

THE NURSE'S STORY

BY ADELE BLENEAU

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Lives and future destinies of two such contrasting types when the smaller



He Released His Hold and Swayed Outward.

man reached the turn and, instead of facing me again, suddenly flung one arm into the air, gave a half stifled cry and then sprang to the rail.

Perhaps my experience in nursing helped me to understand, for his gesture and cry brought me to my feet, and when an instant later he began rather clumsily to climb the rail I found myself, without stopping to think, racing down the deck toward him.

Behind me I heard the Englishman call out and then his feet steps overtaking me, but there was no time to pause, and I raced on, nearer and nearer to the unhappy man, who now stood trembling on the summit of the rail, clinging to the stanchion.

Just as I reached him he released his hold and swayed outward, but I was in time to sling my arms round his legs, and, though his weight almost pulled me over the rail, I managed to retain my hold for an instant.

The next moment brought the Englishman to my side, and he, clutching the man's clothes in a vise-like grip, dragged him back to safety.

He lay on the deck between us, where the Englishman had dropped him. A moment later he sat up and begged us pitiously not to tell of what had happened. We promised on condition that he would see the ship's doctor immediately. This he consented to do, and together we helped him, white faced and trembling, below.

I was rather shaken by this revelation of misery, and after thanking the Englishman for his presence of mind, and being congratulated by him in turn, I went at once to my cabin.

Next morning Captain Fraser told me the man's story. He was an American nobleman who had had an unfortunate love affair in the United States and had determined to return to his native land. Then the war had come, and with it knowledge of the misfortunes of his own country and, more particularly, of his own family.

Hardly knowing what he did, the man had taken a position in a bakery, then had determined to return to his native land. Then the war had come, and with it knowledge of the misfortunes of his own country and, more particularly, of his own family.

While we sat waiting for the examiner I heard Captain Fraser, not far away, speak a few words to a valet—a man who looked as if he might be prematurely old, but who today was so beaming with happiness that he seemed rejuvenated.

At something he said Captain Fraser laughed and replied, "Oh, you are generally right, Shipman," in a tone of such friendliness that I felt he must be an old family servant. Then Captain Fraser turned around suddenly, came over to me and said pleasantly:

"Can I do anything for you?" "No; thanks," I answered warmly, for I was sincerely grateful for the little friendliness. We felt rather alone and lonely, mademoiselle and I. He paused a second, and said:

"Goodbye! Perhaps we shall meet again." "The world is small," I think it must have been Adam who said that," he added, with a subtle wink lighting up his eyes.

I replied, smiling, "Anyway, Cain knew better." He laughed, lifted his hat and was gone. My eyes were still following him when I heard a voice say: "Goodbye, m'lord! Goodbye, m'lady!" I turned and saw the old valet, bareheaded, bowing and smiling in reply to a friendly nod from a lady in a waiting limousine. He seemed suddenly to remember himself and as he did spoke with a little chuckle to a maid standing near:

"I said to my gentleman last night as he was dressing, 'I look to see your mother at the dock tomorrow, sir.' 'Nonsense, Shipman,' he said. But I saw all the same that he was hoping it himself. It's been four years since we went out to India. Four years since I was long white, especially in war times," he added soberly.

(To Be Continued.)

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LITCHFIELD COUNTY NEWS.

Snow Crushes Roof.
The roof of the factory building in Mooreville owned by the Stamford Manufacturing company, a present unused, collapsed under the great weight of snow on it. The front end of the building was pushed out into the street. The property is owned by J. E. Larkin.

Scarcity of Skilled Labor.
The exodus of Winsted workmen to Hartford, Bridgeport, New Haven, Waterbury and Torrington is becoming a serious matter, local manufacturers having considerable difficulty in securing help with which to keep operating. Skilled help is daily leaving town for more remunerative fields.

An Aged Firewoman.
Mrs. Sarah A. Parker, aged 89, who lives alone in house in Winsted owned by Charles Berry of Torrington, gave recently an exhibition of fire fighting that would have done credit to any fire ladie. Mrs. Parker was awakened from sleep Wednesday morning to discover that a lamp she had left lighted in the kitchen had exploded. Hurrying from bed, she threw the damp from a window, then hurried to a spring and carried water with which to put out a blazing carpet and the stand on which the lamp had been, then finding that her night dress had become ignited, extinguished that and then went back to bed.

Cruelty to Animals.
Michael Markie, charged with cruelty to animals in that he failed to properly feed and care for the cows on his Newfield farm in Torrington, was sentenced to 30 days in jail, but was later put on probation for six months on his payment of the officers' fees.

Petition in Bankruptcy.
Francis W. Moore, who, until recently had a garage business in Litchfield, filed a petition in bankruptcy. The largest creditors are: M. A. Kaehrie, note, \$123; Fred Biggs, \$123, both of Litchfield, and James Houlihan, note, \$100, and account, \$70; Torrington, and account, \$20; Lewis Hull, \$50, of Torrington.

Decision for Plaintiff.
Judge J. P. Woodruff of the court of common pleas has granted judgment for the plaintiff in the case of the Columbia Graphophone company against George Robinson of Torrington.

N. Y. Wholesale Prices.

Butter—Creamery, extras 35¢ @ 36 1-2c.; higher according to quality; dairy, finest, 35¢ @ 36 1-2c.; good to prime, 33¢ @ 34 1-2c.

Eggs—Fresh gathered, extras, doz. 22 1-2¢ @ 23 1-2¢; extra firsts, hen-henry whites, fine to fancy, 25¢ @ 26c.; ordinary to good, 26¢ @ 27c.; gathered whites, ordinary to fine, 26¢ @ 28c.; small whites, 26c.; hen-henry browns, 23 1-2¢ @ 24 1-2¢; gathered brown and mixed colors, 21 1-2¢ @ 22 1-2¢; duck eggs, 23¢ @ 24c.

Hay—Large baled, timothy, No. 1, ton, \$27 @ \$28; No. 2 to No. 2, \$20.50 @ \$26; shipping, \$18 @ \$19; fancy light clover mixed, \$23 @ \$24.50; No. 1, clover mixed, \$20 @ \$21.50; lower grade clover mixed, \$18 @ \$19; No. 1, rye straw, No. 1, \$14.50 @ \$15; small bales about \$1 @ \$1.50 under large.

Apples—Spitzenberg, bbl., \$1.75 @ \$2; Jonathan, \$2 @ \$2.50; York Imperial, \$2 @ \$2.50; Wealthy, \$2 @ \$2.50; Winesap, \$2 @ \$2.50; Russet, \$1.50 @ \$2.50; Greening, \$2 @ \$2.25; King, \$2 @ \$2.25; Northern Spy, \$1.75 @ \$1.50; Baldwin, \$1.75 @ \$2.25.

Vegetables—Potatoes, Bermuda, No. 1, bbl., \$7.50 @ \$8; Long Island, bbl., \$3.75 @ \$4; Carrots, old, bbl., \$2.25 @ \$2.75; Cabbages, Danish seed, 50¢ @ 75¢; white, bbl., \$1 @ \$1.25; red, ton, \$20 @ \$30; Onions, Conn. yellow, \$2 @ \$2.75; red, \$1.75 @ \$2.75; Squash, Hubbard, bbl., \$1.75 @ \$2; Turnips, Rutabaga, bbl., \$1 @ \$1.50; old, white, bbl., \$1 @ \$1.25.

Foreshoes, Footing—Best greens, box, 75¢ @ \$1; basket, \$1.50; cucumbers, No. 1, doz., 75¢ @ \$1.25; Dandelion greens, box, \$7.75 @ \$2; Lettuce, strap, \$1 @ \$1.25; Mint, doz. bunches, 50¢ @ 75¢; Mushrooms, white, 4 lb. basket, \$1.25 @ \$1.65; cream, \$1.20 @ \$1.40; brown, \$1.25 @ \$1.35; buttons, 75¢ @ \$1.10; flats and opens, 50¢ @ 75¢; Radishes, 100 bunches, \$2 @ \$4; Turnip, bunch of 10 stalks, 40¢ @ 50¢; 24 stalks, \$1; Tomatoes, lb., 10¢ @ 25c.

Poultry dressed.—Turkeys, hens and toms, fancy, 30c.; fair to good, 26¢ @ 28c.; chickens, milk fed, 17¢ @ 19c.; corn fed, 16¢ @ 17c.; fowls, 60 lbs., and over to dozen, 20c.; 43 to 47 lbs., 18 1-2c.; under 30 lbs 15c.; squabs, prime, white, 10 lbs. to dozen, \$5.50 @ \$5.75; 9 lbs. \$5.25; 7 lbs. \$4.

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(Continued.)
"My dear, I have felt what he says for a long time, but partly because I have been so busy, occupied partly too, because I have not cared to face it, I have put the thing off, hoping always that we would soon visit France together, and so we shall in the autumn. I will come for you, and we'll go on that long cherished journey. But now I should be far more unhappy to have you stay than I should be, dear, to have you go. Here he broke off and more in his usual tone added: "The main thing is for you and mademoiselle to be packed and ready to leave with Dr. Curtis and his sister on Saturday."

"So I went to New York and enjoyed it as only a young girl from the country can enjoy her first sight of a big fascinating city. Nothing was left undone that could give me pleasure, and I shall never forget those days. But my visit was a short one. I had been there scarcely two weeks when Dr. Curtis called me to his office. I went to him, a little anxious at the gravity of his tone and still more anxious when he put me in his big easy chair and took my hands tenderly in his.

"If you were not a brave girl," he said, "I should scarcely know how to tell you, Adele, but tell you I must, dear. Your father is very ill with fever, and you must go to him at once."

The rest of the day I spent in wondering why I had ever left him. This was in July, 1874, and on my way from New York to New Orleans Germany declared war on France. I had hoped that father might not hear of it, but this, I suppose, was too much to expect, and I reached his side only to find that his whole heart and soul were bound up in the hope of being well again, that he might volunteer for field work in the service of his beloved country. During the weeks that followed, both in his delicious and lucid moments, his constant cry was that he might be permitted to help France, and, for all my anxiety, the favor of his burning love for his country freed my blood. In the end his poor fever racked soul went to join the fighting men of older generations—I cannot write of it even now.

My grandmother had died some years before, and I had never known my mother's family. All her near relatives had been dead many years, and so my father's death left me practically alone in the world and as purposeless as a rudderless ship.

After his death I sat day after day in a kind of torpor, bereft of power to think or act. It was my first deep sorrow, and it found me unprepared and defenseless.

Then one night I was sitting alone in his study, for mademoiselle had gone to bed, going over again in a kind of helpless self torture. I used to be a little kinder and truer at personal ality that made my father so dear to me. I buried my face in my hands for a moment, and as I did so my father spoke to me. I heard his words as clearly as though he stood beside me.

"Although you are only a woman," he said, "and cannot fight with the brave men who are giving their lives for France, there is still something you can do."

I sat silent for a long time, filled with awe and yet with a kind of comfort, puzzling over what he meant. Then after a time I understood, and I went to bed that night happier than I had been since his death, for at last I had a purpose.

The next day I wrote to Dr. Curtis, who had gone out among the first Americans to establish a hospital near the fighting line. It was a poor little letter, but I knew it carried an appeal that would bring me my desire.

The letter must have caught one of the few fast boats crossing at that time, for within two weeks I received a cable from Dr. Curtis telling me that he could not have me with him, but that as a nurse and a Frenchwoman, I should have a place in one of the military hospitals.

The cable ended with the words, "Come at once; you are needed." So it was that I in my turn set out in search of the unknown, to do my part in the great struggle that is still as I write, staggering humanity and in which I found so much tragedy and so much happiness.

CHAPTER II.

THE boat was crowded and there were many interesting persons on board—at least, interesting to me, as, for the most part, they were people with a mission. Some were on diplomatic errands, others were crossing because of contracts arising out of the war. There were also many nurses and doctors, but far the greater number of the men were recruits, both of the ranks and officers, hurrying to rejoin their colors.

Every morning at 10 o'clock a Dr. T., who was taking out a full hospital corps and equipment, gave lectures to his staff. As soon as I heard this I explained to him my situation and my desire to fit myself to be of better use, and he cordially invited me to attend the lectures.

Miss Curtis had placed me in the care of a charming American woman who had lived for twenty years in England, but in spite of a very calm trip, she managed somehow to be sick most of the way over, and I saw very little of her.

I was speculating idly on the past

A seat on the New York Coffee Exchange was sold for \$3,100, a decrease of \$100 from the last previous sale.

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