

## THE WARD AT NIGHT.

At eight o'clock the gas was turned down, and the ward subsided into quietness for the night. For Dyer there was very little sleep at first. He was in a fright, as you and I would have been, at the coming operation. Then there were thoughts about the future that were not of the brightest—"who would take on a one-eyed chap when even two-eyed mechanics were at a discount?" Afterwards the empty bed at the side worried him: had anybody just died in it? would he himself die? would he be awakened at night by tramping men bringing in, as an occupant, some victim, like himself, of an accident? When a night-nurse hurried along the ward he imagined somebody must be dying, and the moans of a poor fellow at the end of the ward—a bird-fancier, whose legs had been smashed by a van—filled him with feelings of distress, which only subsided when the house-surgeon came and did something to alleviate the man's sufferings. At last he fell asleep, and did not awake the next morning until the night nurses were gone, and the probationers were taking round the 7 o'clock breakfast of cocoa, and tea, and other nourishment, varying in individual cases, to the different patients. As he was to be chloroformed at 10 o'clock, the surgeon had left orders that he was to take no breakfast in the morning. While the rest of the patients were having theirs, the scrubbers came to wash the floor, and afterwards there was a general cleaning and tidying of the ward until half-past 9 o'clock, when he dressed, and a ward clerk—a very good-natured young fellow, although a regular "masher" in dress—conducted him upstairs to the Eye ward. He did his best to raise Dyer's spirits. Thanks to his friendly words, Dyer entered the