

In a little while, I hear footsteps coming quickly along the passage, and Night Sister, Nurse Carew, and Dr. Fulton come quietly into the room. Immediately I see his pale, strong face help seems at hand. He comes quickly to the bedside, the spatula in one hand, a light in the other, gently depresses the tongue, and peers into the mouth. Then, if possible, he grows a shade paler; the mobile lips twitch nervously for a moment, as he inquires how long Nurse has been ill.

"I do not know," Sister answers. "Perhaps Nurse Carew—"

Lois Carew is standing at the foot of the bed, almost motionless, her eyes cast down. When alluded to, she raises them slowly, and looks Dr. Fulton inquiringly in the face. Then, with a faint sigh of relief, she speaks: "Nurse Black has been ill for ten days. She is a Probationer in her first year, and is delicate. Ten days ago she was sent out to a case of diphtheria. Tracheotomy was performed; the child died. Somehow, her finger was poisoned. Upon her return to the Hospital it was shown to the Surgeon. It was poulticed; but she suffered, and was sleepless. After being in the "Home" two days, she was sent to another private case, and in spite of illness she worked on for a week, for delicacy is a deadly

crime. Yesterday she returned. The rest you know."

An expression of amazement passes over the face of the sick girl, as she nods her head in corroboration of this report.

Dr. Fulton is ominously silent.

Then it is arranged that Nurse Carew shall remain with her till a special Ward is prepared, Dr. Fulton giving explicit directions for her treatment. A little later, we find ourselves in the passage.

"Oh! doctor, is she dangerously ill?" Sister McGee asks in an emotional whisper.

The young man stands still and faces us.

"She is dying," he replies passionately. "Her throat is a ghastly sight; the whole fauces are sloughing. If she had been seen yesterday, something might have been done. Now it is too late; but, by Heaven, some one shall answer for this!" and he turns on his heel and leaves us.

And then I come into my own little room and cry bitterly; it is all so cruel and shameful. I must see the Matron this very morning. Surely she is ignorant of this miserable mismanagement and neglect; and yet it is odd that I have never seen her since I came.

There goes the dressing-bell. I must stop.—
Your very sad
PHYLLIS.

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