Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

FINAL INSTALLMENT

It was all a dream of course. . . . a chaotic dream with something horrible in it . . . There was a younger man in the group, with a tragic sort of face . . . That face haunted her. . . . All the faces seemed oddly familiar at moments and then seemed strange again. . . So did things the sem said. . . At times she was like one slowly coming out of ether, recalling first the happenings that had occurred before she went under: doctors, . . . a nurse . . . packing . . . fiight . . .some terrible situation . . . children . . . . those children . . . She had a panic over that and cried out, and the man who said he was a doctor gave her another dose. There was more that was horrible . . .some nightmare . . . At last she slept.

When she awoke things were a little better. The familiar face of her nurse was near her—the nurse who had attended her in Chicago—and she was in a quiet room bright with sunshine. . . She had liked that nurse, but she could not remember having brought her to New York. . . . Or was she still in Chicago?

"Oh, Miss Driscoll," she said, brokenly, "is . . . it really . . . .you?"

"It really is," Miss Driscoll buoyantly confirmed. "But please don't talk, Miss Carrington. Go right to sleep again."

The doctor who had brought her home came to the bedside at this, and his expression was so radiant that Eve was impressed also, and the two appeared to have some radiant understanding. . . Eve carried into unconsciousness the memory of this radiance . . . and its contrast with the tragic face of the young man who had been in the group . . . and the eyes of those children . . . and the even more recent nightmare . . . a black wall . . .

"But, my God, Doctor!" Hamilton exploded, late the next night, "make allowance for me. Of course I'm happy over her recovery. Isn't it what I've been working for all along? But can't you see my position? She doesn't know me from Adam. I've got to win her all over again."

"You hadn't won her very much, so far," Carrisk frankly said.

"You can see her for a few minutes to-morrow afternoon," he promised. "In the meantime I'll pave the way for you by telling her to-morrow noon as much as she's able to hear, about her case and her Good Samaritan. That ought to start you off with a bang, and I'll keep her convalescing here another week or two, so you can finish up the job. She's got to be mighty quiet for a while.

"Just now the girl is haveing some black hours—still thinking of those drowning boys and afraid of another lapse. But the tragedy is a month behind her, and a month does a lot for patients of her age. It's up to me to keep her mind at ease on the other points, and you can help when the time comes."

"How?"

"By furnishing cheerful companionship." Carrick grinned.

Hamilton presented himself at the door of Eves' sitting-room at five the next afternoon, temporarily obscured by a great armful of chrysanthemums. Miss Driscoll admitted him, with an eloquent smile.

"She's all ready for you," she said. She, too, had listened to the account of the Samaritan's good deeds.

He found Eve lying on a divan which had been sent to the sitting room for use during her convalescence. She gave him both hands, but for a moment did not speak.

To be talking to her from that distance, as a man she was meeting for the first time, was the most racking experience he had ever endured. His lips stiffened as he tried to smile, and the desperate depression he had felt since the experiment strengthened with every moment. She was looking at him, she was interested, but it was clear that her interest was based on gratitude. Nevertheless, here he was, starting out with a fair field and some favor.

"There's only one thing I ask," Eric told Eve at this point in his reflections. "I want to be allowed to read to you to amuse you during your convalescence."

"I'm really beginning to feel like myself," Eve was telling him when Henderson's call was announced. "I think Doctor Carrick is entirely too cautious. I"l be able to go home in a few days more and do my resting there."

Hamilton shook his head and bromidically pointed out that they must make haste slowly.

Her meeting with Henderson, he now observed, with not without sentiment."

"You understand, don't you?" was her opening question; and Henderson in a voice roughened by emotion, assured her that he did. Moreover, he held Eve's hand longer than even such a reunion justified, and he continued to hold it, drawing his chair close to her couch and patting her hand at intervals with his disengaged one. His manner was sympathetic and paternal, and hers held no trace of fear of him. Very reluctantly Eric left them together; and Henderson, who had been carefully coached for the interview by Carrick made a few brief comments on the meeting and went straight to the point of his visit.

"It may relieve your mind, my dear, to know that I have jilted you," he comfortably mentioned blinking at her with his near-sighted eyes. "When a girl runs away to get out of marrying me, she doesn't have to add any explanations afterward. I've grasped the idea that she doesn't want me. Bloch says I'm not subtle, and perhaps I'm not. But I can get that much."

"Theres' no one in the world I'd rather have as a friend," Eve said. "And as a manager," she added more self-consciously. "But perhaps you are through with me."

"I'll never be through with you. But you are free to marry any one you like."

"I don't want to marry any one," Eve murmured.

"Not to-day, perhays, or to-morrow, but . . ."

Henderson now knew all about the formal marriage, and also something about the whirlwind courtship.

"I'm horribly sorry for the way I've treated you," Eve unsteadily confessed. "I can't believe I did such things. But of course you realize that I didn't know . . . I wasn't responsible . . . and I was terriblyafraid of you when I ran away. That sounds idiotic now, but it's the way I felt."

"I understand everything," Henderson again patted her hand, and Eve, thus reminded that he still held it, gently took it from him. Henderson sighed.

"Well, that's settled," he said philosophically.

At the end of a week Eve was permitted to have dinner in the hotel dining-room with Hamilton.

"Nothing there exciting enough to hurt her," Carrick decided, "and it will be at little change."

But it was rather exciting, after all. It was quite unusually exciting to meet Hamilton's eyes and to follow the intonations of his voice when he spoke to her. The things he said were so casual and his voice and expression were so eloquent. Over the dessert his guard dropped for a moment.

"Of course you know I'm mad about you," he mentioned. "Carrick and your journal may have told you that. I have been from the first day I met you. But I'm not going tosay anything about it just yet," he hastily added.

When he was leaving her at her sitting-room door an hour later he showed a similar restraint. They had made enormous strides in the past few days and his spirits were effervescent. Besides, Carrick had assured him that the light vein was the right vein.

"Do you see this door-mat?" Hamilton asked, pointing down to that useful object lying in the outer hall just beyond Eve's threshold.

"Yes."

"Well, any other man as much in love with you as I am would be spending the night on it. But I'm not. I'm going sensibly to bed."

He went away exulant over her little laugh as she closed the door.

"I said I wouldn't make love to you till you were well," he remarked the next afternoon, "so of course I won't. But you're almost well, so I want to call your attention to the fact that you have the most adorable mouth in the world. There's something about it—"

"If you joke like that you'll spoil everything."

"Joke! Great Scott! Is that your idea of joking? It isn't mine. You see," he explained, "you don't understand me yet, but you're going to. My point—the point I'll make when I really start to talk to you—is that I simply can't wait for you much longer. I can't live without you. I can't really breathe any more when I'm not with you."

"Even at that you have about twelve hours a day for breathing," she pointed out, and softened the words with the smile he loved.

"What of it? What about the twelve when I can't breathe? Do you like to feel that I'm struggling for breath when I'm away from you?"

"You're impossible," she said, still with the adorable smile.

"Only when I'm not with you, darling. When I'm with you, as I shall point out to you sometime, I'm a superman ,ready to play golf with the planets. There's nothing I can't do—"

"Except to stop talking like that."

"I'm not talking like that. I'm just telling you how Im going to talk some day, when I really begin . . ."

"I think," he casually remarked the next evening, "Wednesday might be a good day for us to be married all over again."

Her eyebrows rose.

"How utterly absurd you can be when you give your mind to it."

"We might even go to the same little parsonage and the same old minister. They weren't very attractive, but there's a certain sentiment in chosing the same setting—"

"I wish you wouldn't say such foolish things!"

"Suerly you're not going to deny our expediency marriage," he sighed. "Of course it was only a bluff, but it's a beautiful memory and it was fine practice for the next time we do it. By the way, what have you done with the wedding-ring I gave you?"

"Is that a new joke?"

Under her tone he sobered.

"No, dear. We really did go through a marriage ceremony, with the understanding that it was purely a matter of form—"

"A marriage ceremony . . . a matter of form . . ." She gasped. "I can't believe it. What are you talking about?"

"You needn't believe it if you don't want to," he said comfortably. "It's of no importance whatever. It was simply a precaution we had to take to protect you when you were so afraid of Henderson. It didn't mean anything but that, and it can be annulled any time. You have your marriage certificate somewhere around—in your hand-bay I think."

He told the story simply and with sudden seriousness.

"You were in a state of shivering terror of Henderson," he ended, "though you didn't know why, and Carrick and I, who didn't know anything about him, of course, were afraid he had some hold over you. We know now that it was your absymal dread of the marriage."

She nodded.

"It's like hearing about some one else."

He decided that they had been serious long enough.

"Keep on thinking how wonderful I am," he invited. "And some day soon I'll tell you how wonderful you are. There never was a girl like you since the world began, and there'll never be another. It isn't my love for you that makes me think so; I'll make that point clear when I start. It's you. I'm going to tell you all about the heart of you, and the courage of you, and the dignity of you, and the mind of you, and the megnetism of you—"

"Don't!" she begged, laughing, yet confused.

"I will," he promised. "But not yet, of course."

After all this restraint it was disconcerning to have her make the remark she made during their honeymoon a fortnight later.

"I'll forgive you for rushing the wedding this week," she said dreamily. "What I can't forgive is that you didn't rush it last week. The first day I was really myself again I felt that I had loved you a thousand years. I didn't know you, but I loved you. I was head over heals in love with you at the end of a week; and by that time I knew you, too. If you had tried to leave me I'd have pursued you with shrieks."

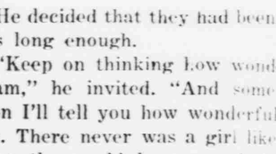
Her arm was around his neck now and she gently piched his ear.

"Yet think of the time we've wasted since then!" she sighed.

THE END.

The politicians who don't need advice are too often swayed by it, while those who do need it won't usually listen to it.

KILL THEM TODAY



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THE FAMILY DOCTOR

LAND-MARKS OF THE BODY

Of course it is stupid of anybody to speak of having "stomach trouble," unless one knows reasonably well the situation of that organ within the body. If you can, with a finger locate the lower end of the breast-bone, you are not far from mid-way of the stomach in its long diameter from left to right. Its larger area is to the left; it narrows and drops slightly lower to its termination at the right, where it empties into the first portion of the small bowel. Near this point, beneath the "Short ribs," the gall-bladder is hidden. If you invert a coffee cut two inches to the right of the point of the breast-bone, you will cover the site of gall-stone colic, and the burning distress of hyperacid stomach, and many cases of gastric ulcer or duodenal ulcer. Pain in this locality should have immediate attention.

Gaseous distension of the stomach is likely to bulge the area to left, and just below the point of the breast-bone; I am not going into diagnosis here; I am trying to acquaint you with important localities. This gaseous distension of the stomach is most likely to interfere with the heart-movementments, for, approximately two inches to the left of the point of the breast-bone, is the site of the apex-beat of the heart—easily encroached upon the distended stomach. You ought to know at once if it is gass making your heart "palpitate."

Roughly speaking, your colon occupies a space beginning at the right "flank;" it ascends to just above the edge of the liver ,bends leftward, crosses just below the stomach to a point opposite its first bend; then descends to the left "flank;" like a horse-shoe hanging toe upward. The coils of the small intestine lie within the area described by the colon, communicating with it low in the right flank. Here is the site of the appendix; colics in this region are worth watching closely. If I may digress: a "colic" anywhere within the abdominal space may, within twenty-four hours descend to the appendiceal region, and mark the site of an abscess. Remember that.

Sell out and move to Fernandina.

Our people probably walk on an average five miles a day, and yet half of them are unable to get to the polls.

A dollar will buy 19 cents more of commodities than if would four years ago, but the folks who have things to sell are not having any jollifications about it.

The only thing that will satisfy the people, is to have the dollar buy more except when they have something they want to sell.

The census seems to show that the number of unemployed has been exaggerated, but perhaps they got counted twice while hustling for jobs.

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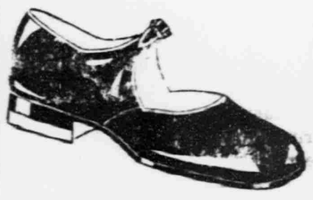

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