

"It may be so. I may grow strong enough to return to my—my duty. But at any moment I may fall. It will be better for Doris, happier for me to part with her than to keep her for a few months and then to leave her in the power of that man. Will you save her from that fate? Will you shield her from harm?" she asked imploringly.

"With my life," answered the major.

"Take her from me—take her where that man may not find her, and leave me here. He can do me but little harm now."

"Peace, my child, peace!" said the major gently, seeing the struggle of the poor woman to control her agitation. "Doris and you shall live together in safety. No one shall part you nor harm you while I live."

She pressed the major's hand convulsively, and the tears flowed down her wasted cheeks. She did not sob, but sat still and silent, crying.

Little Doris from the distance saw her mother's grief, and regarded her with covert glances for awhile, letting the ball which Baines had thrown lie at her feet. She had seen her mother in tears often and been sent away at such times, kindly by her mother or harshly by her stepfather, and had come to regard them as a sight which she should not see. She feared her stepfather, and would frequently leave the room without bidding, in silence, when mamma cried; but she loved Major Godfroy and had no fear of him. And as he bent over the weeping woman, encouraging her to hope, the child crept over the grass, and quite

unnoticed sat down by his side, and only when a sob rose from the little one did the major find that he had two unhappy souls to comfort.

\* \* \* \* \*

The major took on himself to fetch Mrs. Standish's letters from the Poste Restante. He recognised one in the hand-writing of Blake Standish, which he opened without hesitation. The man concluded by his wife's silence that she had not received his letter. He desired that if she were too ill to write she should dictate a letter to Godfroy demanding money, without mentioning the fact that she was alone. Money, he insisted, he must have at once, or the consequence would be unpleasant, not for himself only.

The major struck a vesta, and burnt the letter. Two days after he found a telegram waiting. It ran thus:—"From Blake Standish, Brompton, to Mrs. Standish, Poste Restante, Nice.—Telegraph your address at once. You will see me within forty-eight hours."

The major replied at once, and in this manner:—"From Major William Godfroy, Nice, to Mr. Blake Standish, Brompton.—I am in Nice, and if you cross my path it will be the worse for you."

Forty-eight hours passed and Mr. Blake Standish had not fulfilled his intention. As many days elapsed and yet he did not come; so he never saw his wife again, for by that time, poor soul, she was dead and at peace under the myrtle planted by her little Doris.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

MY EXPERIENCES OF HOSPITAL CHILDREN.

BY A PROBATIONER.



"HAVE you many children in your hospital?" "How do they behave?" "Are they as preternaturally good as the story-books represent?" These and similar questions were frequently asked of me whilst I was engaged in nursing. The subject seems to have a fascination for many people. Lovers of children may perhaps feel interested

in a short account of some of our little patients.

We had no ward specially devoted to children, but in the women's wards there were always a certain number of cots, greater or smaller according to circumstances, which never stood empty for long.

Little, pale, pinched faces smiled at us as we passed,

or puckered into doleful wrinkles as medicine-time approached. Little voices called us, whilst we moved about at our work, weary sometimes with pain, more often wonderfully happy and content. I think every nurse, worthy the name, loves to have children under her care. There is something so pathetic in their patient helplessness. It is such pleasure to watch their recovery, to see the smiles and the roses coming back to the wan faces, to try and win the first laugh from the sad little mouths.

It is really remarkable how quiet, contented, and well-behaved the children of the poor show themselves during sickness. Probably the cleanliness and cheerfulness of their surroundings, the attention and kindness they receive, form so great a contrast to their every-day life, that it leaves no room in their minds for discontent. However this may be, it is rare to find a child in hospital who gives wilful trouble to the nurses, and rare to find one not actually suffering pain who is fretful or peevish.

The smallest specimen of humanity that came under my notice was a little boy, barely three months old; such a thin, shrunken baby he was, he looked hardly



more than six or eight weeks. He was quite a remarkable case in his way, for his leg had to be amputated at the thigh, and he went successfully through the operation, and made an excellent recovery. Hospital life seemed to agree with him, for he grew quite saucy, and noticed things in a wonderful way. He distinguished between the nurses—had his distinct preferences amongst them. He took great pleasure in being carried about and danced up and down at a window, and remonstrated lustily when laid down before he was quite in the humour.

He was a very important little gentleman, and had a special nurse night and day. He was visited by several eminent surgeons, and from the solemn air of dignity assumed by him on such occasions, one would think he fully realised his own importance. He was taken home almost well after a time. I sometimes wonder how he will learn to walk.

The first time I had anything to do with the care of a baby was soon after I had entered the hospital, when I was suddenly summoned from a male ward, to take the charge of two little children in diphtheria. I found them lying in one bed, over which a tent had been erected to shut them off from the ward, and to retain the moist warm steam that issued from a little apparatus kept constantly at work, and which was the only atmosphere they could breathe. The girl was nine years old, her little brother only thirteen months. They had been admitted in the middle of the night. They were the only two surviving children out of a family of six, all the others having died within three days of the same disease, brought on by imperfect drainage in the house where they lived.

Both children were breathing with great difficulty, and coughing from time to time in a hoarse, dry way. My instructions were to watch them, and summon the head nurse immediately if they showed symptoms of choking. The baby was the worst. The poor little fellow tossed about in great distress. It was most painful to watch his struggles for breath. I wrapped him in a blanket and took him on my lap, when he became a little easier; but as the hours went by he grew perceptibly worse. Treatment failed to give any relief. It was plain he could not live many hours, unless operative measures were taken. The house surgeon was summoned, and tracheotomy performed then and there; but even that proved of no avail. The poor little fellow never came back to my care. He died almost immediately after the operation.

The little girl recovered. She was a strange, sullen child, very hard to manage, especially during the critical stage of her illness. It was difficult to get her to speak, eat, or take medicine. She seemed to distrust every one about her. But long before she left she had learned to look upon things very differently. She would run about after the nurses, and talk and laugh quite merrily. She grew docile and obedient, and her parents said there was a wonderful change for the better in her. By the time she was well enough to be sent to the convalescent home in connection with the hospital, she looked altogether another creature.

Among my "hospital pets" there is one whom I shall always remember with peculiar distinctness. He was a lovely little boy of two and a half, with soft golden curls clustering all over his head, and the prettiest complexion in the world.

For some time after he came in he was perfectly well. He had a little cyst in his neck, through which a wire had been passed to cause it to suppurate; but until that commenced he felt not the slightest pain or inconvenience, and ran about the wards all day, to be petted alike by patients, doctors, and nurses.

He used to wear scarlet flannel frocks and clean white pinafores, and he looked quite a little picture.

He was the most joyous child I ever saw. He made a game of everything he did, and would stop every few minutes in the midst of his play to laugh in the very ecstasy of enjoyment. His mirth was infectious. It was impossible not to join in his ringing laughter. He used to trot after me into the men's ward (in which I was nursing as well as in the women's), and I have seen every one of those great working men convulsed with laughter by just hearing that child laugh.

He was an immense favourite with the men, and it was pretty to see the great rough fellows following his movements with admiring glances, and the broadest smiles, calling him from one bedside to another, vying with each other to obtain his notice and approval. Had he been a little girl he would have been pronounced an arch-coquette, for he played off his admirers one against the other, favouring now this one, now that, after the manner of an accomplished flirt.

His one and only trouble during the day was the visits of the surgeons, when silence was imposed upon the patients. He did not at all understand why he must stop his merry prattle, and his face took a comically rueful look when we held up our fingers to him with a warning "Hush!"

Soon, however, he thought of a grand new game. He would watch till he saw some students talking together, and would then march up to them, or even to the surgeon himself, lay his finger on his lips, and say "Sh—sh!" with an air of solemn authority that was irresistibly ludicrous.

He quickly noticed that one or more of the nurses always carried towels over their arms in accompanying the surgeon on his rounds, as he frequently required to wipe his hands or wash them after examining a case. Teddy saw no reason why he should not carry a towel too, so he would beg for one, and carry it sedately over his tiny arm, offering it indiscriminately to any student to whom he happened to take a fancy at the moment.

When at last the surgeon's visit was over and he and his train had departed, Teddy would dance gleefully about, wave his arms over his head and cry, "They've gone! Hooray!" a formula which had no doubt been taught him by the men, as he had never been heard to use it before his visits to their wards.

I think every one in the hospital who ever saw him, was sorry when little Ted went home. I missed him



specially, as his very favourite game was helping me to collect empty bottles, and put out full ones. He knew exactly at what times I should visit the ward cupboards, or the patients' lockers, when the stimulants would be given round or the medicine bottles collected, and was always there ready and eager to help; and his boundless enjoyment in the task gave a real sense of pleasure to these very trifling and monotonous duties.

Children who have been much in hospital become sometimes most wonderfully and amusingly precocious. I remember one little girl of four years old, who was admitted into one of our medical wards. She was very small and white, but evinced the utmost self-possession, and never cried or looked frightened when her mother left her. There was no cot empty at the time, so she was put into an ordinary bed, in which she sat up, with her wrapper over her shoulders, watching all that went on with an air of dignified superiority, and answering all questions with the utmost readiness. She smiled when I brought her picture-books to look at, and turned them over once or twice; but her manner rather implied that looking at pictures was a more childish amusement than she had been accustomed to.

"Well, little woman," said the physician, when he paid his first visit, patting her head kindly, "and what is the matter with you?"

"Chronic Bright's disease," answered this small mite, with perfect readiness and composure.

"Yes, it is," she continued, looking severely round upon the students who had interrupted her words by a burst of laughter and were still convulsed, "it's chronic Bright's disease, brought on through a chill taken after scarlet fever, when I was a child."

We found out that she had been for many months a patient in Westminster Hospital, where she had evidently picked up these interesting facts relative to her condition.

"Have you much difficulty in persuading children to take their medicine?" is a question often asked. As a general rule, children are particularly good about this. It is wonderful how quickly they often get to like an oily medicine. But even if they do not like it, I have had seldom any real trouble in getting them to take it.

I suppose every nurse has her theories about the management of children. I know I had mine, one of the grandest being that it was *never* necessary to use force with them. Firmness, kindness, and tact were all that were needed under any circumstances to overcome resistance. The more I had to do with children, the more strongly did I hold this belief. Indeed, I may fairly say I hold it still; nevertheless, I am bound to confess that on two occasions during my year's experience I found my theory break down utterly. Once was on this very point—the taking of medicine.

A little boy of four years old was brought in one evening whilst I was off duty. The next morning I was warned by both day and night nurse that it was

impossible to induce him to take his medicine, and it had to be administered by force.

I listened to these stories with a smile. My thought was, "Now is the time to see what I can do." I had very little doubt but that I should be able to reduce him to obedience, though others might have failed.

When medicine-time arrived, I approached his bedside. I thought perhaps the sight of the old medicine cup might alarm him, so I found a little ornamental cup with pictures on it. The moment he saw me come he hid under the bed-clothes; but a little coaxing and remonstrance induced him to sit up and face the question bravely. He even got so far as to say he would drink it, to take the cup in his own hand and put it to his lips, but there his courage failed completely. No words of encouragement, kindness, banter, or severity produced the smallest effect. I was defeated at all points, and had to admit it with what grace I could.

Every dose of medicine that boy took had to be administered by force, one nurse holding his hands and his nose, and another pouring the draught down his throat; whilst his screams during and after the operation were so great a disturbance to the ward, that it was a real relief when in three days' time he was well enough to be sent home.

The patience of children who have to keep always in one position is often most touching. I remember two little girls of four and six who lay month after month, flat on their backs, with some form of spinal complaint, unable to sit up, unable to play, only just able to turn over picture-books, and soon tiring of that. And yet the sweetness and contentedness of both those children was wonderful. Every time you passed they would greet you with smiles; a single word would bring laughter and merry answers. A new picture or a flower would keep them silently happy all day. In a re-arrangement of the ward for cleaning purposes we moved the two cots side by side, and then the little ones seemed to have nothing left to wish for. Talking to each other was a new pleasure, and one of which they never tired.

But I must not confine myself entirely to the very little children. We have very amusing specimens sometimes amongst those more advanced in years.

Boys over seven are sent to the male wards. There was one little chap of eight brought in one day with a badly sprained ankle, who was a most comical and original child. He had excellent spirits from the very moment of admission, and made himself quite at home.

"I've bin in this place before," he confided to me at an early stage of our acquaintance, "only then I was in the ladies' ward."

I asked him which he liked better.

"I likes the men's ward best, 'cause the paper-man don't come into the ladies' wards. I likes buying papers."

He was kept pretty well supplied with coppers, which he mostly spent on illustrated papers, which the newspaper vendor brought round each morning. Sometimes he would save up his pence in order to



have his hair cut when the barber came round, an operation in which he seemed to take a deep and mysterious pleasure.

"Nurse," he called to me one day across the ward, "which do you love best, the barber or the paper-man?"

He was very fond of the house-surgeon, whom he called "my every-day doctor," and would ask him the most absurd and extraordinary questions.

He took a great interest in me and my family. If I happened to write a letter in the ward, he would always send his love to my sister or friend, invariably adding, "Tell her I hopes she comes to see me soon. I likes her, I does."

He was a generous little fellow too. I was telling him one day about a little boy in another ward, just his age, who had had to lose his leg. He listened with great interest, saying, "Poor Charley!" now and then, and by-and-by dived down and began searching in the basket under his bed, till he produced several of the illustrated papers he kept stored there.

"I want Charley to have them," he explained. "Give him my love, and tell him I hopes he'll soon be better."

It was whilst Freddie was in the ward that the second collapse of my theory occurred, as before mentioned.

I was summoned to the ward one day by the staff nurse, to see if I could do anything with a little boy who had been brought in, and who absolutely declined to be undressed or put to bed. The injury was only slight—a rather nasty cut of the under lip; but as the weather was very severe, and he lived at a distance, he had been admitted as an in-patient.

I first tried talking to him, and found him quite

ready to answer, and hoped things were not so bad as had been represented; but on the first attempt to take off his jacket, he wrenched himself away and prepared to scream. I took him across to Freddie's bedside.

"Now, Freddie, tell this little boy, is this a bad place to be in?"

"No, it's a very nice place. They're all very kind. I likes being here, I does," and with his unflinching good-nature he produced some more pictures, which he handed over to the new-comer.

Then we tried again, nurse and I together, talking cheerfully and ignoring his struggles; but it was no use. The matron happened to come in, and she tried, her experience of children being large, but she failed too.

Then by her orders the ward door was shut, whilst she, the nurse, a convalescent patient, and I undressed him by main force and put him into bed; and it was all that the four of us could do to manage it, whilst his piercing screams brought students hurrying from all parts of the building, thinking some awful accident had occurred.

In justice I must say that after this one exhibition, when he found that no one was really going to murder him, he was as quiet and well-behaved a child as one need wish for.

I must not weary the reader by further details. I have given a truthful account of my own experience of nursing amongst sick little ones, with examples alike of bad and good. I have endeavoured to be accurate in my statements. In conclusion, I would say that if there are any people who entertain doubts of human patience, gentleness, and fortitude under sickness and suffering, those doubts would be quickly removed by a little work amongst hospital children.

## OUR CALEDONIAN CRUISE: A WEEK IN SCOTCH WATERS.



GLENGARRY CASTLE.

From photograph by J. Valentine and Sons,  
Dundee.

HAT will he do with it?" It was not the popular story of that name which excited our curiosity, as we sat, one July evening, at the window of a pleasant house at Glasgow, overlooking Kelingrove Park. We were intent on knowing the Young Man's decision as to the disposal of a week in Scot-

land. We had determined upon abandoning ourselves to six days' freedom, fresh air, and fine scenery; but the task of deciding where to go when you are in the beautiful northern land is always a distracting undertaking; there is so much that is attractive; and one place of scenic grandeur and historic glory challenged another for our company. Burns' Dumfriesshire and Ayrshire district suggested itself, only to be out-bidden by Sir Walter Scott's Border country. The Old Lady had not been to Edinburgh, and surely a week would pass all too quickly at the "modern Athens." Macintosh had been very eloquent about the variety of the island of Arran; and then how we could enjoy ourselves at Oban, with trips to Staffa and Iona! The Trossachs and Lochs Lomond and Katrine appealed to us, and their invitation was hard to decline. Then how delightful would be Braemar! while Rosette would like to see far-off Stornoway, and present her loyal homage to Shiela, the Princess of Thule. And if we might not go so far north in so short a time, the fair girl pleaded, was there not Skye?