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ceives money on deposit in its Savings water, up to our waists, this time. there under my hand in those letters. department and allows interest thereon at And all around us little field pieces They burned me. It was impossible FGUR PER CENT. A Mortgage company is the safest place to deposit money. But we marched steadily on until we I drew out the packet. No speculative lusiness is done. Office Hours, 9.30 a.m. to 4 p.m.

JNO. MACWOOD, MANAGER

The Watchman.

THURSDAY, FEB. 10th, 1898.

HERO AND COWARD

before Son-Tay. For two days we take a secret and dangerous mission.' bad splashed in the mire of rice fields, the water up to our knees. I knew well we should get use to it, but it was wornying all the same. Nevertheless, we marched steadily on, as regular and attentive as if we were on drill.

trump, I have been nine years in the service, and six with the rank of sergant and the number of young soldiers I have trained and commanded "right about face" is incalculable, but never Jacque. have I seen men march like these, shoulder to shoulder, as if drawn up by a line; and that I tell you, in two feet front of him, and repeated under his of mad. Saprists! but it was superb. I was jubilant, and yet a little vex-

ed, to see how well the scamps could keep step when they choose. Ab, wel, I had nothing to complain of that day. Halt! Well, not a bit too soon, thought, and yet a droll place to halt in. No matter, I filled my pipe, and looked around to see where we were. Rice fields to the right, to the left, and behind us a thick slusn made by our tramping feet. A little corporal, who had a tongue well hung-indeed too well hung-called out to me :

"Sergeant Bertrand, Sergeant Bertrand, no need to light your pipe. Wait a while ; they will light it for

The Jackanapes! As if I didn't we should soon be under fire enemy! Suddenly I heard them calling the roll of the company, and saw the brave fellows break ranks nd trot like rabbits accross the rice fields to me t the baggage master who was returning with a great package under his arm.

Letters! Now, I ask you was this a good time to distribute lettters? There they were running like so many lackanapes, when my poor Jacquemadmen. I was the only one to re-

of their dying mothers. Ah, Jacques walls. This fusilade lasted for about has a letter !

"News from home, Jacques?"

against him, It is always vexing to noticed, the gateway of the citadel see these brats of 22 promoted along- opened upon a high embankment, side of an old trapper like me. But scarcely three metres wide. To enter for all that he is a nice boy, and the that we must climb the narrow ascent, men would go through fire and water and push in two by two under a tor him. He is well connected, of horrible fire, and that too, through a good family, and often receives letters palisade of bamboo which the rascals with the seal of the War Department, had constructed to bar the way already business." but that is his business not mine.

I watched him out of the corner of my eyes as he ran through the letter. without the cursed bamboo, and Then I saw him wipe a tear, a little heavens only knows what it us! of which glistened on the end of his I saw two lieutenants fall, theadjuteyelash. I pretended not to see it, ant of the battalion, and many others. even joked a little to make him laugh. Impossible to pass that cursed bomboo.

He turned to me without a smile, there !" and gravely said: "I have no lady friend, Bertrand. It is from my to hesitate; all those who climb there "Ah!" I felt as if I had made a fool

of myself, and said no more. see these letters, Bertrand? It would sir, and tear away that bamboo." be better not to receive them in times | It is but justice to say that he did like these."

ready said. It was not good to let captain," he started at a quick run. them break ranks, the scamps; they In passing me he drew a packet of ask nothing better, But out of polite- letters from his pocket. ness to Jacque, I said: "It is always pleasant to receive good news from rand." And in the twinkling of an home, no matter where. I hope you eye he was up with his section. had nothing disagreeable." Jacque shook his head.

"Oh, no, to the contrary?" not talkative this morning. His eyes enemy were pouring upon them were fixed on the horizon far away, deadly fire and the balls were tearing where there was nothing to be seen and whistling through the bamboo but a bit of blue sky. I wondered ploughing up the ground, and every what he could see there.

"Forward, march !" for my section. Jacque, no doubt, was still dreaming,

hind already.

repeated "Forward, march!" in a drag- "Hurrah!" he fell dead, face foremost. ging tone, as if he were weary. That Perhaps it was not very proper what enthusiasm. What is the matter with I thought, "A boy who acts like a

When night came we were still in the were within 500 metres of the citadel . rascals were saving their powder until morning. we were nearer. I said to myself: thing warm you up by and by : dont boy. One ought not to receive a organ. Cases of like nature have been be discourged.

manded to halt.

ranks, and demanded, in a low voice- mother, and here is what the good old ported by Dr. D. J. Hamilton, a well all the same it was distinctly under- woman wrote to her boy as she ended "The case of Poole, a prizefighter, stood—"A sub-officer willing to under- her letter It was on the 16th of December stood-"A sub-officer willing to under her letter

Naturally, I stepped forward. Now I have the misfortune to be a little too well appreciated by the Captain, an old and if anything should happen you, I tough skin like a yself, who had been my lieutenant in Africa.

well and when I want you I will find | ient, to forget the present and only I tell you this is true. I am an old you out. Just be kind enough to re think of the future when you return You see some officers will not grant

The Captain seemed to be of the

nose. "A sub officer willing to under take a dangerous mission."

It was plainly to be seen that he was making advances to Jacque and you will think I am mocking you when tell you my fine feliow lowered hi eyes under the gaze of the captain and said not a word. You may be sure the captain was angry, for you know it is not pleasant to make advances to anyone and have them thrown back in your teeth.

I heard him snear under his mus tache. "Well, he means to take good care of his skin.

red as a beet, but said not a word; twice in one day. only when the captain passed he raised his eyes and fixed them on a bit of blue sky far away on the horrizon,

fin fellow you are decidedly a cow-

To be brief, Berthelot, of the third division, was chosen for this expedition. He returned without a scratch, the

main tranquil. It is true I have no lagging behind this time. About 250 grees F. Palladium, which should melt one to write to me, no family, no metres from the walls the scoundrels yielding at 2,900 degrees F. It would wiends, nobody—all alone in the world gave us a broadside in the face. Sap the an old bear. Heaven help me! risti! how it rained. The balls fell to expand while in the powerful grip of At last I see my men return to their the right and to the left, in the rice the aluminium oxide, which contracts The es, ho ding up their hands to keep fiel's, making a "flic flec" as they on heating, simply cannot melt as they the letters from being soiled by the struck the water. We answered back would under normal conditions.

water, and carefully as if they were but it was like firing in the air, the guarding the last words and testimony rascals were so well protected by their ten minutes, but I shall remember it a

long time. Jacques is sergeant of my company, However, it could not continue in I am chief of the first section, he of this way. The bugle sounded the the second. A handsome young fellow, charge Sapristi! That music always! with a bright, boyish face, beardless sends a shiver of gaiety through me. chin, and cheeks as smooth as a girls. Behold us running with fixed bayonets, Nervertheless, I told a little grudge like madmen. But, as I have already narrow enough.

Ah, it was sufficienly narrow enough

"What has she written to you, My captain raged like a demon. At Jacque? What says my fair lady?" last he demanded, "a section up

This time it was serious. No time were sure of certain death.

I think the captain must have retained some spite against Jacque, for he But Jacque continued. "Do you turned to him and said: "Go up there,

not wait to be told a second time That was my opinion, as I have al- Touching his cap with, "all right, my

"Take care of these for me Bert

"Tear away this. Throw that into the ditch." He was as tranquil as if superintending a squad of soldiers on That was all. Master Jacque was fatigue duty. And all the time the now and then crushing a shoulder, "Forward, march!" I repeat at last. | carrying away an arm or breaking a

Heavens what a sight! They were and did not hear the command, for I all left there, all my comrades. heard the lieutenant behind me say, Jacque among the number, but he was "At, well, Se geant Jacque, lagging be- the last. Just as the work was finished a ball struck him between the ey's. Jacque said not a word. He simply As he raised his arms to shout a great

is to say, it is not the tone a French I did next morning, but truly it was sergeant uses when he commands "For- too much for me-that packet of letters ward, march!" They never mumble that Jacque gave me before he went those two words, but shout them with to his death. I could not keep them

Sergeant Jacque this morning? He coward, a few hours after dies like a man. It is unpatural; there must i who do undertake and carry to a suc-Ah, that was a rough day, I tell you, be something under this." And I felt I had the explanation

spitting fire, like so many demons. to keep them. I would not; then,

Not a gunshot, not a moment; the letter, the one he had received that

Nothing else. Ah, blood of blood, "Wait, old fellow, you will have some- what a letter. He was right, poor Callender from the substance of that letter like that just before going to reported by Drs. Hahn, Agnew, Stelz-When, behold, we were again com- battle. As for me I cried like a baby, ner and others. More than 50 cases and was scarcely able to read it for where rupture of the heart walls did The Captain stepped in front of the the tears in my eyes. It was from his not result in immediate death are re-"Now, my precious Jacque, take

care of yourself for my sake. Remem ber you are all I have in the world would surely go mad. It is true the four days felt so well that he expressed time passes very wearily when "Not you Bertrand. I know you one is waiting; but I try to be pat-Above all things, my precious boy be prudent. Do whatever your comyou the least favor. Then I said to manded to do, like a brave soldier, myself, "This is just the thing for but do uot expose yourself unneces- the wounded persons recover. At Valsarriy. I forbid you. No, no my darling Jacque. I implore you before same opinion, for he stopped exactly in entering on any engagement, to think your mother, who is always think ing of you, and do not risk to much. Promise me this, a man is not a coward because he loves his mother."

The letter fell from my hands. understood all now. He had thought of his mother, the brave boy, and waited until he was directly command ed to go. And no doubt, that morning when he was looking far away to that bit of blue sky, where there was nothing to be seen, he was thinking of his mother, and of that promise he had sworn to keep.

And that is why Sergeant Jacque. who died like a hero, with his face to the hotel. It was in August, 1887. One Ab, it is rough. Jacque turned as the enemy, was considered a coward day there was a great uproar and excite-

A note concerning the peculiar phe nomenon noticed in the melting of metwhere I could see nothing-nothing at | als when under extended pressure has recently been published by H. Bischof Then I said to myself. "Well, my of Wiesbaden. When a metal is bedded in a mortar of chemically pure aluminium oxide, thoroughly dried and then subjected to the necessary heat, a considerable retardation in melting is noticed. For instance, a rod of silver, which should melt at 1,830 degrees F. when thus treated will not change its Well, we set off again; there was no form and melt together until 5,730 de at 2,780 degrees F., shows no sign of seem that these rods of metal, unable to

WOUNDS OF HEART AND BRAIN THAT HAVE FAILED TO KILL.

Living With a Bullet Imbedded In Hi Heart-Persons Who Have Been Sho Through Their Brains and Survived-Advances In Treating Such Cases.

"For my own part," said the doctor,

with a shrug, "I would prefer not to be shot at all, whether in the heart, head, lungs, liver or brain, and yet I have taken note of many cases recently in which persons have sustained gunshot wounds of supposedly fatal character who are still alive and going about their The doctor and his companion were

passing a down town museum when the conversation took this turn. Among the freaks pictured and caricatured in front of the building was a man with a ragged bullet wound torn through his heart-which organ was vividly exposed in the flaring daub-while the angel of death was hovering over him, ready to snatch him away at any moment.

"Then," said the doctor's friend, "a shot or a stab in the heart is not necessarily fatal, as it is understood by modern surgery?"

"Not at all," returned the doctor. "But, of course, we are not speaking of wounds as big and terrible as the one in that museum picture. That is appar ently even worse than the thrust received by Mercutio-looks about as deep as a well and as wide as a church door. No man who has been wounded like that ever survives more than a minute. "That man in the museum is alleged

to be Charles B. Nelson, who was mysteriously shot one evening while in the company of Mrs. Edith Marguerite Staples in Washington park. The shooting occurred on a night five months ago, and the man with an ounce of lead in his heart is still alive. Whether he sleeps well and has a good appetite l am unable to say. He was formerly a cyclist of some note. Nelson's breast was subjected to the X rays, and, according to sciographs which were made at the time, the bullet lodged in the septum of the heart-the fourfold par tition of muscular fiber that divides the interior of that organ into right and left auricles and ventricles. There it has continued to throb up and down about 100,000 times a day ever since that mysterious shooting, and at every pulsation refuting the old theory of medical science that the touch of hostile metal to man's heart brings death.

"The most skillful and daring sur geon on earth, if he were asked to re move the bullet from Nelson's heart, would shake his head in the negative. So this man must carry his leaden handicap as long as life shall last. Seems strange, doesn't it?

"And yet, notwithstanding what have said, we have surgeons nowadays cessful conclusion operations on the heart. This is done by opening the pericardium, for example, in cases of drop sy of the heart, and drawing off the fluid by aspiration. A man may have his heart punctured with the point of knife or a needle and still recover from Upon my word there was only one the injury. It used to be held that wounds of this character were invariably fatal. But a wound of the heart is not necessarily fatal, as is shown in the case where a needle was removed by

> was one of the most remarkable. Poole was shot in the heart while engaged in an encounter with a man named Baker, in New Jersey, in 1855. To all outward appearance he recovered rapidly and in a wish to finish the interrupted contest. Twelve days later, however, he suddenly dropped to the ground. Within five

minutes he was dead. "More remarkable still, perhaps, are the numerous injuries to the brain and spinal cord, which on first view would | piece of wood as well as the bark is cut be pronounced fatal and yet from which paraiso, Ind., a man named Herbert J. Fish while in a fit of temporary insanity put a .38 caliber bullet through his brain, and at last accounts he was still alive and apparently getting well. The bullet, by all accounts, passed through the right and left anterior hemispheres of the brain, lodging finally in the posterior bone wall of the left eye socket. In its course the ball destroyed a large amount of brain matter. At the same time it cut the optic nerves of both eyes, destroying the sight. In some way the sense of smell, too, was destroyed.

tragedy at the Briggs House in this city several years ago, in which a man who was shot in the brain got well. J. S. McDonnell, a well known veterinary surgeon, and his wife were boarders at ment over a shooting affray in the apartments of the McDonnells. In the quarrel McDonnell was shot by his wife, the bullet entering the side of his head in the parietal bone above the ear and penetrating the brain. Within the next 48 hours the ball was removed by Dr. Liston H. Montgomery, and the wounded man got well. The wife at the same time shot herself in the head, but her injuries were not serious. Old time doctors used to pronounce wounds like that of McDonnell's fatal in every instance and made very little effort to save the patient. Brain injuries are most serious and most often prove fatal when they occur near the base of the brain .- Chicago Tribune.

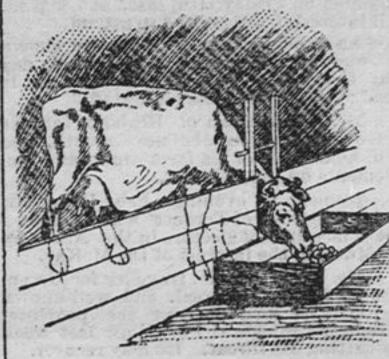
No Fietion Either. He-Who is your favorite writer? She-My guardian. He signs all my

TO PREVENT CHOKING.

When Animals Are Esting Apples, Potstoes and Similar Food.

When a farmer has the conveniences at hand, apples, potatoes, etc., to be fed to cows are ground through the root cutter, which is undoubtedly an excellent plan. Then the ground apples, the cut hay or straw and the grain ration can all be mixed and eaten together. A writer in The Farm and Fireside says on this subject:

If I had no root cutter, I think I would chop the apples coarsely in a large plank



HOW TO FEED APPLES, ETC. box, using a sharp spade to chop them with, or arrange the manger somewhat on Mr. Woodward's plan here illustrated. He says: "If a pair of posts or stakes be firmly set in the ground or made fast to the floor like a pair of stanchions, just far enough apart to admit a cow's neck, and a hole be bored just high enough so that a pin put through will prevent the animal raising her head quite level, it will be impossible for the apples to roll down into the throat and choke her. The same apparatus will prevent animals choking when eating potatoes or any other food. What makes the animal choke is raising the head so high that the pieces slip by their own weight into the gullet.'

I think that the instructions and information as here given should induce those among our apple producing friends who have yet been in doubt as to the advisability of feeding apples to relieve the country of the otherwise undesirable surplus by turning it into milk, butter and meat. Now, in its great wealth, it is really a source of anhoyance and loss. It can be made a source of income.

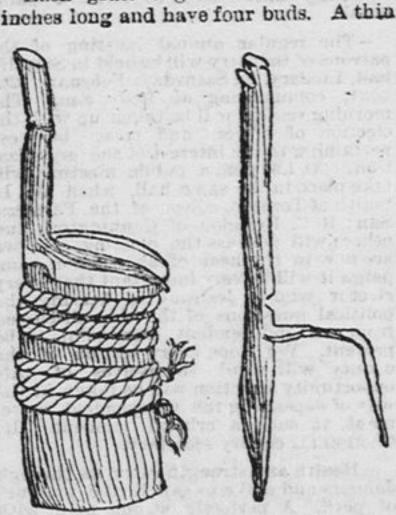
Varieties of Asparagus. The editor of The Rural New Yorker, who has been testing varieties of asparagus since 1880, says:

Our conclusions are just these: In quality there is no difference. In the size of the stalks there is no difference, always assuming that all the conditions are just the same. In earliness or lateness there is no difference. In the color of the stalks there is a difference. Some are reddish-Red Dutch, for example; some of a medium green-Conover's Colossal, for instance; some are whitish or a light green-Columbian White, for example

Novel Method of Grafting.

The accompanying cut from an Australian exchange depicts a mode of grafting which, it is claimed, results in better joint and quicker covering of the stub. The method of preparing the scion is shown at the right side of the illus-

Each graft ought to be about four



upward sufficiently long to cross over the crown of the branch to the grafted, half an inch of it being bent to be slipped under the bark on the opposite side of the branch. This method of grafting, according to its advocates, can be applied to trees having branches about an inch in diameter, rather less than more. In preparing the stock branch the one to be operated on ought to be severed rather close to the main branch, only leaving about two inches. The cuts must, of course, be made to correspond as nearly as possible with those on the scion, or this method can be applied to young trees as stocks where they are too large "Many Chicagoans will remember a for splice grafting. This method of grafting gives stability to the work and the grafts are not so liable to bo blown out as in some others.

News and Notes. It is reported on good authority that buyers abroad have lost confidence in American shippers because of the dishonest methods resorted to in putting the fruit into the market.

The fifth convention of the national irrigation congress will be held at the city of Phenix, A. T., Dec. 15, 16 and

Gradually increase the rations of the growing stock. . A recent estimate places the number

of horses in the world in 1893 at 66,-995,000; in 1896 at 67,254,000. soon as the ground freezes.

If the cornerib be wide, stand a few | Do not delay or fall to take advantage of this rails up here and there through the center. This will give ventilation and prevent the spoiling of the grain, says an

exchange. Wheat comes nearer to being a balanced ration for a hen than any other checks, you know. - Detroit Free Press. | single grain.

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