

## IN MEMORIAM.

In loving memory of Walter H. Crosswhite, who died December 4, 1910.

'Twas evening, and the shadows closed around,  
The stars came, one by one;  
The world seemed hushed and still,  
For a life was nearly done.  
  
The old familiar church bells note,  
Pealed out the close of day,  
As 'round his bed he stood  
When our lov'd one passed away.  
  
The frail little bark the homeland has reached,  
Out of the waves of the deep;  
And its master has been lulled,  
To a long and dreamless sleep.  
  
There's a vacant place in the household,  
And here stands an empty chair,  
We listen in vain for the sound  
Of well-known step on the stair.  
  
Yes, vainly we look from the window,  
Or watch to see him come,  
For a kind and all-wise Father,  
Hath taken our Walter home.  
—ELISE PHILIPPA MURPHY.

## THE WHITE MERCY.

What a melancholy, moping fellow that new interne is," said Dr. Horace Dwinelle. Chief surgeon was he of the new Laidlaw Hospital, most modern and magnificently endowed. The institution was a monument to the sudden philanthropy of Henry Laidlaw. This mogul of the rail-ways, stricken heavily by some grievous distemper, now lay moribund in his great mansion, surrounded by a conclave of doctors instead of his erstwhile lawyers and agents.  
"There's something on Dr. Fremont's mind, I fear," said Miss Chalmers, the head nurse, a spinster of forty-one, material in breadth of figure and of a wholesome, benign radiance of face. In her massive bosom the large warm heart beat with the music of sympathy for all sufferers. By the disasters that had befallen that very heart in the younger, more romantic days of hope, her knowledge of human emotions was almost as accurate as the physician's knowledge of human diseases. So it was with a certain assurance that she added: "The poor man shows all the signs of an unhappy love-affair."  
The aristocratic and elegant surgeon laughed mockingly, then made answer in his calm and cultured voice:  
"How foolish of the man—how foolish of any man—to allow an affair of love to lie on his mind. That sort of mind has usually very little in it. I've grown somewhat weary of seeing him stank around here like some Trappist monk or like Death in *Everyman*. A mere glimpse of him sets our patients back a month—or I don't wonder with that green hatchet face of his and those sleepy, dog-like eyes. Watch him closely, Miss Chalmers. We cannot risk errors made by love-sick swains. Modern surgeons must beware of sentiment."  
And she who, because of the height and excess of her sentiment, had been thwarted in her own heroic and ideal love, reflected that there was no fear or likelihood of Dr. Horace Dwinelle ever incurring an encroachment of perilous sentiment. The mark of affection, the wine of emotion, the fire of passion would be cast in vain upon the smooth and polished marble of that egotistic and ambitious nature.  
The familiar, plangent, and explosive clangor of the rubber-tired ambulance came suddenly to their ears, and the rattling of horse's hoofs as the vehicle rolled silently into the courtyard below. Five minutes later the wide doors of the elevator in the side corridor swung open and two small-wheeled carriages of white enamel were pushed forth. One of these was wheeled toward the woman's section; the other came rolling noiselessly down the barren hallway toward the doctor and the nurse. A rolling head and a face pale and drawn with the tension and rigor of some great convulsive shock lay revealed, a gleam of agony frozen in the half-open eyes. Dr. Dwinelle glanced curiously at the face of the man as the little carriage passed.  
"Great Heavens!" he exclaimed, "it is Courtney Hillis! Miss Chalmers, I'll attend this case myself. Please order the secretary telephone Mrs. Harvey Hillis that her son is in my hands. Dr. Fremont," he called to the pensive interne skulking listlessly at the end of the corridor, "kindly prepare my instruments."  
Robert Fremont turned from the window through which he had been gazing into the sunken and heated afternoon, and went into the sterilizing-room.  
Courtney Hillis was the son of one of the richest men in the city, and the nephew of old Henry Laidlaw. Dr. Dwinelle had met him more than once at certain fashionable houses. This very afternoon the reckless unbridled young millionaire, for whom the laws of State or city were but printed paragraphs that legal sequence and the coin of his sire could strike into meaningless and futile words, had driven his new motor at cyclonic speed through one of the quiet residential streets not far from the hospital. A little girl who sought to cross the street had paused terrified in the very path of the careering car. She seemed spellbound by its furious onset, its glitter, and the hoarse trumpeting of its horns. She darted forward as the motor swerved to pass her; then turned suddenly and ran back. Hillis, consumed by her erratic movements, drove his huge machine straight upon her, giving a last desperate turn to the steering-wheel. He felt the shock of her little body and the hideous rise of the left-hand wheels as they rushed over the prostrate girl. Ere he could slacken speed or bring the curving juggernaut into its proper track again, the motor had swerved furiously into the curb, stormed against a tree, and flung him headlong. The ambulance was summoned, and the unconscious Hillis and his little victim were both hurried to the Laidlaw Hospital.  
Here Hillis lay—inert upon the cold, hard operating-table, his blue eyes still partly open, his glossy yellow hair stained with blood. In his look the conscious soul still seemed to look forth, but the eyes beheld nothing, the lips were dumb, and the ears refused to accept the spoken message the surgeon meant to convey to the blank and unresponsive brain. Dr. Dwinelle, now garbed in his white surgeon's robe and cap, placed the sufferer now upon his left side. The interne was

sterilizing the instruments in the next room. The surgeon ran the long white fingers of his delicate hands through the dank light hair. The skull was fractured above the temples; the bone pressed upon the nerve-centres that controlled the organs of speech and hearing. Plainly enough this was a case for trepanning. Hastily he bade Miss Chalmers summon two more nurses, and as Fremont entered with the tray of shining implements, he addressed him curtly: "A little more alacrity, please, Dr. Fremont! Kindly get me a new vial of chloroform from the laboratory at once."  
Horace Dwinelle, graduate and adherent of the English schools of surgery, preferred the use of chloroform to ether. It was his habit to scoff at the common belief that ether was an anaesthetic less dangerous to the function of the heart.  
A flood of yellow light, tinged with the stormy murkiness of the heated and low-lying ceiling, poured into this square, white-tiled chamber through one immense sheet of plate-glass set in the wall toward the street. The interne, as he turned to go, gave a glance at the half-turned face of the man upon the table. Instantly in his dark and brooding eyes there gleamed a ray bright and strange, and his set, lugubrious face drew itself into lines of sudden astonishment. He bent and stared fixedly at the features of Courtney Hillis. The chloroform!" said the surgeon, sharply. "I've asked you to go for the chloroform, Dr. Fremont!"  
"Chloroform will kill him," said the interne, slowly. "His heart is very weak."  
The distinguished surgeon faced swiftly about. Sparks of anger shot from his gray eyes. They grew hard and sharp as his own lancets. His words were level and rigid with a delicate yet deadly contempt.  
"Sir, I've asked you to get the chloroform. Will you do so at once—and administer it?"  
"His heart is very weak, Dr. Dwinelle," said the interne, his long, lank face made almost grotesque with self-half-controlled emotion. "I know this man—Courtney Hillis. We went to the same college together. Once after an accident in the field he almost died from the effects of chloroform. I suggest that ether be used."  
It was evident that the sudden blood that came into the pale cheeks of the surgeon betrayed the inner rage which his exquisite manners would not suffer him to betray. Yet almost by instinct his hand wandered to the wrist of Courtney Hillis, the slender fingers to the pulse. The next moment he dropped the hand, as if entirely reassured. His icy and so perilous eyes narrowed and their wrath shot forth glinting between the lids; the small and sneering mouth shaped and flung these words into the hesitating interne.  
"Sir, I have asked you to get the chloroform. Now I order you to get it—and at once!"  
For a moment the interne stared helplessly at the hostile and contemptuous front of the surgeon, then at the head nurse, whose look of surprise had suddenly changed into cold unkindness. He passed his hand over his eyes and through his long strands of hair. By the index of his features it was apparent that some tumult raged within him. Then he slouched from the room. His mind was instantly attacked by a horde of stormy memories. He saw again the grimacing figure of Courtney Hillis extended on the turf of a football field in the sunshine, heard him howling dolefully as he lifted a limp and broken arm and shrieked for the doctor to set the bone—and to use chloroform. Well, Fremont remembered how the pulse and respiration of Hillis had sunk beneath the anesthetic, how his heart had almost ceased to beat, how they had labored over him and brought back the life slipping into the shadows.  
As he hurried blindly along the corridors toward the laboratory belowstairs, another face arose before him. It was a young woman's serene and fair and wistful, but marked with a trace of ingenuous selfishness or helplessness. It was the face that still stood between him and the fulness of his life. Once it had been a sun to him, but now it had grown a cold, dead moon, a frozen sphere that would not leave the orbit of his life, but eclipsed the vast ambitions he had once felt so valiantly with hope. This was the unforgettable face that still lettered his brain, and now—now she was the joyous and exquisite fiancée of Courtney Hillis.  
For Hillis had no sooner met Mary Trask than he had been enslaved by her fresh and unusual beauty. Ruthless and unscrupulous in love, like his father in finance, the young, wealthy, and debonaire Hillis, indifferent to the tie that bound the girl and his former classmate, had besieged her with a steady, tumultuous address and the most flattering attentions. She who had been bred simply, had comfort, half in periodical poverty, who had never hoped to touch the larger metropolitan world of wealth and fashion, whose horizon had never widened beyond the ordinary expectation of what might fall to the future wife of a future country physician, suddenly felt herself distinguished and exalted by the wild homage and royal tribute of the son of the millionaire. He was himself as one of the most princely heirs of the city, the much-admired, the much-desired, and the constantly pursued. Craft, calculation, and ambition awoke in Mary Trask. Under the onslaught of the fascinating and aggressive, defiant disregard for her troth with the simple, grave, and studious Fremont, Mary felt the bonds between her and the book-poring, practiceless physician begin to pall, then to gall, and finally to loosen. When Hillis finally offered her marriage, her last feeble defenses fell. A golden, careless, and queenly existence was opened to her with one whose nature was more akin to her own than that of the struggling Fremont. Quite lightly she had promised the unwelcome word by which she had promised to be the wife of her former playmate; and thenceforth rose rightly proudly the magnificent ring of the son of the millionaire had bestowed upon her. She gave up her place in a broker's office, and at the request of Hillis's mother went to live with them in their large and fashionable house.  
In a few weeks they were to be married. The black type of the newspaper announcement had turned to red, inexpressible fire in Fremont's brain. And here, he who had endured all this, whose nature had been cursed with the tragic inheritance of a brooding, introspective soul, he who had resolved to consecrate himself to the welfare of a blighted, suffering humanity, whose ambition it was

to push death and disease still farther from their human prey—he, Robert Fremont, swaying under the stroke, had felt himself smitten with a sickness of the spirit for which he knew there would be no cure. A smouldering, despairing rage, intense and terrible, began to consume his heart. His brain took fire in all its cells; his bosom ached as though crushed in some iron shell. It seemed to him as though he were blown away by the smoke, that all his vast, ambitious plans of medical research were crumbling into dust. At first, in his morbid rage, he had hungered for the life of Hillis. He had even gone about in a sort of numbed and stupid daze, muttering threats to those who knew their boss. Yet he realized that Hillis, not bound by honor, had merely exerted the primal right of man—the stronger and the richer had taken the coveted woman from the poorer and the weaker.  
Then in an unstable mixture of hate and longing, a swift but fierce desire had come to him to sacrifice Mary Trask, to quench her selfish heart, her bright and dangerous beauty, in death. Then he had resolved to slay himself, ere his misery mastered him utterly, before the leaden spectre of madness grew to be more than a spectre. He had gazed down from the heights of the East River Bridge to the crawling and oblivious waters beneath, had longed for them to still the raw wound throbbing in his heart, that gnawing in his exhausted brain. But one thought, wither right or to the left, and desperate impulse—the thought that without him his seven-year-old sister Emily, whom he had brought to the city after their parents' death, would be left alone. She was a frail and helpless creature, who needed him, who loved him, and whom he loved. So he had resolved to live in grim and sullen moodiness, lethargic, his ambition, energy, and incentive seemingly gone to ruin. At times he still felt himself hunted and harried by monstrous temptations toward revenge upon the laughing and all-too-happy man who had ruined his life.  
And there lay Courtney Hillis now, upstairs on the bare operating-table, with a shattered skull and a heart that might collapse like a paper bag. With silence Fremont might have doomed him, but he had spoken. Now it was he who expressed command of the chief surgeon. The man of the chloroform from which Hillis might never awake was to be given him. He, the interne, stood absolved then—he had done all that honor and the code had bound him to do, without thought of his hatred, without rights to the old eagerness for revenge upon this detested plutocrat; he had warned Dr. Dwinelle of the danger. He had suggested ether, since this anesthetic was in many cases far less dangerous than chloroform for those with weak hearts. He himself had studied the organic features of the heart with a special, almost an extreme, interest. For it had been one of the hereditary afflictions in his family. Of this his mother had died and the same fatal symptoms had begun to develop in little Emily.  
The interne took the flask and hurried back to the operating-room. He felt that it was Hillis's death he held in his hand. And in a few weeks this man was to be married to her! If he did not die of his injuries, this drug might end him. Well, what matter?—the surgeon stood as destined—it might be his—Fremont's—still, he might have to satisfy the insist—the druggist had said that this was the only flask of chloroform left in his store. He saw her face very plainly then—knew that even now she must have learned of the accident, that she suffered for the first time—surely—surely—surely she loved him! He left the flask to the tiled floor close to the door of the operating-room. The pungent smell of the volatile anesthetic instantly filled all the air. At the crash Dr. Dwinelle and Miss Chalmers rushed to the door.  
"I've dropped the bottle," said Fremont, duly, pointing to the spreading liquid and the glass shreds. "It was the last of the chloroform, the druggist said."  
Dr. Horace Dwinelle approached the interne, his white-clad body trembled, he compressed his lips, the plated instrument he held in his clenched fist shook. His eyes were like gray agates as he sought to plunge them into the soul of the young man.  
"You lie, Dr. Fremont," he said, simply, "but I will attend to that hereafter. Take your place at the table, Miss Chalmers, please send for the ether, and the druggist to order more chloroform at once. There is that case waiting in the woman's section."  
Fremont administered the ether through the gauze cone. Hillis's head had been placed on the operating-table, and he ceased swiftly with his delicate hands, had suddenly grown dark, the skies were dusky brown and a high mutter ran through the air. Hectic lightning flickered across the firmament, throwing a fitful haze through the white room, glinting along the canvas table and the instruments and turning the pale face of Courtney Hillis into that of one already dead. Fremont stood close by the surgeon, his eyes shifting as with fever, his lean hands trembling. Dr. Dwinelle observed this and remarked to the nurse:  
"Courage, are you not out of place here as meddler and dreamer?"  
Fremont's fingers rested upon the wrist of Hillis; he held the hand of his enemy, gauging the flutter of that arrogant, perverse, and selfish heart. The ether seemed not to affect it. Perhaps, after all, nothing ailed it. Fool that he was to feel or fear for this wretch beneath the knife! It was his own heart that was ailing. How much it had stood! Why did it not break? And that brain beneath the fractured skull—the fingers of the famous Dwinelle were setting it right again, tampering skilfully with the mortal nerves and tissues with the seat of pride, power, and intellect. But what rude fingers had disturbed the fine harmony in his own brain, defrauded the supreme glory of his mind, and blasted the high aspiration which had once blossomed there? Ah, the fingers that had done this deed were beautiful and soft enough!  
The operation was completed; the head bandaged, the unconscious patient wheeled into a private room by an attendant. Some time after this, Dr. Dwinelle, again attired in his frock coat, ushered in a group of hushed and fearful members of the Hillis family—the father, the mother, a sister—and Mary Trask. Fremont had been set to watch the patient; he stood by the window and turned his head slightly as they entered. He saw the mother in her black and white, the father look upon the face of Mary Trask as she stepped and ran to seize the limp hand. Then he turned his back and gazed into

the shadowy, stormy weather without. The rain was falling now; the bleak bolts and rattling thunder battled in the clouds. He could not leave the room without being seen by Mary Trask. So they remained while the weary, long-drawn minutes passed. The surgeon left the room, returning after a brief interval.  
"He's coming to," Fremont heard him say. Then came the inarticulate sounds and broken speech from the lips of Hillis as he opened his eyes, as though bewildered thoughts. As his people crowded about him Robert Fremont attempted to leave the room. He lowered his head, averted his eyes, and slunk toward the door. A hoarse cry assailed him as he passed by the foot of the bed. The patient was pointing at him with quivering finger, the blue, blood-shot eyes glaring with fright, and terror roving over the plump, moon-face in its white swathings. A hysterical fear rang in the voice.  
"That man!" he gasped, hoarsely. "What is he doing here? He hates me, Doctor! Take him away! He'll poison—he'll kill me!"  
Then Mary Trask turned and looked full into the face of her former lover. She tried to cry out at sight of that pallid mask with all its darkness and its tragedy of brow and eyes. She let the hand of Hillis fall. Dr. Dwinelle spoke, laughing pleasantly:  
"Oh, I fancy not, Mr. Hillis. I assure you he is quite harmless. He was even a disagreeable surprise to Chief—surgeon. Being of a tender heart, he remarked that you had a weak one."  
"Is it true?" exclaimed the handsome and gray-haired Mrs. Hillis, as she turned her startled face toward the doctor. "Dr. Kranz, the great heart specialist, said that chloroform would be death for Courtney!"  
Harvey Hillis, the silent millionaire, who had scarcely spoken a word since entering, opened his lips to support the statement of his spouse. This was somewhat of a surprise to Chief—surgeon Dwinelle, for it was his desire to make a bright and favorable impression upon these two arbiters, each of society and finance. Bland and affable was his reply, and directed chiefly at the lady:  
"I assure you, my dear Mrs. Hillis, there was not the slightest danger—ever in chloroform, which I habitually use in my practice, been administered. Owing to an accident, cleverly engineered by Dr. Fremont here, we were forced to fall back on ether. There is a common superstition indulged in by the layman—and by some specialists—that chloroform is murderous and ether quite harmless. Nevertheless," said he, turning to Fremont, who stood staring dully at the wall, "I owe you an apology."  
The interne made no reply, but with the same dazed and suffering look upon his pathetic features left the room. The surgeon graciously took his leave of the patient and his family and hastened after Fremont.  
"Dr. Fremont, I am sorry for this misunderstanding," he said, simply, and in a softer tone. "Will you be so kind as to accompany me to the women's section? We've another case there—Mrs. Hillis asked me to give it my personal attention."  
The interne halted, smiled faintly, turned, and walked behind the chief surgeon. Then, for the first time, he saw the patient room at the extreme right wing of the building, the druggist came toward them with a bottle sealed in a paper wrapper.  
"The chloroform has just arrived," said the druggist.  
The surgeon motioned him to give it to the interne. Fremont took the bottle and placed it on a stand within the operating room, and went to sterilize the instruments. The examining physician and his assistant stood close beside the distinguished surgeon at the head of the operating table. Two little feet peered forth from under a cloth at the other end.  
"It is useless," the examining physician whispered to Dwinelle. "The wheels splintered the bones of both legs beyond hope. It's a clear case for amputation. I've given her an injection of morphine for the examination."  
"Miss Chalmers now entered and removed the sheet from the little form upon the cold metallic table. Without the storm was now raving and bowling through the heavens. The gust-driven rain beat and streamed against the great window of plate-glass, and the racing drops were dazzling as crystals in the broad white lustre of the lightning.  
"The chloroform, Dr. Fremont," said the chief surgeon.  
The interne, having prepared the instruments, advanced to adjust the cone. Then, for the first time, his eyes fell upon the victim of Hillis's automobile. Three paces off the stood transfixed with sudden horror, a blank and terrible light in his widened eyes, his jaw drooping, a strange gurgling and strangling in his throat. The hand holding the gauze cone remained crooked at an awkward angle—there was something dreadful and animal-like, almost hideous, in the anguish of lineament and attitude.  
On the table lay the form of a young girl—almost a child. The head inclined to one side, a braid of straw-colored hair tied with a blue ribbon hung over the edge of the table. The meagre little bosom, the thin arms, the slight, blue-veined legs, white as marble, but bruised, broken, and awry—all these he knew well. It was his little sister Emily!—she, who was all that was left to him; she for whom he had chosen to linger on and give battle to his fate; it was she who had been rendered up as a bleeding sacrifice to Hillis's lust for speed! Yet she breathed—the frail little heart still fluttered in the flat and narrow chest. But the irredeemable havoc wrought by the heavy wheels of Courtney Hillis's car was all too plainly visible. The physicians and the nurses stared at the interne in astonishment. It was Miss Chalmers who spoke first:  
"Are you ill, Dr. Fremont?"  
He gave no answer and seemed not to hear. He dropped the crumpled net; he approached the table, sank upon his knees, and turned his long arms about the little figure, kissed the colorless face, and broke into deep-drawn and terrible sobs:  
"Emily—my sweet little Emily—my little sister," they heard him say in a voice that undid their hearts.  
"His sister!" exclaimed the physician, in a low tone. "Can it be possible?"  
Firmly but tenderly Miss Chalmers put her strong arms about the shoulders of the agonized man and said to him in a soft voice:  
"Come, let us do what we can for your sister, Dr. Fremont"—then drew him away and let him sink into a chair by the wall.  
"The chloroform!" cried Dr. Dwinelle quickly to the assistant. Then, recollecting the relationship of the interne and

the patient, he walked over to Fremont and asked him,  
"Doctor, would you prefer me to use ether upon your sister?"  
Once Fremont had seen a beautiful girl miserably crippled from birth, and he had almost cursed the parents. He had likewise written philosophical treatises upon the painless elimination of the unfit, the abject, hopelessly incurable. Now upon before him in a confused blend of madness, grief and despair, the radiant, beautiful Emily, whose organically precious limbs, dragging about a meagre and helpless trunk, doomed to a ghastly mock-life, vegetating like a plant, or tottering through cheerless years like an automaton—she that had been the sprightly, beautiful, winsome little Emily. If she survived the shock of this twofold amputation she might live; she might be doomed for many long years to this intolerable and unjustifiable existence; she might live to curse his cruel and mistaken mercy, and seek for herself the oblivion denied her now. And, though he lived for her and fostered her like a flower until her death or his own, how could even his devotion make up to her this tragic and everlasting loss?  
She had already suffered enough, for ever since birth she had borne the hereditary curse, a heart organically weak, as well he knew who had studied this condition in her and had nursed her more than once. The issue was ten times more certain than in the case of Hillis. If chloroform was used her end was inevitable as though he had plunged a lance into her heart. In his own heart the great truth rose and triumphed; he knew then that it would be a better thing that he should behold her face beautiful and asleep within its slender coffin, call her blessed, and keep her in his memory hood, than that she should be flung forth again into life, into the bleak, gray years of torture and mutilation and misery too grim for her tender being.  
The surgeon, touched with pity, looked down upon him, waiting patiently for his answer, and his request. He saw the tears that ran across the hands in which the miserable man had buried his face. Now Fremont rose, aged and haggard, dragging at his chair with a convulsive grasp. Hoarsely he muttered these two words:  
"Use chloroform."  
Then, while the assistant of the examining physician prepared the anesthetic, he took his chair and sat down at the head of the table, seized his sister's hand and held it close to his cheek. Stolid and motionless he sat. His body seemed to shrink within itself, his straggling hair was dank with the sweat of his forehead. Swiftly the surgeon worked at his terrible task. Never once did the interne raise his head. At times a few low-toned words escaped him, as though he were talking to her, as though she heard him. Endearing names he called her. His finger rested upon her pulse; his voice grew wonderfully soft and tender; he crooned like a woman—as he was wont to do when a lullaby sent her to sleep. He grew conscious of a presence beside him, felt a soft hand upon his sleeve, and heard some one weeping softly.  
"Oxygen!" cried the chief surgeon, with blanched face, looking suddenly at Fremont. "Quick! a tank of oxygen!"  
Miss Chalmers hurried out. Robert Fremont did not move, but kept his finger upon the pulse of little Emily. The pulse grew fainter and fainter, and by the time the oxygen was brought it had ceased altogether. Then, suddenly, for him too the outer world passed.  
With some difficulty they withdrew his hand from that of his sister. A moment later he found himself in the arms of a shirker in the hall. Some one held him by either arm. As he slowly turned his weary and woful head from side to side, he looked into the mild and compassionate face of Nurse Chalmers—into the gleaming and remorseful eyes of Mary Trask, by Herman Scheffauer, in *Harper's Weekly*.  
Dreams are the pirates of the sea of sleep. What should be a pleasant voyage through the night becomes a fearful struggle against hideous foes. Dreams are often symptoms of disease. When the stomach, the organs of digestion, or the nutrition are in a disordered or diseased condition the sleep is commonly broken and disturbed. To sleep well is a necessity to health. Sleep is Nature's "sweet restorer," and "knits up the raveled sleeve of care." One of the results of the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is sound, refreshing sleep. The "Discovery" heals diseases of the stomach and digestive nutritive organs, and purifies the blood, thus removing the common cause of wakefulness and disturbing dreams. It contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine nor other narcotic. It cures ninety-eight per cent. of all those who give it a fair and faithful trial.

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

### DAILY THOUGHT.

Our cares are all today; our joys are all today. And in one little word, our life, what is it but today?

The trying on of corsets is important. The woman who goes into a shop and orders a pair by looking at them knows little of the art of dressing. She is on a line with the one who orders the make that her friend wears because her friend's figure looks well in it.  
Now a corset that fits the figure is worth a hundred that looks pretty in the hand; and a friend's figure is not any more like ours than her face is like our face. All people may be built on the same general structure, but a half-inch rise or fall in the torso makes a great difference, and may require a different kind of corset.

The woman who excuses herself from taking trouble about getting a corset usually does it on the old plea of having a figure that any corset will fit. This is never true. It might have been in other days, when there were few differences in corsets and all of them followed pretty much the same outline. But this period in American dress has passed. There are almost as many corsets as figures these days, and a woman of slender build can try on 10 to 20 that may not be in any way suited to her.  
No one should buy a corset in a hurry. Better wear the corset one hour than fly to one that may be worse. It is as important as setting a hat—far more so, really—for each garment that we have may be entirely ruined by the choice of the wrong corset. Even one's underclothes do not fit well over the wrong pair.  
It is no longer necessary to have one's corsets made in order to have them right; in fact there is strong feeling against it. It is better to buy corsets that are cut on excellent lines and have the fitter adjust them to your figure than to have a pair of corsets made that follow your structural defects.

It is better not to wait until one badly needs a pair of corsets before getting them. Women do not seem to realize that corsets that are stretched out of shape ruin the gown worn over them. This is often the reason of uncomfortable waists of burst seams, of broken hooks. It is also wise to have two pairs of corsets at a time, so as to give each pair a time to rest.

The fitting should be done without hurry, in the room at a shop provided for this purpose, with a capable fitter on hand.  
When the corsets are adjusted and laced and fastened to the stockings then the wearer should sit and stand, reach up and walk, in order to get at the defects. It is especially important to sit down in new corsets, for it is rare that the bones do not have to be cut from their correct position. This is the way to gauge their correct length. They are usually too long at the back, for only a woman who is very stout can stand the two long spiral bones that run down the modern corset. These are cut out for a small price, and not only does their shortening give greater comfort, but it prevents their curving out from the hips which they will assuredly do when they are too long for the shape of the figure.

If a woman's figure is so full that she needs to be bound below the hips, she should use corsets with rubber extensions, or even plain cutouts. Either of these can be pulled in and there is no dangerous pressure of large steel bones against the soft flesh. If for no other reason in the world than the scare of cancer, which it is now stated can be caused by the wrong pressure of corsets, a woman should eliminate any chance of bruising the flesh from the constant prodding of a long steel bone.  
There is no way to give advice on what shape of corset to choose. Each figure requires its own treatment. There is a strong tendency of the new ones to use fabric instead of bones to hold in the flesh, and the bust is cut very low. The girdle corset with the long extension over the abdomen and hips, are very short at the immediate back, is the style that the majority of graceful women are buying.

All dismal prophecies to the contrary notwithstanding, the blouse still goes triumphantly on its way, and among the novelties especially prepared there are numbers of very charming blouses in Paisley-patterned soft silk, in crepe de chine, chosen in all the newest colorings, and also in Shantung, selected also in shades specially dyed to match the new cloths, tweeds and serges.  
For, although we wear our blouses still, we wear them with a difference, and in nine cases out of ten it is a foregone conclusion that when they are made in plain materials they will be of exactly the same color as the skirt in whose company they will be seen, although in fabric they may be altogether different.

With coats and skirts, for instance, in navy serge, the blouses chosen will be made as a rule in navy-blue soft silk or satin marcelles, some in the plain color and sometimes striped or checked with fine lines of white.

Blouses in white washing silk, designed in the simplest and most severe tailors' fashion, with wide tucks or double box-pleats closely stitched, will be worn with coats and skirts in plain black cloth and serge, and also with gowns which are made in black and white checked and striped materials. These blouses will be finished with black cravats, made either in satin or in crepe de chine. Very strong useful blouses for morning wear, too, are being made in Shantung silk, chosen in colors to match the gowns.

A clear complexion and a fine skin are the gifts of nature, but they may be marred to a great extent by injudicious foods, just as an ordinary complexion and skin may be considerably improved in appearance by carefully chosen diet. Strong tea and coffee, taken frequently, rob the skin of its whiteness and the complexion of its freshness and clearness, while milk and water are in every way beneficial to health and beauty. The girl who drinks milk instead of the darker beverages will keep her complexion pure and fair, and if she does not wish to sacrifice her good looks to her palate she will eat cheerily of rich, fat foods, cheese, cakes, pastries, sugar and so on, and take freely of fruits and green vegetables.