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This Side Of Glory
By Gwen Bristol
Author Of "Deep Summer" "The Handsome Reed," etc.

Diley was rushing down ahead of her, and another servant was running up, her dust cloth still in her hand. She nearly collided with Eleanor at the turn. "It's Miss Cornelia," the girl gasped breathlessly. "She fell down."

Eleanor hurried past her. The parlor was already full of servants who had come running when they heard the screams. Philip was sobbing, evidently scared by all the commotion, and after a glance to make sure he was unhurt, Eleanor dropped on her knees by Diley, who sat on the floor rocking Cornelia back and forth in her arms, and moaning. "Oh, my dear child! My baby, my poor lamb!" Her hands over her face, Cornelia had buried her head on Diley's bosom and was giving muffled little groans. Eleanor reached to take her and Cornelia's hands slipped down, and as Eleanor's arms went around the child's tense little body she heard her own voice come out of her throat with a sound hardly less frantic than Cornelia's first screams.

"It's her eyes!" she cried out. "Oh, my God, it's her beautiful eyes!"

Then all of a sudden everybody was moving again. The Negroes were talking, soothing Philip, offering to help Cornelia, asking each other what had happened to her. Cameo bent to pick up something from the floor and Eleanor heard his exclamation. "Why, I declare, it's Mr. Kester's knife."

Eleanor jerked up her head. Kester's knife—the words struck her like an accusation. She remembered leaving it on the table last night, after years of warning the servants never to put sharp instruments where the children could reach them. Her face evidently betrayed her horror, for Cameo bent over her. "You better let me tote her upstairs, Miss," he said. Without waiting for permission he lifted Cornelia and as he stood up he went on sternly, "You, Bessie, you get right out and phone Dr. Purcell. Can't you see de missus got such a shock she can't do nothin'?"

Eleanor got to her feet. "Thank you, Cameo," she said faintly, and with a great effort she recalled her stunted intelligence and began to give orders. "Call Dr. Purcell, Bessie. Say Miss Cornelia fell on a knife and it went into her eye. Tell him to come over at once and ask if there's anything we can do for her before he gets here. Diley, take care of the baby. Bring Miss Cornelia up to my room, Cameo. And will the rest of you for heaven's sake be quiet!"

She followed Cameo upstairs, and when he had laid Cornelia on the bed Eleanor bent over her. Cornelia was whimpering, her hands held over her eyes with such force that it was hard for Eleanor to bring them down. Cornelia writhed under her touch. Both her eyes were shut tight, and Eleanor was surprised that the only evidence of her injury was still no more than that single small drop of blood.

"De doctor say he be right over, miss. He's leavin' dis minute," Bessie came in to say.

Eleanor spring up. "What can we do for her?"

"He say don't do a single thing till he gets here."

"Oh," Eleanor sat down by the bed again, putting her arm around Cornelia and trying to speak soothingly, but her voice was small with terror. It was several minutes before she realized that Cornelia's moans had become an articulate plea. She leaned closer to listen.

"Yes, darling? What did you say?"

"Tell Father to come home," Cornelia was begging. "I want Father."

Eleanor was holding her, keeping Cornelia's hands away from her eyes. "All right, dear," she answered gently. "I'll get him as soon as I can."

She released Cornelia and turned to the bedside telephone. Kester was at the Government cotton station. Eleanor called the

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long distance operator and asked for the office.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A switchboard operator answered. Eleanor gave her name and asked for Kester. She waited. It was a long time before she heard anything else. But at last Kester's voice came over the wire. "Hello? Eleanor?"

It had been two months since she had heard him speak. He sounded both surprised and puzzled at her summons. She tried to answer clearly. "Kester, Cornelia has been hurt. She—"

"Cornelia! What did she do? How serious is it?"

"I don't know yet. It's her eyes."

"Have you got a doctor?"

"I've called Bob Purcell. He isn't here yet."

"Bob Purcell? That pill-packer? What does he know about eyes?"

"Take her to New Orleans. I'll go down right away and have a specialist waiting when you get there."

"She wants to talk to you, Kester," Eleanor said after an instant.

"Cornelia, here's Father."

She laid the telephone by Cornelia and held the receiver so Cornelia could hear. Kester spoke, but she could not distinguish his words. Cornelia said, "Why can't you come now? Do I have to go to New Orleans?"

"They talked until Eleanor heard Bob Purcell running up the staircase. As he came in she picked up the phone. "Kester, Bob is here. You and Cornelia will have to stop."

"I'll drive down to New Orleans this minute," Kester said quickly. "There's a train about ten, isn't there?—you take that and I'll meet you at the station."

"All right," Eleanor put back the receiver and turned around.

(To be continued)

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QUICKIES BY KEN REYNOLDS



"The payments were too high on the washing machine I bought from you — so I sold it with a Guardian Want Ad!"

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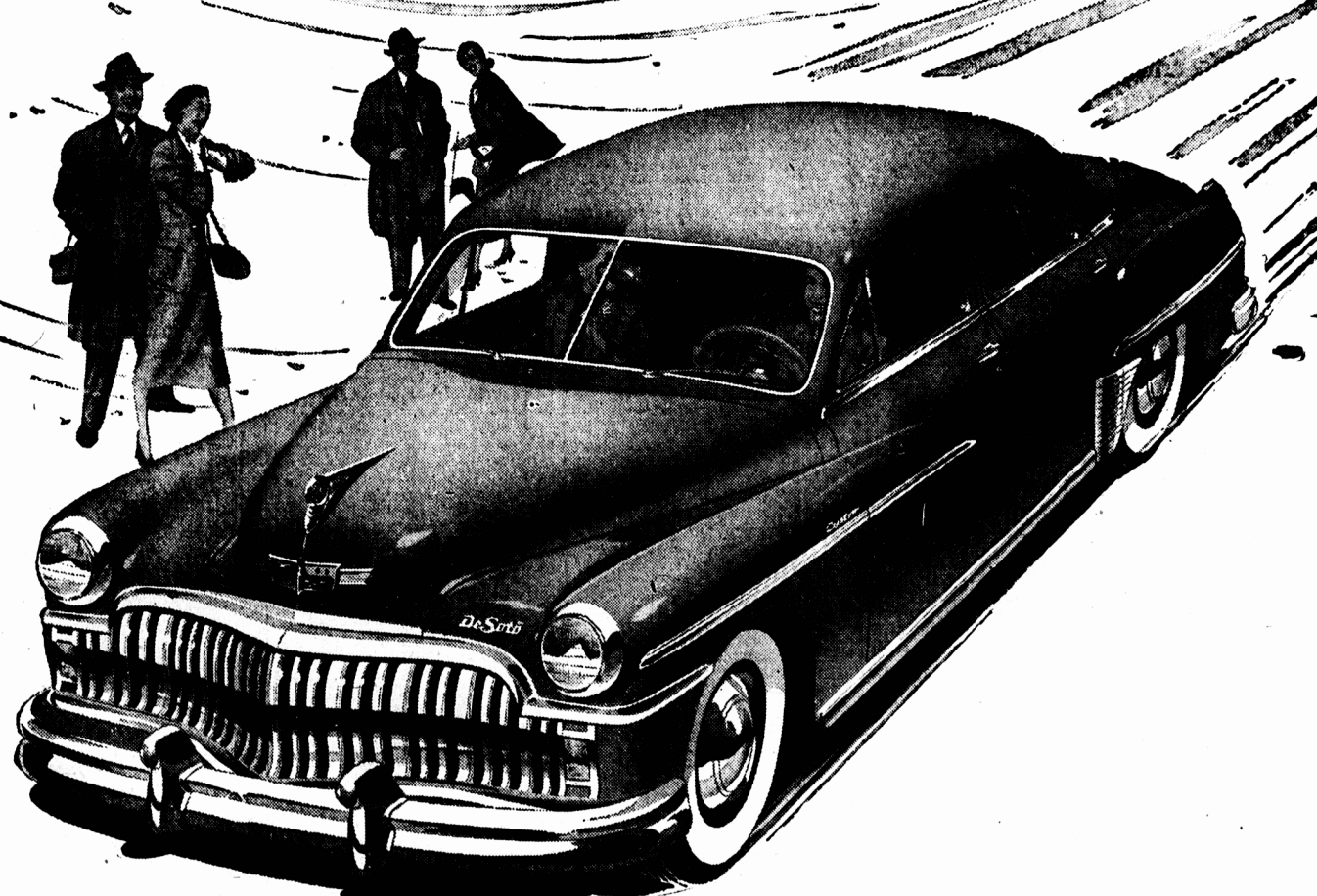
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