

ankle so that he could not stand on it, and there was nothing to do but stay where he was until help came. That meant the end of everything, for no help could he hoped for; it seemed that only he, of all the city, was abroad in the storm. Well, it was good to rest, at any rate, he was so tired and sleepy. He would be snowed under, like the child they had brought to the hospital, but—That reminded him. He wrenched himself broad awake. Somebody must help him to the telephone station!

A sound, more welcome than any he had ever heard, reached him. Not far away an ambulance bell was clanging. He shouted again and again, lustily as in his best days. Men answered him, and presently the Brotherhood ambulance was there beside him. Another minute, and he was in the ambulance, with warm blankets around him.

'Wouldn't bother you, only for the kink in my leg.' He croaked the words feebly enough, but with all his old cheery pluck. 'Off with you now, quick as you can! Must telephone—Dr. Ellis—save—life—Oh, keep me awake!'

The flash of energy had died out already, and the fatal drowsiness beset him again with a power he could not resist. His rescuers knew the full meaning of those words, 'To save life,' and desperate as his own case might be, they must help him to do his errand. With merciful cruelty they shook and scolded him till he found himself in the warmth and light of the telephone station.

'Give me Albemarle Hotel.'

Rallying all his forces, he waited for the test calls. He looked up at the office clock and was sure it had stopped. From the story it told he had been away from the hospital not much more than two hours. For a wonder the wires were working and the call was answered. Then with all the voice he could muster, he himself called for Dr. Ellis. Dr. Ellis spoke back to him.

'It's Ready, Doctor, with a message from Dr. Steel. He says you must come to the Samaritan Hospital without losing a minute, to save life. To save life, Doctor! Do you hear that? I've lost a lot of time hunting for you. You must hurry!'

'I hear, Ready, and I'll go this instant, Ready.'

That was all. John had done what was given him to do, and now he could rest. When he came to himself, hours afterwards, he was in the Brotherhood Hospital. Doctors and nurses were busy with him, and every part of him that could feel was in pain. They put him to sleep, and he got through the night some way. The next day Dr. Ellis himself was there, looking over and tenderly putting him to rights.

'You'll do,' the doctor said at last. 'The leg will be as good as new pretty soon, and the hands and feet will be ready for use by the time the leg is.'

'Yes, but did you get there in time last night, Doctor? That's what I want to know.'

'In good time, Ready.' The doctor's face lighted up in a way pleasant to see. 'There would have been a different story to tell if you hadn't got to the telephone, though. She will come through all right and be none the worse for the accident, I can promise you that. Now go to sleep.'

The doctor stood thinking for a little,

then whispered in John's ear, 'Get ready for duty as soon as you can—assistant steward! Oh, yes, that's what it is, dating from last night! Good-bye.'

John forgot all his pain. Assistant steward! The great dream of the future had come true in a night! To his great surprise he dropped off to sleep thinking about it.

Later Nurse Romaine was there, crying over him and kissing his swollen and blistered face. 'Your mother would have come, dear,' she explained, wiping her eyes, 'but she is at our hospital with—' with her. O John! It was hard to send you out away from her, and she was so dreadfully hurt and calling for you all the time, but what could we do? That was the only chance of saving her. Only Dr. Ellis could do what had to be done, and only you could be trusted to find him. Your mother agreed that it would be best not to excite you and worry you before you started. Besides, your heart would have been half-broken to leave her. You two did save her, and that is the great thing, isn't it?

'But—who?' John whispered, in troubled perplexity. 'Not—it couldn't have been Katy!'

Nurse Romaine put her face tenderly against his. 'Katy, yes, dear. You earned her life last night, my willing worker. She will live and be well, but she would have died only for you, John.'

So the wage of the willing worker was paid in full to John, as Miss Romaine had prayed. All the promises of hope were made good to him, and the assistant steward of the Samaritan Hospital is as happy as he is busy, which is saying much.

Lucy and Elsie.

(By Harriet T. Comstock, in New York
'Observer'.)

It was a queer name for a bird, but Elsie called him that from the very first. We brought her from Florida as a gift to Elsie, and hung her in her handsome gilded cage, in the bay window of the pretty pink and white nursery.

That nursery was the strangest place Lucy had ever seen, and Elsie was the most bewitching thing in it. When she had first come from Florida, she was very lonely, and I greatly fear she would have pined away, and perhaps have died, but for the interesting things she saw through the bars of her new home.

To begin with, there was the small, brown-haired girl. At first Lucy was more afraid of her than she had ever been of a crocodile. But after a few glances at the tender eyes peering between the bars, Lucy rather liked the strange sight.

Elsie put her mouth up and gave a soft 'coo.' It was a very remarkable sound, and attracted the bird's attention at once.

'You are mine. You are my very own birdie,' whispered the little loving voice. 'And some day you are going to love me heaps.' If Elsie had only understood bird language then, she would have known that Lucy replied:

'Why, I do believe I love you now.'

For that dear little face and voice could no more be resisted by a Florida parakeet, than they could be by you or me.

Elsie did understand bird language later on. Very soon they held long conversations together through the bars.

Sometimes the child's laugh would cause

us all to smile in sympathy; and sometimes, but not often, the hazel eyes would fill with tears, and the quivering voice exclaim:

'Lucy is homesick. I 'most wish she'd go home.'

Why Elsie thought that, we could never find out, but I believe she knew. They grew very fond of each other as the days of spring went by.

Lucy was contented, the pink and white nursery became her world, and Elsie her sweetest joy. All the odd toys that had so filled her heart with terror when she had first come, soon became as familiar to her as the creepy things had been in her old Southern home. She 'peeped' a good morning to the old spotted cow, when Elsie held it up to the cage, and she soon conquered even the desire to beat her brains out against the top of the cage, when Elsie pulled down the head of a large white lamb, and made it give that unearthly 'ba-a.'

Indeed, Lucy seemed to have forgotten the old, free sunshiny life in the warm Florida groves, and chirped to Elsie, hopping about as merrily as if she had never known anything better. But Lucy was to have another experience. When the warm days of summer came, Elsie and Lucy were taken away from the pretty nursery, and went on a long journey by steamboat and railway to a lovely island in Lake George.

That journey was like a hideous dream to poor Lucy. Not all the sweet bits of talk that Elsie talked could quiet her wild alarms when the whistles shrieked and the bells clanged.

More dead than alive she was put down in the soft darkness of a summer evening, and left to silence and peace. Strange noises during the night disturbed her, but did not frighten her. They aroused memory, and filled her with strange awe.

There was an unusual lapping sound that had never been heard in the pink nursery. Where had Lucy heard that noise before? She bent her little head to one side and tried to think.

Long, long ago, she remembered a beautiful river that had washed by the roots of a large moss-grown tree, and among the branches of that tree, and then the bright eyes glistened, for it all came back to her with a rush. There in that old tree lived other small green birdies like herself, and a happy mamma bird. Lucy remembered the softness of the feathers on the mother-bird, and she remembered the long warm nights under those soft feathers. Something in Lucy's breast began to ache. It was almost better not to have heard that lapping sound.

Through the long, dark hours, Lucy forgot her fears, but she learned to think and to suffer. By and by the rosy light began to break over the high mountain tops. Lucy's cage had been put on a shelf on the piazza, and from that height she could see all about.

No pink and white walls confined her now. There was the clear water touching the little island on every side. But oh! beyond and above all the near beauty, little Lucy saw the great towering mountain tops all purple and hazy in that glorious pink glow. Little brown birds, unlike herself, circled in free air around her. With a joy too great for silence, Lucy broke into a wild note of joy that thrilled the quiet dawn.

Elsie heard it as she lay in her crib be-