

"Leave to-night," she echoed tremulously. "Not-for long?" "I cannot say," he answered slowly, as he rose from her side. "A doctor's time is not his own, and I may be detained some days."

It was close to midnight when Dr. Mark Osborne, stretched out in as much ease in his big leather chair as a bandaged arm would allow, heard his office bell ring sharply. "Can't go out to the President himself to-night," he called to his boy when a tall, stalwart figure pushed into the room without ceremony. "Thorpe! My dear fellow this is good of you. I was just wishing for someone to whom I could swear out in safety."

"Your place to-morrow! My dear man, I couldn't cut a baby's gown. My old enemy, muscular rheumatism, struck me this evening, and my right arm is powerless."

"Then I must go to see Bolin," said Thorpe, rising hurriedly. "No use, not a bit. He is out of town for two days; called imperatively to his brother's dying bed. He phoned me an hour ago to look out for his patients—no surgical cases, of course. He won't be back before Friday."

"Friday," Thorpe echoed hopelessly "the case—young Delaplane—can't wait another day." "Not another unnecessary hour," answered Osborne. "So we agreed this afternoon. Of course, in my judgment a day's delay will be perilous, if not fatal."

"In other words," Thorpe's voice was strained and harsh, "the man's life is in my hands." "It seems so," answered the other. "I don't see exactly—" "How I can shirk," continued Thorpe in the same dry tone. "Nor I, nor I. Though I don't—don't feel equal to it. I have had a shock—a personal matter—that has unnerved me greatly. I thought if I could get off for a few days until I could rally—"

"My dear Thorpe, no one would ever assure you of shirking duty," said his friend kindly. "If you can't operate, you can't, and there is an end of it. I'll telegraph to Bolton, and, well! Delaplane will simply have another chance against him—the odds are desperate as it is."

"No," said Thorpe. "No, there must be no unnecessary risk. I will do my best. I—I will save him if it is in my power." There were no mortal eyes to see the struggle that Vance Thorpe passed through that night in the long hours of darkness. No mortal ears to catch the cry for help and strength that went up beyond the pale, pitying stars.

And help and strength were given to him. White as the senseless form over which he bent, he stood in the operating room next morning, the breath of Sister Angela's roses stealing through the open window and the balance of life and death trembling to his touch.

Never in all the brilliant years that had given him name and fame had his eye been so keen, his hand so steady, his touch on quivering flesh and nerve so delicate, so skillful, so wonderfully successful.

ness of his gratitude his visitor did not see. He went on: "I have come to thank you, not for the life your skill gave me back, for God knows it was a worthless wreck, scarce worth the saving, but for all—all that life has brought to me since—the new faith, the new hope, the new love. Nellie told me of your goodness to her, of the strong, true, noble friend you were to her in her darkest hours; that it was your voice, your words of Christian counsel that sent her back to me, to pity, to forgive. I know the cost at which you saved me, Doctor."

"You know," said Thorpe, huskily, "you know—" "That you were ill, broken, unfit for the effort you made that morning. Dr. Osborne told me how you came to him the night before and told him you felt unfit to operate, and yet—yet for my sake, for a stranger, a mere wreck of humanity, drifting between life and death, you nerved yourself for an ordeal that brought you serious illness. We know all that you have done for us, Doctor, and we bless you for all the happiness of our reunited life; we will bless and thank you in our grateful hearts as long as we live."

"She is happy, then, your wife; well and happy." "Very well, and I think happy, too," answered the other earnestly. "I try to make her so; I try to atone for the past. I was a wild, reckless fellow, who had been held in too tight a rein, but I loved her at my worst—loved her and her alone. We both were young, untaught, untried. But you, the good Sister Angela, who nursed me back to health, the kind old Frenchwoman, who was Nellie's friend and second mother, guided us to the light, the light and truth that has brightened our lives ever since. Ah, yes, I think Nellie is happy again, happy in her children, in her home, even in her husband, all unworthy as he is to her. But you know the old text, Doctor. There is joy among the angels over one sinner that repenteth, and we thought, Nellie and I, that it might please you to hear—"

"It does, it does," said Thorpe, in a deep, earnest tone. "I am glad to know what you tell me. I have often thought, wondered, ah, I am glad indeed to know that all—all is well." "And," Nellie's husband went on in the frank, earnest, manly tone that told all earnest was well with him, "our boy is your namesake, Doctor. His mother tells him he is called after the best and noblest man in the world, and already he is proud of his name. Perhaps you would like to see his picture." The proud father drew a photograph from his pocket, and again the violet eyes of Elinor Maitland looked out at Thorpe from a round, roguish, cherub face framed in a tangle of baby curls. Below, in a graceful, once familiar hand, was written "Thorpe Delaplane," and the old pain that had wakened in the doctor's heart died forever at the sight. "God bless him," he said, in a cheery voice that had an odd break in it. "Send him to me when he is big enough and I'll make a doctor of him—a doctor that will do credit to his name."

NOR AT ALL DIFFICULT. "Pat!" said little Tommy. "Yes, dear," replied the fond parent. "I can't do this sum, pa," continued the bright hopeful. "Let me look at it," said pa, taking the book in his hand. "Why, Tommy, that's not difficult," he went on, after reading the problem his offspring pointed out: "A cistern has two supply pipes and one waste pipe. One of the supply pipes can fill it in twenty minutes, the other can fill it in fifteen minutes, and the waste pipe can empty it in forty minutes. If all three pipes are in operation at once, how long will it take for the cistern to fill?"

"Ah—hum! Let me see, now. One pipe fills it in twenty minutes, the other in fifteen. Naturally, then, the two together will do it in thirty-five minutes. No, stay; that not right. One in fifteen and other in twenty. Then, together they'll do it in seventeen and a half. No, by Jove, they won't though!" "Ah, of course"—brightening up—"if one can do it in less than fifteen. I thought you were wrong somewhere! Let's start again. Fifteen from twenty leaves five. "But stay; that can't be right, for two at fifteen would only give seven and a half minutes and one of these is at twenty. Wait a moment! I've got it! Simply a matter of proportion. As fifteen is to twenty, so is— "My word, Thomas, do you see the time? Half-past eight, sir! Off to bed at once! How often must I tell you that eight o'clock's your bedtime? The sum? Oh, never mind the sum. Do it in the morning before breakfast. It's easy enough."

AFRAID. Who's afraid in the dark? "Oh, not I," said the owl, and he gave a great scowl, and he wiped his eye and he fluffed his jowl—"To whoo!" Said the dog, "I bark out loud in the dark—Boo-oo!" Said the cat, "Mew!" I'll scratch anyone who dares say that I do. "Feel afraid—Mew!" "Afraid," said the mouse, "of dark in the house? Hear me scatter, whatever's the matter—Squawk!"

Then the toad in the hole, and the bug in the ground, they both shook their heads and passed the word round. And the bird in the tree, and the fish and the bee, they declared, all three, that they never did see one of them afraid in the dark!

FOR SAFE KEEPING. Grandma—Bobby, what are you doing in the pantry? Bobby—Oh, I'm just putting a few things away, gran'ma.—Tid-Bits.

A REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE. Fill a small cup with boiling vinegar. Dip a piece of cotton wool into the vinegar, and rub the gum; let the vinegar be as hot as you can endure. Stop the aching tooth with some wool. In five minutes the pain will have ceased. Sometimes, however, two applications must be made.

THE PROPER WAY TO PACK. Everyone can pack after a fashion, but it is not everyone who knows how to set about packing methodically and in the right way. Twice the number of things can be got into a trunk, without crushing (as they will be when packed anyhow), if the packing is done about properly. Clothes should be folded neatly by the seams, boots and shoes and the heavier things placed at the bottom, and such things as are likely to be crushed at the top, whence they should be taken up and shaken at the journey's end. The sleeves of blouses and bodices should be stuffed with tissue paper.

In packing luggage numbered lists should be made in order that, if any special article is wanted, it may be known where it is. When packing hats, it is a good plan to pin them down, and to put a few linen collars neatly round the crown to prevent its being crushed in. Feathers and aigrettes are best taken out and placed flat. Travellers should always put a few necessary articles, that will be wanted immediately on arrival, in a small bag, so that they can be laid hands on at once, and the large boxes left for a convenient opportunity; or in case the larger luggage should go wrong on the journey.

NOT THE OLDEST. There is a representative in Congress from the West whose special pride it is to recount the quaint observations of his nine-year-old daughter. Not long ago, according to the proud father, little Ethel came to him one afternoon and informed him that she had just seen the President's wife walking with one of the ladies of the Cabinet circle. "And, papa," said Ethel, "she isn't anything like as old as grandma!" "Why, my dear," exclaimed the Congressman, "of course she isn't. Mrs. Roosevelt is a young woman. How in the world did you get any other idea?" "Well, papa," replied the youngster, "you yourself told me once that she was the first lady in the land!"

WHEN BABY SAYS GOOD-NIGHT. Her little feet so white and bare Trip down the wide and winding stair, Arrayed in simple gown of white She comes to bid me sweet good-night. The rosy cheeks, the chubby arms—I worship all the baby charms, And kiss the lips that prattle so Of childish joy and childish woe, And then I breathe a silent prayer For little feet so white and bare.

For tired heart and brows that ache, There's balm that follows in her wake; No greater blessing joy commands Than soothing stroke of childish hands. What greater boon of helpful bliss Than dimpled cheeks to press and kiss? I seem to part from ways of men And cling the more to heaven, when She trips down the winding stair With little feet so white and bare.

A WOMAN. You say that you are but a woman—you Who are so very wonderful to me. You tell me there is little you can do, Little indeed that all the world can see. There are no battles on the open plain That you can fight, as I, a man, can fight; But who shall say your life is lived in vain If all my darkened days you have kept light? Oh, little woman-heart, be glad, be glad That you are what God made you! Well I know How you have served me when the day was sad, And made me better—yea, and kept me so! Be very glad that you, in your white place, Your little home, with folded hands can be A silent influence to whose source I trace The little good there ever was in me.

To be a woman! Is there any more That you have need to be from day to day? How wonderful to have your heart, your store, Of purity and goodness, and to say: "One that I love is nobler since I came; One that loves me is better for my sake." A woman. Oh, there is no greater name That ever on the mortal tongue shall wake! —Charles Hanson Towne.

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