

# IN THE HOSPITAL

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

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The man sitting in the darkened room at the hospital raised his bandaged eyes as the nurse entered. The month that he had been there had not served to change the habit of sight fixed by all the years that had gone before.

"It's for tonight, isn't it, Miss Lee?" he cried, recognizing her step. "Tonight I'll get rid of these confounded bandages and see the light of day once more. Oh, you don't know how this month has dragged! It's for tonight, isn't it?"

"I believe so," returned the nurse gently. "Of course the doctor will have to decide. He'll be here soon."

"Gad! How glad I'll be to see once more!" cried the man. "I never could have stood it even for a month if it hadn't been for you. You've been an angel to me."

The nurse blushed softly and cast a very tender look at the man. She answered merrily: "All the nurses here would have been the same. Nine patients out of ten think we are angels—while they are in the hospital. They change their minds afterward."

"I never shall. Do you know, after all, despite all the pain and anxiety, I am glad this thing happened."

"Why?"

"Because it has enabled me to know you. Oh, of course I have known you to speak for months and by sight for years, but that isn't knowing you. You're not going back to your old position right away, are you, Mr. Scott? You oughtn't to try your eyes for a year or so, you know."

"I suppose not. But needs must, you know, when a certain gentleman drives. I'll be dead before I get out of here, and I'll have to go to work. Ah, there's the doctor!"

The doctor entered and stood for a few moments talking to the man. "Yes," he said at last; "we'll take the bandages off tonight, I think."

"Thank God! And—there's no doubt that everything will be all right, is there, doctor?"

"Well, hope for the best," returned the doctor cheerily, his tone a very comfort in itself, although his words were not especially so. He passed out of the door hurriedly, preventing further questions and beckoning to the nurse as he did so to follow him. A few steps down the corridor he halted. "Nurse," he said, with a worried look on his face, "do you know whether your patient has any relatives near by?"

"I'm sure he has not," answered the girl readily. "He's talked with him repeatedly and learned all about him. He doesn't seem to have a relative in the world."

"The doctor's face grew graver. "How do you get on for money?"

"He just told me that he would be 'dead broke' when he got out of here. He said he must at once go back to work."

"Back to work at once! He'll be lucky if he ever gets to work!"

The nurse grew white. "Why?" she gasped. "I thought the operation was a certainty."

"A certainty! Yes, it is a certainty almost, but in the wrong direction. There isn't one chance in a hundred that he'll ever see again."

With a mighty effort the nurse mastered her emotion. "But, doctor," she gasped, "what will become of him?"

"Become of him?" echoed the doctor irritably. "Become of him? What becomes of blind men who have no friends and no money? We'll keep him as long as we can, and then I suppose he'll have to go to the poorhouse for the rest of his life."

A flash of light succeeded the doctor's face. "Why have you deceived him?" she demanded indignantly, with utter disregard of the requirements of discipline. "He is sure that he will get well. He is building on it absolutely. If he doesn't—"

The doctor looked curiously at the girl. Then a sense of comprehension came over him. He sighed. He was an old man, but not a callous one. "If you want him to see again, Miss Lee," he said, "the sure to keep him thinking so. In that lies his chance. Keep him cheerful at all hazards, and possibly—"

The doctor turned away, and the nurse slowly retraced her steps to Scott's room. She had known Henry Scott for a year or more and had liked and admired him from the first. In the month that they had been thrown together by the accident that had forced Scott to enter the hospital this feeling had grown to something stronger than liking. For some days she had known what he would say as soon as she could see him, and she knew what she would say in answer. In common with the rest of the world around her, she had never doubted that all would be well with his sight. Never to see again! To go to the poorhouse and there drag out his days! Never! He shall not! He shall not!

But what could she do? To tell she knew Scott's sight to suppose that he would accept anything from her, that he would even let her words be longed to hear—the words that would give her the right to care for him—unless his sight was restored. She must get that right before the bandages were removed. She must lead him on to speak. But, no! What good would that do? If he were to be really blind, she knew he would regulate the bandages.

She must marry him that very day, before the bandages were removed. Her heart stood still at the thought. All that was womanly in her revolted. But then—she was a nurse. She would be so proud to work for him, to care for him! She had no one dependent on her, and she earned enough to maintain them both. She must do it! There was no other way.

Her thoughts had traveled like lightning. In the few steps between the doctor and the door of Scott's room had thought it all out. Steadily

## Not In the Wedding Party

By Euphemia Holden

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The best man wove his way in and out of the gay throng at the foot of the staircase. Bright colored confetti decorated the white shoulders of the women and the black suits of the men. The atmosphere vibrated with music and the rustle of gowns.

He walked across the deserted library and, drawing aside the curtains of a small den, stepped into semidarkness.

On the broad window seat a swirl of dusty white streamers, and a startled head and shoulders of a woman, looked toward him. "Oh, I didn't expect to be found," said the maid of honor ungraciously. "I'm so tired. Are they nearly ready?" She was rising slowly.

"Don't move," commanded the best man. "There is plenty of time."

"Thanking the cushions behind her, he sat down in a chair at her side.

"I've done all I could for Ralph," he continued, "and I felt entitled to a breathing space."

"I tried to help Elsa, but there were so many. They are going south, aren't they?"

"In confidence, yes. Stoddard Allen wants to tie them up with white ribbons."

A certain New York judge has a habit which sometimes annoys members of the bar who appear before him, particularly young men, of talking to him associated with the bench while the lawyers are delivering their speeches, but how lawyer exasperated they may be the lawyers have not, as a rule, the boldness to complain, for they recognize the power of the court. An eminent lawyer of New York, however, set them an example. He was a candidate for the judgeship in a highly important case. Forty minutes he had allotted him for the purpose. He had scarcely uttered a dozen words when the judge wheeled round in his chair and began a discussion with his associate on the bench. The lawyer ceased speaking immediately, folded his arms and gazed steadily at the judge. A hush fell upon the courtroom. The offending judge, noticing the stillness, turned and looked inquiringly at the silent advocate.

"Your honor," said the lawyer, "I have just forty minutes in which to make my speech. I am sure you will only need every second of that time to do it justice, but I shall also need your undivided attention."

"And you shall have it," promptly responded the judge, at the same time acknowledging the justice of the rebuke by a faint flush on his cheeks. "I will attend to your speech as best I can, but one that was more fully appreciated by members of the profession than by the others who witnessed it."

Recognizes Them by Neckties.

There is a ticket taker in one of the Broadway theaters who occasionally exploits his memory in a rather curious way. Generally he gives each man who goes out between the acts a return check, but occasionally he omits this and relies solely on his memory to recognize those who are entitled to return checks. One day a man who had done this the other night remarked that he must have a remarkable memory for faces.

"No," replied the ticket taker. "I do not rely on their faces at all. Indeed, I seldom look at the men's faces. What I rely on is their neckties. If you will watch the neckties you will observe that no two are exactly alike. They differ more than the men's faces do, and they are easier to remember. I might forget a man's face, but his necktie, never. I have followed the rule for years, and I have never made a mistake yet."—New York Press.

All the Year Round.

"I think you should be ashamed," said the lady reformer to the lady ignoramus. "To appear in such a lack of costume."

"Yes'm?" answered the lady ignoramus. "He had picked up considerable English as well as much information. 'But in the winter you wear a decolette dress, do you not?'"

"Yes."

"And in summer a bathing suit?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have hit upon a happy combination of the two."—Chicago Tribune

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Forgiveness is a very poor foundation for friendship.

Going visiting is like borrowing from the neighbors—you have to pay back.

Which would be wiser for a man past fifty to do—marry a trained nurse or a good cook?

There is a need of a never-fail fault-with-your-meals club. Digestion would be better and the family happier.

If a secret is kept a secret this is one sign that it was not considered important enough to tell.

One thing about an idle woman—she does not stand on the street and bore people with her "views," as an idle man does.

Spoken of superfluous words, is it necessary to say in telling that a woman has gone visiting that she is visiting "friends"?—Athlon Globe.

Spiders.

Spiders are not insects, as most people think. The spider has eight legs, whereas an insect cannot have more than six. The nervous system is constructed on totally different bases, and so are the circulation and respiration. The eyes are different, the insects having many compound eyes and the spider never having more than eight and all of them simple. Then a spider has no separate heart, the head and the thorax being fused together.

Her Youth.

Mrs. Flannery—Mrs. Dooley's been rale sick. D'ye think she will ray cover? Mrs. Finnegan—She thinks so. She sez she has youth on her side. Mrs. Flannery—Youth! Youth! Must be on the inside, then, fur it don't show—Philadelphia Ledger.

The average man takes a woman as a partner for life and never lets her participate in the business.—Athlon Globe.

An Odd Record.

The late Miss Julia Moore, St. John Moore's niece, like many very old people, was extremely proud of her age and lost no opportunity of showing it. When she was asked by a friend if she was going to see the coronation of King Edward VII. she answered: "No, I have been out of London for the last three coronations, and I don't care to alter my record. What an exaltation one must feel at being able to say a thing like that!"

## A MONSTER DUMPLING.

It Weighed a Pound For Each Vote Cast at Dumpling Town.

In Halifax county, N. C., prior to 1840 there was a voting precinct known by the odd name of Dumpling Town. In 1840, when William Henry Harrison was elected president after the most exciting campaign, Dumpling Town had exactly 114 voters, and every man of them cast his ballot for Harrison.

The people of the small but prosperous town of Scotland Neck, in that county, showed their appreciation of the unanimous vote of Dumpling Town by a generous and whimsical gift. Two days and a night were consumed in building a big dumpling, which was made of apples and flour and which weighed 114 pounds, one pound for each vote cast at Dumpling Town. This monster of a dumpling was put in a sack supported by a tripod and lowered into an immense iron kettle. It required two days and a night to cook it properly. Then it was lifted out and placed in a specially made bowl cut from the trunk of an enormous cypress tree, and round it were placed 114 dumplings of the usual size. A band of music and fifty wagons were sent to Dumpling Town, and in these wagons were taken to Scotland Neck the 114 true blue Harrison men and their families.

There was great cheering when they arrived at Scotland Neck, and the guests cheered themselves when they saw the feast prepared for them, for besides the dumplings, no end of good things filled many tables in the spacious warehouse, and the feasting and fun lasted the rest of the day and nearly all night.

A barrel of the best molasses was used as sauce for the big dumpling, and the hungry people ate it all—Youth's Companion.

## CLIMBING SERPENTS.

The Method by Which They Glide Up

Serpents can easily climb a smooth wall. "I have often seen them do so in Central America," says a traveler, writing to a journal published in Rome. "I watched a little one, whose bite is fatal, climb up a canvas stretched taut between two snakes. On reaching the top the reptile curled itself round a handglass, and I killed it with a cane."

A serpent is so he seen in almost any zoological garden which makes no trouble of climbing its glass case. This is how it works: Stretching itself up the glass for about four inches, it discharges from its glands a quantity of viscid matter which serves as an adhesive liquid to hold and support its body long enough to enable it to thrust itself up a little higher, when the process is repeated.

In warm climates this mucus is very thick and glutinous, so that by its aid even heavy serpents can glide up perfectly smooth surfaces.

A Bishop's Musing.

It is what a man might have been which jars on what he is. When a man has once stood on the mount of vision, when he has once heard the call of God to his soul and made an answer, "Here am I," he can never go back to dwell in the valley of commonplace. The miasma there, to which ordinary men have become immune, is deadly to him.—From Maud Wilder Goodwin's "Four Roads to Paradise" in Century.

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## EARTHQUAKES.

Theories to Account For These Upheavals of the Earth's Crust.

A scientist who has made a special study of earthquakes says: "Let us imagine the influx of the sea into one of the fissures formed in the earth's crust. On coming into contact with molten matter it would instantly be changed into gaseous steam, expanding to more than 18,000 times its original bulk. This would press with enormous force upward upon the crust of the earth and downward upon the surface of the liquid lava. If there were then no vent for the lava to escape an earthquake would result."

There are other ingenious theories which have weight, such as that of Dary, who when he discovered the metallic bases of the earths and alkalis conceived that water may penetrate to these metals if they exist underground in an unoxidized state and so set free sufficient gaseous matter to cause an earthquake. Shrinkage of the earth's crust is also to be taken into account.

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