INSIDE THE MAD HOUSE.

[Continued from Twenty-fifth Page.]

refused to swallow the food and were threatened with punishment. In our short walks we passed the kitchen where food was prepared for the nurses and attendants. There was a profusion of melons and grapes and all kinds of fruits, beautiful white bread and nice cream, and the sickly feeling would be increased tenfold. I spoke to some of the nurses about it, but it had no effect, when I was taken away the food was yet unsalted.

My heart ached to see the sad patients grow sicker over the table. I saw Miss Tillie Mayard so sadden by overwork that at last she had to rise from the dining-room and then got a scolding for doing so. Her sister, Miss Josephine, begged for food they were told to shut up; that they would not have so good if they were at home, and that it was too good for ordinary patients.

A German girl, Louise—I have forgotten her last name—the prettiest of several, had left one morning she was missing. From the conversation of the nurses I learned she had suffered from a high fever. Poor thing! she told me she unceasingly prayed for death. I watched her nurse make a patient carry such food as the well ones were returning to the kitchen. Thinking she was fit for a fever patient! Of course, she refused it. Then I saw a nurse, Miss Carrie, go to her patient's temperature, and she returned with the report of it being some odd degrees. I saw the nurse scolded by Miss Grupe, seeing it, asked me how high my temperature had ever been. I refused to tell, Miss Grady then decided to try her ability. She returned with the report of 99 degrees.

Miss Tillie Mayard suffered more than any of us from the cold. Her sister Josephine gave up advice to be cheerful and try to keep up for a short time. Sept. Dead brought a men in to feel the fire, but my head was examined my tongue. I told them how cold it was and assured them that I did not need medicine. I saw Miss Mayard die and they should transfer their attention to her. I was ordered to bed and I was pleased to see Miss Mayard leave her place and come forward to them. She spoke to the doctors and told them she was ill, but they paid no attention to her. The nurses came and carried her back to the bench, and after the doctors left they said: "Get up Miss Mayard. When you do some work you will notice you will quit running up to them." Before the doctors left I heard one say—I cannot give it in its exact words—that my pulse and tongue were not bad enough for a first bout. Dead assured him in case such as mine were bad, they would be very sick indeed. I write he said my face was the brightest he had ever seen for a long time. The doctors left and I saw Miss Grupe, seeing it, asked me how high my temperature had ever been. I refused to tell them.