

CHAPTER XIV.

MARY BRANDER was, as usual, called before daylight by Margot, and was dressing when a sound like the rumbling of a heavy wagon, caused her to pause suddenly, and then hurry to the window and throw it open.

"They have begun again," she exclaimed, "and the firing is heavier than it was before. It comes from the east. It must be Trochu's force engaged again."

She hastily completed her toilet, drank off the coffee Margot had got ready for her, and then started on her way to the ambulance.

"It is louder than ever," she exclaimed. "It must be a terrible battle."

The roar of the cannon never ceased. The windows and doors were all open as she went along, and women in various states of dishabille were talking excitedly to each other from the former across the street; while the men, equally excited, were discussing the battle in groups. All agreed that the forts in the loop of the Marne were engaged. This caused some disappointment.

"We can't be so far out as we thought," one said, "or we should be beyond range of the guns."

"Perhaps the Germans are attacking us," an old man suggested, but the idea was received with derision, and Mary caught no more of the conversation as she hurried along.

It was an absolute relief to her when she entered the ambulance, for the continued roar of the guns and the thought of what was going on were well nigh intolerable to her nerves, and her hands were shaking as she removed her bonnet and cloak. Even the quiet hospital tents shared in the excitement outside. The patients whose hurts were comparatively slight were sitting up in their beds discussing the battle eagerly. Others more seri-

ously hurt raised their heads to listen, while some lying apparently unconscious moaned and moved uneasily, muttering occasionally incoherent words, the quiver in earth and air arousing a dim sense of battle and danger.

"More work for us," Dr. Swinburne said, as he passed her, while she was trying to soothe a restless patient into quiet again.

"I am afraid so, Doctor, and by the sound it will be even worse than the last."

"The loss is not always proportionate to the noise," he said, cheerfully, "the forts may be merely preparing a way for a general advance. They said it was to begin this morning."

As before it was not until evening that the wounded began to come in. Those who were first brought were sombre and depressed. It was the Germans who were attacking; the French had been surprised and badly beaten. But later on the news was better. Champigny had been nobly defended, the French had rallied, and, after hard fighting, the Prussians were driven back and all the ground lost recovered. Some of the wounded had been among those who had defended Champigny. To these Mary put the question she had asked of others who were not too severely wounded to be able to talk. "Who had taken part in the fight?" The mobiles and the line had all been engaged.

"But there were no National Guards, Nurse."

"Had they seen any Franc-tireurs?"

Hitherto the answer to the question had been, no; but the men from Champigny gave a different answer.

Yes, a corps had fought there; they did not know who they were. They were dressed in gray. Whoever they were they fought like tigers. It was they, they all agreed, who saved Champigny.

"The Prussians were advancing," one said, "and we could not have held out much longer. They were advancing by the road, and through the gardens; it was all over with us, when the men in gray came up."

"I was at the barricade," one said, "there were not twenty

of us left there when a company arrived. If they had fought in a hundred battles they could not have done better. They had their colonel with them. A fine old militaire. He was killed by my side. The Prussians never got a foot further, for though we were hard pressed again and again we held our ground till the cowards, who had run, began to come back again. It was hot, mademoiselle. I can tell you it was a rain-storm of bullets, and their shell fell every moment among us, and it would have been all up with them if the batteries had not silenced their guns."

"I was in one of the houses," his comrade put in; "we were doing our best to prevent the Prussians coming up through the gardens behind, but there were but few of us, and they were some hundreds strong. If they had gone on they would have caught us all in a trap, and we were just going to warn the others to fall back when we saw the Franc-tireurs come running up. They were smart fellows as well as brave ones. They knocked loopholes through a wall in no time and clung to it for an hour, at least. Then the Prussians were reinforced heavily. The Franc-tireurs fell back to the next wall, and when the Prussians rushed forward, they gave it them hotly while we took them in flank from the houses; they must have a hundred and fifty men left behind them when they rushed back to the wall they had advanced from.

"And did the Franc-tireurs suffer much?" Mary asked.

"I should say they lost more than half their number. When they formed up after the fighting was over and the Prussians driven back, we gave them a hearty cheer. I believe there were three companies of them when they came up, and altogether there were not more than a strong company paraded. You must not think that all the others were killed, mad'moiselle," seeing by Mary's face that the news was terrible to her. "Of those who didn't parade you may reckon that two-thirds were only wounded."

"Not so many as that," the other, who had not observed Mary's face, said, "they were not the fellows to fall out for a slight wound. Why, the best part of those who paraded had

hurts, and I fancy some of them were serious, though they did their best to make light of it, and waved their caps when we cheered them. You may be sure that those who were missing must have been hard hit indeed."

"Imbecile beast," his comrade growled, as Mary moved silently away, "could you not see by her face that the girl had friends in that corps? Didn't you notice how pleased she looked when we praised their bravery and how white her face came, when I said what their losses were. I tried to comfort her by making out that most of the missing might be only wounded, and then, imbecile that you are, you break in with your talk and as good as tell her that if they ain't all dead, they are likely to be so before long."

"I would have bit my tongue out before I would have said so," the other said, penitently, "but I did not notice her looks. Do you think I would have said it if I had, just as she had been bandaging our wounds, too, like a little mother."

The Franc-tireurs remained in the village all night, and as soon as they fell out had scattered over the whole ground, collected the dead and laid them together and brought the wounded into the houses.

The soldier's estimate was not far wrong; the number of the dead exceeded that of the wounded and most of these were very seriously hurt. Of those found lying behind the walls many had been killed outright, being struck on the head by bullets through the loopholes, behind which they were firing; but of those hit during the retreat, or when at last they took the offensive, many of the wounds, though of a disabling, were not of a fatal nature. The company on the other side of the village had not been pressed so severely, but the Prussian shell had fallen thickly there, and a large proportion of the wounds were caused by fragments of shell or stone. The company which held the barricade had comparatively few wounded, but had lost half their number by bullets through the head as they fired over its crest.

It was hard work, indeed, for the surgeons and nurses that night. For many nothing could be done, they were beyond the

reach of surgical aid ; but not only was there the work of bandaging wounds, but of giving drink and soup to all that could take them, of writing down last messages to friends from those among the dying who retained their consciousness, or in aiding Dr. Swinburne and his assistant in their work, and in temporarily bandaging the wounds of those for whom nothing else could be done till daylight. At eight o'clock next morning an ambulance wagon drew up to the door and an orderly came in to the doctor with a message.

"I have six wounded here. The surgeon told me to tell you that one of them had particularly wished to be brought up to your ambulance, and as the others all belonged to the same corps I was to leave them here."

"I will see if there is room," the doctor said, and calling one of the gentlemen who aided in the service of the ambulance, asked him, "Do you know, Wilson, how many have died in the night?"

"Eight or ten, Doctor."

"Well, get Phillips and Grant to help you to carry out six of them ; lay them in that empty tent for the present. As soon as you have done that bring the six wounded in from the wagon outside."

In a few minutes the injured men were brought in.

"Ah, they are Franc-tireurs," the doctor said.

"They are Franc-tireurs des Écoles," the orderly, who had accompanied them, said ; "the surgeon said they were all students. They deserve good treatment, Doctor, for no men could have fought better than they did. Everyone says that they saved Champigny."

"Put them together, Wilson, if you can, or at any rate in pairs. They are students of the University, the art schools, and so on. If there are not two empty beds together put them anywhere for the present ; we can shift the beds about in a day or two when we get breathing-time."

"There are two vacant beds in No. 2 marque, Doctor."

The doctor stepped to the litter that had just been carried in. Its occupant was sensible.

"Is there any one of your comrades you would prefer to be placed in the bed next to you?" he asked in French.

"Yes, Doctor," he replied in English. "The tall fellow who was next to me in the wagon. I am a countryman of yours, and he is an Englishman, and we are in the same art school."

"An American?" Dr. Swinburne replied. "I am glad, indeed, they brought you here. You may be sure that we will do everything we can to make you comfortable. I will attend to you directly I have seen the others brought in."

Mary Brander's heart gave a bound as she saw the wounded man brought in, for she recognized the uniform at once. A glance, however, at the dark head reassured her. As soon as the stretcher was laid down by the bed which was the last in the line, and the wounded man was lifted on to it she went as usual with a glass of weak spirits and water to his side.

"Will you drink, monsieur," she asked, in French.

"I am an American," he said, with a faint smile, "as I suppose you are."

"No, I am English, which is nearly the same thing."

"I must trouble you to hold it to my lips," he said, "for as you see my right arm is useless, my collar-bone is broken, I believe, and my shoulder-blade smashed. However, it might be worse."

She held a glass to his lips. As he drank a sudden thought struck her.

"Are you Arnold Dampierre?" she asked.

"That is certainly my name," he said, "though I cannot think how you guess it."

"I have heard of you from a friend of mine, Cuthbert Hartington. Can you tell me, sir, if he is hurt?"

"Then you must be Miss Brander. Yes, I am sorry to say he is hurt. I don't know how badly," he went on hurriedly, as he saw the look of pain in her face. "I did not see him until we were put in the wagon next to each other, and he was not much up to talking, and in fact its motion was too much for him and he fainted, but no doubt he will soon come round. They are bringing him into the next bed. Perhaps it will be

better for you if you were to let one of the other nurses attend to him until he comes round a bit."

But Mary shook her head silently. She had been trembling as she asked the question, but she stood stiff and rigid as Cuthbert was brought up. She gave one short gasp when she saw his face as they lowered the litter to the ground. Then she hurried to the table on which the glasses were standing, poured some brandy into a tumbler, and was turning when the surgeon entered the tent. She put down the glass, hurried up to him, and laid a fluttering hand on his arm.

"Come, Doctor; please come quickly."

A momentary flash of surprise crossed his face. However, he said nothing but quickened his steps and stood by the pallet on to which Cuthbert had just been lifted. A shade passed over his face; he put his hand on Cuthbert's wrist, then knelt down and placed his ear over his heart.

"Is he dead?" Mary asked in a whisper, as he rose to his feet again.

"No, no, my dear, I hope he is worth many dead men yet; he has fainted from the jolting of the wagon just as many others that you have seen have done. Fetch that brandy you have just poured out. He is hard hit," and he pointed to a blood-stained patch in his shirt just above the waistband of his trousers. "There is no doubt about that, but we shall know more about it presently."

As she hurried off to fetch the brandy the doctor's lips tightened.

"It is fifty to one against him," he muttered, "still, I have seen men live with similar wounds."

He took the glass from Mary's hands as she returned and poured a little between Cuthbert's lips. Then he listened to the heart's beating again.

"It is stronger already," he said, encouragingly to Mary. "Now, my dear, you had better go out for a few minutes and get a little fresh air. Ask Mrs. Stanmore to come here. I must try and find out where the bullet has gone." As she moved away he went on, "Wait here a minute, Wilson, I shall

want to turn him over directly. Now for the wound. Ah! I thought so!" as he removed a lightly fastened bandage and lifted a pad of lint beneath it.

"There has been no bleeding since he was taken up. No doubt he fell forward at first. Now turn him over. Ah, the bullet has gone right through! He must have been hit by a shot fired at close quarters. Well, that will save us trouble and the chances of complications. It is now a simple question of how much damage it did as it passed through. Ah, Mrs. Stanmore," he went on as the nurse came up with a tray of bandages and other necessaries, "I find that there is not much to do here."

He took two small pieces of lint and rolled them up, poured a few drops of carbolic acid on to them, placed one in each orifice, put pads of lint over them, and passed a bandage twice round the body to keep them in place.

"Thank you, Wilson, that will do for the present. Please pour a little strong brandy and water down his throat, Mrs. Stanmore. Now I will see to the next man. How are you hurt? In the shoulder, I see, by your bandages."

"I was lying down behind a wall, Doctor, and raised myself slightly to fire through a loophole when a bullet came through. I heard the surgeon say that it had smashed the collar-bone, and had gone out through the bone behind. I don't know what he called it, but it is what I should call the shoulder-bone."

"Well, in that case you are in luck," the surgeon said, "if it had glanced more downwards you would have been a dead man five minutes after you were hit. Do you feel comfortable at present?"

"As comfortable as I can expect."

"Then in that case I won't disturb the bandages. They are all tight now, and the man who bandaged you evidently knew what he was about, which is more than I can say for some of those who have sent me in specimens of their handiwork. For the present there is nothing for you to do but to lie quiet. I will have a look at you again later, there are so many cases that must be attended to at once."

"I am in no hurry, I can assure you, Doctor. I suffered too much when they bandaged me to want a repetition of it until it is absolutely necessary."

The doctor nodded and then hurried off to visit the men who had been carried off into the other marquees. As he pushed aside the flaps at the entrance he stopped abruptly, for a few yards away Mary Brander was lying insensible on the ground, now covered with a light sprinkle of snow that had fallen in the morning.

"Poor little girl!" he said, as he raised her in his arms, and carried her into his own tent and placed her in a rocking-chair, "this affair coming on the top of the work last night has been too much for her." He went into the next marquee.

"Miss Betham," he said to one of the nurses, "Miss Brander has just broken down; she has fainted. You will find her in a chair in my tent. Take a bottle of salts and a little brandy. When she comes round make her lie down on the bed there, tell her that my orders are absolute, that she is to keep quiet for a time. She is not to go to work in the wards again and she is not to leave my tent until I have seen her. There is no getting a conveyance, and she won't be fit to walk home for some time."

An hour later Dr. Swinburne snatched a moment from his work and looked in at his tent. Mary sprang up from the bed as he entered.

"That is right, my dear," he said, "I see you are active again. I am sure you will be glad to hear that the patient you called me to has recovered consciousness. The bullet passed right through him, which is a good sign. So that trouble is disposed of. As to the future I can say nothing as yet. Of course it depends upon what damage the ball did on its way through. However, I am inclined to view the case favorably. I can only judge by his face, and, although it is, of course, white and drawn, there is not that ashen sort of pallor which is almost a sure sign of injury to vital parts."

"Then you think there is some hope, Doctor," she asked, with her hands lightly clasped before her.

"Honestly, I think there is. He must, of course, be kept absolutely free from anything like agitation, and if you think your presence is likely to agitate him in the slightest degree, I should say that when you come to work again you had better exchange into one of the other wards."

"It will not agitate him in the least, Doctor," she said, after a moment's pause, "I can answer for that. We are old friends, for he has known me since I was a little child; we are more like cousins than anything else, and if he knows which ambulance he is in, I am sure he will be surprised if I do not come to him."

"I think it is likely he will guess," Dr. Swinburne said, "when he hears the nurses speaking English; and, indeed, it seems that either he or one of the others particularly asked to be sent here. If it is as you say, your presence may do him good rather than harm, and you can go to him for a short time; but remember that you are not fit for nursing and that the sooner you are able to get home again the better. You have been on duty more than twenty-four hours and it has been a terribly trying time for you all."

Mary nodded.

"I really feel better now, Doctor. I have been very anxious about Mr. Hartington ever since I knew that his corps had gone out, and I think suspense is harder to bear than anything. You will see I shan't break down again."

"If you do, Miss Brander, remember I shall have to take your name off the list of nurses. We have enough to do and think about here without having fainting young ladies on our hands." He spoke gravely, but Mary saw he was not really in earnest.

"I never thought," she said, "that I should come under the category of a fainting young lady, and I feel humiliated. Then I may go in, Doctor?"

"Yes, if you are sure of yourself and are certain that it won't agitate him."

A minute later she stood by Cuthbert's side. He was lying on his back with his eyes open. A hospital rug had been

thrown over him. As she bent over him his eyes fell on her face and he smiled faintly.

"I was wondering whether you had heard I was here," he said, in a voice so low that she could scarce hear it. "Well, you see, I brought my eggs to a bad market, and your friends, the Prussians, have given me a lesson I would not learn from you. But we beat them fairly and squarely, there is a satisfaction in that."

"There does not seem much consolation in it, Cuthbert," she said, quietly.

"There is to me," he said, "that shows you are not a soldier. To a soldier it makes all the difference as he lies wounded, whether he has shared in a victory or suffered in a defeat."

"Then I am very glad that you have won if it makes any difference to you, Cuthbert. Now you know you have to lie very still, and I am sure talking is very bad for you."

"I don't suppose it makes any difference one way or the other, Mary. A few hours, perhaps, but whether it is to-day or to-morrow is immaterial."

"You must not talk like that, Cuthbert, and you must not think so. The doctor says that although, of course, you are badly wounded, he thinks there is every hope for you."

"So the surgeon said who dressed my wounds last night, Mary, but I knew that he did not really think so."

"But I am sure Dr. Swinburne does think so, Cuthbert. I am certain that he was not trying to deceive me."

"Well, I hope that he is right," Cuthbert replied, but with the indifference common to men in extreme weakness. "I should certainly like to give the finishing touches to those two pictures. There is nothing else to show for my life. Yes, I should like to finish them. You are looking bad yourself," he added, suddenly, "all this is too much for you."

"I am only tired," she said, "and of course it has been trying work for the last twenty-four hours."

"Well, you must go home and get some rest. If I had been going soon I should have liked you to have stopped with me

till I went, but if, as you say, the doctor thinks I may last for a time it does not matter, and I would rather know that you were getting a rest than that you were wearing yourself out here. What o'clock is it now?"

"It is just two. Please don't worry about me. If I were to break down there are plenty to take my place, but I am not going to. Anyhow I shall wait to hear what Dr. Swinburne says when he next comes round, and then if the report is favorable I shall go home for the night and be here again the first thing in the morning. Are you in much pain, Cuthbert?"

"No, I am in no pain at all. I just feel numbed and a little drowsy, and my feet are cold."

Mary went away, filled a tin bottle with hot water and placed it at his feet, and then covered them over with another rug.

"Now you must not talk any more, Cuthbert. Your hands are cold, let me put the rug over them. There, you look more comfortable. Now shut your eyes and try to get to sleep until the doctor comes round."

Cuthbert closed his eyes at once. Mary went about the ward doing her work for the next two hours, returning at frequent intervals to the bedside, and seeing with satisfaction that he was sleeping quietly. At four o'clock the surgeon came in. She was occupied in serving out some soup to the patients and did not go round with him. She had finished her work when he returned to where she was standing near the entrance.

"I did not wake him," he said, in answer to her look, "but his pulse is stronger, and the action of his heart regular. There is certainly a good chance for him. My hopes that there is no vital injury are strengthened. He will, I hope, sleep for hours, perhaps till morning. By that time I may be able to give a more decided opinion. Now, I think you had better be off at once. I can see you have recovered your nerve, but there will be a dozen fresh nurses here in a few minutes, and I shall clear you all out. Do you feel strong enough to walk home?"

"Oh, yes, Doctor, I may come in the first thing in the morning, mayn't I?"

"Yes, if you feel equal to it. It is possible," he thought to

himself, as he went to the next marquee, "that the poor fellow only regards her as a cousin, but I am greatly mistaken if she has not very much warmer feelings towards him, though she did so stoutly declare that they were but old friends."

Mary, putting on her bonnet and cloak, went out. As she did so, a man, in the uniform of the Franc-tireurs, and a young woman approached.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," he said, lifting his cap as he came up to her, "is it possible for friends to visit the wounded?"

Mary glanced at the speaker's companion and at once recognized her. It was the face of which she had seen so many drawings in Cuthbert's sketch-book.

"It is not possible to-day," she said, "except in extreme cases. There have been many applicants, but they have all been refused."

"I fear this is an extreme case," René, for it was he, urged. "It is a comrade of mine, and the surgeon told me after examining him that he was hit very seriously. This lady is his fiancée."

"I know who you mean," Mary said, after a moment's silence, "but she could not see him even if she were his wife. He is asleep now and everything depends upon his sleep being unbroken."

"If I could only see him I would not wake him," the woman wailed, while René asked—

"Can you tell us if there are any hopes for him?"

"The surgeon says there are some hopes," Mary said, coldly, "but that everything depends upon his being kept perfectly quiet. However, I have no power in the matter. I am off duty now, and you had better apply to Mrs. Stanmore. She is in charge of the ward. It is the farthest of the three marquees."

"What is that woman to him?" Minette exclaimed, passionately, as Mary walked on. "She loves him or she hates him. I saw her look at me as you spoke first, and her face changed. She knew me though I did not know her."

"Oh, that is all fancy, Minette. How can she know Arnold? She is tired and worn out. Parbleu, they must have had ter-

rible work there since the sortie began. It is getting dark, but it is easy to see how pale and worn out she looked. For my part I would rather go through that fight in the garden again than work for twenty-four hours in a hospital."

"She knows him," the girl said, positively.

"Well, let us go on. This woman may give you leave to go in."

But Mrs. Stanmore was also firm in her refusal.

"We cannot allow even the nearest relatives to enter," she said, "we are all taken up by duty and cannot have strangers in the wards; but if the patient is likely to die and wishes to see a friend or relative in the city we send for him or her. If you will give me your name and address I will see that you are sent for should the patient ask for you. The rule I can assure you is absolute, and I have no power whatever to grant permission to anyone except in the case I have named."

Minette went away raving, and it needed indeed all René's remonstrances and entreaties to induce her to leave.

"It is clear," he said, "that he cannot be near death; were he so he would assuredly ask for you. So after all it is good news that you have received, and as I told you all along, though the surgeon said that it was a serious wound, he did not say that it was likely to be fatal, as he did in the case of Cuthbert Hartington. These army surgeons do not mince matters, and there was no reason why he should not have said at once to me that the American was likely to die if he thought it would be so."

"I will go to see him to-morrow," she said, with an angry stamp of her foot. "If the women try to prevent me I will tear their faces. If the men interfere to stop me I will scream so loud that they will be forced to let me in. It is abominable to keep a woman from the bedside of the man she loves."

"It is of no use you talking in that wild way, Minette," René said, sternly; "how do you suppose a hospital is to be managed if every sick man is to have women sitting at his bed. It is childish of you to talk so, and most ungrateful. These foreigners are supporting this ambulance at their own expense. The ladies are working like slaves to succor our wounded and

you go on like a passionate child because, busy as they are, they are obliged to adhere to their regulations. At any rate I will come here with you no more. I am not going to see these kind people insulted."

CHAPTER XV.

MARY BRANDER made her way wearily home.

"You have had another terrible time, I can see it in your face," Madame Michaud said, as she entered. "They say there have been four thousand wounded and fifteen hundred killed. I cannot understand how you support such scenes."

"It has been a hard time," Mary said; "I will go up to my room at once, madame. I am worn out."

"Do so, my dear. I will send you in a basin of broth."

Without even taking her bonnet off Mary dropped into a chair when she entered her room and sat there till Margot brought in the broth.

"I don't think I can take it, thank you, Margot."

"But you must take it, mademoiselle," the servant said, sturdily; "but wait a moment, let me take off your bonnet and brush your hair. There is nothing like having your hair brushed when you are tired."

Passively Mary submitted to the woman's ministrations, and presently felt soothed, as Margot with, by no means ungentle hands, brushed steadily the long hair she had let down.

"You feel better, mademoiselle?" the woman asked, presently. "That is right, now take a little of this broth. Please try, and then I will take off your cloak and frock and you shall lie down, and I will cover you up."

Mary made an effort to drink the broth, then the servant partly undressed her and covered her up warmly with blankets, drew the curtains across the window and left her with the words. "Sleep well, mademoiselle."

But for a time Mary felt utterly unable to sleep. She was too worn out for that relief. It had been a terrible time for her.

For twenty-four hours she had been engaged unceasingly in work of the most trying description. The scent of blood still seemed to hang about her, and she vaguely wondered whether she should ever get rid of it. Then there had been her own special anxiety and suspense, and the agony of seeing Cuthbert brought in apparently wounded to death. The last blow had been dealt by this woman. She said she was his fiancée, but although she had it from her lips, Mary could not believe it. She might be his mistress but surely not the other. Surely he could never make that wild passionate woman his wife. Then she felt she was unjust. This poor creature would naturally be in a passion of grief and agony, at finding that she could not go to the bedside of the man she loved. She should not judge her from that. She remembered how different was her expression in some of the sketches she had seen in Cuthbert's book.

"At any rate," she said to herself with a hard sob, "I have no right to complain. He told me he loved me and I was almost indignant at the idea, and told him he was not worthy of my love. There was an end of it. He was free to do as he liked, and of course put it out of his mind altogether as I did out of mine. How could I tell that the time would come when I should find out what a terrible mistake I had made, how could I dream of such a thing! How could I guess that he would come into my life again and that he would have the power to spoil it! What a fool, I have been. What a conceited, silly fool," and so Mary Brander's thoughts ran on till they become more and more vague, and sleep at last arrested them altogether. She was awakened by Madame Michaud coming into the room with a cup of coffee.

"Well, my child, have you slept well?"

"Have I slept, madame? It cannot have been for more than a minute or two." She looked round in surprise. "Why, it is broad daylight, what time is it?"

"It is eleven o'clock, my dear. I thought it was time to arouse you, and in truth I was getting anxious that you had not made your appearance. It is seventeen hours since you lay down."