



EPILOGUE.

NURSE DEAN walked through the Pest House, adjoining the great hospital, with the independent mien of the woman who is confident that her skirt clears the ground. Her keen, light-colored eyes took in at a glance the condition of every patient, the occupation of every nurse.

There had been a smallpox epidemic in Chicago, and three of the nurses in — Hospital had taken the disease, two of them lightly, one very heavily; but all were now convalescent. The two had gone home to their friends to