

welcome news that the "lost had been found."

But we had not done with him yet. Within a week of this occurrence, the operation on S. took place, and I was deputed as special night nurse to him—we were both, my patient and I, banished to a small ward at the top of the hospital, for the delirium tremens became much worse after the operation, and he was so noisy he used to disturb the other patients.

"Be them the lights o' Cardiff, mate?" he would shout into my ear, though I was seated by the bedside and no distance from him. Evidently the poor disordered mind was back tossing on the high seas, and he was shouting as he thought, to his mate above the roar of wind and wave. Or in a hoarse whisper it would be "Sus'n Ann, Sus'n Ann, just nip round for a pint o' whiskey, there gal, there, where that light is" (pointing with trembling hand to the inoffensive hospital gas). "I know it's an all night shop."

From the battle with the pure elements, he had sunk to the degraded haunts of men, even his voice had to be lowered, because of the secret those haunts hid. Down went voice, and mind to men who would drag his soul down to hell as surely as the fierce waves he had previously been thinking of would have dragged his poor poisoned body.

I was grieved at heart for the old man, a handsome old man too, with a snow white beard. Of his life I knew nothing, but sitting by him in the silent night, broken only by his ceaseless mutterings, I wondered what chances, if any, he had had. His talk was all of "those who go down to the sea in ships," but there was no remembrance in them of "the works of the Lord, or His wonders in the deep."

As he had been operated on for cataract, and it was imperative, in order that the operation should be successful, to keep him on his back, we had been obliged to strap him down, and he used to grind his teeth in impotent fury when he felt the straps, and say: "The Lord help you Sus'n Ann" (he always called me Sus'n Ann), "when I get my hands out of this." Or it would be "Can't think how it is I must have got foul of these ropes somehow," this while he jerked at the straps round his ankles.

One night I left him for a short spell to get my supper in the ward kitchen. As long as he went on shouting and talking I felt all was well—presently the talking ceased. I listened a few minutes expecting it to begin again—when, however, this ominous silence continued I first hoped he might have dropped asleep, then becoming uneasy went to see what was

the matter. What I saw was this, a weird figure with bandaged eyes sitting up in bed, one arm released from the straps was bare to the shoulder and with this arm he was striking out practising a blow straight from the shoulder, no doubt meant for poor "Sus'n Ann" whom "the Lord help," indeed, had she received it.

But the attack passed off, and, I am glad to say, the operation too was entirely successful. When the demon of drink left him, he was one of the kindest, gentlest, old men possible; so anxious to do all in his power to help, and, like all sailors, with a tender place in his heart for little children. When last I saw him, he was assiduously making a red silk Maltese cross pincushion for "Sus'n Ann."

A. M. DARRAH.

Wedding Bells.

Members of the Registered Nurses' Society will be interested to hear that the marriage of Miss Caroline Baines, until recently a member of the society with Mr. Skinner, took place on Tuesday, August 28th, at St. John's Church, Walton-on-the-Hill, Liverpool. The bride's gown was of soft creamy silk, with which she wore a veil surmounted by orange blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and smilax. The travelling dress was of grey tweed with a white hat. Mr. and Mrs. Skinner spent their honeymoon in Chester and North Wales. Their new home will be at Fairbourne, Swanley, Kent.

Miss K. Halsey, also a member of the Registered Nurses' Society, sails on September the 13th by the Royal Mail Steamer *Orinoco*, for the West Indies, where she will be married to Dr. Angus Wylie, of George Town. We feel sure that all members of the Registered Nurses' Society will combine with us in wishing all happiness to Mrs. Skinner and Miss Halsey in their new lives.

The Passing Bell.

We regret to record the death of Miss Eleanor E. Rust, who trained at the Leicester Infirmary in 1879-80, and until laid aside by the illness to which she eventually succumbed continued in active nursing work. In addition to the training she received at Leicester, Miss Rust was also, for a time, a Lady Pupil at Guy's Hospital, and was afterwards Matron at the Newmarket Hospital and at the Glasgow Maternity Hospital. She also had considerable experience in District Nursing.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)