A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER XXIX.

...a watched the water flash down the pool, and heard the story of death-bed betrothal to the accompaniment of its manifold murmuring, without interruption or comment till the end, then she turned her face from the water to Philip with a little sigh.

"Yes, you ought to have told me," she said, in low and gentle tones unalloyed by reproach.

"I could not speak or trust himself to look at her for a moment; in spite of the keen unspoken reproach those gentle words contained, his heart throbbed with triumphant joy.

"If I had ever dreamed—" he began, "but I never ventured," he added after a long pause, "I thought you so far above my reach. We were such friendly terms from the first. I knew that your people would never hear of anything of the sort. You seemed so safe. I did not think that I—a rough-hewn sort of fellow—could ever touch you like that—until I—"

"Until yesterday?" she asked, in the same low, gentle voice.

"How could I help it?" he cried, "how could I? I heard that mare's hoofs strike the wall, I heard the crash—ah! And when I saw you lying there you were so white, so still! I shall never forget it. I was mad, dearest, I can only ask to be forgiven." He put his hand before his face, as if to exclude something from his sight. Ada had turned again toward the rushing waters, her breast was shaken by a little sob and her eyes were full of tears. He pushed away the intruding vision and looked at her quivering face outlined against the rocky fall, with tangled feelings.

"But you wished," she said, turning her face once more toward him, so that he saw the tears shining in her eyes, "to tell me of your trouble. Never mind yesterday. May I see the letter?"

They read it together, he explaining here and there what seemed necessary. It was written immediately after Jessie's last visit to Marwell Rectory, when Miss Ingleby had received her with such marked coldness; it related the scandal as it was buzzed about the place, also Mr. Ingleby's view of the actual facts, his conviction of Jessie's perfect integrity and child-like ignorance of conventionalities. It spoke of Mrs. Plummer's practical neglect of Jessie and suffering her to go about unattended, and of the total impossibility of making either the Plummers or Beauchamps comprehend the kind of guardianship a girl like Jessie required, and of the impossibility of keeping a young woman of her breeding and tastes chained to the homely occupations and companionship of one so uncultivated as Mrs. Plummer. Jessie's previous foiled attempts at confidence to herself were recapitulated, her mental and moral loneliness, her great beauty and charm, her talents, her dangerous position there; all were dwelt upon affectionately, even lovingly. His sister's line of conduct toward Jessie was regretted, and the conversation he had had with her on her way from the Rectory was related. But, bravely as Jessie had accepted the consequences of her error, Mr. Ingleby said, in conclusion, he did not think she could possibly remain in the neighborhood after such a scandal, and great as was his confidence in her integrity and high principle, he never knew what unadvised steps a girl might take in despair. There was no doubt, he added in a postscript, that this fascinating man of the world had to a certain extent attracted and influenced Jessie; he trusted it was no more than the influence of a strong nature over a weak one, and would pass away. But in the circumstances he thought it unwise to have her out to India just yet.

"There is but one course," Ada said, after carefully reading the letter, "and I know that you have already decided upon it."

"Yes," he replied, "yes, that seemed the only right course, but I wanted your opinion first."

"You know," she continued, as if pleading against some objection upon his part, "this is no ordinary engagement; it is not merely a question of keeping faith with a—fiancee—but keeping faith with the dead, and with all your past life. Perhaps this engagement with one so young was not well done—but, Philip—it is done."

"It would be a scoundrelly desertion, though she did offer to release me from it," he replied.

"Release you?"

"Yes, she offered that," he said, and told her as much as he could remember of the letter and his reply. She turned away and looked at the foaming water for some time, and then turned and looked straight in his face, with an earnest, candid gaze that went through him. "Philip," she said, "do you think that she loves you?"

"I never thought about it," he replied, with the utmost simplicity; "I took it for granted."

"How like a man!" she commented, with a strange little half-smile playing over her face, as she turned again to consider the rushing waters.

"If she does not, I cannot force her to marry me," he said, rather wistfully.

"But if she does not, she may be won," she urged, turning again with the same earnest gaze. "You may think it strange," she added, with a vivid flush, "but girls expect to be courted. It is a homage that ought not to be withheld."

"And yet—" he paused, remembering that he had said no word of love to Ada; though every time he looked at her his eyes told the tale.

"Do you remember Andromache's parting from Hector?" she continued. 'Father, thou art to me and mother dear, and brother too, kind husband of my heart.' That is the relationship between you and Jessie, my friend."

"She has no one else," he asserted awed by the pathetic tenderness which Ada's beautiful voice gave to these words.

"And is six thousand miles away, in grave peril, alone and unprotected," she continued, looking down upon him through eyes brilliant with tears. She had grown rather pale during the interview; she was now bending slightly toward him, her face partially shaded by one hand, her attitude, as she sat inclining toward the cascade with one knee on which her arm rested, higher than the other, singularly sweet and graceful, and expressive beyond all words.

"There is no one like you!" he cried. "No one. Who could help loving you?"

"There is no one," she continued, suffering two bright tears to fall unheeded, "like Philip Randal in honor and truth. Philip, which would you rather have, a disloyal lover or a staunch friend?"

"But I must leave you and never see you again," he murmured, huskily, "never see you, never!"

"You will get over this, you will conquer yourself," she replied, with the same sweet gentleness and the same earnest gaze. "Some day you will show me your Jessie, and all the trouble will be forgotten. Life has great things in it, and pleasing one's self, even in the way of marriage, where choice is usually duty, does not bring blessing. You have talent and energy, a great future is before you, though you must now miss one of the best opportunities possible to one so young, as my father says. It is hard, Philip, very hard, but after all, true prosperity and promotion only come through duty. I shall hear of you, Philip, and be glad and proud.

'Not once nor twice in our rough island story
The path of duty was the way to glory,'"

she added.

He moved toward her, his eyes kindled with holy fire and a half articulate cry on his lips, but something in the very tenderness of her sorrowful gaze made him pause, overawed, and then draw back again.

"And you, Ada? What will you do?" he asked, in half smothered tones.

A sudden burst of tears was the unexpected and disquieting reply. He stood with his back to the rock, and his arms folded across his chest, and looked at her with a white face and gleaming eyes.

"Anything but this," he groaned. "I cannot bear this."

She checked herself, quietly dried her eyes, and summoned a sweet, tender smile to her face.

"I hope I shall do well," she replied, resuming her former attitude; "I have a thousand plans and projects, all for the good and welfare of mankind," she added, with a little dainty sarcasm.

"I could not help it, I did not mean it. I tried so hard," he said, heavily. "I tried after the ball to forget you, and then, that ruby! it seemed enchanted. Chance took me to Gossamjee's house, and I could not avoid you. But I ought not to have seen you again at Lucknow. And then, when your rose struck my face, that day I lost my head, but I never dreamed of hurting you."

"Do not reproach yourself," she replied. "I would not be otherwise, and even if you had not told me, I am afraid—Oh! it began at the ball! I never thought of anyone else in that way. It was my own fault. There was never a word from you till yesterday."

"Ah, yesterday!"

"I did not know till yesterday," she said, bringing the shadow of her hand more completely over her face and speaking in those low golden, clear tones of deep feeling, "but it must have been in my heart always. We must go. See how the shadows slant. They will be looking for us."

"One minute more. I may never see you again," he cried, trying to prevent her from leaving her rocky seat, "and I must never even think of you again."

"Not yet," she replied, taking the hand extended to help her down from her niche by the water, "not till things are right at home. And then I think we shall always be glad to have known each other, Philip," she added, with an infinitely tender and sorrowful smile.

"If I might die for you!" he cried.

"Live instead; live well, live nobly," she rejoined. "Oh, Philip, dying is easy enough, living is the hard part."

He turned away.

"Philip!" she exclaimed, "Philip!"

He turned, extended his arms and would have embraced her, but that she drew back gently and repelled him.

"Never again," she said, and he fell back a pace, but pleading that it was their last moment together.

"We must go now," she added, hurriedly. "You know," she added, with the old tenderness, "most people would blame me—"

"Blame you!" he echoed, indignantly.

"Not such as you," she replied, with a smile of perfect trust, "you are too chivalrous. But the world, conventional people, if they knew what I have let you know. So, Philip, never let me blame myself, never let me regret, never let me be anything but proud of you."

She moved from the waterfall as she spoke, the hoarse murmur of the waters became fainter and fainter, the shadows of the trees deepened above their heads, the river faded once more into blue glimpses beneath leafy canopies. Philip made some fervid, half-articulate rejoinder as he walked by her side full of sudden perfect peace, and lifted up in heart as he had never been before.

They separated before appearing at the river side, where the yacht was about to set sail; the young people supposed Ada to have remained with her mother, who imagined her to have been with the party exploring the temple. The eligible civilian reproved her for her desertion, and she told how stiff and aching her yesterday's tumble had made her, and was more gracious to him than he remembered to have seen her. Philip devoted himself to Mrs. Maynard, whom he helped on board; then he had a brief chat with the colonel, telling him that family affairs called him suddenly home, and that he was obliged to give up his staff appointment and ask for leave, at which Colonel Maynard was greatly concerned. He plainly told Philip that such an opportunity as he had now fell to the lot of few, and might never occur again, and implored him to consider before he threw it away. Afterward, he told his wife that he verily believed "that little flirt Ada" had refused him, and that, on the whole, perhaps it was as well that she should not have taken a nameless adventurer like Randal, even though old maidhood must now be her doom.

Philip had sent his horse back and made one of the party on board the yacht. The wind was not fair for them, they had to tack and delay their course, while the sun burned away in the west and went down in great pomp of crimson and gold, its glory reflected and redoubled in the river.

Though Ada and Philip did not speak during the voyage, it was a secret and sweet memory for their future lives. Each could see the other, each was blessedly conscious of the other's presence, each would have liked to sail on forever over the broad river, which was steeped in the splendid ardors of that glowing sunset. On and on forever over those richly hued waters, in the peace of the cooling evening, in the exquisite hush which follows the dying sun, they would have liked to glide, enjoying the picturesque features of that foreign shore, its waving palms and mango groves, its dark groves of unfamiliar trees, its oriental houses, the domes and minarets of the little towns, the dusky, brightly clad people passing in native boats and moving by the river side—on and on, their keel cleaving now a wave of molten gold, now a sea of liquid rose, now of amethyst, violet, amber, primrose, now floods of dissolved rubies.

But the glowing radiance burned too swiftly away, the last stain left the waters, the sudden night fell long before they reached their landing place. They saw great stars orb themselves in the dark sky and tremble upon the river's breast, and when they landed, a broad moon was just peeping above the horizon, its mellow light was gliding the dark and glossy leaves of the orange-trees, and lending a new witchery to the slender palms and delicate acacias in the garden.

Philip and Ada lingered behind, unnoticed in the darkness, and walked together in the shadow of those beautiful trees, touched now and again by the mystical glory of the rising moon. Here they clasped hands for the last time, and bid each other farewell with over-full hearts. Then Ada mingled with the others on the verandah, people wished each other good-night there, she shivering in the chill air, though Philip had wrapped her in a warm shawl.

She heard his quick firm steps as he passed beneath the orange-trees and out of the compound into the road, on which he had been walking when her rose struck his face. Then they died away, and she owned, on being questioned, that she was very tired.

A week or two later Philip stood on the deck of a steamer and watched the Indian shore, with the gilded domes and light minarets of its brooding city lessen and fade in the distance. Not quite two years before he had landed in the unknown, marvel-teeming Asian country, a stranger and an exile, with a deep yearning for pale English skies and pale misty English shores; he had clouded with terror, out of the dark heart of the horror and strife of those days he had plucked the beautiful flower he might never wear, he had fought and suffered, and won himself a name that he must now bury in obscurity; he was bidding good-bye to everything he cared for. Farewell now to the blazing suns, the broad rich plains, the mighty mountains ranges, the beautiful cities rich with unfamiliar architecture and dense dark groves, the palm-circled temples, the dark picturesque people of many creeds, races, and tongues, the castle-crested hills, the thick forests haunted by fierce beautiful beasts and fierce beautiful reptiles, the brief but glowing dawns and sunsets, and the sudden star-lit nights. Farewell to the dignified politeness of the grave, brightly clad, jewelled nobles, the sound of the rich southern languages, the mystery surrounding beings so alien to European habits and thoughts. All was fascination to him in that land of marvel. Even the stately tramp of elephants, those huge sagacious creatures with more than human intelligence, even the jolting swaying pace of a camel, had a sort of charm when one was not riding it. But how much greater was the charm of rose gardens, orange and lime groves, and above all of that rocky waterfall, shadowed by its slender bamboos and drooping palms! The sound of those falling waters would always haunt him, blended with the sweeter sound of Ada's voice. Farewell now to those memories; he must never dwell upon them again. Yet that hour by the waterfall nerved him to his duty, and his love, then entered upon a higher phase. It had till then been so hard to give up, now it seemed simply right and inevitable; loyalty was no more divided; in being loyal to earlier claims he would best keep faith with Ada.

The shores faded into the general blueness, and he turned away from the charmed scenes of romance, love, and glory, forgetful of the horror and suffering through which these had been won, and set his face toward chill gray England and the hill prose of duty.

Deeply as he pitied Jessie, and strongly as he felt his responsibility toward her, he was extremely angry with her, angry with the cold disapproving anger that only a man can feel, and only toward a woman who belongs to him, and who has, however slightly, compromised herself. He did not think Jessie capable of a wrong thought, but he did think that through folly or ignorance, or both, she had got into a very serious scrape; and such folly, or such ignorance, in women is unpardonable in male eyes. Their womenkind, however foolish and ignorant in other respects, are expected not only to be faultless indeed and thought, but also in circumspection, tact and knowledge. Every man is Caesar to his wife and sister. Caesar's wife must be not only above suspicion, but beyond misconception.

Such is the arrogance of this frail and erring atom, man, to the woman he deigns to love and respect. A more thoroughly and unconsciously foolish biped does not exist upon earth, doomed as it is to bear the tread of so many foolish things. My womenkind, says this little autocrat, though silly, ignorant, and weak, dwell upon heights of unapproachable purity, cased in armor of invulnerable virtue; women in general, on the contrary, are—well, we all know what women are! He has no mercy on the errors of his own sister, however tempted, but is ever tender to the failings of other men.

Philip was not particularly angry with Claude Medway. How could he blame him for amusing himself after the manner of his kind? He would of course think that girls must take care of themselves, and that if girls are ignorant of what is due to themselves, so much the worse for them. Woe to the weak! Are gilded youth responsible for the misery of those who fall in their way? Is not the world the world? Yes, my good Philip, and the devil is the devil, and a strong one to boot; but that is no reason why we should knock under to him.

Once or twice it crossed Philip's mind that irretrievable disaster might have befallen Jessie, but he dismissed it as insulting to her. But Ada had fully faced this ghastly possibility. She could also conceive redemption and healing for a woman, as for a man; if, as she heard, a good woman could lead a husband from a dark past to a holy future, surely a good man might lead a wife. But Ada was only a woman, she had not had the advantage of hearing men of the world instruct each other upon the different code of ethics proper to each sex, as Philip had; and having early discovered that conventional morality is for the most part a hybrid, between real morality and the expediency invented by ages of male selfishness, resolved to accept none not based upon justice and truth. Therefore she expected Philip to save, to the uttermost the one human being dependent upon him.

Philip's heart beat strongly when, after having taken the quick overland route, he saw the gray Dover cliffs rising from the pale sea. In less than twenty-four hours he would look again upon Jessie's sweet, pathetic child face. He would be very gentle with her, would appear to know nothing of those ill-judged rambles; would place her under some suitable lady guardian, far from the scenes of those idle tales, and gently and gradually win her heart. Never till then had he felt how closely Jessie's life was entwined with his, or how strong and ineradicable are the affections that begin with life itself. He little suspected the calamity that had long since fallen upon him.

(To be Continued.)

Couldn't Rise From a Chair

On Account of Dreadful Pains in the Kidneys and Back—A Complete Cure by

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

In its course through the body the blood not only supplies nourishment to the various organs, but also gathers up the poisonous waste matter.

When the liver and kidneys fail to filter these poisons from the blood there are pains and aches and diseases of the most painful and fatal kind.

Because they restore the strength and activity to the kidneys and liver Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills overcome stubborn troubles and purify the blood in a comparatively short time.

Mr. I. T. [illegible], Welland, Ont., writes:—"It gives me pleasure to testify in behalf of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For many years I was seriously afflicted with kidney and liver troubles. At times my back would ache so bad I could not rise from a chair, and then again I would be confined to my bed. I was treated by the medical profession, but they all failed to understand my case.

"About the time I was most discouraged I heard of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and they were so strongly recommended that I decided to try them. Before I had used all of five boxes my old trouble had entirely left me, and I was again as healthy as in boyhood. I freely give this testimony for the benefit of those who suffer as I have."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

SELECTING DAIRY COWS.

It is an old and tried saying that "No two peas are exactly alike." This applies with equal force in reference to dairy cows. While there are marked resemblances as to conformity and to well established lines of milk production, still individual differences exist among dairy cows as to the quantity of food digested and the economical production of milk. To select a dairy cow that has the qualities that produce milk and butter most economically is no easy task, and one in which experts in the dairy business often fall wide of the mark. It is not difficult to select a young steer that will fatten quickly on the amount of food consumed per pound of gain. The blocky finish, short thick neck, broad head, broad shoulders, well spring ribs, good depth and width of body, straight back, loins strong, thick, a deep chest, legs moderately short and well set apart is found in the combination of that specimen of cattle that converts feed into economical beef production. The feed given to such stock goes to meat, that is placed on that part of the carcass where it brings the most money when it reaches the block, but with the dairy cow indications are not so sure or as apparent as in the selection of a steer for the feed lot. Function governs largely the dairy cow and requires much experience and careful judgment to determine the choice of a good dairy animal for the profit of the dairy depends upon the quality of the dairy herd.

A good cow differs from a poor one in at least two respects; first, her ability to eat and digest a large amount of food; second, the converting of this food into a large amount of milk and butter fat. To perform these two functions a good dairy cow should have a good capacity for disposing of a large amount of food. This capacity is indicated by a large abdomen, which gives abundance of room for the working of the digestive organs. We should not forget that the cow is a machine and her ability to manufacture crude material into milk requires plenty of room in her abdomen. The milk is elaborated from the food materials dissolved in the blood of the udder.

IN THE IDEAL DAIRY COWS,

the udder should be well developed, extending well forward, broad behind, teats well spread apart and of convenient size for grasping easily with the hands. They should be soft and skimmy, rather than fleshy, when empty.

In general conformation, a good milker is quite the reverse of the beef steer. She is wedge-shaped when viewed from the front, that is, she has a slim, flat neck and is rather slim throughout the shoulders. A dairy cow has no use for a broad back on which to store fat, neither has she use for thick and beefy thighs. The forelegs should be large above the knees and smaller towards the ankles; thighs thick and well spread apart, giving room for the udder. The dairy cow may be said to be "loose jointed" when compared with the beef animal. The value of the dairy cow is found in her ability to digest food and to elaborate it into milk; she should have a fine, soft, comparatively flexible skin. A good dairy cow has a personality, which is determined by her disposition. In the expression of her face much may be learned. No matter how good a capacity or how well balanced may be the general conformation of the cow, a good disposition is necessary in order that she may utilize all of her qualities to the best advantage.

Handle the cow before purchasing her. See that she milks easy. If she be a kicker, she will be likely to let you know it at once. It is well also to learn something of her former history. Pedigrees count for much in selecting a dairy cow. If the dairy animal comes from a line of breeding stock that has a reputation for dairy excellence, the chances are that she has acquired some, if not all, of the good qualities of her parents. In a general way, we have called the attention of our readers to some points of excellence in selecting dairy cows from a herd. To determine merit in reference to richness of milk, the Babcock test should be frequently employed in order to keep the cows in the herd up to a high standard.

EFFECTS OF FOOD ON MILK.

After having looked carefully into the effects which food has on milk, the British Dairy Farmers' Association has come to the following conclusions:

That when a cow is in full milk and full flesh she will give her normal quality of milk for at least a limited time, even though the quality and quantity of food be very deficient.

That when in good condition a cow will take off her body whatever is deficient in food in order to give her normal quality of milk.

That an extra supply of nutritious food at all times increases the quality of milk, but the percentage of fat is not in any way improved by it; if anything, the tendency being rather the other way.

That an extra supply of nutritious food almost invariably very slightly increases the solids, not fat, of the milk.

That a ration poor in food ingredients has a very slight tendency to reduce the solids, not fat, in the milk, but has little appreciable effect on the fat.

That with a poor ration a cow in full weight will lose carcass weight while on a rich diet she will gain weight.

That although the percentage of fat in a cow's milk may vary daily, we at present seem unable to control these variations or to account for them.

That for limited periods up to one month or thereabout all ordinary quantities and qualities of foods seem to have no material effect on the quality of the milk.

That the only food which seems to have had any material effect on the percentage of butter, in the milk is an excess of brewers' grains.

That very succulent grass has had only a very trifling effect in altering the percentage of fat.

That most foods convey some flavor to the butter, but scarcely any of them will alter its percentage in the milk.

That some foods exercise a material effect in raising the melting point of butter.

That the aim of all producers of milk, butter or cheese should be to feed what will give quantity in moderate amount and of a mixed nature, and the produce will be the best that the cow can give.

That the variations in the percentage of fat in a cow's milk are caused by something, but what that something is we at present do not know, though if we did we might be able to influence the quality.

ADVICE ON MILKING.

Milking is a job that is disliked by the majority of farm hands, and a correspondent offers the following suggestions which, if adopted, may help to make the task more agreeable. First, have the cows in a comfortable, well ventilated stable. Keep the cows and stables clean. In winter cows are kept in the stable nearly all the time, but with a little trouble they can be reasonably clean, by moving the manure back from the cows, or covering with straw, before she lies down, which she will usually do after eating.

Use plenty of absorbents—horse manure is good—which will prevent cows from getting their tails dirty. Wipe each cow's udder with a cloth wrung out of warm water before milking. Try using vaseline, or some other lubricant—lard is good—on the cow's teats and udder. It will prevent particles of dust from falling into the milk, besides making milking much easier. Have a damp cloth hanging handy by, to wipe the hands when they get dirty. Have a clean suit that can be washed, to slip on for milking. Weigh each cow's milk. This will tend to keep the milkers more interested in their work, besides showing the effects of irregular milking and varying conditions under different care and attention.

Milk at the same time each day, and have each milker milk the same cows as far as possible. Teach each cow to go in the same place in the stable. Put a little feed in the mangers, and they will come in more readily. Have the cows gentle, and they will come in by calling, which is better than driving. Have the mangers separate, so they will not be reaching after each other's feed, also have the mangers slant toward the cow at the bottom. In fly time, throw a light blanket over the cow while milking her, and she will stand quite still. If you try these suggestions, I think you can get the milk without grabbing the cow and taking it from her.

A WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

She cycled up to the butcher's shop, and came in with a smiling face.

"I want you to cut me off twenty-five pounds of beef, please," she said.

The butcher was incredulous.

"Twenty-five pounds?"

"Yes, please."

When he had finished, he asked her whether she would take it or have it sent home.

"Oh, I don't want to buy it," she explained. "You see, my doctor tells me I have lost twenty-five pounds of flesh through cycling, and I wanted to see what it looked like in a lump. Thank you so much."

"I see that somebody says there is no such thing as luck in business." "He must be one of the lucky ones."

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.

THE FREAKS OF BULLETS

ARMY SURGEON'S INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

Wonderful X-rays Have Saved Hundred of Lives Already.

It is perfectly true, I believe, that the Japanese soldier is using a bullet of smaller calibre than has ever been used before in war, said an Army surgeon to the writer; and it is no doubt equally true, as reported, that Russian soldiers shot clean through the body with one of these tiny bullets might go on fighting for hours and scarcely even know that they have been hit; but when they tell us that these bullets often leave no marks of entry or exit—well, I draw the line there.

The modern bullet is a very remarkable thing, and some of its funny ways, which I witnessed in the late Americo-Spanish War, I should set down as freaks of the imagination if I had not seen them with my own eyes. Take this case for example. One man was shot completely through the body from side to side by a Mauser bullet; both lungs were traversed, but he had no symptom, not even bleeding, and all that was visible was a tiny red spot where the bullet had entered the body and a similar tiny spot where it had come out. This man actually did not know that he had been hit at all, and if his leg had not been broken by a second bullet he would never have been in hospital at all.

No, I scarcely think a man could survive if he were shot through the heart, though it is conceivable that he might, if the bullet struck the heart just as it was drawn hard together in its closest contraction; if the heart were on the other beat, and therefore distended and softer, it would probably be so lacerated that

DEATH MUST ENSUE.

I recall one case where a man was shot through the breast on the left side, the bullet entering about a quarter of an inch below the nipple and passing out at the back, shattering the shoulder-blade. In this case the surgeons all agreed that the bullet had passed through the pericardium or covering of the heart, and more than one declared that the heart itself had been penetrated. Oh yes, the man lived right enough—indeed, his life was never in any danger.

Talking about freaks of bullets, in one case I remember the bullet entered the left chest, passed through the body and out of the abdomen; then went through the air for a foot or so and landed in the right thigh, about half-way to the knee. In another case a man was wounded in the shoulder by a Mauser bullet which ploughed its way around the chest under the deep muscles and lodged in the left arm, shattering the humerus. This was a puzzler—a wound in the right shoulder, but no bullet; the bone of the left arm broken, but no wound to be seen. However, thanks to the X-rays, the bullet was located in sixty seconds.

What hundreds of lives these wonderful rays must have saved already, by the way, and what agonies of pain! Instead of spending hours, it may be, in probing for a bullet and perhaps never finding it, the X-rays will discover it for us with unfailing accuracy in a few seconds or minutes—the time ranging from five seconds for a wound in the hand to perhaps a quarter of an hour for a bullet deeply embedded in the body.

THE MODERN BULLET

is, as I have said, a most remarkable and, indeed, an unaccountable thing. If you fire a Mauser bullet into a bag of sand, a can of water, or a dead body, the shattering effect is terrible; but fire at a living body and a similar bullet will pass through as cleanly as a stiletto, leaving two tiny marks of entry and exit, and boring a hole as neatly through a bone as if it had been drilled.

Mauser bullets fired experimentally into the skulls of dead men splintered them into fragments; and yet they pass through the skull of a living man making just two tiny holes. A remarkable thing, too, is that a man may be shot through the brain and yet live to tell the tale, though naturally the majority of men thus shot die, chiefly through the poisoning of foreign matter brought into the brain with the bullets.

It is a curious fact that a man has a better chance of living when a bullet has passed clean through his chest than when the chest is opened and the bullet remains. In many of the former cases, barring severe hemorrhage, the symptoms are often mild, some of the patients being confined to bed for a few days only.—London Tit-Bits.

"Does the baby talk yet?" asked a friend of the family. "No," replied the baby's disgusted little brother. "He doesn't need to." "Doesn't need to talk?" "No. All he has to do is to yell, and he gets anything there is in the house that's worth having!"

"Mr. Bass," said the hostess, "won't you oblige me with one more song?" "Oh, really," replied the eminent basso, "the hour is so late. I'm afraid my singing will disturb the neighbors." "Never mind that. They've got a dog whose howling disturbs us at night."

Claude—"Miss Ederleigh looks like a woman who has suffered." Maude—"Yes, poor girl! She has suffered a great deal because of her mistaken belief." Claude—"Indeed! And what is her belief?" Maude—"That she could wear a No. 3 shoe on a No. 6 foot!"

De Aubor—"I am thinking seriously of donating one of my paintings to some public institution. Which one would you suggest?" Critic—"Well, it strikes me that the Home for the Blind would be the most suitable."

Few men would care to be done by as they try to do others.