

is to reduce all Nurses to one dead level of uniformity."

"I imagined its objects were quite the reverse," I answer, with instinctive delight in opposition.

"Your imagination has deceived you, allow me to tell you!"—with rising temper. "It also issues a pestilent paper, called the *Nursing Record*,* which the Matron considers most demoralising; she considers herself justified, therefore, in forbidding the Nurses to read it. You understand?"

"Perfectly." I smile faintly.

"Then, of course you will not do so."

"I cannot promise," I answer quietly.

"You cannot promise?" my inquisitor repeats, incredulously. "I—I do not understand you!"

I take two steps towards her, and let my blazing eyes flare into her face. (A worm will turn.)

"Have no fear," I cry, in a whirlwind of indignation. "I will keep my rules to the letter of the law, but I will not submit to tyranny, so help me, God."

The woman rises from her chair, and faces me; a sickly smile spreads itself over her pallid features.

"You are a very impetuous person—very impetuous! You must not take things so much to heart. You have had a long journey. It is time you went to bed. Good-night. Oh, will you remember, you are to go on duty in Matthew Ward in the morning? Good-night!" And she opens the door and ushers me out.

(Coward!)

Oh! dear, dear! the gas is going out, and I have so much more to tell you; but I feel better now I have let off steam. Good-night, dear Sister.—
Your loving
PHYLLIS GRAHAM.

P.S.—There is such an interesting *Napoleonic* creature, who shares this room with me, but I must tell you all about her next time I write. She sends you a message—"Seal your letters." (This, tragically) Do write soon, and tell me *everything* about *everybody*; all they say, and do, and think. And don't forget to keep the dogs' bowls full of fresh water, and the Indian corn for the peacocks, and poor little Jim's jelly; and tell cook I will look out for a bandage to support her leg. All this by the light of the moon.

SIR RICHARD QUAIN recently told a story which may serve as a warning to young doctors who are cultivating what is known as a good bedside manner. The husband of a patient once said to him, "I greatly appreciate the anxiety you feel for my poor wife, but please do not let her see it again, for after you left the room she asked if you were the undertaker." In bad cases, when asked what would be the result, Sir Richard counselled the reply, "I am a physician, not a prophet."

* Miss Graham was entirely, and probably purposely, misinformed. *The Nursing Record* has not, and never has had, any connection with the British Nurses' Association.—Ed.

INVENTIONS, NOTICES OF PREPARATIONS, &c.

PRESTON'S "ONE CELL" INHALER, manufactured by J. Preston, Chemist, 4, High Street, Sheffield.

This is a simple, compact, and most effectual inhaler. Subjecting it to a searching test, we find that it



gives a perfectly neutral vapour, and can be used for the inhalation of chloride of ammonium, or for any volatile medicament, simple or combined. The price is only three shillings, and it appears to us to be just the very thing that has been for a long time wanted—namely, a cheap, safe, reliable, and effective inhaler.

ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY, manufactured by Keen, Robinson and Co., Garlick Hill, E.C.—This well-known preparation hardly requires any notice at our hands, inasmuch as we have regularly used it ourselves for many years past. If made exactly according to directions, which are both simple and easy, very bright and drinkable barley-water can be secured, so different from the usual run of washy, tasteless, muddy liquid too often given to patients. Doctors and Nurses should use this preparation always and ensure reliability. Children take to Robinson's Barley readily, and delightful custard pudding and blancmange can be made from it.

ROBINSON'S PATENT GROATS, manufactured by Keen, Robinson and Co., Garlick Hill, E.C. These are prepared with the same care that distinguishes the Patent Barley. Gruel, as we all know, forms a very important article of diet in sick nursing. These Groats produce a most satisfactory dish, which may safely be given almost at any time. There is nothing in these Patent Groats to produce intestinal irritation, as too often happens when rough unselected oatmeal is used.

"You have my heart-felt thanks," as the patient said when the doctor had finished sounding that organ.

DISPOSE OF THE DEAD AS NATURE DIRECTS.—Everyone interested in the reform of funeral abuses should read the brochure published by the London Necropolis Company. It can be had gratis of the Secretary, 2, Lancaster Place, Strand, or 188, Westminster Bridge Road.

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