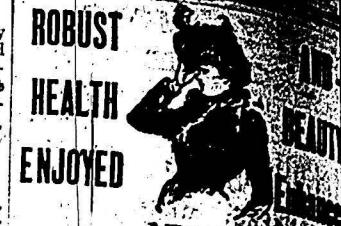


ies Delighted.



A SCRATCH IN THE DAY

PART II.

You have seen each other, for last falling year; yet they were not blood, but rather here.

Then again and again, for their trifling now:

So no longer broken, but still here.

High and low here,

And so went on the days past till mid-winter Christmas, the snow lay thick.

Then, the poor patient learned

the joys of a "real old-fashioned

I had enough and more,

each week to do; but I was not

so bad as to feel relieved the self-same day.

Oh! it was a long drive!

What a sad sore

heart! I felt as if I could bear it no longer

—when the welcome cottage came in sight.

Silently we drove up to the door.

On the way a woman named Falland

was waiting at the door.

She had been a nurse.

She had been a nurse.