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THE DURHAM CHRONICLE IN THE MATTER OF A PRIVATE.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

Eurrah! Hurrah! A soldier's life for me! Ehout, boys, shout, for it makes you joily and

-The Ramrod Corps People who have seen state that one of the quaintest spectacles of human frailty is an outbreak of hysterics in a girls' school It starts without warning. generally on a hot afternoon, among the elder pupils. A girl giggles till the giggle gets beyond control Then she throws up her head and cries. "Honk. honk, honk!' like a wild goose, and tears mix with the laughter If the mistress be wise, she will say something severe at this point to check matters. week, should be brought in not later than Tussday If she be tender hearted and send for a drink of water, the chances are largely in favor of another girl laughing at the afflicted one and herself collapsing Thus the trouble spreads and may end fording facilities for turning out First-class in half of what answers to the lower sixth of a boys school rocking and whooping together Given a week of warm weather, two stately promenades per diem, a heavy mutton and rice meal in the middle of the day, a certain amount of nagging from the teachers and a few other things, some really amazing effects can be secured. At least this is what folk say who have had experience.

Now, the mother superior of a convent and the colonel of a British infantry regiment would be justly shocked at any comparison being made between their respective charges. But it is a Thomas in bulk can be worked up into ditthering, rippling hysteria. He does not weep, but he shows his trouble unmistakably, and the consequences get into the newspapers, and all the good and virtuous people who hardly know a Martini from & Snider say, "Take away the brute's ammunition!'

Thomas isn't a brute, and his busi ness, which is to look after the virtuous people, demands that he shall have his ammunition to his hand. He doesn't wear silk stockings, and he really ought to be supplied with a new adjective to help him to express his opinions, but. for all that, he is a great man. If you call him "the hiroic defender of the national honor' one day and "a brutal and licentious soldiery' the next, you naturally bewiller him, and he looks upon you with suspicion. There is nobody to speak for Thomas except people who have theories to work off on him, and nobody understands Thomas except Thomas, and he does not know what is the matter with himself.

That is the prologue. This is the

Corporal Sline was engaged to be married to Miss Jhansi McKenna, whose history is well known in the regiment and elsewhere. He had secured his colonel's leave, and, being popular with the men, every arrangement had been made to give the wedding what Private Ortheris called "eeklar." It fell in the heart of the hot weather, and after the wedding Slate was going up to the Slane's grievance was that the affair would be only a hired carriage wedding, and he felt that the "eeklar" of that was meiger Miss McKenna did not care so nuch. The sergeant's wife was helping her to make her wedding dress, and she was very busy. Slane was, just then, the only moderately contented man in barracks. All the rest were more or less miserable.

And they had so much to make them happy too! All their work was over at 8 in the merning, and for the rest of the day they could lie on their backs and smoke canteen plug and swear at the punkat coolies. They enjoyed a borrower. Office, McIntyre Block (Over fine, full fiesh meal in the middle of the day and then threw themselves down on their cots and sweated and slept till it was cool enough to go out with their "towny." whose vocabulary contained less than 600 words and the adjective and whose views on every conceivable question they had heard many months

> There was the canteen, of course, and there was the temperance room with the secondhand papers in it, but a man of any profession cannot read for eight hours a day in a temperature of 96 or 98 degrees in the shade, running up sometimes to 103 degrees at midnight Very few men, even though they get a pannikin of flat, stale, muddy beer and hide it under their cots, can continue drinking for six hours a day One man tried, but he died, and nearly the whole regiment went to his funeral because it gave them something to do. It ment of fever or cholera. The men could only wait and wait and wait and watch the shadow of the barrack creeping across the blinding white dust That was a gay life

They lounged about cantonmentsit was too hot for any sort of game and almost too hot for vice-and huddled themselves in the evening and filled themselves to distension with the healthy nitrogenous food provided for them, and the more they stoked the less exercise they took and more explosive they grew Then the tempers began to wear away, and men fell a-brooding over insults real or imaginary. They had nothing else to think of The tone of the "repartees" changed, and instead of saying light heartedly. "I'll knock your silly face in!" men grew laboriously polite and hinted that the cantonments were not big enough for themselves and their enemy, and that there Take you that, you dogs!" would be more space for one of the two 17 a place which it is not polite to men-

It may have been the devil who ar-" get the thing, but the fact of the that made some of the younger men is that Losson had for a long time | turn pale. It is, as musketry theorists

a gave him occupation. The two u had their cots side by side and would sometimes spend a long after noon swearing at each other, but Simmons was afraid of Losson and dared not challenge him to a fight He thought over the words in the hot, still nights, and half the hate he felt toward Losson he vented on the wretched pun-

kah cooly Losson bought a parrot in the bazaar and put it into a little cage and lowered the cage into the cool darkness of a well and sat on the well curb shouting bad language down to the parrot. He taught it to say. "Simmons. ye so-oor." which means swine, and several other things entirely unfit for publication He was a big, gross man, and he shook like a jelly when the parrot caught the sentence correctly Simmons, however. shook with rage, for all the room were laughing at him-the parrot was such a disreputable puff of green feathers and looked so human when it chattered Losson used to sit swinging his fat legs on the side of the cot and ask the parrot what it thought of Simmons. The parrot would answer, "Simmons, ye so-oor." "Good boy." Losson used to say, scratching the parrot's head "Ye 'ear that, Sim?' And Simmons used to turn over on his stomach and make answer "I 'ear Take 'eed you don't 'ear something one of these days."

In the restless nights, after he had been asleep all day, fits of blind rage came upon Simmons and held him till he trembled all over, while he thought in how many different ways he would slay Losson. Sometimes he would picture himself trampling the life out of the man with heavy ammunition boots, and at others smashing in his face with the butt, and at others jumping on his shoulders and dragging the head back till the neck bone cracked. Then his mouth would feel hot and fevered, and he would reach out for another sup of the beer in the pannikin.

But the fancy that came to him most frequently and staid with him longest was one connected with the great roll of fat under Losson's right ear. He noticed it first on a moonlight night, and thereafter it was always before his eyes. It was a fascinating roll of fat. A man could get his hand upon it and tear away one side of the neck, or he could place the muzzle of a rifle on it and blow away all the head in a flash Losson had no right to be sleek and contented and well to do when he, Simmons, was the butt of the room Some day, perhaps, he would show those who laughed at "Simmons, ye so-oor." joke that he was as good as the rest, and held a man's life in the crook of his forefinger When Losson snored, Simmons hated him more bitterly than ever Why should Losson be able to sleep when Simmons had to stay awake hour after hour, tossing and turning on the tapes, with the dull pain gnawing into his right side and his head throbbing and aching after canteen? He thought over this for many nights, and the world became unprofitable to him He even blunted his naturally fine appetite with beer and tobacco, and all the while the parrot talked at and made a mock

The heat continued and the tempers wore away more quickly than before. A sergeant's wife died of heat apoplexy in the night, and the rumor ran abroad that it was cholera. Men rejoiced openly, hoping that it would spread and send them into camp. But that was a

It was late on a Tuesday evening. and the men were waiting in the deep double verandas for "last posts," when Simmons went to the box at the foot of his bed, took out his pipe and slammed the lid down with a bang that echoed through the deserted barrack like the crack of a rifle. Ordinarily speaking, the men would have taken no notice, but their nerves were fretted to fiddlestrings. They jumped up, and three or four clattered into the barrack room only to find Simmons kneeling by his box.

"Ow! It's you, is it?" they said and laughed foolishly "We thought

Simmons rose slowly. If the accident had so shaken his fellows, what would not the reality do?

"You thought it was, did you? An what makes you think?" he said, lash ing himself into madness as he went on "To hell with your thinkin, you dirty

"Simmons, ye so-oor," chuckled the parrot in the veranda, sleepily recognizing a well known voice And that was

absolutely ail The tension snapped. Simmons fell back on the arm rack deliberately-the men were at the far end of the roomand took out his rifle and packet of ammunition. "Don't go playing the goat, Sim!' said Losson "Put it down " But there was a quaver in his voice Another man stooped, slipped his boot and hurled it at Simmons head. The prompt answer was a shot which, fired at random, found its billet in Losson's throat. Losson fell forward without a word, and the others scat-

"You thought it was!" yelled Simmons. "You're drivin me to it! I tell you you're drivin me to it! Get up. Losson, an don't lie shammin thereyou an your blasted parrit that druv me to it!'

But there was an unaffected reality about Losson's pose that showed Simmons what he had done The men were still clamoring in the veranda. Simmons appropriated two more packets of ammunition and ran into the moonlight. muttering "I'll make a night of it. Thirty roun's, an the last for myself

He dropped on one knee and fired into the brown of the men in the veranda, but the bullet flew high and landed in the brickwork with a vicious "phwit"

observe, one thing to fire and another to be fired at

Then the instinct of the chase flared up The news spread from barrack to barrack, and the men doubled out in tent on the capture of Simmons, the wild beast, who was heading for the cavalry parade ground, stopping now and again to send back a shot and a curse in the direction of his pursuers.

"I'll learn you to spy on me!" he shouted "I'll learn you to give me dorg's names! Come on, the 'ole lot of you! Colonel John Anthony Deever. C B. !"-he turned toward the infantry mess and shook his rifle-"you think vourself the devil of a man, but I tell you that if you put your ugly old carcass outside of that door. I'll make you the poorest lookin man in the army Come out, Colonel John Anthony Deever. C. B.! Come out an see me practiss on the rainge. I'm the crack shot of the 'ole bloomin battalion." In proof of which statement Simmons fired at the lighted windows of the messhouse.

"Private Simmons, E comp'ny, on the cavalry p'rade ground, sir, with 30 rounds," said a sergeant breathlessly to the colonel. "Shootin right an lef" sir Shot Private Losson What's to be done, sir?"

Colonel John Anthony Deever, C. B. sallied out, only to be saluted by a spurt of dust at his feet.

"Pull up!" said the second in com mand. "I don't want my step in that way, colonel He's as dangerous as a

"Shoot him like one, then," said the colonel bitterly. "if he won't take his chance. My regiment too! If it had been the Towheads. I could have under-

Private Simmons had occupied a strong position near a well on the edge of the parade ground and was defying the regiment to come on The regiment was not anxious to comply with the request, for there is small honor in being shot by a fellow private. Only Corporal Slane, rifle in hand, threw himself BLANKETS AND YARNS down on the ground and wormed his way toward the well.

"Don't shoot," said he to the men round him. "Like as not you'll 'it me I'll catch the beggar livin.

Simmons ceased shouting for awhile. and the noise of trap wheels could be heard across the plain Major Oldyne, commanding the horse battery, was coming back from a dinner in the civil when they meditate - and ready for the lines: was driving after his usual custom-that is to say, as fast as the horse could go.

"A orf'cer! A bloomin spangled orf'cer!" shrieked Simmons. "I'll make a scarecrow of that orf'cer!' The trap

"What's this?" demanded the major of gunners. "You, there-drop your

"Why, it's Jerry Blazes! I ain't got no quarrel with you. Jerry Blazes. Pass, frien', an all's well!"

But Jerry Blazes had not the faintest intention of passing a dangerous murderer He was, as his adoring battery swore long and fervently, without knowledge of fear, and they were surely the best judges, for Jerry Blazes, it was notorious, had done his possible to kill a man each time the battery went

He walked toward Simmons with the intention of rushing him and knocking him down "Don't make me do it. sir." said

Simmons. "I ain't got nothin ag'in you Ah? You would?" The major broke into a run. "Take that, then!"

The major dropped with a bullet stood over him. He had lost the satisfaction of killing Losson in the desired way, but here was a helpless body to his hand. Should he slip in another cartridge and blow off the head or with the butt smash in the white face? He stopped to consider, and a cry went up from the far side of the parade ground, "He's killed Jerry Blazes!" But in the shelter of the well pillars Simmons was safe, except when he stepped out to fire. "I'll blow your 'andsome 'ead off, Jerry Blazes," said Simmons reflectively "Six an three is nine an one is ten, an that leaves me another 19 an one for myself." He tugged at the string of the second packet of ammunition. Corporal Slane crawled out of the shadow of a bank into the moonlight.

a bit furder on, an I'll do for you." "I'm comin." said Corporal Slane briefly. "You done a bad day's work, Sim. Come out 'ere an come back with

sending a cartridge home with his thumb "Not before I've settled you Blazes? If I 'adn't 'a' wanted somean Jerry Blazes.

in the dust of the parade ground, a rifle for aught I'd 'a' cared.' under him. Some of the less cautious men in the distance shouted "Shoot 'im! Shoot 'im, Slane!'

"You move 'and or foot, Slane," said Simmons, "an I'll kick Jerry Blazes" 'ead in an shoot you after.'

bloomin dog shooter! "I dare!

sneakin, sheeny butcher, you lie! See there!' Slane kicked the rifle away and stood up in the peril of his life. "Come on now!"

The temptation was more than Simhis white clothes offered a perfect mark.

"Don't misname me!" shouted Simmons, firing as he spoke. The shot missed. and the shooter, blind with rage, threw his rifle down and rushed at Slane from the protection of the well. Within striking distance, he kicked putting in your portmanteau." savagely at Slane's stomach, but the mons' weakness, and knew, too, the deadly guard for that kick. Bowing them.

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forward and drawing up his right leg some three inches above the inside of W. D. CONNORthe left kneecap, he met the blow standing on one leg-exactly as Gonds stand fall that would follow There was an oath the corporal fell over to his own left as shin bone met shin bone, and the private collapsed, his jeg broken an inch above the ankle

"Pity you don't know that guard, Sim." said Slane, spitting out the dust as he rose. Then raising his voice "Come an take him orf! I've bruk 'is leg. This was not strictly true, for the private had accomplished his own downfall, since it is the special merit of that leg guard that the harder the kick the greater the kicker's discomfiture

Slane walked to Jerry Blazes and hung over him with exaggerated solicitude. while Simmons. weeping with pain, was carried away "Ope you ain't 'urt badly, sir. ' said Slane The major had fainted and there was an ugly, ragged hole through the top of his arm. Slane knelt down and murmured "S'elp me, I believe 'e's dead! Well, if that ain't my bloomin luck all over!

But the major was destined to lead his battery afield for many a long day with unshaken nerve He was removed and nursed and petted into convalescence, while the battery discussed the wisdom of capturing Simmons and through his shoulder, and Simmons blowing him from a gun. They idolized their major, and his reappearance on parade resulted in a scene nowhere provided for in the army regulations.

Great, too. was the glory that fell to Slane's share. The gunners would have made him drunk thrice a day for at least a fortnight Even the colonel of his own regiment complimented him upon his coolness and the local paper called him a hero-which things did not puff him up When the major proffered him money and thanks, the virtuous corporal took the one and put aside the other But he had a request to make and prefaced it with many a "Beg y pardon, sir 'Could the major see his way to letting the Slane-McKenna wedding be adorned by the presence of four battery horses to pull a hired barouche? "I see you!" said Simmons. "Come The major could, and so could the battery-excessively so It was a gorgeous

"Wot did I do it for?" said Corporal Slane. "For the 'orses. of course. Jhansi "Come to" - laughed Simmons, ain't a beauty to look at. but I wasn't goin to 'ave a hired turnout. Jerry thin, Sim might ha' blowed Jerry The corporal was lying at full length Blazes' bloomin 'ead into Hirish stew

And they hanged Private Simmonshanged him as high as Haman, in hollow square of the regiment, and the colonel said it was drink, and the chaplain was sure it was the devil, and Simmons fancied it was both, but he "I ain't movin." said the corporal, didn't know, and only hoped his fate raising his head. "You daren't 'it a would be a warning to his companions, man on is legs Let go of Jerry Blazes and half a dozen "intelligent publian come out of that with your fistes. cists' wrote six beautiful leading arti-Come an 'it me You daren't. you cles on "The Prevalence of Crime In the Army.

But not a soul thought of comparing "You lie, you man sticker! You the "bloody minded Simmons" to the squawking, gaping schoolgirl with which this story opens.

That would have been too absurd!

mons could resist, for the corporal in Little white lies frequently used soon become big black ones.-Chicago News.

> Not Painful. "Here," cried Oldham to his fellow

lodger, who was starting for his holiday, "that's my brush and comb you're

"Well, let me have 'em. You won't weedy corporal knew something of Sim- need 'em; you've grown so bald lately." "That's just it. I can't part with

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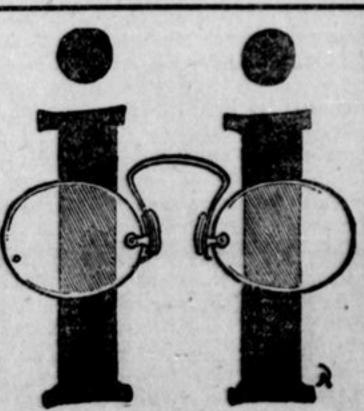
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ronto, Canada.

ipon mother

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her father, Wassill nuch esteemed phy. his connection with having been asorders to start for olice who brought him without delay Wassili Fedor had e his sick wife and on to be left alone. tter tears, he was

after her husband's or died in the arms tho was thus left nniless. Nadia Fed easily obtained government an auher father at Irand told him she had barely enough g journey, and yet e to undertake it. she could. God

19th of July, the erm, the last piace d on the Kama. of which Perm is the largest in the extending over the creaches on Sibeble quarries, mines gold and coal are ge scale. Although on has become an is by no means atemely muddy and no resources. This of no consequence Russia to Siberia, the more civilized oplied with all nece arriving from the Asia, after a long ney, it would no sfactory if the first he empire, situated

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