# A Strange Case of Trio

Story Told by a Red Cross Nurse.

By EILEEN BRENNAN

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Soon after the breaking out of the great world's war I left my home to go abroad to engage in Red Cross work, spending nearly a year in that service. Shortly before returning for recuperation-for I was entirely incapacitated-I stopped one day to rest in the cottage of a peasant. The only occupant was a young woman about twenty-two years of age, whom I took for a maiden. She was dressed in what mourning she could afford, which was not much. She told me that she wore it for a lover.

Two photographs hung side by side on the wall. Each represented a fine looking young man in the uniform of a French soldier. One of the pictures was wreathed in flowers.

"Is that," I asked, pointing to the one decorated, "a picture of your lover?"

"Yes, madame." "And the other?"

"That is my husband."

I looked at her surprised.

"I presume you married for some other reason than love?" "No, madame; I love my husband."

"And your lover?"

"I love him, too, though he is dead." "I see. He died. You gave your heart to another who lives."

'No, madame. I married one lover. giving him my heart. Then the other lover died, and I gave him my heart

"And was not your husband jealous?" "No. madame; he loves Henri as

much as I." Hearing a stamping on the floor behind, I turned and saw a man with a

wooden support for a missing leg. "This is my husband," said the woman. "He will tell you why we both love one who loved me. Tell her. Vic

She placed a chair in position for the poor fellow, who had evidently not long been without his missing leg; ar ranged his underpinning so that it would give him the least discomfort. filled a pipe with tobacco and poured out a glass of red wine for him Tak ing a sip of the wine, he looked at the picture that was decorated, evidently drinking to it. Then he told me the

'Henri and Clochette and I were brought up together, playmates and schoolmates. Henri and I were chums and loved each other, and when we grew to manhood we both loved Clochette, but neither knew that of the loved her, for he was a very undemon- after that for some time knew nothing. strative man and did not tell his se crets. But I have believed since his death that he loved her from boyhood Whether he suspected that I loved her I do not know to this day.

"One day I told Henri that Clochette was my betrothed. I fancied I saw a pallor stealing over his face, but it disappeared so soon that I thought little about it. Afterward Clochette told me that he had proposed to her the day before I asked her to be my wife. I can now see what a shock my announcement most have been to him.

"But neither of us could have Clochette then, for suddenly the war broke out, and Henri and I were both called to the colors, going to the front in the same regiment. By this time I had learned that Henri had met with a great disappointment in losing Clochette, and I told him the day we were entrained for the front that in case I was killed it was my wish that he should marry Clochette; that I had expressed this wish to her and she had promised me she would accede to it

You see, madame, by this time made it the interest of Henri that I should be killed. Had he been n vil lain be could have shot me in battle and no one but himself would have known that he was a murderer. But ! knew he was not that kind of man.

"Henri and I joined that army which extended southeastward through Belgium and along the border of France and were in the battles occurring while we were being driven back toward Paris. Then came the battle of the Marne and the subsequent fighting for the possession of Calais. During all this time neither Henri nor I received a scrafeb. When later we were struck Henri received his death wound and I lost my leg.

"You remember, madame, when late in September, in the second year of the war, we and the British, after four weeks sending a storm of missiles against the German trenches, moved forward along the whole line. Well, in that movement, in which it seemed to us and our enemies as if the end of the world had come, Henri advanced with the rest, and, being not only in the same regiment, but in the same company, we were near together. Once through the horrible surroundings. when I was stumbling over dead and wounded, the din of 10,000 thunder storms beating on my eardrums, I caught sight of Henri. His eyes were momentarily fixed on me as if fearful that I would never come out of the tempest alive.

"We followed the retreating foe too fast for the rest of the line, and a number of us were cut off. Henri and I took refuge in a deserted trench. It to be settled as they have been settled

\*\*\*\*\*\*\* place. the enemy, as well as ourselves, were war mad, and in the second there was no way of bringing prisoners behind the lines. It became evident that Henri and I must leave our hiding place and get back to our men or be shot down.

"But the changes were so rapid that before we could make up our minds to take our chances in flight a gentle breeze from the southeast wafted a noxious cloud upon us that drove us down into the very bottom of the trench and held us there with our faces buried, our eyes closed, in the soil. Then the enemy charged upon our men, and down come tile bodies of those who were shot while crossing the trench, burying us under a pile of dead and wounded.

"To be thus crushed was no better than to inhale a noxious gas, and, struggling against our covering, we reached a point where we could look about us. The gas had been blown to our own trenches and had been followed by a bayonet charge of the enemy, who had been thinned to noth inguess by rapid fire guns.

"'Let us run for it,' I said to my chum.

"'No,' replied Henri, 'We would never make our lines. Do you see the enemy tumbling into those trenches not a hundred yards from us? We would have to run the gantlet of their rifles. Let us stay where we are for the present. Our men may push forward and cover us.'

"There was not now a living man in the trench where we were, though there were many dead. And yet I cannot be certain of this, for there was such a din that if there were wounded I could not hear them groan. It seemed that Satan had brought hell with him to the air as well as on the land. for, being exhausted, I lay down in the trench, and there above me I saw two aeroplanes carrying on the fight far above the heads of those murdering one another on the land. I dared not rise to get any other view, for above the trench missiles were flying so thick that not a spear of wheat would have been left standing if in the way.

Presently the firing from our lines died down, and we heard orders given in the enemy's ranks indicating that they were about to make a charge. We knew that we must go down in that rush if we remained where we were and we must get out. There was of the city legal department said a possibility that we might reach our lines alive, though we could not hope to do so unhit.

" 'Come,' said Henri; 'we must be off Something tells me that I shall be killed and that you will be saved. If I can do anything to insure your being spared to Clochette I shall die content,

"He pushed me out of the trench, and we ran as swiftly as our legs would carry us toward our men. During that brief flight I was conscious that Henri was running directly behind me, covering me with his body. What could I do to prevent this? Nothing. To stop and protest would only have brought death to us both. I ran on till I came within a few yards of our lines; then one of my legs was knocked from under me, and I fell. I was conscious of other. I did not suspect that Henri being picked up and carried away, but

> "When I came back to consciousness I asked if Henri had escaped. I was told that he had protected me from the enemy's fire till just before I fell, when he was shot through the body. Then a surgeon came and amputated my leg.

"And now you see me with a life be fore me that has been given Clochette by Henri. Do you wonder that we decorate his picture with flowers? Do you wonder that Clochette loves him dead as well as she loves me living? What use for me to say that I would rather

The sentence was not finished, for his wife put her arms around her husband and stopped the words with a

"Now, madame," said the wife, "you understand how it is possible for an honest woman to have a lover and a husband. How could I help loving the man who gave his life that my dear husband might be returned to me?"

She brought out some simple cakes that she had made with her own hands and poured a glass of wine for each of We stood, about to quaff the wine. when both the husband and the wife turned to the picture of the man who had died that they might be happy with each other, and I joined them in drinking to his memory

The episode revealed to me how imperfect is language. There are no words to express how a woman can have a lover and a husband without reproach. And yet here was a case. I left the couple not only with respect. but with heartfelt sympathy and thankfulness that the poor mutilated soldier had such a woman to cheer him.

Incidents I saw during my ministry moved me more than this, for I took the last message of many a dying soldier, but no episode affected me in the same way. There was in the sacrifice as well as in the situation something unique. And who can tell how many such sacrifices worthy of angels have occurred in that war where the fiend reigned supreme? Well may we won der how it can come about that the manhood of many nations is going down into the earth, and for what? Who knows?

The acquaintance I had formed, the story i had heard, seemed to me a fit climax to my ministrations to war victims. I left the couple with but one comfort-that if the man must go mutilated through life there was one to give him a happiness that perhaps would balance his misfortune. In bidding them goodby I breathed a prayer for that "federation of the world" which will pass judgment on the na tions' quarrels instead of leaving them was not a time for taking prisoners. | since the world began.

#### NEEDLE BOTHERED HER.

Taken From Back of Woman After Be ing Embedded Two Years.

Philadelphia.-After working its way along the arm of Mrs. A. Greenfield of 2100 North Warnok street, a needle which entered the paim of her band wo years ago was extracted from her shoulder recently in the Children's Homaopathic hospital.

In August, 1913, Mrs. Greenfield was working her sewing machine, when the needle was thrust into her hand, becoming embedded in the flesh.

At the time her doctor advised her to have an X ray used, so as to prevent the needle from working its way to her heart. She neglected it, however, and did not feel any pain until a week ago, when her shoulder became sore. She went to the hospital, and the doctors found the needle several inches under her skin, close to the shoulder joint.

#### NEGRO IS 104 YEARS OLD.

Election Day Figure In Chattanooga,

Tenn., Is Uncle Isham. Atlanta, Ga. - Uncle Isham Griffin, who will be 105 years old next March, was born near Augusta, Ga., and lives now in Chattanooga, Tenn. He was ten years old when Napoleon died. He was born before the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph or the motion picture. The aeroplane and the fireless cooker are ninety years younger than old Isham.

No one ever attempted to influence his vote, because everybody knew that he voted the same kind of ticket "Uncle Dan Lillard" did.

Once a young Democrat brought him in a buggy six miles to the polls, but when Uncle Isham dismounted he bunted up Mr. Lillard and voted his

### BITTEN BY MAN; HE SUES.

Victim Brings Unique Suit Against the City of Minneapolis.

Minneapolis.-Bitten by a man he ejected from the branch public library at the Gateway, Jay Smith, employed at the branch, has demanded damages from the city under the workingman's compensation act. Jerome Jackman Smith's claim was the most unusual that had come to his notice.

"A drunken man entered the library," said Mr. Jackman. "Mr. Smith started to usher him out. The fellow struggled and finally bit Mr. Smith's right hand, causing deep lacerations on the thumb and index fingers."

# **CONVICT LABOR TO** BE TRIED IN KANSAS

## Will Start Work on Roads In Spring as Experiment.

Topeka.-Two gangs of prisoners-100 from the state penitentiary and 100 from the state reformatory-will be placed at work next spring building roads. It will be an experiment.

If it works well more gangs will be put out; if it fails the two gangs will be returned to their respective institutions. The plans in detail will be worked out this winter by Governor Cap per, Warden Codding and Superinten

Under the constitution the state can not engage in internal improvements. such as road work. For that reason the prisoners will have to work under the jurisdiction of county authorities. This will pecessitate the state entering into arrangements with a couple of counties to try the plan.

The state can loan the prisoners to the counties. Just what counties will be selected isn't settled, but one will be in eastern central Kansas, in proximity to the penitentiary, and the other in central Kansas, near the Hutchinon reformatory

Warden Codding says the penitendary cannot spare more than 100 prisoners next year for road work. can work most of the men at the prison to better advantage," said be. "By mining coal for the state institutions we can save the state a vast sum of money. Then our brick plant can save the state much money by supplying the brick to the different institutions. Our twine plant is a money saver for the people, and our big farm can be operated at a profit to the prison."

It is planned to put only the most trustworthy men on road work. They will not be handcuffed or chained or kept in a barricade. They will be treated just as free labor. That is the way they are handled in Colorado.

An agreement will be made by which each man who does good work on the road will be given three months' good time each year instead of one month. The good time offer will be the great inducement for the men to stick to the job. The state will require the county to furnish food and shelter for the men. The state will donate their services.

Fifty-year-old Cigar Good, but Strong. Caldwell, N. J.-The work of tearing down the Grover House, which at one time was the home of Grover Cleveland's father, was completed recently. Augustus Berger, who had charge of the work, says that a cigar was picked from behind a partition with a date marked on it showing it to be more than fifty years old. Louis Courter, a workman, smoked the cigar and enjoyed it, although be declared that it was a little strong.

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### A Nervous Woman Finds Relief From Suffering.

Women who suffer from extrem nervousness, often endure much suffering before finding any relief. Mrs. Joseph Snyder, of Tiffin, O., such an experience, regarding which she says:



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