

to save her and also said to the accused: "Do anything you like to me, but don't burn me." The witness also stated that she told the accused not to do anything to the patient while she was in charge, and took the woman to the observation ward. The accused then re-heated the poker, saying she would burn the patient again.

The witness under cross-examination, admitted that she did not report the occurrence; eventually Miss Macaulay accused her with the others, and the three of them were before Dr. Ellison, and they all denied it. She further admitted that she did not tell who burned the patient till Head Constable Hicks came up.

Dr. F. C. Ellison's evidence having been taken the accused was returned for trial at the Mayo Summer Assizes in July.

TRADING ON NURSING UNIFORM.

A woman, who gave the name of May de Caen, who was charged with fraud at the County Hall, Nottingham, last week, appeared in the dock in nursing uniform. The charge was that on the strength of her representations, that she had obtained a post at the Derby Union Infirmary, she obtained lodgings from Miss Heath, at Allestree. She directed her bill to be sent to a firm of solicitors in Derby, who, it was found, knew nothing of her; neither had she been engaged by the Guardians.

She was sentenced to 14 days' imprisonment in the second division; and, as there is no State Registration of Nurses, will doubtless soon be able to obtain credit again, by wearing the uniform of an honourable profession.

HOSPITAL DISORGANIZATION.

The inquiry by the Local Government Board into the administration and management of Coathill Fever Hospital, in the Town Hall, Coatbridge, exposes an extraordinary condition of affairs, which in the interests of the patients will receive due consideration next week.

The disgraceful and dangerous mismanagement of the Stoke Joint Hospital Board is exposed in the report made by Dr. C. H. Phillips. Nursing supervision appears to be the remedy for much of the disorganization in each case.

CHINOSOL.

It is of the utmost importance to nurses and midwives to be able to carry, for use in district work, an antiseptic, which is both effective as a germicide, and non-poisonous in any dose. Chinosol, which is obtainable from any leading chemist, and is supplied by Messrs. B. Kühn & Co., 16, Rood Lane, London, has the further virtue, that it does not injure the hands, is inexpensive in use, and very portable; also a solution can be prepared with cold water. It is also prepared for toilet purposes, in soaps, tooth powders, bath tablets, and foot powders; and in tablets of 1½ grains, one of which, in a tumbler of water, makes a very efficient gargle.

LITTLE CUCKOO FLOWER.

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CHAPTER III.

The bean was in flower.

Honey sweet.

Martha closed the door and window of the houseplace, so that its exquisite essence should not penetrate the recesses of memory, and stir to passionate life visions of little Cuckoo Flower.

Then she sat very still in her straight-backed chair, her hands pressed over her aching heart.

Nearly two years had gone by since she crossed her threshold with the dead child crushed against her breast, yet justice had not been done.

Martha was a changed woman.

All the ruddy beauty of her fine face, and the maternal grace of her figure had faded and shrunk. From force of habit she still trod firmly, and stood erect, but the grief-stricken face seemed somehow to blot out the sunlight, and the sight of her tragic eyes was shunned in these days. Not that the woman appealed for sympathy. She lived alone, very silently, in the little cottage by the wood.

There was, however, no longer any rustic beauty about the place. The shutter was closed tight in the front parlour, and the blind drawn down. The garden facing the road, so trim and flowerful of yore, was untended, overrun with weeds, and the box edges untrimmed. A few coarse shrubs dominated the patch, in the uncouth way coarse creatures spread themselves if the pruning knife is laid by.

No one with the exception of the parson's wife dared mention little Cuckoo Flower to Martha. Indeed, for days after the child had been wrenched from her for burial she had shut her door in the face of all her neighbours; and hidden behind drawn blinds, the whole village believed her dead within.

Quite alone came the parson's wife. She smashed the kitchen window, and opening it wide slipped quietly in. What passed between her and the desolate woman there was never told, but she opened wide the door and let in the sunlight. Then she fetched sticks and made fire, and fed and warmed the mother of the sweet child she loved. All night she watched beside her, encouraged and scolded, and embraced and hustled the poor creature back to life and work.

So much she did, but no more.

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