

THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN

Hindustáni to each other. She had almost forgotten the language, yet the first gush of impulse renewed the fount, and here was she calling him her sweetheart as she was wont to do in the lisping childhood of far-away Darjeeling.

The doctor told me that it was coincidence -- blessed explanation! -- that consciousness frequently returned on the fourth day in such cases -- but, however it may be, Karl looked up at Maggie in the most natural way and said quite rationally:

"I thought you would come, dear. Don't leave me again."

He *thought* she would come! And when had he done the thinking? Oh, that wonderful, misunderstood brain of ours! How little do we appreciate its awful mystery!

Were I writing a mere novel I would, of course, dwell on the joys of convalescence -- describe in touching phrase the quiet content of those two turtle doves, when one might sit and read the other bits of news of the outer world, pausing ever and anon to ask, with the love-light in her glance, if he was sure she was not tiring him. What between Mrs. Grier, and Maggie, and two of those human angels who wore the uniform of some great hospital, never was man so waited on. Plenty of good