

I tell you I shall never forget it till I die. Her gasping breath, her wild eyes, her bleeding hands. Is no one responsible that this woman might have died like a dog in a ditch? Do you think I have any fear? I have none. I came here to speak truth; and I will speak it—here, and north, and south, and east, and west, if need be—what I want to know is, who is responsible for this woman's death? Tell me that?

Trembling and squinting with passion, the Matron rises from her chair, and stamps her foot upon the floor in a paroxysm of rage, "Leave my office instantly—how dare you?" and then she stops suddenly, sinks into her chair, and those terrible teeth gleam out between her pale lips.

I turn, and face Dr. Fulton. He bows slightly to me, and nearing the desk, says grimly—

"I also require an answer to that question."

Before answering him, the Matron directs me to return to my Ward, which I do, feeling that it is probable that my hours are numbered in the 'Gt. Eastern. In fact, if it was not for Sister Damian, I feel strongly inclined to pack up my traps and depart. It is insufferable to be under the absolute authority of so coarse-fibred a woman.

Bah! What can one expect from a person who wears garnets by daylight?

Two days later Nurse Black lies dead in Doris Ward, and Sister Doris' beautiful eyes are all swollen up with tears. I overheard her say something to Sister Damian about a "horrible sacrifice." Nurse Carew and I speak more plainly in the privacy of our own chamber—we call it murder.

In our Hospital Chapel is a mural tablet. Upon it is inscribed the names of all "our dear Nurses who die in the Hospital's service." One more name to swell the overcrowded stone! I never go to church without reading through the long list of "martyrs," and wondering how long the list will be before someone will arise who will question these things, and estimate the shame of them.

Thursday was Committee day. Nurse Carew knows all these important matters. When she came to bed that night she was more Napoleonic than ever, and sat long silent, weaving a wreath of laurels.

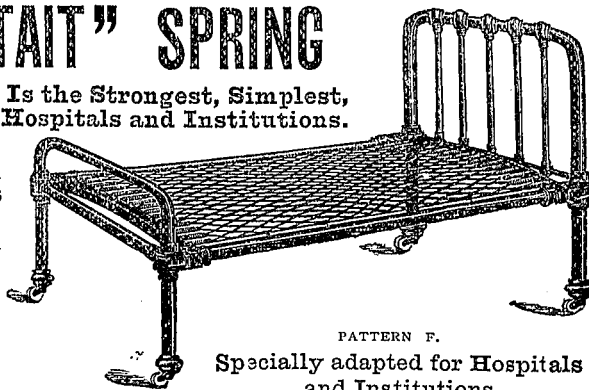
"He has resigned," she said presently. "I guessed how it would end. He reported the whole matter to the Committee to-day. The Matron was interviewed. She was *tout qu'il y a de plus*

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