

"BLUE DAN."

"**YOU** need'nt come round here Miss! I can't abear preachin'! I can't abear cant, nor sweet-cakes," (with a sly glance at a neighboring bed). "I can't abear jelly, nor apples, nor no soft fixins. Women-folk with thar pernickiy ways ain't my style! I ain't an object ter fix thar lovin' gaze, I ain't; so don't you mind eyin' me, Miss." Attracted by this familiar address, delivered in a high cracked nasal key, I turned to the bed whence proceeded the voice, and shrank instinctively from the strange object which met my gaze.

I had gone to the Hospital to see a friend, a very humble friend, who for a long time had been a patient sufferer from some terrible internal complaint. It was not my first visit there. Many an afternoon found me by the side of the poor sufferer, who, having no relatives to visit him, seemed to always enjoy my visits. I was comparatively well known to most of the patients in the ward where my footsteps so often wandered. The owner of the strange voice was a very recent addition to their numbers.

The voice continued as its owner saw the impression produced on me by his startling appearance:

"No, I ain't no beauty to look at! Me own mother—peace to hir ole bones—would'nt be proud er me, and whats' more Miss, they've cut off all me toes; no more dancin' for yer Dan me boy, says I! No more runnin' up ropes, nor tramp-in'!" Here he stopped as of realizing his sad condition. I glanced at the foot of the bed—his toes had been amputated.

What a very strange creature, I thought. I had never seen such a grotesque specimen of humanity. The terrible scourge small-pox had left its lasting marks relentlessly on