

The Times' Daily Short Story.

THE TRAINED NURSE'S STORY

(Original.)

How is it that I studied to be a trained nurse and never took but one case? I will tell you. A few days after receiving my diploma I was at the hospital from which I had been graduated. While there a sudden call came for a nurse. None of the regular nurses could be spared, but the inquirer was informed that a recent graduate who had yet to take her first case was ready to respond. The parties were obliged to be satisfied with this, and I was engaged.

I found my patient surrounded by every luxury. A venerable lady received me and told me that her son was to be nursed through a case of fever. Upon going into the sick room I saw a man apparently about forty whose case had just been diagnosed as one of typhoid. As I was in uniform, I had only to begin my watch.

My patient never complained, no matter how he suffered, and at the slightest approach of relief would make light of his condition, which, I knew well, was very serious. I made several mistakes, one of which was apparent to the sufferer and resulted seriously to him. Nevertheless he prevented the doctor from knowing that I was the cause, sending me away when he next called and explaining his condition in his own way.

But this is not the story. One night when he was passing the crisis I stepped into the hall. It was between 1 and 2 o'clock. I was surprised to find that the light always kept there was not burning. While I was wondering at this a bright light shone full in my face, and a masked man behind it came toward me. I thought only of my patient, who, the doctor had assured me, was hovering between life and death and could bear no shock. Two frights cannot occupy the mind at the same moment. At any rate, I stepped forward to meet him, putting my finger to my lips.

"There's a man near to death in that room," I whispered, pointing. "Go downstairs, and I'll help you all I can." The man motioned for me to go downstairs before him, then followed me to the library below. When we reached it I found the gas burning and, turning to the man, saw him clutching a revolver, which was pointed directly at me.

"Turn over the plate," he said, "and I'll get out, but I warn you if you play any game you're a dead woman."

Now, the plate had always been taken away from the room occupied by my patient. I would have discontinued the practice, but he would not permit, and it was there now. I told the burglar that, being a stranger in the house, I

could only help him find it and began a pretended search, when he stopped me, telling me that the silver was always taken upstairs, and either I should go and get it or he would seek for it in the sick room.

What could I do? I promised to go and get it for him while he watched me from the landing. What a position! I was obliged to steal the plate, and if the patient saw me he might believe himself in the hands of a thief. Nevertheless I went into the room, leaving the door open, as directed, to bring the plate. My patient seemed to be in a doze. I opened the closet door in which it was kept, keeping my eyes fixed on the sleeper, if he was not rather in coma than asleep. The plate was kept in a large morocco covered box, and I took it out and was midway between the closet and the door when he opened his eyes and looked straight at me. That was the moment of supreme terror of my life.

"What are you doing?" he asked feebly.

"I need a few articles in this box," I said. "I will take them out downstairs and bring it back."

There must have been a guilty look on my face rather than a frightened one, for he looked at me with as severe an expression as his condition would admit, then, with a groan, turned his face away. There was nothing for me to do but to carry the box to the burglar. He transferred its contents to a bag he carried, then, opening a closet, told me to go into it. In vain I begged to be permitted to go back to my patient, assuring the man that without my care he might die before morning. All in vain. The brute declared that he would not trust me lest I give an alarm and thrust me in the closet.

What I endured there till I heard the butler setting the table for breakfast to me but myself knows, and I could never transfer the experience to another. When I was let out, the servant started back as if he had seen a ghost. There was a mirror in the buffet, and as I came before it I stood wondering whose was the reflection in it with features not unlike mine and hair white as snow.

I had presence of mind to telephone for a nurse, then told the butler to go to the patient's room and see if he were alive. He did so and came back to say that his master wanted me to come to him. I waited till the nurse came and sent her in to him to say that I had been worn out with watching and was resting.

When I saw my patient again he was convalescent. He had been prepared for everything, but when he saw my white hair he groaned.

"You have saved my life," he said, "and it belongs to you. You must stay here as long as you live."

This was all the warning I got till he was well, when he made up for the matter of fact manner of his proposal and has been making up for it ever since.

BESSIE FISHER MERSEY.

The Guinea Pig That Went Wrong.

At the recent meeting of a Parisian temperance society three guinea pigs were inoculated with various forms of alcohol and one with pure water and then put away till the end of the meeting, when the lecturer brought them out again triumphantly to show the shocking results of alcohol. Most unfortunately, however, says the Liverpool Post, the only ill guinea pig was the football one, and the moral was sharply sticking.

Magnifying Eyes.

It is said that there is a woman in Manchester, England, who has eyes which magnify objects fifty times their natural size.

Shelling Corn.

It would take the entire population of the United States to shell the corn crop by hand. The steam sheller will shell a bushel of corn a minute, while the most practical hand would occupy an hour and a half to the bushel.

Vegetables.

Among those vegetables containing the largest per cent of starch may be mentioned potatoes, beans, corn, peas, carrots, beets, turnips and parsnips. The pungent vegetable foods, as leeks, onions, garlics, borseradish, etc., increase the saliva and the gastric juices, acting somewhat on the kidneys.

Thief in a Church.

At Cologne recently a thief chased by the police took refuge in a church and kneeling before the altar, claimed sanctuary after the medieval fashion. The police arrested him all the same.

Goats and Disease.

Superstitions die hard. Among old fashioned cattlemen in Virginia goats are held to be a preventive of disease. In Lincolnshire, England, it is common to keep a goat on the ground that it is "healthy for cattle." In Cambridge, England, goats are believed to be a preventive of smallpox.

Stomach Trouble



This is a good picture of Mr. G. J. Carroll, of McDonough, Mich., the man who went all the way to Worcester, Mass., to thank the makers of "Blood Wine" for his rescue from the grave. He says:

"Words fail to express the benefit I have received from 'Blood Wine,' and I can honestly say that except for your remedy I should not today be alive. For nine months I suffered continually from some serious stomach and bowel trouble which developed into chronic diarrhoea and threatened my life. I consulted altogether fifteen doctors in various cities, and none gave me the slightest hope or relieved my distress. I was wasting gradually away, and each day saw me weaker.

E. A. DROWN, 48 North Main St., Barre, Vt.

Two Wonderful Cures by "Blood Wine." Are you thus Afflicted?

Fortunately I saw 'Blood Wine' advertised and purchased a bottle. I had little faith, but took the medicine faithfully. It worked wonders and in three days the diarrhoea ceased. In three weeks I had gained twenty-five pounds, and I have used 'Blood Wine' constantly since. I would not be without 'Blood Wine' at any cost, and I am perfectly honest when I tell the world that it saved my life."

Read the experience of Wm. S. Bowie, of Charlestown, Mass.:—"For a number of years I suffered with chronic diarrhoea (any one who has had it for one day only, knows what a terrible disease it is). It sapped my strength, and changed me from a strong, healthy man to a frail, puny fellow. I would gladly have given \$500,000 for a cure. Physicians doctored me until I was almost sick of seeing them come. They did me no good. I grew worse and worse, until death stared me in the face. I was absolutely hopeless. With a great deal of prejudice I was one day talked into trying 'Blood Wine.' To my great surprise I found it helped me. I stuck to it regularly, following directions, and in time it cured me entirely. I cannot express my gratitude in the limits of a letter, but will say that I know it saved my life, and that I think it the greatest medicine in the world."

A WRESTLING PARSON.

Jersey Clergymen Who Believe in Muscular Christianity.

HARD MAN TO BEAT "ON THE MAT"

Rev. Archibald B. McLaurin of Atlantic Highlands Can Throw the Biggest Members of His Congregation and Takes on Outsiders Cheerfully—Has Started Football Team. How He Downed a "Ringer."

Muscular Christianity is having a most strenuous inning at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., where the Rev. Archibald B. McLaurin, pastor of the Central Baptist church, is champion wrestler, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. He has thrown all the members of his congregation who have dared to meet him on the mat, and many young men—big, rawboned farmer's boys living in nearby towns—have joined the church just to be eligible "to tackle the parson."

The domineer graduated from Colgate in 1894 and was the best wrestler in the university during his sojourn there. He stands 5 feet 4 inches high and weighs 150 pounds. His shoulders are broad, and his arms are steel muscled. From the day that he became spiritual adviser of the Baptist flock two years ago he favored the establishment of a gymnasium in the church so that the young men might be developed physically as well as spiritually. The older members of the church shook their heads dubiously when the question of church athletics was broached by the enthusiastic young clergyman. Against such opposition Mr. McLaurin used great tact.

One Sunday morning, after he had a particularly good time preaching, a little wrinkled faced farmer came to the pulpit, pulling savagely at his stubbly beard.

"I've heard," said he, "that you gave my son a god darn bad licking in the class room the other night. He says you're a 'punch,' but I think it was outrageous for you to act as he said you did. That kid of mine is strong, but he tells me you tied him in all kinds of knots and told him you would be pleased to entertain any other member of our family in the same way. Now, look here, parson, I want you to understand that I don't favor a minister carrying on so, but—say, parson, I've got another boy I bet you can't throw."

A half Nelson settled the other son, and the "parson's athletic club" had an auspicious beginning about two months ago.

Every Thursday night the chairs are piled into a corner of the basement lecture room, where the athletes and the parson hold their athletic exercises. There are wrestling mats, a medicine ball, flying rings and parallel bars. Mr. McLaurin can show the way to his young followers all along the line. All have joined his Sunday Bible class because they are afraid he will "take a fall out of them" on Thursday night if they don't. Nobody can say a word against the parson without a dozen dangerous looking chaps stepping out to defend him. There were never more young people at the Sunday services than at the present time.

Once in awhile the boys try to put up a game on their leader by running in a "ringer" on him. It is always some young fellow who has a reputation as a wrestler round about some neighboring post office and general store. All lads look alike to the domineer, however, and some of them who had an idea they knew a thing or two about wrestling have been very scarce since they closed with the little clergyman. The last victim was a six footer who dregged for claims all day and playfully tosses his companions about in a billiard parlor in the evening. He laughed long and loud when the parson's record and his pretensions were disclosed to him. "I'll fold him up like a jackknife," he said sarcastically.

There were fifty lanky natives crowded into the lecture room the night the big fellow tackled the minister. The visitor, looking down from his six foot elevation, grinned as he surveyed the compact bunch of humanity before him. "It seems like a sin," he muttered, as with a lunge he closed his arms about the little man with the intention of keeling him over in a hurry. To his surprise the domineer was about as yielding as a bronze figure. With a crash the husky youth struck the mat just a few seconds later. He found a wiry arm wrapped about his neck, and his breathing apparatus soon began to squeak painfully. Then he got mad, but with every exertion more air seemed to be shut out from his lungs, and he began to yell for help. This young fellow joined the Bible class on the next Sunday. In explanation he said: "The devil has been getting into me lately, and if it comes to a hand to hand struggle I want the domineer around to get in his strangle hold on him."

Mr. McLaurin's latest move is the organization of a football team. Many of the boys cannot get out for practice in the daytime, so they run through signals in the lecture room after prayer meeting. Considerable blood has been spilled through contact with pillars and other things, and the domineer has received his knocks with the rest of the boys. When the old folks see suspicious spots on the floor they remark:

"Some more of the domineer's pranks. This newfangled idea of religious training is certainly a return to the days of martyrs."

WOMAN'S CLUB INFLUENCE.

Organizer of Clubs Says They Don't Educate Her Sex.

The education of woman by the club method to prepare her to assume a higher and more responsible place in the world's affairs has been declared by one of the most prominent club women in Colorado to be a flat failure. Mrs. Sophia Lovejoy Dickinson, who has probably done as much as any one woman in organizing clubs, in an interview at Denver said:

"Such women as Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton little dreamed of the extent of the club movement which would follow their work. Their suggestion was not a new sphere for women, but a broader outlook, a better education, till she was competent to take her share of the world's work. They would see woman develop in all life's relations—the self, home, social and civic relation.

"As a class women are conservatives. They closely follow race inheritance. What they feel is expected of them they do. The world expects them to be honest, therefore they do not steal large amounts nor forge signatures. The world expects them to be virtuous, and some are. Whether they are equally moral may well be questioned. Their idea of truth is often very feminine, and their growing tendency to kleptomania is alarming. The world has not demanded much beyond the self and home relation, and only a narrow view of these.

"The average woman's club is too indefinite, too anxious to please men, too busy, bustling, too self centered to allow the members to help on the real and important work of the world. Women are self deceived; they think they are in earnest, but rarely are; they are interested in their relation to things, but not in the thing itself. They are much like children in the way they conduct business and assume responsibility, and their sense of an obligation is often very faulty. If the weaknesses which I have enumerated are not suppressed, the entire club movement will degenerate into a social function."

Alleged Methods of Japanese Spies.

Some of the best work done by Japanese spies has been done by pretended converts to the Greek church, says Francis McCullough, the Tokyo correspondent of the Chicago News. These converts were always to be found poring over their Japanese Bibles, the margins of which were covered with annotations in some form or other of Japanese script. Their piety and diligence were much admired by the local pope until a Russian who could read Japanese and who did not believe in converts came along and discovered that the marginal notes in one of these Bibles were all important items of military information that could not have been obtained honestly.

A Thrifty Kansas Woman.

Marie Morrison, a milliner of Joplin, Mo., received notice the other day that she had fallen heir to \$50,000 by the death of her grandfather in Germany. She is a thrifty and sensible little woman, however, and did not throw up her job as soon as the news came, says the Kansas City Journal. Instead she said: "Were the amount twice as much I would still continue my work, for I love it and have made my own living so long that I would feel entirely lost without employment. I will, however, take a trip to Germany later on."

Effect of Athletic Exercises on Girls.

It is beginning to be suspected, says the Chicago Record-Herald, that the gymnastic exercises which make a young man graceful and supple and vigorous tend to produce in a young woman loquaciousness and angularity, besides being a menace to the delicate adjustments of her anatomy, and it has been discovered to be clearly evident that a girl's college yell should without a doubt be set to music.

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IT IS YOUR KIDNEYS says the Romoc man, to a fellow traveller, in a parlor car, and that means your blood is out of order. Those kidneys of yours cannot pass every ounce of the blood that is in your body through their delicate tissues many times a day without becoming contaminated and diseased, if that same blood is surcharged with poisonous secretions. Make your blood pure; tone up your stomach; help all the vital organs of your body to dispel the false secretions in a manner that Nature intended should be followed out, and you cease to know pain. ROMOC LAXATIVE TABLETS. Ask for ROMOC LAXATIVE TABLETS—SURE CURE FOR CONSTIPATION. We have investigated Romoc. We know that all that is said by the Romoc man pertaining to this wonderful remedy is true, and we will refund to anyone the price of the remedy not satisfied with the results obtained. Remember, Romoc is guaranteed and sold by RICKERT & WELLS, 160 North Main St., Barre, Vt.

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A FAMOUS SALVATIONIST. SPORTING NOTES.

Bob Fitzsimmons announces that he wants to make \$100,000 in six months. The University of Michigan appears to have the strongest football team in the west this season. Ed Geers, Alta McDonald and George Spear are on the pay roll of E. E. Snathens. Three pretty fair drivers for one man to have.

An offer of \$20,000 has been made for Prince Albert, 1:57, but of course, his owner, James Hanley of Providence, refused to accept it. Young Corbett is getting down to business. It looks now as though the champion feather weight and Abe Attell will soon get together.

Manager Kelley of the Cincinnati National league baseball team is certain that practically all the members of last summer's nine will sign Cincinnati contracts for next season.

Russians and Jews Fight. Berlin, Nov. 3.—A dispatch to the Tagblatt from Posen says that a bloody conflict between 500 Jews and a force of Russian gendarmes took place at Warsaw during the enlistment of recruits. The wounded on both sides numbered over forty persons, several of them sustaining fatal injuries.

Children Fall Downstairs. Newark, N. J., Nov. 3.—Lillie Flesco, aged eleven years, will probably die, and Rosa Deleo, aged eight years, was badly injured as the result of falling down the stairs of a house on Chestnut street. They were playing on the landing and stumbled, rolling together to the floor below.

Scotland's Acres. Scotland has an area of 10,062,482 acres, of which 4,894,496 acres are under cultivation. One hundred and twelve persons own one-half of the total area, and eighteen persons own one-fourth of it. One-fourth of the tenants hold five acres or less and nearly one-third hold between five and twenty acres.

Spectacles. There has been considerable discussion as to who invented spectacles and who had the pleasure of wearing the first pair. The honor is generally awarded to an Italian named Salvino Armati, who died in 1317.

The Oldest Trade Secrets. The two oldest secret trade processes now in existence are considered to be the manufacture of Chinese red, or vermilion, and the method of inlaying the hardest steel with gold and silver, which seems to have been practiced at Damascus ages ago and is known only to the Syrian smiths and their pupils even to this day.

Some Anecdotes. Who is it, sweetest so fearfully Anent each passing rumour? Speak low; it is the funny man Who is all out of humor. —Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Fatal Defect. Manager—There is a whole lot of literary merit in this play of yours. Playwright (eagerly)—How much? Manager—Oh, enough to kill it!—Town Topics.

To Aid Nature This health giver is most speedy in action and satisfactory in results. There will be no bilious attacks or sick-headaches if you take Beecham's Pills. Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 50c.

Advertisement for Beecham's Pills. Text: 'THERE'S A CERTAIN SATISFACTION in getting a beautiful useful and well made article at a moderate price. Simmons Watch Chains always give purchasers that satisfaction. Cuff Buttons. There's one little thing you should be careful in buying and that's Cuff Buttons. Some kinds wear out your button holes, some kinds wear out themselves. These are two points we've paid particular attention to in choosing our stock. FRED KING, Jeweler and Optician, Depot Square, Barre, Vt.