CHAT ABOUT SUBMARINES

VIEWS OF A CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

Present Day Submarine Falls Far Short of Being a Perfect Fighting Machine.

It seems rather an absurd thing, said a naval captain to the writer, that, although a submarine boat was tried on the Thames nearly three centuries ago, we still have not evolved anything like a perfect under-water vessel. Of course, this submarine of the time of the Stuarts was a very primitive kind of craft. It was propelled by oars and, I believe, was much more adept at sinking than at coming to the surface again.

Forty years ago the Confederates of Charleston used a submarine boat to some purpose against a Federal ship. She was a clumsy, cigar-shaped boat, roughly constructed from boiler plates, and was propelled by hand at a maximum speed of five miles an hour. On her first three trial trips she sank beautifully enough each time; but she wasn't equal to the task of rising again unaided, and every man on board lost his life. The fourth time she was sent out she did better, for she managed to blow up the Housatonic. She was too slow, however, in getting away after delivering her blow, and she was carried to the bottom of the sea for the last time in her victim's company.

So, you see, the submarine of 1863 was no great advance on that of the Stuart days, and it was not until Nordenfelt set to work about twenty years ago that any real progress was made; and even to-day the very best type of submarine falls far short of being a perfect fighting machine. Of course, the difficulties and dangers of under-sea navigation are enormous. A submarine boat has been likened to a blind man groping about with a quantity of dynamite on him, and, really the

SIMILE IS NOT A BAD ONE.

When you are a good many fathoms down you cannot see ten yards ahead, even with a strong electric light; it is exceedingly difficult to keep the boat trim, and unless the utmost care is exercised she may drop to a depth at which the pressure of water will crush her like a nut in a pair of crackers. Then she has to be constantly coming to the surface to find her bearings, and to change her course. She is so delicately balanced that any sudden movements or change of position by her crew may cause her to turn turtle; and she is so slow that she is practically useless against any but a stationary ship.

But let me give you a brief description of the leading types of submarine vessels of to-day. The first boat of the type that was at all successful was the Goubet, a tiny, spindle-shaped vessel, 26 feet long and 3 feet in diameter. She has only room for two men, who could not stand upright to save their lives, and who sit in the centre, back to back. From the top of the boat, in the middle, projects a man-hole dome which rises a foot above the surface of the water, and from which observations can be taken.

She has a horizontal keel on each side, and a detachable keel weighing 900 kilogrammes at the bottom, which can be dropped in case the diving apparatus breaks down. She carries two Whitehead torpedoes, has reservoirs for compressed air, and an electric motor of 12h.-p. for propelling purposes. The sinking is worked simply by pumping in water-ballast, and the rising by pumping it out again, a gauge marking the exact

DEPTH OF SUBMERSION.

She carries batteries charged for two days' work and sufficient compressed air to last a week.

Picture yourself cooped up in such a vessel, unable to stretch yourself even, groping about in the black depths of the sea, and never knowing at what moment a chance collision or the pressure of the water may break the shell of your boat and send you to the bottom of the sea. The Gymnote is another fairly successful French submarine, about twice as large as the Goubet.

An interesting, if not very practicable, vessel is the Argonaut, whose function it is to descend to the bottom of the sea, run along it on wheels to the desired position beneath an enemy's ship, and then by means of mines and torpedoes do the rest—a scheme admirable in theory, but I fear unpromising in practice.

The best submarine of them all is the Holland, of which we have a small flotilla. The Holland is really a formidable weapon of war. She is 85 feet long, and carries, in addition to a torpedo tube, a dynamite gun in the stern capable of sending a shell half a mile through the water, and an aerial torpedo gun which will hurl a 100 lb. shell three-quarters of a mile. She is a wonderful box of mechanism, and, if we should ever unfortunately drift into war, will no doubt give a good account of herself.

DISPELLING THE ILLUSION.

The silvery moon looked down upon them as they stood upon the pier, tenderly devouring the love-light in each other's eyes.

As he gazed upon her ethereal form he wondered how such an angelic creature could survive in such a vulgar and unsympathetic world. She looked so bewitchingly fair that it seemed like desecration for him to touch her, and he longed to speak to her with a golden harp instead of the commonplace, every-day language. Surely such a sweet mouth was never intended to drink anything but the nectar of the gods? Her—

"Becca," said a little voice at her side, "ma wants to know if you want fried or liver an' onions for supper?"

Then the young man's watch stopped, and a seagull fell into the water and was drowned.

THE SIN OF COVETOUSNESS

Our First Thoughts Always Precede Evil Actions.

(Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Four, by Wm. Briggs, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

A despatch from Los Angeles, Cal., says: Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage preached from the following text: Joshua vii. 25, "And all Israel stoned him with stones."

Few people have any adequate conception of the wealth and the luxury of the ancient peoples of the east. Ever and anon in our own daily newspapers certain accounts of the foolish extravagances of the scions of wealthy families, who show even greater genius in their ability to dissipate and scatter their enormous fortunes than their ancestors did in the accumulation of their wealth. By frequent repetition so prosaic and commonplace have these accounts become that special trains, private yachts and bouquets costing ten and even twenty thousand dollars for a few selected friends attract the readers of the many newspapers hardly more than a passing notice. But even the wildest extravagances of modern times cannot equal those of the ancients. Then not only did Stricca and his friends move around their palaces in slippers of gold, but when on riding they bestrode horses shod with silver, K perchance one of these silver shoes should be wrenched from off a horse's hoof the supercilious and arrogant young Roman nobles commanded their servants to leave it lying in the dirt rather than stop the cavalcade to pick it up.

OPULENT BUT WICKED JERICHO

The traveler in the far east as he roams through the ruins of ancient cities realizes how costly those ancient palaces must have been, even as from a broken column of the alhambra you can infer how beautiful must have once been the palaces of the Spanish Moors. So in imagination you may picture the costly vases of myrrhine, the priceless robes of silk, the heaps of Damascus rugs centuries old, the sword hilts jeweled with diamonds and other precious stones, the garments woven out of thread of gold and the capacious treasure vaults, with their countless prizes scattered about the palace halls in untold profusion on the day that Jericho fell. Jericho was always noted among the ancients as a city of fabulous wealth. But, though Herod the Great afterward erected his palaces in this "City of the Palm Trees" and though it was for a time the home of Mark Antony and Cleopatra, yet perhaps in all its history Jericho was never more opulent than on the day before its walls tottered before the blasts of the priests' ram's horns! But, though the wealth of this captured eastern capital was prodigious yet not one atom of gold, not one yard of silk, not one rug, not one diamond, was to be taken by the Hebrew soldiers for their own use. God told Joshua he would give this city into his soldiers' hands, but all the spoils of war of this city were to be God's, and God's alone. But the night after the battle one Hebrew soldier, instead of staying in his own company and doing what he ought to have done, allowed his sinful curiosity to get the better of him. He went out among the ruins on his own account and began to explore. Then, as he saw the piled up heap of wealth, his heart began to covet what was not his, but God's. He thought no one was looking, he stole a beautiful Babylonish garment, 200 shekels of silver and a wedge of gold and went and hid them in his tent. After many days this theft was exposed. Swift condemnation followed, and "all Israel stoned him with stones."

What princes can that ancient crime be to us of the twentieth century? It concerns us as a type of the sins of every age. Trace the progress of evil in Achan's time, and you will find the four stages by which sin still comes to culmination in the lives of the criminals of our day. From its inception to its tragic close it is ever the same, and, though in this world it sometimes escapes detection and punishment, in the end it meets the righteous judgment of God.

THE LUST OF THE EYE.

The first stage in Achan's fatal course was what the apostle describes as "the lust of the eye." Achan's curiosity was excited. He wanted to see the wonderful treasures which were to be consecrated to the Lord. His first step in the downward path which ended in his destruction was taken when he rose from among his sleeping comrades, and, slipping past the guards, he wended his way among the shattered walls of the captured city. It was one act for Achan with sword and spear and shield to fight his way into that doomed capital, swarming with enemies, but it was another act, after the battle was won, for this brave soldier to arise at night and crawl past the sentinels and begin to examine the spoils which were not his and by right never could be his. It is one act, and a commendable act, for a young physician at the call of duty to go down to the place of evil resort in a large city to help some sufferer prostrated by physical infirmity. It is another act, and a very dangerous act, for a young man or a young woman, actuated merely by an idle curiosity, to join a slumming party to look upon vice and gloat over it as a spectacle. Sometimes temptations come to man in the ordinary walks of life, but in nearly every case, as with Achan, temptations to sin most successfully assail a man when that man is idling in a place where he has no business to be.

Let me illustrate my thought from an old scene in the Bible. How often has the downfall of David been the subject of the pessimist's diatribe! How he exults over the spectacle of the shepherd boy who conquered Goliath and climbed to the throne of Israel, yielding to his infatuation for a woman! "Yes, yes," he says, "men are all alike; the best of men are vile at heart. Here is the sweet psalmist of Israel, the perfect specimen of noble manhood, the man after God's own heart, so enslaved by his guilty passion for another man's wife that he slays the husband to get possession of her. No man is to be trusted."

WHY DAVID SINNED.

Is that your idea of men? Then, my brother and sister, you have not read human nature aright. All men are not bad. But all men will be bad if they do not stick scrupulously to the work God has given them to do. The reason David sinned was not because he looked upon "Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah, the Hittite." The reason David sinned was because, like Achan among the Jericho spoils, he was idling at home instead of being with his army. In the first verse of the eleventh chapter of II. Samuel we read the secret of the whole sinful story: "And it came to pass after the year was expired, at the time when kings go forth to battle, that David sent Joab." That sentence means simply this: When the time of military campaign came—the time when David ought to have taken the field and led on his own troops to battle—he sent a substitute and stayed at home. The beginning of his danger was not in looking at Bathsheba, who was the wife of Uriah, the Hittite, but in being, like Achan, among the Jericho spoils, in a place where he had no right to be.

My brother, when God calls you to do a work, he will always give you strength to resist the sinful temptations incident to that work. But when you go to a place where you have no right to go, you are liable to experience that lust of the eye which may be the beginning of a long succession of other sins.

ACHAN'S FIRST STEP.

Achan's "eye step," in the next place, was followed by his "covetous step!" We say that the sin of covetousness is only one step beyond the first sin. But the second step of Achan's sin is even more dangerous than the first stage. The one may be the bare, repulsive branch, with its sap frozen and congealed by the frosts of winter. The other may be the spring blossoms growing upon that branch when the spring has placed the silver trumpet of the resurrection to nature's lip. The lust of the eye is nearly always accompanied by hesitation and timidity. You can see that fear in the flushed cheek of the young man who stands upon the street corner debating within himself whether or no he will enter the place of evil resort to which his dissipated friends are persuading him. When the mind has taken the second step and desire is aroused, the hideous deformity of sin disappears, and longing sees in it only what is attractive and enjoyable. The second sin, the sin of covetousness, is blind to the scorpion's sting or the adder's hiss or the tiger's claw or the shark's threatening fin lifted like the black flag of the pirate over a threatening sea of green. The "sin of covetousness" is a summer stroll through woods filled with the aroma of wild flowers. It is the fantasies of the diseased brain of the opium eater, which the sinful imagination can place almost within the grasp of the dreamer. It is the most gorgeous of air castles, the most beautiful of Utopias, the sweetest of songs. It is the soft couch under the shadows of the overhanging tree branches, over which the satanic spiders are spinning a few beautiful silken threads which can be snapped in a day, but which in time may become as strong as links of steel.

HARD TO RESIST.

Oh, the evil sin of covetousness! Beware! Beware! Evil thoughts are only a step from evil actions. Are we not all in danger of the covetous sin? Would you tell a lie for 10 cents? "No," you emphatically answer. "No, of course not—of course not." Would you tell a lie, just one little lie, for $100? "No," you answer again, but not so emphatically. Would you tell a lie for $10,000—a lie which in one sense would not hurt anybody? You look at me in a quizzical way and say, "Please don't ask me." Well, I do ask you. I ask you, not for the purpose of giving you the offer, but of finding out what is the condition of your thoughts. Achan coveted 200 shekels of silver and a wedge of gold which must have been worth at least $10,000 in our money. He coveted them without the idea of hurting any one else, yet for that sin of covetousness, which was the forerunner of other sins, Achan had to die. Beware, O man, how you allow your evil thoughts to live. Achan's "eye sin" was followed by Achan's "covetous sin." Evil thoughts will ultimately be the parents of evil actions.

ACHAN'S COWARDICE.

But now, after the "finger step" has been committed, comes the fear and the horror. Aye, the "covetous step" may lead through an embowered garden. The buzzards may there be feathered in the gorgeous colors of a yellow breasted, black tipped oriole. The "finger step" may be a leap, a jump, an impulsive bound, but no sooner is that fourth step taken, than comes the "foot step," or the stealthy fugitive step.

As soon as Achan, the thief, got possession of this gold and silver and this Babylonish garment he did not know what to do with them. He could not wear the cloak; he could not spend the money; so, like a coward, he skulked away and went and hid them in his tent.

Sin nearly always makes a coward out of a man. Achan did exactly what our first ancestor did in the garden of Eden after he had sinned. No sooner was that forbidden fruit eaten than for Adam the heavens seemed to be overcast. He had only slunk away and hid in the thickets as a cowardly hyena would run away from the hounds, but when God called him forth he did even a meaner act than that. He turned and tried to throw the blame upon the woman by his side, as he said, "Yes, I did eat, but the woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me, and I did eat." Oh, my friends, the criminal unconsciously reveals himself. The accusing voice of his conscience saps his manliness and robs him of his open demeanor. If there is not an honest heart in a man, his face and his bearing will not be honest. The lowered eyelid, the trembling hand, the shuffling foot—all reveal the error of his past. A despicable sin always makes a coward out of a man—without an exception, always, always. Sin by its very nature is only another name for cowardice. No sooner did Achan take the gold than he ran away and hid it; no sooner do you sin against God, then, like all other sinners, you try to get as far as possible away from God.

HIS REAL BIRTHDAY.

May this moment be the supreme moment for your eternal redemption and not eternal damnation. When Bertel Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, was asked the day of his nativity, he answered: "I was born on the 8th of March, 1797. Before then I did not exist." This was not the date of his physical birth. Thorwaldsen was physically born Nov. 19, 1770, and March 8, 1797, was the day that he was artistically born. That was the day when he first saw Rome. May this day be to you the best of all days, not the day when, like Achan, you must die, but as Bertel Thorwaldsen first saw Rome, so may this be the first day on which you can truly see the face of Jesus Christ and live.

THE HABIT OF SCANDAL.

Old Mrs. Etheridge had loved gossip all her life, but although her ears were always ready for it, she had schooled her tongue to disapproval.

Nobody minded what she said, for although she might shake her head and utter her customary mild reproof, her eyes never failed to express interest and a desire for more information.

The one phrase which rose to her lips when the tale was ended had become so habitual that toward the close of her life she occasionally employed it involuntarily.

"Have you heard about Edward?" asked one of the family connection, moving her chair close to the old lady's rocker and leaning over confidentially.

Grandmother Etheridge shook her head and put her hand to her ear.

"They say," announced the relative in strident tones, "that he's making a splendid name for himself, and has been offered a salary of fifteen thousand dollars by another firm, and that he is just as clever as he can be, has hosts of friends there in Chicago, and deserves them all!"

The light of pride and joy shone in the old lady's eyes, but custom was too strong for her tongue.

"You shouldn't repeat it, dear," she quavered. "There's a wrong story somewhere!"

A CURE FOR CIGARETTES.

The other day a wise mother suddenly came upon her son and heir, a youth of tender years, and discovered he was indulging in a cigarette.

"My boy," she said, "if you must smoke, why not be manly and smoke a cigar? Come with me." And she led him into the house and bestowed upon him a large black fumer, brought him a light, and sat down by him while he enjoyed the fragrant weed.

She was with him, too, when his lower lip began to tremble, and his eyes to grow yellow, and a wave of chalky whiteness overspread his face.

"Nice cigar, isn't it?" she said, in her pleasant way. "So soothing and restful and enjoyable. Don't you find it so?"

The boy couldn't steady his voice sufficiently to reply, but he forced himself to take another puff, and when his hand with the cigar in it dropped he gave the smouldering thing a glance that expressed nothing but the deepest loathing.

"I always liked the looks of these nice, large, fat cigars," said his mother. "They seem so—"

"P-p-please d-don't, mother," gasped the boy. "I-I th-think I'm g-g-going to d-die!"

And twenty minutes later he promised in a broken voice that he would never again attempt to smoke until she told him he was old enough to begin.

MUTUAL COMPLIMENTS.

"Mabel," said George, with his fine, open smile, "I'm going to be frank and truthful with you from the start, as I mean to be always when we are married. You are not as beautiful as many girls, but you have more common sense and good nature than any other half-dozen girls I have ever known."

"Thank you, dear George," said Mabel, sweetly, "and now I'll be frank and truthful with you, as I know you want to have me. You have no more tact than a goat, but you have the broadest and most constant smile of any man, woman or child I have ever seen, and it shows—"

But George's desire for frankness had suffered a blight, and he made it perfectly clear to Mabel that he did not care to know what his smile showed.

FOR THE HOME

Recipes for the Kitchen. Hygiene and Other Notes for the Housekeeper.

GOOD RECIPES.

Chocolate Candy.—Boil an hour one cup of grated chocolate, one cup of milk, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar and a piece of butter the size of an egg.

Rhubarb Jelly—Stew about one pound of rhubard till tender, with enough sugar to sweeten and a little lemon peel. Pass it through a sieve, and add one ounce of gelatine dissolved in half a pint of water. Color with a little cochineal and pour into a quart mould.

Snow Cake—Cream a quarter of a pound of butter with a quarter of a pound of caster sugar, add a well-beaten egg. Then sift in gradually half a pound of potato flour, add a little grated lemon rind, and beat for ten minutes. Bake in a buttered flat tin for an hour in a slow oven. This should not be allowed to brown much.

Boiled Grey Pudding—Take a heaped teacupful of fine flour and into it rub an ounce and a half of butter or good dripping. Scatter over a teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch of salt, a little ground ginger and a tablespoonful of caster sugar. Beat up one egg with a gill of milk. Mix the pudding with this, adding more milk if necessary to mix all. Pour into a greased basin and steam steadily for an hour and a half. Turn out to serve and pour sauce round.

In making cottage pudding take one egg, one cupful of sugar, pinch of salt, small tablespoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix sugar, flour and butter together dry, beat egg with milk, then add dry ingredients, bake in two round flat tins in hot oven 20 minutes, turn out, place raspberry jam in between, and pour some boiled custard over, which has been made previously, and serve hot.

Tomato Fritters.—Put some large tomatoes in a frying basket, dip them in boiling water for a minute and peel. Then cut into quarter-like sections about the same size and shape as the quarters of a medium sized apple, and drain well on a clean cloth. Beat up an egg with some pepper and salt, dip the pieces of tomatoes in it, and then roll in fine dry breadcrumbs. Egg and breadcrumb them again in an hour's time, and at the time of serving, put them a few at a time in the frying basket, and plunge it into fast boiling fat. Drain on paper and serve at once.

Cinnamon Rolls.—Take a piece of pie crust; roll it out and cut it in narrow strips; sprinkle cinnamon over it, then roll it up tight; put it in a clean tin pan, which has been well oiled with butter; brown nicely and bake; then serve on the table.

For Cocoanut Patties—Make a good puff paste and cut it into necessary shapes for the puffs. Mix together a quarter of a pound of desiccated cocoanut, one tablespoonful of sultanas, and one tablespoonful of sugar. Put some of this mixture on half the pastry, double over the other. Wet the edges; press together. Bake in a sharp oven till the pastry is done.

Coffee Jelly—Pour a pint and a half of boiling water over two ounces of pure coffee in a jug, pour off a teacupful, and at once return it to the jug. Let the coffee stand till clear and nearly cold, dissolve in it three-quarters of an ounce of gelatine powder at a slow heat. Add three ounces of white sugar, and stir till all is dissolved. Pour into a clean wet mould, and set to cool. This jelly is greatly improved if it is set in a border mould and the middle filled with whipped cream.

Lemon Mince Pie—Since we will eat pie (and, as Emerson justly said, What is pie for, but to eat?), it is always in order to give new or old recipes for a change in their concoction. Lemon mince pie is peculiarly and exceedingly good. To make it, stir together two tablespoonfuls corn-starch thoroughly cooked, with a cup of water, one cup sugar, one cup molasses, one cup chopped raisins, a little citron, the juice of two lemons and the grated rind of one. Bake in two crusts. This makes several pies. For lemon meringue, stir together the juice and rind of one lemon, one cup of sugar, three-quarters of a cup of water, with one tablespoonful corn-starch, and the yolks of four eggs. Bake in one crust, and make a meringue of the four whites for the top, adding a little powdered sugar after they have been stiffly beaten.

USEFUL HINTS.

When mashing potatoes use hot milk, and if you have been in the habit of using cold you will be surprised at the difference in their lightness.

To clean light wall paper try rubbing the soiled spots with dry plaster of Paris. When all traces of dirt are removed, dust the powder off with a soft cloth.

To soften brushes that have become hard, soak them 24 hours in raw linseed oil and rinse then out in hot turps, repeating the process till clean, or wash them in hot soda and water and soft soap.

For horseradish sauce, put one ounce and a half of finely grated horseradish into a basin, add a teaspoonful of white sugar, a little raw mustard, some salt, and a cayenne pepper. Moisten all with a tablespoonful of white vinegar. Stir in gradually a gill of cream or milk, and whisk all gently for a few minutes.

Instead of putting food into the oven to keep hot for late comers, try covering it closely with a tin and setting it over a saucepan of hot water. This plan will keep the food hot, and at the same time prevent it from drying.

The cleaning of the ice box, like the cleaning of the house, should be constant rather than occasional.

To eradicate weeds of all sorts take of sulphur one pound, same of lime, and dissolve in two gallons of water. Pour this liquid on the weeds and it will quite destroy them.

When you have your daily bath dissolve in it a cupful of sea salt, and you will find it as invigorating as if you had had a dip in the sea. If you persevere in this daily through the summer you will find yourself wonderfully well.

To renovate black chip hats a correspondent sends a receipt she finds useful: Take a very little salad oil and a fine brush. With a clothes brush remove all dust and then apply a little oil all over the hat, brushing it in well. Then rub with a piece of black material and the hat will be nearly equal to new at the cost of about a penny.

GIRL'S HEART CUT OPEN

HER LIFE SAVED BY REMARKABLE OPERATION.

Pulse Was Gone for Hours Before She Was Revived.

What is considered one of the most remarkable surgical operations ever performed in the world, by reason of the great danger involved in cutting off the life of the patient during the progress of the work, has just been completed by Prof. Manteuffel of Dorpatte Germany, on a young girl of that town.

This operation, which proved successful and is now claiming the attention of eminent surgeons the world over, involved cutting open and sewing up of the girl's heart. The surgeon succeeded in removing from his fair patient's heart, the beating of which had stopped two hours before his aid was sought, a bullet which had lodged in the back of the organ.

Curiously enough, though the bullet had practically pierced the heart, it had touched no large blood vessel. After several hours the patient regained consciousness, and is now as well as ever, the stitched heart being good as new.

Prof. Manteuffel tells the story of this now notable surgical case.

THOUGHT SHE WAS DYING.

This young girl received, at 2.45 one afternoon recently, a shot from a revolver. She fainted and awoke now and again, and arose at last at 4.30 and rang for help. This brought a sister of mercy, who made a camphor injection. I was called at 6.29 p.m.

"I thought the patient would not live long. But other camphor injections brought the almost vanished pulse to action, and the patient awoke to life again. Then I risked four other camphor injections in order to take her to the clinic. The patient seemed so well that I thought the shot had after all not gone through the chest wall. But the dest. of the enlargement of the refrative heart percussion and a new collapse left no doubt in my mind that the filling up of the pericards with blood was endangering her life. At midnight (nine hours after the shot) two injections of camphor were given and the patient was put under an opiate.

"I cut the skin along the left sternal edge, starting at the height of the third rib and ending at the eighth. Following the channel of the shot, the muscle triangularis was severed, arteria and vene mamaria pushed aside. Out of a pericardinal wound blood flowed at each expiration.

STOPPED HEART'S BLEEDING.

"The heart sac became visibly filled with blood. It split on an inserted grooved sound. The pericard, the blood in which had partly congealed, was removed. After this the shot hole was closed at once by a silk seam. The bleeding was stopped. But where was the bullet?

"The heart was lifted up and I could feel the bullet through the back wall. It was situated in the back wall of the second ventricle. The heart was held upward, two fixed seams served as reins, and then I cut for the bullet. A pressure with my pointer and thumb of the left hand made the bull slip out and fall into the pericard.

"I sewed up this wall, which had bled little after compression with my fingers. Also the fixed seams on the end of the cut were joined. I closed up the pericardial wound with four knotted stitches, the breast wound in the lower part was closed, and the above part of the wound was gauze drained.

"Immediately after removing blood from the pericardium, the pulse was excellent. The anaesthetic ran a smooth course.

AT THE BEGINNING

everything went as well as could be desired. Later a serious pericarditis developed that necessitated the removal of some stitches.

"A large amount of pure serous fluid ran off. Temperature 38 C., pulse 130. From the 23rd of the month, at 12 o'clock noon, no more fluid was given off. The wound healed perfectly by second intention. During the entire time we found abnormal sounds in the fourth intercostal space. These were slowly diminished and on the 29th they had disappeared. On the 2nd of the following month the patient arose and on the 25th the wound closed up. The patient was detained at the clinic for observation for four weeks longer. Then she returned to her home.

"The extraction of a foreign body out of the heart itself after exposing the heart by operative intervention and thereby opening the ventricle itself has to my knowledge never been performed before in the world. My case, is, therefore, the first of its kind.

"The stitching of the heart is safe and thoroughly tested, therefore I was justified in taking the risk to open the ventricle and extract the projectile."

THE S. S. LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON. JUNE 12.

Text of the Lesson, Matthew xxvi. 22-39. Golden Text, I. Cor. xv. 3.

He is now wholly in the hands, by His own voluntary will and by the will of His Father, of those who for the time being seem to be possessed by demons. Verse 20, the section between the last Lesson and this one, begin and end with the words, "And the soldiers led Him away, * * * led him away to crucify Him." Between these two sentences comes all the history of Jesus in the hands of the leaders, the mocking, the smiting, the spitting, the crowning with thorns. But who can describe it? Who ever heard of a prisoner, even though justly condemned to die, subjected to such inhuman treatment?

But it was all foreseen and foretold by the prophets: "They gape upon me with their mouths, as a ravening and a roaring lion, for dogs have compassed me, the assembly of the wicked have inclosed me: Reproach hath broken my heart, I am full of heaviness." (Ps. xxii. 13, 16; lxix. 20).

In John xix. 17, it is written, "And He, bearing His cross, went forth." It would appear that Jesus Himself bore His own cross as they started forth for Calvary, but for some reason they laid hold upon this Simon, a Cyrenian, and compelled him to bear the cross, either wholly or in part, after Jesus (Luke xxiii. 26). Consider the physical condition of our Lord after the agony and bloody sweat of Gethsemane, the long night of mocking and buffeting, the merciless scourging and all that He afterward suffered at the hands of the soldiers, and it is not a wonder that He could not at all, much less walk under His cross?

No other mortal ever did or can enjoy the privilege of bearing Simon, but where was Simon, who said he would die with Him rather than deny Him? He was not ready, and this apparently unfortunate but truly blessed African had the honor. Consider Rom. xvi. 13; Mark xv. 20; xiii. 1, and the possible connection with this event. Matthew, Mark and John call the place where He was crucified Golgotha, which Luke calls it Calvary, which is the Greek equivalent and has the same signification "the place of a skull."

Only Luke mentions the fact that a great company of people and of women followed Him out of the city, bewailing and lamenting Him, and He turned and spoke to the women, telling them that they had more cause to weep for themselves and for their children than for Him because of the judgment that would come on the city. It is in Luke only that we find the two malefactors were led in the procession with Him (Luke xxiii. 27-32.) It is written in Ps. lxix. 21, "They gave me also gall for my meat, and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink." This also was fulfilled. If this was a stupefying potion mercifully given to lessen the sufferings, it is manifest that Jesus would not take it, that nothing to lighten in any way which He came to bear. And when they had crucified Him. Who can tell the agony contained in that sentence? It was the most ignominious and painful punishment known. The anguish caused by the nails tearing through nerves and tendons, the inflammation caused by the exposure of these wounds to the air, the violent pain from the least motion—all caused an almost impossible misery from which there was no relaxation or rest till death ensued. Another Scripture was fulfilled. "They pierced my hands and my feet," and yet another, "They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture" (Ps. xxii. 16, 18), for when the soldiers divided His garments, every soldier a part, they took no thought that He wore also a seamless coat, and for that they cast lots (John xix. 23, 24).

How minutely all God's promises are fulfilled! And how literally all! Just as literally all prophecy shall yet be fulfilled. We see Him entering these cities and remember that it is written, "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree!" does you say with great sympathy with Him, but with gladness because of Him. "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us?" (Deut. xxi. 23; Gal. iii. 13.)

The two thieves were crucified, one on his right hand and one on his left, and thus another Scripture was fulfilled, which said, "And He was numbered with the transgressors" (Isa. iii., 12). His enemies sat down to watch Him, and both they and the passers-by reviled Him and derided Him and reviled Him. The thieves also reviled Him, but one of them afterward believed on Him and was saved. The inscription of His accusation was put up over His head in Hebrew and Greek and Latin (Luke xxiii. 38), and thus was proclaimed to all the world the truth yet to be made manifest to all nations, that the despised and crucified Nazarene is indeed the King of the Jews, sent as an immortal man shall sit on David's throne and reign over the house of Jacob and over all the earth (Luke i., 32, 33; Zech. xiv., 9).

Consider well His seven sayings from the cross, so full of eternal significance, and may our hearts truly cry with the centurion, "This man is the Son of God!" Forgiveness, now, glory hereafter, all we need in between—these are suggested by His first three words, concerning the soldiers, to the thief and to John, and should we be deemed to cry, My God, my God, whose I am and whom I serve! (John xx., 28; Acts xxvii., 23).

RUSSIA'S HEAVY HAND

IT IS NECESSARY TO KEEP DOWN REVOLT.

Cossacks Armed With Heavy Whips a Strong Preventive Measure.

To Russians, Russia is Russia—an empire apart from all the rest of the world. To the east lie the yellow peoples, and to the west the Europeans. The Russians are of neither nor have they any desire to be. They have, in fact, the greatest contempt for both writes W. Holt White in the London Daily Mail.

As a result you have a land—a vast land—of startling contrasts, of which startling events are only the natural outcome.

You have a rude and hardy people, with about the same amount of education as the Saxons had in the days of the old "hundreds," and living in much the same way; and these rude and hardy barbarians are governed by the most astute and the most highly trained politicians, soldiers, and scientists in the world. You have all the machanical ingenuity of America applied to the suppression of human beasts.

STUDENTS DEMONSTRATE.

When I was in Moscow, the students, seizing the opportunity afforded by the general unrest brought about by the war, made some exceedingly ugly demonstrations, and for a few hours the aspect of things was grave.

It might be thought that a student is a fairly tutored being; but, as a matter of fact, if you let the Russian student loose, and made no efforts to restrain him, he would butcher the Governor, the university authorities, and any people of rank he might find; and the populace, following his noble example, would butcher the merchants and loot their shops.

In short, in the twinkling of an eye you would have an uprising of the masses on a far vaster scale and infinitely more bloody than that of the French revolution.

So in the interests of law and order the Moscow students was immediately suppressed in the following simple manner.

COSSACKS TURNED OUT.

The Cossacks, who resemble the Irish in not caring a brass button whom they fight, as long as they fight some one, were let loose on Moscow. But before they were loosed the authorities took from them their arms, replacing their weapons by short, thick-handled whips, with long, leather thongs, loaded with cruel, biting little bits of lead.

By developing tactics they "rounded up" the students, much as the Texan cowboy rounds up a herd of cattle, and with their leaded lashes they dogged them into the street which leads to the famous riding-school.

The doors of this gigantic building were opened wide, and the students flogged through them. Then the doors were closed, and armed men were posted without.

Then for two days the just and the unjust—for old men and girls and small boys were flogged into that riding-school with the students, were imprisoned in murky gloom together. On the evening of the second day the doors were opened, and a sadder and wiser corps of students was allowed to rejoin a chastened populace.

DEALING WITH POLES.

In Poland, should there be trouble the measures taken to suppress it will probably be more ruthless, for the Poles are a subject people, kept under by force of arms.

The most fervid patriots in Poland are the students who don workmen's clothes and labor with their hands in factories to preach the gospel of freedom to the men.

But nothing comes, and nothing can come for a very long time indeed, of all this rebellious spirit, or the Russian Government, with a cunning that is almost devilish, has rendered it hopelessly impotent.

To begin with, they have removed all the men of Poland now serving under the Russian flag down to Manchuria. Russian reservists have been called up to take their place.

Then the Government, knowing full well that no people can rise without leaders any more than armies can fight without generals, take good care that any man marked as a leader, or as a possible leader, immediately disappears.

He is taken out of his bed very quietly in the middle of the night, and if he is considered to be a more than usually dangerous man he is hanged swiftly and silently precisely at the hour of dawn.

This, of course, does not happen to many; banishment is generally the punishment for urging "Poland for the Poles."

From time to time one reads that disturbances have occurred in such-and-such a town, and that troops have been despatched there. One awaits developments with an anxious interest, but no developments come.

The Russian method of government effectively prevents them. So cosmopolitan and theoretical lovers of freedom will save themselves a vast amount of disappointment if they set aside all hopes of a successful uprising in Poland during the present war.

A MODEL HUSBAND.

Wife—"I need a little more money."

Husband—"It is only two days since——"

"Now, see here! I want you to understand that I wouldn't ask for money if I didn't need it, and I don't intend to be reminded that it's only two days since you gave me some. I am not a child, nor a menial, nor a slave, to be treated like an irresponsible being, and I just want you to know that I won't stand it either, so there now! I've got just as much right to your money as you have, so there now, you—"

"My dear, I was merely going to remark that it is only two days since I drew my salary, and you could have all you wanted."