stooped down, picked up the rifle at her feet and brought it to her shoulder, aiming at the form of the man nearest her.

"For God's sake, Lou!" exclaimed Gordon, "be careful!"

With a quick movement he struck the weapon from her hands.

At that instant there came the sound of two reports, blending as one.

A shot was fired at Gordon just as a passenger fired from the coach.

Gordon fell from his seat, dropping like a log by the roadside.

With a cry of anguish Lou Carlin leaped down beside him. As she stooped over she heard her own name called.

The voice was familiar to her ears.

One of the robbers staggering about on the prairie and clutching at the air sank to the ground.

"My God!" cried Lou.

Leaping forward, she tore the mask from the robber's face, then started back wildly and dropped senseless beside him.

It was her brother Tom.

Henry Gordon was not killed, although for days he lingered at the confines of the grave.

He was delirious and in his wild talk he told, over and over again, his suspicions of Tom Carlin—how he had seen him associating with desperate men—how he knew, or feared, he was planning to rob the stage—that he had given the money to Lou, knowing that she would be safe from molestation at her brother's hands.

Lou, wan and sorrowful, sat beside him and nursed him back to life.

Her eyes were first to meet his when he once more looked out upon the world, and her quivering hands brushed his forehead as she asked if he would not soon be well.

"Yes, Lou," he answered; "and Tom?"

Slowly she drew back the curtain, and pointed off over the prairie to a new-made grave in the distance.

Tears fell fast from her eyes—there was no need of words.

"Forgive him. Henry, forgive him!" she said, brokenly, falling to her knees beside the bed.

"Freely, freely, God knows!" he murmured, kissing her brow.

Then he spoke other words in a whisper and she returned his kiss and laid her head beside his.—Chicago News.

She Was Allowed to Remain.

Two ladies sat near the door of the cable car, and a third, who was unable to obtain a seat, braced herself against the door frame. "Move up toward the front, please," said the conductor to the standing one. She did not notice him. "Madam, please move up a little way," he repeated. She gave no sign of having heard. "Won't you move up a little," he said again after a pause. "Were you speaking to me?" the standing lady answered. "Yes, madam; you must move away from the door. There's plenty of room further up." "Oh, please let me stay here a little while longer—say about two blocks. These two ladies are talking so entertainingly, and I'm just crazy to find out whether it was the butler that the fleshy one's daughter married, or only a man named Butler. I think I can find out in the next two or three minutes." He allowed her to remain. The car rolled on.—Boston Post.

A Stormy Wooing.

Gen. Butler had a stormy wooing. His betrothed, Sarah Hildreth, was a New England schoolma'am, and tiring of the profession she went on the stage, whereat Benjamin was full of wrath. His expostulations were in vain, however, until one night when Miss Hildreth was in Cincinnati playing Pauline in the "Lady of Lyons." He suddenly appeared behind the scenes, fierce and stormy. He gave Pauline until the end of the play to decide whether she'd be the Lady of Lyons or Mrs. Butler. She chose the less conspicuous role and left the stage.

PLOWED UNDER.

I saw a field of rich, green clover grow
Its blossoms honey-laden for the bee;
And turning to the owner who stood by,
I asked what time the harvesting would be.

"'Twill not be gathered in." "How then?" I cried,
"Have you no recompense for all your toil?"
The farmer smiled; he was more wise than I:
"I plow it under to enrich the soil."

And all at once I seemed to see more clear
Some things that I had tried to comprehend:
Has not the heart, like that broad field, its growths
That never seem to reach their destined end?

Its early dreams that perish unfulfilled?
Its youthful hopes that vanish ere their prime?
Its fond affections and its tender love,
Borne down before their perfect blossom time?

I mused on these, and as I turned my feet
Back to the city with its swift turmoil,
I smiled and said in tranquil, sweet content:
"God plows them under to enrich the soil."
—Kate T. Goode, in N. Y. Observer.

A REPORTER'S "STORY."

How George Stanton Made a Discovery in Newspaper Work.

"Write for the Times! Do you imagine you went to college for that? You can't write."

"Have you ever given me the chance?"

"No. But I know you couldn't. I daresay you've been counting on doing this, eh?" The younger man bowed. "And have been laying in a stock of flowing rhetoric and fine-spun theories," the elder continued. "Humph! The Times wouldn't pay in a month's time if we fed the public on stuff of that sort. What it wants is food of another kind."

"What's to prevent my providing it as well as the other writers on the staff? Is my college education to be a drawback to me? If it is—"

The sentence was left unfinished, and the elder man silently returned to his work of glancing over some copy spread out on the desk before him. When he had finished the last page, he turned to the first and wrote "m. g." across the top.

"What does that mean?" George Stanton inquired.

"Those letters stand for 'must go.'"

"Then whatever bears them goes?"

His uncle surveyed him with a grim smile lighting his face.

"It's apt to," he said, dryly.

"Then anything I might write would be printed, regardless of its merit, if you so marked it?"

"Certainly. But you must remember that an uncle indulgent to faults, and the proprietor of this paper—a successful business enterprise—are two distinct personalities—"

"Which you bear, I understand. But surely literary merit cuts some figure?"

"Um—if the name of the writer who possesses it is well known, it does."

"Not otherwise?"

The elder man shook his head emphatically. "I've no use for 'em."

"Why, that makes out the newspaper of to-day a money-making machine of the lowest order," George Stanton exclaimed, indignantly. "The brains of the concern are subservient to the business office."

"Exactly."

There was a pause, during which the younger man tipped back his chair against the wall and gazed abstractedly at the ceiling. At length he brought the legs of the chair to the floor with emphasis.

"I still maintain that it isn't fair that I shouldn't be given a trial," he remarked.

"I suppose you've got a batch of manuscripts all ready to fire at me." The nephew's face flushed. "I thought so. Well, I don't want 'em. Now see here, what this paper wants isn't rhetoric, it isn't eloquence, it isn't philosophy, it isn't literary merit, as you call it—it's just life—plain, everyday life. I wouldn't publish the most beautiful flight of fancy that was ever written—I've no use for that sort. But life—things near, local, personal—give me those. If you keep your eyes and ears open, you'll find more tragedy in one block of San Francisco than in the whole of Shakespeare."

"Then you give me the chance?"

Frederick Stanton hesitated. "It's open to you the same as it is to all," he replied, indifferently; "you would be paid for space-work at our regular rates, providing we accepted it. Mind you, I don't say I'll take what you write."

"But if it suits, you'll 'm. g.' it?"

"If it suits," the other repeated, a little sarcastically, with a movement which closed the interview.

A week later the young man again presented himself in his uncle's private office.

"I've followed your advice, Uncle Fred, and taken life for my subject." He threw himself into a chair and gave a twist to his head in the direction of the inner door. It was slightly ajar, and he rose and shut it before he resumed. "You see, what you said about the tragedies of life—and, of course, I inferred that you meant the comedies as well—being right under our noses, as it were, set me to thinking. Meantime, I have found out the true meaning of your mystic letters. Whatever bears them *must go* in the columns of the next issue, regardless of time, space or other consideration. They are so potent as to require no explanation, no suggestions from the molders of public opinion who preside in the editorial den. Whatever an editor may receive from a proprietor initialed 'm. g.' will be printed, even if it be the death-warrant of the entire staff."

"Is this a lecture on the depravity of the press in general, or my own paper in particular?"

"Neither. It is to let you know that I have been further enlightened since we last discussed this subject. I now understand what exists as a mighty factor in the management of a newspaper, and I want you to put it on the top of that." He tossed some sheets of closely written paper on the desk in front of the other.

"Humph!"

"If I listen I may gather the very material he wants," I said. I listened. Eureka! I flatter myself that I've got something spicy and realistic enough to suit even you!"

"I told you that if you wrote anything fit to set up type for, it would be judged impartially and paid for at the regular rates."

"It isn't the pay so much," George Stanton replied, contemptuously.

"Want to see yourself in print, I suppose. Well, let's see what you've produced." He took up the sheets before him and began to read them. When he had finished he turned to his nephew in surprise. His eye beamed with the delight begotten of "scoops."

"Well, my boy, that's a corker!" he said, heartily. "Where did you get it?"

"Listened and heard some old gossips tell it, as you told me to do. All I know is, that it's the escapade of a woman high in 'local social circles,' just as I've said."

"Escapade, well I should think so, and she saves her reputation by having a midnight supper charged to Mrs. H——, who is not in a position to object."

"Of course I had to exaggerate it a trifle—touch up the high lights, you know."

"And darken the shadows. Well, that's what we want, and you've hit it the first time. Only if we could give the name of the woman who did it, or those of her relatives, it would be stronger. Don't know it, eh?"

"No."

"Well, the name of the woman she personated is enough for one scoop, and we've got that. Perhaps others may know it, and it'll set 'em to talking." He took up his blue pencil and wrote "m. g." at the top of the page. "Perhaps you'll make a newspaper man after all, in spite of your college education—who knows?"

George Stanton seized the manuscript and hurried off with it to the editorial den, where he deposited it gleefully upon the top of a pile of papers on the editor's desk. After that, dinner, the theater, supper, followed in succession, and at midnight he tried to possess himself with patience to await the arrival of the paper which would contain his maiden effort in journalism.

An overwhelming disappointment awaited him. For, when he unfolded the sheet, not a line of his production could he find. After searching several times through the sixteen pages of the paper, the conviction was forced upon him—it had been omitted.

He hastened to his uncle's office, for, although it was Sunday morning, he knew he should find him there.

"My article has been omitted," he announced.

His uncle surveyed the crest-fallen countenance before him.

"Omitted? I haven't had time to glance at the paper yet—there's so much of it—but it can't be possible."

"It is, though. Here's the paper; look for yourself."

The proprietor glanced hastily over the sheet.

"I never knew Bacon to do such a thing before in all the seventeen years he's been on the paper."

"Where is he?"

"Home, I suppose; I haven't seen him. Ring up the porter and find out."

The man reported that Mr. Bacon had been in his office all nigh', "walkin' up and down, sor, strange-like. I axed him wor anyone after him, but he said 'No,' kinder absent-minded-like, and wint on walkin' up and down."

Frederick Stanton dismissed the man. His words had deepened the mystery.

"I can't understand this at all. Come, George, we will find out what it means."

At the door of the editorial office, a haggard face confronted them. Mr. Bacon silently ushered in his visitors and closed the door.

"I sent you some stuff last night, Bacon," said Frederick Stanton, "and I've come to hear your explanation—if you can give one—as to why you kept it back."

The man addressed began to pace the room nervously.

"It was about—a woman," he said, finally.

"Well, what of it?" demanded his superior. "Her name wasn't mentioned, though it ought to have been, and if it had been, is that any reason why you should scruple to publish what I send in? You've never hesitated before over such a trifle as a woman's reputation."

There was an ominous pause.

"We may as well understand one another first as last," the speaker continued. "It will never do for an editor to doubt the policy of an owner. You would be asking my reasons next. If you are to presume to dictate to me, we may as well sever our connections at once."

The man addressed staggered slightly. His face paled and a hunted look came into his eyes.

"It was only a woman's reputation that was at stake," he said, quietly, "but the woman was—my wife!"—John Howe Bargate, in San Francisco Argonaut.

Too Short Notice.

Old Mr. Johnson, familiarly known as "Uncle Zeke," was so fond of his coppers as to have acquired the reputation of being a "leetle nigh," but he was also fond of creature comforts. Sometimes it taxed his ingenuity to reconcile these conflicting tastes. The citizens of Milltown were noted for getting up entertainments of a social and edible nature, called "subscription parties," and Uncle Zeke was almost invariably one of the participants. He satisfied his desire for economy, however, by fasting for a certain length of time beforehand. On one occasion a party was hastily arranged in honor of some transient guest of the town, and Uncle Zeke was informed of the affair on the forenoon of the very day on which the entertainment was to be given. "No, no," said the old man, emphatically. "I should have ben happy to go if you'd gin me more notice. You gin'rally charge about four times what it's wuth, anyway, but if I have a chance to git ready, I can git about half my money's wuth! As it is, I can't go this time. It's too short notice."—Youth's Companion.

An Architectural Miracle.

The "Pagoda of the Great White Dragon," the architectural wonder of China, is that part of the Celestial empire known as Sz-Chuan. It stands near the foot of one of the many sacred Chinese mountains; is built entirely of bronze, and is fifteen long stories in height, not counting the mammoth bronze pineapple which seems to be inseparable from an orthodox pig-tail palace of worship. From the ground up to and including the sacred ivory tusk which surmounts this tall structure, it is literally covered with minute figures of men, beasts and mythological creatures of all kinds. The mountain near by is what is known as Mount Omei, and has been a sacred peak for more than three thousand years.

SWINGING SONG.

A hammock gently swinging,
A mother bends above;
She to her babe is singing
With heart all full of love.
The little maiden swaying
Beneath the greenwood tree
Has set her heart to saying:
"Love me as I love thee."
So swaying, singing slowly
Her loved one to and fro,
Her heart with rapture holy
Out to her babe doth go,
And while her thoughts are straying
Among the days to be
Her heart is ever saying:
"Love me as I love thee."

Another hammock swinging,
A lover bends above,
He to his sweetheart singing
With heart all full of love;
The lovely maiden swaying
Beneath the greenwood tree
Has set his heart to saying:
"Love me as I love thee."
So swaying, swinging slowly
His loved one to and fro,
His heart with rapture holy
Out to his love doth go,
And while his thoughts are straying
Among the days to be
His heart is ever saying:
"Love me as I love thee."
—William S. Lord, in Chicago Record

DAVE'S BROKEN LEG.

It Caused a Romance Among the Berkshire Hills.

It was away up in western Massachusetts just where the famous old post road through the Berkshire hills winds itself into New Ashford. The black vanguard of an approaching summer storm crept along the valley behind us, and a few stray raindrops already warned that it was time to seek for shelter. We turned in at the open-gate of the vine covered porch of the first farmyard, and riding up to the vine-covered porch of the quaint old house lifted our wheels to protected spots at either side of the paneled door. It may have been presuming upon hospitality as yet unextended, but then no one stops at such conventionality in the Berkshires, and were we not in the Berkshires? The storm burst, and we sat on the porch beside our faithful steeds, watching the clouds hurry by, the tall trees bend in the eddying wind and the cooling water fall to the thirsty earth. Somehow the smoke of our cigarettes seemed strangely out of place, in that old fashioned spot, and Harvey observed that he would have felt more comfortable with an old brier and a package of plug cut. A quiet half hour slipped away, while the storm increased rather than diminished, and realizing that we were to be weather bound for a few hours at least the necessity of a luncheon became apparent, and Harvey arose to the attack. Harvey is an actor, in season, and what he has learned in the matter of picking up meals on the western circuits helps him immeasurably in summer vacations. Repeated beating upon the door failed, however, to elicit the slightest response from the inmates, and my anticipatory dreams of a soft-eyed, rustic Ganymede went gloomily to pieces.

"There must be a corpse in the house," remarked Harvey reassuringly, leaning upon his bicycle and turning on me a look of hungry resignation. I was framing in my mind a neat reply, more sarcastic than apropos, when the oaken door suddenly opened inward, and an extremely pretty girl, with long, curly, golden hair and big blue eyes, confronted us. Surprise was mutual, but she seemed the most confused.

"Why, why," she faltered. "I—I thought to find one of the neighbors, but—but"—

"There is no cause for alarm," interrupted Harvey in the voice of his most approved stage father. "We are perfect gentlemen, although our appearance is admittedly against us. We took the liberty to use your porch as a shield from the weather, and trust that we are not intruding."

"Oh, no—no," she answered confusedly. "You will excuse me. Dave is hurt. I must go for the doctor," and she ran by us and down the steps into the rain, lifting her calico skirts just high enough for us to see that her pretty feet were but thinly covered with light slippers. Harvey was at her side in an instant.

"Pardon me," he said. "Where does the doctor live?"

"Only a mile or so," she replied without stopping, "up the road." (She pronounced it "rud" but I am writing this in English.) Harvey caught her arm, and pulled her back to the sheltering porch.

"But you must not run a mile or so," he cautioned, "in such a storm as this, without hat, shawl, or shoes. It would kill you. I will go for the doctor. My wheel moves faster than your little feet." The girl hesitated a moment and then, as Harvey stood ready to start away, thanked him shortly and gave directions for finding the doctor's house.

"All right. Good-by," he shouted, leaping into the saddle. "You take care of Dave."

"Oh, dear, I hope he'll hurry!" said the girl turning to me as Harvey shot out on the road, and sped away through the mud and rain faster than he had ever run from the villain in the play. I thought a reply unnecessary.

"Perhaps I might assist you," I ventured. "I am a bit of an amateur physician. May I see Dave?"

She led the way into the narrow hallway, up the creaking staircase, wall papered at the sides in imitation of white marble, and into a stuffy little chamber just under the dripping eaves. A great, deep chested, sunburned young fellow lay upon a tiny iron bedstead, while one muscular leg hung over the edge, shattered and bleeding. An old woman with soft gray hair and the eyes of the girl bent above him and called his name again and again, in tones of the most piteous tenderness. As we entered she turned to my pretty guide, and, regardless of a strange presence, cried:

"He is dead, Clemmie, dead! My Dave is dead!" and fell at the side of the little bed, sobbing and crying. The girl quickly glided by me, and placing her hand upon the man's chest, said quietly:

"He is not dead—only unconscious." I drew near and saw at once that she was right. The limb had been injured in some farming accident and an artery broken. I set about to stay the flow of blood. The girl brought me a bit of tape, and together we bound it tightly about the bleeding limb, but it was not strong enough, and the flow was only decreased. I tore a slip from the counterpane and I wound it over the tape, and this was a decided improvement. Meanwhile the poor mother had fainted of nervous exhaustion, and the girl busied herself administering restoratives. I was just beginning to wish myself back on Park row, when Harvey's familiar voice resounded through the house, and in another minute he and the doctor, covered from head to foot with mud, were with me.

"Brought the doc along on my coasters," explained Harvey. "His horse was too slow for the case."

The doctor promptly ordered the girl to remove her mother, and then with our assistance set the broken bones, bound up the leg and gave the patient a light injection of morphine. By this time the old lady had recovered and was back again. The doctor reassured her in a few words and cautioned against disturbing the sleeper.

"Let him sleep as long as he will," he said, "and I'll have him about in a fortnight."

"A fortnight!" exclaimed the mother. "Why, what will become of the farm? He was getting in the hay when the horse shied, and he went under the rake and was hurt. We cannot do that work. Clemmie can only look after the cows and chickens and the garden, and I'm too frail to help her. Oh! Dave, if we should lose you"—