

POOR COPY

THE UNION ADVOCATE, WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1901.

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY.

The Story of a Trained Nurse and the Way She Overcame a Terrible Temptation.

Harold Western had been ill. I hope they do not, for most of them would feel ashamed of themselves if they did.

"You meant that for me, and you know I remembered that I insisted on your calling me Harold or I wouldn't take my medicine or my nourishment. And you did it too. And he laughed weakly at the remembrance.

"Nurse" he called faintly, and a moment more brought the day nurse from the next room. Her blue and white uniform was gone and her stiff white cap. In their place she wore a soft wrapper, and her hair was plaited in a heavy braid that hung below her waist.

"The night nurse has gone," she began quietly. "You are so much better we thought I could manage alone. You have slept nearly all night, Mr. Western, and now I shall get you your milk, and you will go to sleep again."

He followed her lazily with his eyes while she lighted the alcohol lamp and put the porringer of milk over it. Then she sat down on a chair, her head dropped on her breast, and she slept soundly for five minutes, waking when the milk was hot as easily as though she were some sort of a machine adjusted to rest just so long.

"So there were two of you," he said as she came toward him with the milk. She sat down on the stool by the bedside, holding the drinking tube to his mouth. This action brought her quite close, and he noted, as he drank, the soft sheen of her hair, the delicate curve of her cheek, the long lashes shielding her eyes, the firm, sweet mouth, and the strong white hands that were ministering to his needs.

"You are Nurse Dimple," he said as he finished. "I don't remember the other one."

She showed two dimples as she answered. "Yes, that is what you have called me ever since I came. My name is Wade, Emily Wade."

"I like my name best," he answered. "Very well, but now you are to sleep."

But the patient was not so easily disposed of.

"Nurse Dimple," he began as she turned away, "do patients ever remember what they said and did when they were delirious?"

"I don't know," she answered. "If they do, they never spoke to me of it."

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courage Harold's love-making. "I am afraid she loves him," was the thought that closed all colloquies. Little Violet Grant, with her shy tribute of flowers, her patient waiting in the little dressing room and her eager questions about Harold's welfare. It brought Harold's thoughts to a troubled pause, too, whenever he was allowing himself a day dream about Miss Wade. He and Violet had been schoolmates, and he admired her shy, sweet ways and had given her many reasons to think she was dear to him, though he had never directly proposed to her.

"But, oh, dear," he would sigh "she is just as I said, a violet, while my Nurse Dimple is a full blown rose. I wish she wouldn't bring those confounded flowers."

Miss Violet was in love in her own way with Miss Wade, too, considering her the savior of the boy she loved so tenderly: the 12 years between them made the nurse seem an impossible rival. She chatted with her quite freely one afternoon, telling her how pleased she was that Harold would be dressed and on the veranda in a day or two. "I owe you so much, Miss Wade," she finished, with a pretty blush and eyes full of tears.

Miss Wade went up to her own room with hot cheeks. "And you planned to rob her," she scolded at her reflection in the glass. "Well, that's over, you mercenary wretch," and with the same firm expression she wore when controlling a delirious patient she went down stairs.

Harold was asleep when she came into the room, and he looked boyish, even with a six weeks' growth of silky beard on his chin. "What a fool I was to think the boy could be happy with me, or wouldn't hate me in a year," she thought and laughed grimly.

The next day Harold was much better. He took his egg and asked meekly if he might be allowed to talk and was granted ten minutes. After he had learned the day of the week and month, he asked suddenly:

"Did that night nurse ever come back, or have you taken care of me alone all this time?"

"Not quite alone," she answered. "Your sister, Mrs. Allbright, sits with you every other afternoon, and Miss Violet Grant takes the alternate day. She sits in the dressing room and rings the bell if you stir. She is too shy to run the risk of your waking and finding her here. She has brought a bunch of these violets every morning early and inquired for you."

"She is a little wood violet herself," he exclaimed gallantly. "But you, Nurse Dimple, are a very rose for freshness this morning. I prefer roses."

"Spare your compliments Mr. Western. You are getting too well to be allowed to talk nonsense."

"Yes I am better, thanks to your care," he said soberly. "But if I am not to be allowed to say what I think and feel toward you, I shall wish myself back into the days of weakness and delirium when I made you do what I wished."

"Your ten minutes are up, Mr. Western," Miss Wade said a little sharply, and she set about tidying up the room with necessary swiftness. Harold continued to gain each day, and seeing that direct love-making was distasteful to his nurse and that more careful advances must be made he turned to study her likes and dislikes, talking over books with her and getting her to read passages from his or her favorites. Thus "a very real and pleasant friendship sprang up between them."

But Miss Wade could not help seeing that the lad was growing to love her, and many hours at night she debated the question with herself. Harold was much younger than Miss Wade, very handsome and would soon be rich. It was a temptation to the woman, who knew just what the world had to offer her.

She had nursed eight years and knew that two more were about as many as the average nurse could do. Then would come some offer to become matron of an orphan asylum or some similar position, or else she would be obliged to hunt for a chance as companion to some nervous crank or old person. It was not a tempting future to look forward to, and here before her was a temptation to the woman, who knew just what the world had to offer her.

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BRUTAL BENDER FAMILY.

Most Horrible Gang of Murderers in the Country's History.

Twenty-eight years ago, Kansas, indeed the whole country, was shocked by the discovery of the Bender murders. The Bender murderers have few if any parallels in history.

The series of monstrous crimes was committed in the midst of a peaceful, happy and prosperous country neighborhood. Human blood was spilled like water for a few paltry dollars or even for so small a price as the poor clothing worn by the murdered travellers.

The Benders drifted into LaCrosse county, from whither no one ever knew, early in the spring of 1872 and at once sought and entered a government homestead a few miles out from the town of Cherryvale. They chose a level bit of prairie land in a narrow valley, along which ran the main travelled road leading from Fort Scott, Osage Mission and other points to Independence, the seat of the United States land office.

This house was divided by a thin board partition, and underneath the rear part was dug a cellar about four feet deep, which had no stairway, but which could be entered by a trapdoor in the floor of the rear room. The front room was fitted with rough shelves and contained a small stock of supplies, while across the front of the outside a straggling sign announced that groceries were for sale within and that entertainment could be had for man and beast. The road ran within a few feet of the front door, and it was understood that the Benders did quite a thriving business with the many way-farers who were constantly passing to and fro.

There were four persons in the family of murderers, two men and two women. Old man Bender was German and could not speak a word of English. He was a morose and savage visaged man, who seldom spoke, even in his own tongue. His wife was also German, but she mastered enough of English to tend store. Next came Kate Bender, the only daughter of the old couple. She spoke fairly good English, which indicated that the family had been residents of America a considerable number of years.

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His babyship

will be wonderfully freshened up, and his white little fat body will shine with health and cleanliness after his tub with the "Albert."

Baby's Own Soap.

This soap is made entirely with vegetable fats, has a faint but exquisite fragrance, and is unsurpassed as a nursery and toilet soap. Beware of imitations.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

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The largest and best assorted stock of

Ladies' Men's, Misses' Boys' and Childrens' Spring and Summer BOOTS and SHOES in Newcastle has just been opened at the

SALTER BRICK STORE, Jno. Ferguson.

April 15th, 1901.—3w.

Executor's Notice.

All persons indebted to the Estate of Eliza Williams, late of Douglastown, deceased, are requested to call and arrange same at once, and any person having any claim against the said estate are required to file the same duly proven with the undersigned on or before the 20th day of May, A. D. 1901.

JOHN MORRISSEY, Executor.

Newcastle, Feb. 29th, 1901

TAILORING.

N. N. McLeod is prepared to do all work in tailoring, both Ladies and Gents garments. Rooms over J. D. Creighton's store.

Farm, Fishing and Lumbering Properties FOR SALE.

The owners of the McDougall property, situate at Oak Point, Miramichi, offer the same for sale. For terms and particulars apply to

DAVIDSON & AITKEN.

Newcastle, Feb. 25th, 1901.

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