

## OH, MARY, BE CAREFUL!

you to leave these bandages off my hands. I've got to write a letter this afternoon. . . . And say, doctor, what do I owe you?"

"Don't know," said Doctor Chase, looking at him curiously. "Haven't made my bill up yet. But look here, young man, what's all the hurry about? Aren't you comfortable here?"

"Oh, yes; very comfortable, thank you." But to himself he was thinking: "I'll send him my address, and he can mail me the bill."

He heard Mary start off toward Plainfield with the doctor.

"I'll never have another chance like this," he thought, watching them through the window. "Lucky I know my clothes are in this closet."

He slowly dressed himself, nearly falling over a time or two. "I'll soon feel better though," he kept telling himself.