

She Wanted Him to Know.

A Boston physician was called out of a sound slumber the other night to answer the telephone. "Hello! what is it?" he asked, little pleased at the idea of leaving his comfortable bed. "Baby is crying, doctor, what shall I do?" came across the wire. "Oh, perhaps it's a pin," suggested the doctor, recognizing the voice of a young mother, one of his patients. "No," was the reply; "I'm sure it can't be that." "Perhaps he has the colic," returned the doctor, with well simulated solicitude. "No, I don't think so," replied the mother, "he doesn't act that way." "Then perhaps he's hungry," as a last resort. "Oh, I'll see," came across the wire; and then all was still. The doctor went back to bed and was soon asleep again. About half an hour afterward he was awakened by the violent ringing of the telephone bell. Jumping out of bed and placing the receiver to his ear, he was cheered by the following message: "You are right, doctor, baby was hungry."—*Healthy Home.*

She Liked the Hospital.

Not long ago at a provincial hospital an old woman, who was being discharged completely cured, was having a last interview with the house physician. "Well," he said, "you have to speak well of the hospital now, won't you?" And the old woman replied: "Ay, that I will, doctor. But, sure, I never spoke ill of it. My husband died here."—*Current Literature.*