

down again on the table. I asked why they did not take her to her warmed bed; it was so uncomfortable for her lying on the hard table, and the chloroform was almost certain to produce vomiting.

"It is visitors' hour, and she asked not to be carried to the ward whilst people were there," they answered.

But I found Melitina, and she agreed that the poor woman ought to be put at once to bed; so they lifted her on to the *carretto*, and wheeled her off.

Her husband was waiting in the ward—elderly, feeble-looking, and crying. She was lifted into bed by the Nurses, and lay quite benumbed and speechless, with closed eyes and colourless face. Of course, the people crowded round to see; but we sent them off, and told her husband that to-day she must not talk, or be talked to; but to-morrow he would find her much better, &c., &c.

I dress to go home, and look in on my women for a minute before leaving. The husband of one who is dying (consumption) had come, and received a curious reception. We had been dressing a wound in her body when he appeared, and she ordered him away, with no word of greeting. I knew that before he would have little to do with her, would not take her home, and I had heard her crying to her brother: "*Il mio spirio non mi vuol più*" (My *spirio* won't have anything to do with me), when half steeped after chloroform. She is *most* trying—the patient most disliked by the servants and other sick, but good enough *so far* with me, and grateful for cups of tea (having been in New York).

He sauntered off, hat on back of head, well-dressed, with a curiously Yankee look on the top of his Italian features; the nose and cheek-bones seemed sharpened, and his eyes, too—not an improvement; this man seemed too "cute" to have any heart at all. As soon as the medicating was over, he came in, and addressed me at once with the strangest American accent; no word for his wife, only asking me if I knew New York, &c., &c. Finally, I said: "Your poor wife is very ill." "Oh, yes; I guess she won't last long," was his cheerful answer. However *unlovable* the poor woman may be, his bearing in view of her white, emaciated face was more than disgusting. I simply left him without any salutation; it was not my place, I supposed, to remark on his want of ordinary good feeling, and Heaven knows what their married life has been! Anyhow, it is as sad a reaping as can be imagined! *No one* cares for her; even her mother comes rarely, and they positively will not take her home (although her husband seemed prosperous enough). The doctors only are persistently patient and kind; but they have often had to hurt her by operating or medicating her; so she complains even of them. "*Mi fanno tanto male, e vedo che non me ne giova niente*" (They hurt me so, and I see it all does no good): and she screams "*non voglio*" (I won't have it) whenever they have to do anything, and struggles with her poor, bony hands. This was a saddening, ugly side of Hospital life, and we have not finished with her yet, poor Zitina! However, after a word with some of the others, I leave, and go home to lunch.

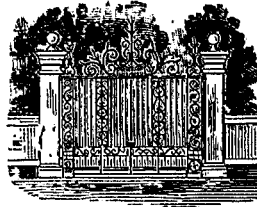
(*To be continued.*)

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WOMEN.



THE Empress of Germany is no doubt an admirable type of "housewife" and domestic supervisor. But she has not shown remarkable talent in her recent utterances on the solution of the woman difficulty. In an interview of late she said: "According to my

judgment the mother of the Gracchi ranks far above Georges Sand and Rosa Bonheur. It is certainly a great thing to obtain material independence for woman, but I think it will be a still greater if we exert ourselves first of all to secure for men, at an earlier age than is at the present day the case, the independence which will permit them to marry sooner."

Does this mean that women are to band together and work for money to enable their young male relatives to take a wife unto themselves at a very early age? And how does it affect the position of women? Most thinking people disapprove of early marriages, and *all* thinking people would condemn the idea that women are to think before considering their own interests of making the path to matrimony so delightfully smooth for the young men. The Empress should continue to make puddings; her ethics are so very elementary.

King Khama is carrying away from England one definite impression. He is struck by "the large number of women and girls there are in England." And in going over the factories and workshops where female labour is employed, he has remarked again and again, and very admiringly, "that Englishwomen seem able to do almost everything." He may carry to his native wilds a higher standard of the place intended for women in the scheme of human economy, and may even have a glimmering sense that his native women ought not to do *all* the hard, rough work of life.

Lady Gordon Cathcart is a very large proprietrix of land in her own right, and her good works have followed her from the western coast of Scotland and the islands to the western coasts of Canada. She has been long engaged in studying the best interests and the welfare of those who are dependent upon her, and she has devoted herself to helping them in agriculture, and in erecting piers, and forwarding the fishing interests of the western islands. She has also done much for her tenants at Buckie, and done a great deal in promoting the harbour there. In addition to taking an intelligent interest in her tenants, she has gone a great deal further, and for those who could not find a livelihood in this country she has in many cases found the money to enable them to purchase land and stock their farms in Canada. Many of these people have been extremely successful. One family has as much as 500 acres of land well stocked, and has repaid the debt to her ladyship. It is hoped that others will follow the example and repay her for

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