

LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER BY ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS.

In one of the narrow white beds in a dormitory of a hospital a woman lay tossing. As she tossed she talked.



A young nurse, a mere girl, arose from a chair near the table and approached the bed. She beckoned to another nurse, who was old.

"Come here," she whispered, "and see what is the matter with her. She talks so. I have given her medicine again

never heard of it before! Is it a new one? Where is it published? And hasn't there been a tremendous change in the weather since morning, don't you think?

"I wish you would take this medicine for me," pleaded the girl. She still held the spoon in her hand. "Won't you?"

"No, no! Let me rest. I want to be right quiet, so that I can think. And so, after all, what good does it do you, since there is no one to care—because now that you are gone there is no one to care, Jean—no one at all?"

Her wide, bright eyes stared unseeingly at a little white curtain which was strung across the window pane.

"It is a queer thing about these stories, Jean," she continued. "Do you remember what you used to say? I remember. You used to say, 'You are too happy, Nan, to write well.' Nan! Nobody ever calls me Nan now. I never hear my own name from one day's end to another."

"Well," she added, "since you cannot utter it, I don't want to hear it. I don't want to hear it from anybody else."

"He must be dead," whispered the girl. "You will never write well until your heart is broken," you said, and you were right about that, Jean.

"Listen," said she. "It's enough to break your heart to hear her talk. 'Nurses have no business with hearts,' asserted the old nurse. 'Give her some more medicine.'"

"The days have been so long," moaned the woman, turning her head, heavy with tawny hair, from side to side, "and the nights have been so long without you! Are you there? Have you come back? It is dark. I can't see. When I look up, I see only spider webs thick in one corner. They spread and spread. The whole world seems to be filled with spider webs."

now to smell tuberoses! I pass the stations where the boys sell them in a rush. I can't bear it—to be reminded so of you now that I have lost you."

"Perhaps the whole thing is a dream. They are full of fancies, these poor, sick people. Turn a deaf ear and harden your heart. You will succeed all the better in your work of caring for them."

"Suppose," said she, "that you should grow famous. What is fame? The admiration, in some cases even the adoration, of people you have never seen and whom you never will see. Then how can fame benefit a woman? A man might manage to live on it, but a woman is different. What a woman needs is somebody to care for her. What she needs is a little love!"

"Take a seshell," she whispered, "and carry it inland. No matter how far you carry it, hold it to your ear and you will hear it moaning for the sea—moaning, moaning!"

"Since you left me, Jean, my life has been one long ache. My heart is like an empty seshell, moaning for you. I am so far away from you! Come back to me!"

"They bent forward in the effort to catch her words. 'Come back to me,' she repeated. 'Take me by the hand once more and lead me. I am—so tired—of standing—"

"Will nobody hum the tune? It is strange I can't remember it. I can't remember anything any more, it seems. Those spiders on the wall have spun their webs across my brain."

"There isn't a single spider on the wall," said the girl. "Of course not," assented the other. "If you take all their ravings literally, you will presently be raving yourself. What is this place she is talking about?"

"I imagine it was some sort of exposition held somewhere. I can't tell where. Maybe they spent their honeymoon there. Sometimes I think it must have been the World's fair. She talks of white buildings and white bridges. I believe I would know the place if I saw it. I have heard so much about it. She talks of it constantly. They sat at little tables and looked at the crowd. The women were pretty women. They

were dressed in light, flimsy organdies, with flowers at their belts. In one of the buildings there was a concert, and the orchestra often played Chopin's funeral march. She hums it by the hour. Listen! She is humming it now."

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THE GREEN ARBORS WHERE WE SAT AND LISTENED. alone—of walking—stumbling—groping my blind way about! Come back to me! I am so—tired—tired—so—tired—"

English English. An English Journal recently wondered whether the pronunciation of some of the ignorant classes or of some of the cultivated classes is the worse.

His Past. Mrs. Jackson—Speakin' ob your husband, Mrs. Wimple, did he evah convey to you dat he done propose to me befo' he married you?

His Physician. Sometimes you hear a man say, "my physician," with such an air of proprietorship that you would never dream that he owes the doctor \$50 which the medical gentleman never expects to get.

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Advertisement for WINE OF CARDUI, a sure medicine, featuring an illustration of a woman and text about its benefits.

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