

The hopes of Mrs. Pierce's friends seemed in a fair way of realization, when one evening after retiring to her room she startled her husband by making a strange gurgling noise. He turned in terror to catch his wife as she was falling to the floor. A stream of blood was issuing from her mouth, and her face was almost as white as the pillows of the bed upon which he gently placed her. Fortunately there was a telephone in the house, so no time was lost in summoning the doctor to her aid, although to the agonized family the few minutes previous to his arrival seemed hours. When he arrived he comforted the anxious ones somewhat by saying that the hemorrhage was only slight and was not in itself necessarily fatal. "But," he added, "in her weak condition it is, I fear, the precursor of death. The action of the heart is, indeed, very feeble!"

By the use of oxygen the doctor was enabled to restore his patient to consciousness, and before he left she was able to speak.

As he was leaving the doctor was stopped by Pierce who, with trembling lips, asked:

"Is there hope, doctor? Can you not save her for us by remaining with her for the rest of the day?"

The doctor shook his head. "I have done my best. I am not God and cannot prevent death from claiming its victim when it is the Master's will to take her to Himself. I have shown you how to administer the oxygen in case of need, and I shall return this afternoon. I cannot stay longer now, for I have other patients to whom I can be of more use than to your wife, who, unless I am mistaken, will not live to see another sunrise."