AT THE POST OF DUTY

THE WATERMAN'S SONS.

CHAPTER XXX.

There were other men besides Mr. Tippet who could be true to their promises when it suited them. Dy Gorman was true to his, in so far as they concerned David Boone. He visited that unfortunate invalid frequently, and brought him so many little "nice things" for the alleviation of his sufferings, and exhibited altogether such nervous anxiety about his recovery that worthy Mrs. Craw was quite overwhelmed, and said, in the fullness of her heart, that she never did see a kinder friend, or one who more flatly gave the lie-direct to his looks, which, she was bound to admit, were not prepossessing.

But, despite his friend's solicitude, and his doctor's prescriptions, and his nurse's kindness, David Boone continued steadily to sink, until at last the doctor gave it as his opinion that he would not recover.

One afternoon soon after the expression of this opinion, Gorman called on his friend, and was shown as usual into his chamber. It was a wet, cold, stormy afternoon, and the window rattled violently in its frame.

Boone was much better that afternoon. It seemed as if he had just waited for the doctor to pronounce his unfavorable opinion in order to have the satisfaction of contradicting it.

"He's better to-day, sir," said Mrs. Craw, in a whisper.

"Better?" exclaimed Gorman with a look of surprise. "I'm glad to hear that—very glad."

He looked as if he were very sorry, but then, as Mrs. Craw said, his looks belied him.

"He's asleep now, sir; the doctor ordered he slept. He was on no account to be waked up; so I'll leave you to sit by him, sir, till he wakes, and please be as quiet as you can."

Mrs. Craw left the room on tiptoe, and Gorman went to the bedside and looked on the sick man's wasted features with a frown.

"Sick! you're as cop, are you, and not to be waked up, eh? Come, I'll rouse you."

He shook him violently by the shoulder, and Boone awoke with a start and a groan.

"Hope I didn't disturb you, Boone?" said the friend in a gruff voice. "I came to inquire for you."

Boone started up in his bed, and stared wildly at some object which appeared to be at the foot of the bed. Gorman started too and turned pale as his eyes followed those of the invalid.

"What is it you see, Boone?"

"There! there!" he whispered hoarse by, clutching Gorman's arm as if for protection, "look, I tell ye, his vice is fast now. Oh! save me from that man, he—he—wants to kill me!"

"Come, David," said Gorman soothingly, "it's only a fancy—there's no body there—no-one in the room but we."

"And who are you?" inquired the sick man, falling back exhausted, while he gazed vacantly at his friend.

"Don't you know me, David?"

"No, I don't."

"Never mind, shut your eyes now and try to sleep. It'll be time to take your physic soon."

"Physic!" cried Boone, starting up in alarm, and again clutching Gorman's arm. "You won't let him give it me, will you? Oh! say you won't—promise to give it me yourself."

Gorman promised, and a very slight but peculiar smile turned up the corners of his mouth as he did so.

Boone again sank back on his pillow, and Gorman sat down on a chair beside him. His villainous features worked convulsively, for in his heart he was meditating a terrible deed. That morning he had been visited by Ned Hooper, who in the most drunken of voices told him "that it wash impossible to git a body t'r love or money, so if e wanted one he'd better cut s own throat."

His plans having miscarried in this matter, Gorman now meditated taking another and more decided step. He looked at the sick man, and, seeing how feeble he was, his fingers twitched as if with a desire to strangle him. So strong was the feeling upon him that he passed his fingers nervously about his own throat, as if to ascertain the formation of it and the precise locality of the windpipe. Then his hand dropped to his side, and he sat still again, while Boone rolled his poor head from side to side and moaned softly.

Evening drew on apace, and the shadows in the sick-room gradually became deeper and deeper until nothing could be seen distinctly. Still Gorman sat there, with his features pale as death and his fingers moving nervously; and still the sick man lay and rolled his head from side to side on the pillow. Once or twice Gorman rose abruptly, but he as often sat down again without doing anything.

Suddenly a ray of bright light shot through the window. Gorman started and drew back in alarm. It was only a lamp-lighter who had lighted one of the street-lamps, and the ray which he had thus sent into the sick-chamber passed over the bed. It did not disturb Boone, for the curtains were between him and it, but it disturbed Gorman, for it fell on the chimney-piece and illuminated a group of vials one of which, half full of a black liquid, was labeled "Poison!"

Gorman started up, and this time did not sit down, but with a trembling step moved to the fireplace. He stretched out his hand to grasp the bottle, and almost overturned it, for just at the moment his own figure intercepted the ray of light, and threw the spot where it stood into deep shadow.

"What's that?" asked Boone.

"It's only me," said Gorman, "getting you your physic. I almost upset it in the dark. Here now, drink it off. I can't find the cup, but you can take it out of the bottle."

"You won't let him come near me, will you?" asked Boone anxiously.

"No; no; come open your mouth."

Boone hesitated to do so, but Gorman used a little force. His hands were steady now! His heart was steeled to the deed, and the cry which Boone was about to utter was choked by the liquid flowing down his throat.

Gorman had flung him back with such violence that he lay stunned, while the murderer replaced the bottle on the chimney-piece and hurried to the door. A gentle knock at it arrested him, but his indecision was momentary. He opened the door softly, and going out, said to Mrs. Craw in a whisper—

"He's sleeping now. I found it hard to get him to give up talking for he wilked up soon after I went in, but he's all right now. I suppose the medicine is beginning to operate; he told me he took it himself just before I came in."

"Took it himself!" exclaimed Mrs. Craw. "Impossible!"

"Well, I don't know, but he's better now. I would let him rest a while if I were you."

"Stay, sir! I'll go fetch a light," said Mrs. Craw.

"Never mind. I know the stair well," said Gorman, hurriedly. "Don't mind a light; I shan't want it."

He was right. If any man ever wanted darkness rather than light—thick, heavy, impenetrable darkness—it was D. Gorman at that time.

"Took it himself!" repeated Mrs. Craw in unabated surprise, as she closed the street door. "Impossible. He's got no more strength than an unborn infant. I must go an' see to this."

Lighting a candle, she went softly into the sick chamber and looked at the invalid, who was apparently asleep, but breathing heavily. She then went to the chimney-piece and began to examine the vials there.

"My!" she exclaimed suddenly, with a look of alarm, "if he han't bin an' drunk up all the tinctur o' rhubarb! An' the laudanum-bottle standin' close beside it too! What a mercy he didn't drink that! Well, lucky for him there wasn't much in it, for an overdose of anything in his state would be serious."

Full of her discovery, Mrs. Craw set the candle on the table, and sat down on the chair by the bedside to think about it; but the more she thought about it the more puzzled she was.

"Took it himself," she said, reverting to Gorman's words. "Impossible!"

She continued to shake her head and mutter "Impossible" for some time, while she stared at the candle as if she expected that it would solve the mystery. Then she got up and examined the bed-clothes, and found that a good deal of the rhubarb had been spilt on the sheets, and that a good deal more of it had been spilt on Boone's chin and chest; after which her aspect changed considerably, as setting down the candle, she resumed her seat and said—

"Took it himself! Impossible!"

* * * * * * *

Darkness! If ever a man sought darkness in vain, and found light, blazing light, everywhere, it was Gorman. At first, in a burst of frenzy, he rushed away at full speed. It was well for him that the wind had increased to a hurricane and the rain was blinding, else had he been stopped on suspicion, so fierce was his mien, so haggard his look, so wild his race. Gradually his pace slackened, and gradually as well as naturally he gravitated to his old familiar haunts; but go where he would, there was light everywhere except within his own breast. It was all darkness there.

It is true the sky was dark enough for the war of elements was so great that it seemed to have been blotted out with ink, but the shops appeared to have been lit up more brilliantly than usual. Every lamp poured a flood light around it. The lanterns of the cabs and omnibuses sent rich beams of light through the air, and the air itself laden as it was with moisture, absorbed a portion of light, and invested everything with a halo. Light, light! all round, and the light of conscience within rendering the darkness there visible, and shining on the letters of a word written in dark red—"Murderer!"

Gorman tried to extinguish the light, but it was a fire that would not be put out. He cursed the shop windows and the lamps for shining so brightly on him; he cursed the few people whose curiosity induced them to pause and look back at him, and he cursed himself for being such a fool.

On reaching Cheapside he began to recover his self-possession, and to walk in the storm as other men did. But in proportion as his composure returned the enormity of his crime became more apparent to him, and the word written in red letters became so bright that he felt as if every passer-by must read it, unless he drop his eyes to prevent their seeing through them into his soul.

At London Bridge he became nervously apprehensive. Each unusually quick footstep startled him. Every policeman was carefully avoided, and anything approaching to a shout behind caused him to start into a involuntary run. Despite his utmost efforts to control himself, the strong man was unmanned; a child could have made him fly.

He was about to cross London Bridge, when he observed a policeman taking shelter under the parapet, and apparently watching those who passed him. Gorman could not make up his mind to go on, so he turned aside and descended the nearest stairs.

The policeman had doubtless been watching for some one, or suspected Gorman because of his undecided movements, for he followed him. The latter observed this and quickened his pace. The instant he was hidden from his pursuer, he darted away at full speed, and did not halt until he stood at the foot of one of the stairs where wherries are usually to be found. The sight that met his gaze there might have overawed the most reckless of men.

A hurricane was raging, such as is not often experienced in our favored island. The wind blew, not in gusts and squalls, but in one continuous roar, lashing the Thames into crested waves, tearing ships from their moorings, and dashing them against other ships, which were likewise carried away, and swept downward with the tide. Dozens of barges were sunk, and the shrieks of their crews were heard sometimes rising above the storm.

The gale was at its height when Gorman came in full view of the Thames. A waterman, who was crouching for shelter in the angle of a warehouse, observed him, and came forward.

"An awful night, sir," he said.

"Yes," answered Gorman curtly. He started as he spoke, for he heard, or he fancied he heard, a shout behind him.

"Is that your boat?" said he.

"It is," replied the waterman in surprise; "you don't want to go on the water on such a night, do you?"

"Yes I do," said Gorman, trembling in every limb; "come, jump in, and shove off."

At that moment a policeman came running down toward them.

"Are you mad?" exclaimed the man, grasping Gorman by the arm as he sprang toward the boat.

In a moment, Gorman struck him to the ground, and leaping into the boat pushed off, just as the policeman came up. He was whirled away instantly.

Grasping one of the oars, he was just in time to prevent the boat being dashed against one of the wooden piers of a wharf. He was desperate now. Shipping both oars he pulled madly out into the stream but in a few moments he was swept against the port-bow of a large vessel, against the stem of which the water was curling, as if the ship had been breasting the Atlantic waves before a stiff breeze. One effort Gorman made to avoid the collision, then he leaped up, and, just as the boat struck, sprang at the fore-chains. He caught them and held on, but his hold was not firm, the next moment he was rolling along the vessel's side, tearing it with his nails in the vain attempt to grasp the smooth hull. He struck against the bow of the vessel immediately behind and was swept under it.

Rising to the surface, he uttered a wild shriek, and attempted to stem the current. He was a powerful swimmer, and despair lent him energy to buffet the waves for a short time, but he was again swept away by the irresistible tide, and had almost given up hope of being saved, when his forehead was grazed by a rope which hung from a vessel's side. Seizing this he held on, and with much difficulty succeeded in gaining the vessel's deck.

With his safety Gorman's fear of being captured returned. He hid himself behind some lumber, and while in this position wrung some of the water out of his clothes. In a few minutes he summoned courage to look about him, and discovered that the vessel was connected with one that lay next to it by a plank. No one appeared to be moving, and it was so dark that he could not see more than four or five yards before him. To pass from one vessel to the other was the work of a few seconds. Finding that the second vessel lay moored to the quay he sprang from it with all his might and alighted safely on the shore. From the position of the shipping he knew that he stood on the south bank of the river, having been swept right across the Thames, so he had now no further difficulty in hiding his guilty head in his own home.

(To be Continued.)

BOY DIVES IN HIS SLEEP.

Extraordinary Death in England of a Somnambulist.

Perhaps the most extraordinary fatality ever recorded as arising out of somnambulism was inquired into by the coroner at St. Ives, Cornwall, August 31.

The victim was a pleasant and popular lad of nineteen named John Summers, who with his brother Gerald and his father, Mr. John Summers an ironmaster of Inglewood, Cheshire, had been staying for three weeks at the Porthminster hotel, St. Ives.

During the visit "Jack," as his brother called him, had done much diving into the sea, and this undoubtedly had made such an impression on him that it revived the habit of sleep-walking which he had formed in his childhood.

It was a dramatic story which Gerald Summers told to the coroner's jury. "We occupied separate beds in the same room about seventy or eighty feet from the ground" he said, "and retired as usual on Sunday evening.

"Suddenly, about 2 o'clock in the morning, I awoke, and missing Jack from his bed, called to him. I got no reply, and just at that moment I was startled to see his figure outside the window. He was standing on the parapet with his hands up and his head and shoulders inclined as if he were taking a header into the sea. Before I could do anything I saw him going over, and then I heard the thud on the ground."

He alarmed the hotel people, and the poor fellow was picked up, suffering from severe concussion of the brain, a broken jaw, and other severe injuries. He never woke from his fatal sleep, but died at 7 o'clock on Monday morning. On the soft grass of the lawn was plainly visible the mark which was made by his head.

Mr. John Summers said that his son had perhaps become overexcited by his daily diving. When he was six years old he was addicted to a mild form of sleep-walking, but the witness had not known it to happen since. Gerald added that he knew his brother had been dreaming about diving.

Dr. Backhouse said he had met the deceased and he was "very fit" in every way.

The jury, in finding that death was accidental, expressed its deep sympathy with the family. The body was taken to Manchester for burial.

LOVE FINDS A WAY.

George was in a despondent mood.

"But Mabel, dear," he said, "marriage is out of the question just now. You seem to have forgotten that I'm but a poor clerk on a meagre salary."

"Oh, George, don't let poverty interfere with our happiness. We can live on one meal a day, if necessary."

"But you know nothing of household duties, sweetheart. Why, you can't even cook!"

"Indeed, I can, love. I have kept it a secret from you; but the time has come for my confession. George dear, I got a certificate from a cookery school three months ago."

The young man gasped.

"My darling," he said, "come to my arms; it shall be as you wish—one meal a day will be more than enough."

CAN'T STOP SMOKING.

The recent effort of Mr. Fred Taylor, a director of a leading woollen firm of Batley, England, to discourage smoking has not been very successful. The sum of £1 was offered to each of 1,000 employees of the firm who should abstain from the use of tobacco in any form for six months. It was ascertained the other day that 300 of the male operatives have already disqualified themselves. The offer extends to women and girls.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

Health and Vigor For Sickly Women

By Supplying an Abundance of Rich, Red, Life-Sustaining and System-Building Blood,

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Thoroughly Cures the Ills Peculiar to Women.

The feminine organism is an intricate mass of delicate and sensitive nerves which require an enormous amount of pure, rich blood to nourish them and supply them with the vital force necessary to properly perform their functions.

When the blood is lacking in quantity or quality the nerve cells waste and shrivel up and by means of pain and irregularities make known their starved and depleted condition.

Unless the nervous system is put in proper condition all the medicine in the world will never cure the weakness and irregularities peculiar to women. Because Dr. Chase's Nerve Food contains the elements of nature which go to form new, rich blood and create new nerve force it is the most certain cure obtainable for such ailments.

When the nervous system becomes exhausted the whole body is more or less affected and the various organs fail to perform the duties devolving upon them. Digestion is impaired; there are feelings of discomfort in the stomach after meals, nervous sick headaches, irritability sleeplessness; spells of weakness and dizziness come over you you feel disheartened, discouraged and despondent and fear prostration, paralysis or insanity.

But there is now hope for you in the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Not the false hope which is aroused by medicines composed of alcohol and other stimulants, but the hope which finds foundation in added flesh and tissue, in better appetite, more buoyant feelings and gradual disappearance of annoying symptoms.

As a blood-builder and nerve restorative Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is bound to benefit your whole system. By noting your increase in weight while using it you can prove this beyond a doubt.

Fifty cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

LIME IN BUTTER FACTORIES.

The Danish Dairy Instructor, B. Boggeld, in a recent lecture, dwelt at length on the use of lime in butter factories. He said that there is often occasion to emphasize that it may be necessary to distinguish between cleaning and disinfecting.

It must be conceded that the cleanliness with which we, for practical reasons, must be satisfied in our factories in no way satisfies the strict demand of the hygenism which must be applied in fighting contagious diseases in a herd; but on the other side it is generally acknowledged that the best possible cleanliness is equally desirable on account of the health of the cows and the development of their disease-resisting powers, as it is of great importance in securing fine and uniform dairy products.

Ten or twenty years ago heat was used in the fight against bacteria. Steam was employed liberally, and the result was the warping of churns and cream barrels. The floors were scrubbed with boiling water, and it was even proposed to scald the drains, which increased instead of decreasing the smell.

At present it is an exception when a churn is steamed. All wooden utensils are rinsed and scrubbed first with cold or luke-warm water to remove the milk, and then they are covered with a coat of thick mush of slacked lime. After ten or twenty minutes or later the churns or other utensils are scrubbed with lime and cold water, after which they are rinsed twice in warm water, and at last with water hot enough to make the wood dry quickly.

Lime is used for cleaning in nearly all Danish factories, not only for wooden ware, but also for tinware, and for scrubbing the floors. It took some time to introduce it, as the buttermakers, to begin with, had their hands affected by the lime; but when they once learned how to use it, they had no trouble, and the use of steam as well as of soda has been reduced.

Lime is now used more and more in place of oil-paint, which is often ruined by the dampness or heat in the factories, and porcelain tiles are, as a rule expensive, whereas lime is cheap and easily applied. It is often objected that the lime will peel off but the lecturer did not deem that a drawback in the factories or cow-sheds, because it is so much easier to clean. To wash a painted wall is no easier than to brush off a white-washed one with a stiff brush and give it a new coat, and it is certainly cheaper to start with.

RULES FOR THE DAIRY.

A set of rules adopted by the farm of s Blythwood dairy of Stansted, England, are good enough for use in almost any longitude. The following is a condensation of them:

Give the cows 2 lbs. to 3lbs. of concentrated food daily when on the pastures.

See that they have access to pure water. That they are not worried by flies, nor over-driven by boys, or hunted by dogs.

Milk regularly.

Insist upon the udders being wiped clean, and the milkers having clean hands and clean pails.

Never mix the milk of a newly-tal ed cow, or a very stale milker with that from the others.

Keep salt in the manger.

Always clean out the manger after every meal.

Treat animals with kindness. They will amply repay it.

Never clip the fingers in the pail when milking.

In winter never use turnips, or grains, musty hay, barley straw, or an excessive quantity of oil cake.

Select such roots as carrots, parsnips and mangolds, the best hay, oat straw, sweet grass, silage, oats, bran, middlings, meal, cotton-seed meal.

Carry the milk to the dairy while warm from the cow. It must not be allowed to cool before pouring into the setting vessels.

Strain it carefully.

Take care that the setting vessels and the dairy are thoroughly sweet and clean, and the latter dry, free from draughts conveying foul smells, and without drains, trapped or otherwise.

Place the cream in a deep earthen vessel, and when adding subsequent skimmings, stir and mix the whole with a wooden stirrer.

BEETS AND SOIL FERTILITY.

Growing sugar beets is in the end no more injurious to the soil than the growing of most of our common crops, writes Prof. W. A. Henry. Any crop grown takes fertility from the soil, but if the beet leaves are fed on the farm, and the tops cut off the beets are likewise fed, as well as the culls, and if finally the pulp residue is brought back from the factory and fed on the farm, then very little fertility indeed is lost. Beet growing is not one-fifth as hard on the land under such conditions as the growing and selling hay or straw, so often practised by farmers. The beet root takes a good deal of water from the soil, and this perhaps shows on the next crop unfavorably. Beets should always be grown in rotation. In Europe the farmers of Germany, France Belgium and in other countries have in some regions been growing beets successfully and profitably for the last generation. During the last ten years the business has increased enormously. The beet growing regions of the old world have been the most prosperous of any in Europe, and the farmers have steadily impr[illegible] their farms. They keep more st[illegible] here [illegible] are grown in E[illegible] now-a-[illegible] than they kept be[illegible] they grew beets. This fact [illegible] and strking one. [illegible] visitor [illegible] beet growing regio[illegible] several of the old world coun[illegible] I [illegible] that the farmers have [illegible] and the country has [illegible] ous and rich because [illegible] this crop, and more live st[illegible] kept than ever before.

FEED THE S[illegible]

Liebig, a noted Ger[illegible] chemist is the author of the fol[illegible] ioms regarding the law [illegible] plant food. Farmers who expect [illegible] fields to keep on producing [illegible] crops from year to year witho[illegible] the soil anything in return, [illegible] do well to give these laws some [illegible] ight.

1. A soil can be [illegible] fertile only when it contains [illegible] ly requisite for the nu[illegible] of plants, in the required qu[illegible] and in the proper form.

2. With every cro[illegible] portion of these ingredients is re[illegible]ed. A part of this portion is ta[illegible] added from the inexhaustible st[illegible] the atmosphere; another part [illegible]er, is lost forever if not replaced [illegible] man.

3. The fertility of [illegible] soil remains unchanged, if all th[illegible] edients of the crop are given [illegible] the soil. Such a restitution is [illegible]ed by manure.

4. The manure (co[illegible]y) produced in the course of [illegible] dry is not sufficient to main[illegible] permanently the fertility of a farm, [illegible] lacks the constituents which are [illegible]ally exported in the sh[illegible] grain, [illegible] milk and live stock.

CURIOUS SUPER[illegible]TIONS

West Indian Negr[illegible] Have Faith in [illegible]

The negroes of the [illegible]ish West Indies have many [illegible]s superstitions. They believe [illegible] unlucky to praise a baby or [illegible] that like its father or [illegible]ther, you say to a [illegible] "What a beau[illegible]" you are apt to incur her [illegible]ity. To give the baby [illegible] back, mark it on the fe[illegible] blue ri[illegible] in washing blue or [illegible] on its arm. To [illegible] never, any account, weigh [illegible] baby, for that m[illegible] worst bad luck.

If a cock crows [illegible] door, a gentleman is go[illegible] to visit the house; if a hen c[illegible] of the family will [illegible]. If you carry a [illegible] pocket, you will have [illegible] money. If you give a [illegible] it back again, you [illegible] have a s[illegible]. If you roll your [illegible] money changes, the [illegible] ed. If you kill a spi[illegible] break a plate.

If a lizard [illegible] which clothes are [illegible] washer-woman must [illegible] for four hours, or [illegible] her hands.

If a John Crow [illegible] does into the house [illegible] misfortune will hap[illegible] nest in your house [illegible] be expected.

Whenever a ne[illegible] dog he always be[illegible] cause the spirits [illegible] supposed to go [illegible] after death and [illegible] the earth in the [illegible] dog.

When a West In[illegible] hair he always [illegible] hairs. He argues [illegible] of the body, and [illegible] entitled to a gra[illegible] he.

A negro who is [illegible] ried must put a [illegible] grave of any frie[illegible] ly died before the [illegible] wise the spirit wi[illegible] trouble at the we[illegible] stone is supposed [illegible]

A belief in dapp[illegible] versal. If a ne[illegible] abroad at night [illegible] every bush and tre[illegible] musk in the forest [illegible] him frantic with dr[illegible] it is a sure sign th[illegible] abroad.

If a rat bites y[illegible] an owl flaps its wi[illegible] serious trouble [illegible] you see two bats [illegible] the air diagonally [illegible] erful friend will so[illegible] you.

HE NEEDED [illegible]

"John, dear," sa[illegible] "the doctor was h[illegible] and he said you ne[illegible] I've mapped out [illegible] for you."

"You have?"

"Yes. To-morrow [illegible] to work for two ho[illegible] den, whitewash the [illegible] the parlor carpet, c[illegible] outside, help mov[illegible] assist in any other [illegible] need attention roun[illegible] it'll be so nice, to [illegible] home, where you [illegible] yourself, and save g[illegible]"

THE BIGGES[illegible] [illegible]TLE.

A turtle, which is [illegible] the biggest of its [illegible] has been caught on [illegible] coast. Its weight [illegible] length of its sh[illegible] while its width is 6[illegible] men can stand on [illegible] comfort.

A WISE [illegible]

Sunday School [illegible] Bobby, can you te[illegible] comes of people who [illegible]

Bobby—"Yes, sir. [illegible] caught before they g[illegible] come kleptomaniacs."

IN THE SICK BAY AT SEA

HANDLING WOUNDED THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

Man Wounded in the "Boys" Stays There Till Action Is Over.

Before the Chin[illegible] all the damaged [illegible] war low to the ward-[illegible] room is the room [illegible] ness. This is [illegible] tain's cabin, w[illegible] the London New[illegible] fighting commenced [illegible] yellow natives, the [illegible] happened to the [illegible] Killing of the s[illegible] surgeon, and the [illegible] ship's surgeon [illegible] bursting of a shell [illegible] partment. The [illegible] ed to find a safe [illegible] ating room, and w[illegible] out of their bod[illegible] safer place also.

As I tumbled [illegible] a man o' war, I [illegible] lined with men [illegible] thing that strec[illegible] rangements [illegible] tion of wounded [illegible] to the operating [illegible] now situated [illegible] ship, the three [illegible] used by the stoke[illegible] for wounded men [illegible] These bulkheads [illegible] of all by the [illegible] carry a seam of [illegible] thick on each [illegible] are protected by [illegible] stoutest armor th[illegible] ship. It is [illegible] count of the [illegible] engines, but [illegible] fort of some sort [illegible] the discomfort [illegible] peril of other [illegible] places.

AMBULANCE A[illegible]

I found that [illegible] ment had been [illegible] portation of the [illegible] men were slung [illegible] deck to deck, and [illegible] mangled wretch[illegible] cannot be portray[illegible] being lowered [illegible] a shattered thigh, [illegible] or jaw. It [illegible] does not care to [illegible] yes our "tars" had [illegible] or die under it, [illegible] years back. [illegible] systematic and [illegible] of wooden trough[illegible] ways into which [illegible] representing in [illegible] bed on which a [illegible] wounded man [illegible] he falls and as [illegible] one of these slings, promptly slipped to the operating bay [illegible] is no hauling and [illegible] and dropping, [illegible] picking up. [illegible] to the surgeon's [illegible] nation of speed and [illegible] anguish.

POOR CHANCE

Only in the [illegible] trouble which [illegible] overcome. A [illegible] "tops" has a [illegible] lanced down [illegible] in time of a[illegible] position low [illegible] tails and the [illegible] comrades [illegible] then are [illegible] their power [illegible] dairy, lies [illegible] to be clear[illegible] as a set of [illegible] "Wee [illegible] falling [illegible] men.

Down [illegible] smart and [illegible] cable and [illegible] knocks, [illegible] where the wo[illegible] hook. He [illegible] draws [illegible] tools" and [illegible] crying [illegible] are looking [illegible] each other [illegible] their gaze, [illegible]

"He is a te[illegible] friend the [illegible] courteous always [illegible] case an exhi[illegible] sinister aspect.

SAWBONES A[illegible]

He shows [illegible] thigh small [illegible] laid upon [illegible] me in a few [illegible] he admiration [illegible] surgeon's [illegible] he conducts [illegible] teries of tyme[illegible] the quick, [illegible] of that terrible [illegible] ready to fly hand [illegible] never the flesh and [illegible] the thigh bone [illegible] but it is well [illegible] side of that [illegible] aye, and wo[illegible] to scream for when [illegible] frenzied. I think [illegible] used to shout and [illegible] nothing but wag, [illegible] not so very long [illegible] to be here in this bat[illegible] now, looking at the [illegible] this healer standing [illegible] ing table ready to [illegible] foolish tongues help to [illegible] at him now, a tall, [illegible] man. He is balancing [illegible] hand, showing me how [illegible] through bone, Phoe[illegible] the throb of the war d[illegible] of the bugle, the mad, [illegible] changing blows?

I listen to our gun[illegible] silence to tatters; I [illegible] the warship through [illegible] know that a nation's [illegible] ing all around and above [illegible] the sight of the [illegible] savage-looking saw [illegible] marrow, until the mockery [illegible] comes home to me, for I [illegible] the men who make war, [illegible] and the talkers, never [illegible] geon's saw, the operating [illegible] the quick journey over the [illegible] at their heels.