

ways fond of huntin' and sech like. When he was a mite of a boy, he liked bows and arrows, toy-shooters an' slings, better than anything else; and when he grow'd up he was just the same. First thing he did when he earned some money was to buy a gun; an' after that there wasn't a better shot than Jake for twenty miles around.

"He was only six years old when father died, a curly-headed, blue eyed little chap with the chirpest ways. We older ones petted him, an' maybe spoilt him some; but it didn't harm him any, as I could see."

The click of the knitting needles ceased, and the creak of the rocker grew slower and more plaintive.

"Well, as I was sayin', he wanted to go shootin' with the Browns, 'way up back of Muskoka somewheres. Mother, she was powerful unwillin'; but Jake had worked pretty steady all summer on the farm, an' the crops was in, an' he was so set to go that she gave in. Besides he was growin' fast, bein' only eighteen; yet as tall as most of the men 'round these parts; an' we all thought maybe it might build him up a little.

"He'd been gone nigh three weeks an' we was lookin' for him home agen. We'd got his last letter sayin' what fun they was havin', but that he'd be glad to get home an' see mother. Jake was mother's baby, you see, an' havin' never been away from her before, felt kind of home-sick."

The swaying chair was stilled now, and a sparkle that might have been the gleam of a needle point—or a tear—shone in the firelight.

"We was sittin' around the fire on the last evenin' in October, jest like we are to-night, and wishin' Jake was home for Hallowe'en, for he was always full of fun an' up to tricks. All on a sudden I heard little taps on the window there, as if some one had tossed gravel up agen it. We didn't take any notice, thinkin' it was some of the boys. After a while I heard it agen; mother noticed it too.

"'Anna,' she says, 'look out and see who that is.'

"I opened the window but could see only cloudiness and inky blackness, and hear the wind moanin' a little.

"Just as I sat down it came again, like a handful of pebbles thrown at the window glass. I sprang to the window quick, an' there was Jake's face lookin' through at us, his blue eyes laughin' an' his curly hair all blowed about with the wind. He hadn't his hat on.

"'Why, mother, it's Jake,' I said, so pleased, and runnin' to the door.

But outside there was no one. It was all quiet an' dark, with the wind just moanin' a little. I called him, but he never answered; I waited quite a bit with the door open, but he never came.

"I shut the door and came in. Mother was settin' just where she is now. I noticed that her face was white, an' thought she was frightened.

"'It's one of Jake's tricks,' I said, half laughin', and never doubtin' that he'd come in presently. Mother looked at me, her eyes shinin' so clear and bright; they seemed like Jake's own blue ones.

"'Anna,' she says, 'we won't see him to-night. It's a warnin' we've had. Somethin' happened to Jake, an' to-morrow'll bring us bad news. My boy want's to come to me an' can't; an' she burst out cryin'.

"I tried to persuade her she was wrong, and just fancyin' harm; but I couldn't make it out noways myself, for I saw his face as plain as I see yours this minute.

"Next day a telegram came that said Jake was dead. He had shot himself on the very mornin' they was to start for home. He was liftin' his gun off the pegs in the tent where he kept it, an' the trigger caught on one of the

hooks and it went off. He only lived a few hours after it happened.

"Mother, she took the news quieter than the rest of us. She was sure she would never see her boy again after such a warnin', she said.

"When we got a letter from the Brown boys, we found out that he died about the time that we heard the taps at the window.

"They brought him home, and he lay in his coffin as smilin' as when he looked at us through the window, only his blue eyes was shut an' his curls lay smoother like."

The knitting lay unheeded on the floor, and a shower of soft drops fell from the dear old grandmother's eyes; but she uttered no word of plaint, only rocked softly to and fro, as though hushing to sleep some weary little child.

"It was on the thirty-first of October, five years ago to-night," repeated the farmer's wife, as she looked musingly into the glowing grate.

"Before then I used to laugh at anyone who believed in spirits or warnin's or such like; but now—well, seein' is believin', as I take it. It's a queer world, an' there's a good deal in it besides flesh and blood. But it ain't for us to be too curious, peerin' into things that the Lord chooses to keep hidden."

Her voice dropped into silence, and yielding to the spell of the hour and the pathos of the narrative, we sat in silence, while the firelight chased grotesque shadows over beams and rafters.

A cheery, strong man's voice broke healthily in upon our broodings:

"Has everybody gone to sleep? Is tea ready? I'm nearly famished after my long drive."

SURGERY ON THE FARM AND IN THE HOME.

By C. A. HODGETTS, M.D.

"OUR BOYS" FIRST AID TO THE INJURED
ASSOCIATION.

PART III.

THE SKIN.

The skin, besides being an organ of excretion, serves as a covering to the whole body. It is elastic and tough; it also helps to keep the body warm, being a bad conductor of heat. From the whole surface of the body there is a continual evaporation of water going on, although the amount of water is not appreciable to the naked eye. When it is seen it is spoken of as sweat or perspiration. It is separated from the blood by little sweat glands that exist in the skin. There are said to be from two and a half to seven million of these little glands altogether and there is poured out on the skin on an average two and a half pounds of water in the twenty-four hours. This water contains carbonic acid and other noxious substances. Thus you will readily appreciate the danger of an extensive burn. A large surface of skin being injured, the system is unable to clear itself of impurities constantly accumulating in the blood, and serious if not fatal results follow.

THE KIDNEYS.

There are two of these organs; they also act as organs of excretion. They are situated, one in each loin, in the cavity of the belly; they remove from forty to fifty ounces of water in twenty-four hours. It is known as urine, and contains impurities and waste materials; it trickles down from each kidney along a narrow tube to the reservoir, called the bladder, from which it is expelled as occasion requires.

ORGANS OF DIGESTION.—FOOD.

The fuel of the body is the food we take; it is not, however, at once in a fit state to enter the blood, but passes through a series of processes whereby a portion of it is made fit to enter the blood and thus make up for the wear and tear which is constantly going on. We will briefly sketch the process of digestion, beginning with the food in the mouth, where it is, or should be, submitted to a grinding process by the teeth and becomes mixed during the time taken for the act with saliva which is poured into the mouth by glands close by. Having been formed into a pulp suitable for swallowing, it passes along the gullet into the stomach, which is a bag-like organ; within its walls are a multitude of little glands that pour forth an acid liquid called the gastric juice; this is mixed with the pulpy food by a churn-like action of the involuntary muscles of its walls. Here a portion of the food, being fit for at once mixing with the blood, is taken up by the capillaries. The remainder, called chyme, is forced into the intestines. These consist of a tube nearly twenty-six feet long; here by the action again of involuntary muscles it is passed along. During its progress the food meets with and is acted upon by different juices or secretions, and other portions of the food are digested and taken up by the capillaries and passed into the blood; the indigestible remainder passes on and is got rid of through the bowels.

When you consider the different parts of the body—the skeleton with its joints, the muscular system, the nervous system, the organs of circulation, breathing, etc., remember that all portions of the human machine work beautifully together; that the various structures of the body, though perfectly distinct, are fitted and arranged so exquisitely that each system serves its special purpose with regularity, not interfering with the work of the others, also that the different structures glide smoothly and noiselessly one on the other.

The interstices or odd spaces of the body are filled with fat, which forms a layer underneath the skin, thus doing away with any angularity of form, causing the main outline of the body to be made of smooth and gentle curves; it also assists to preserve the heat of the body. Fat also serves to diffuse pressure in certain portions of the body as on the palms of the hands and soles of the feet.

The skin pours on to its surface material of a greasy nature, which keeps it supple and soft, checking undue evaporation and protecting against prolonged moisture.

The various important organs which move during the performance of their functions, as heart and lungs, are provided with a beautiful arrangement permitting of their easily gliding over the adjacent parts. Each lung is enclosed in a delicate membranous bag, one side of which is attached to the chest, and the other to the surface of the lung. The two layers of this bag are moistened with an oily material, thus permitting their gliding over each other during the movements of breathing. The heart is enclosed in a tough fibrous case and its movements are facilitated by a similar arrangement.

Thus we might dwell longer on the wonders of the human machinery, but time will not allow, nor space permit. We trust the brief description of the structure and functions of the body may be of service in enabling you to understand and appreciate the methods of rendering first aid in cases of emergency, instruction in which will commence next month.

Frank W. Lee, 1885, is now living in Detroit, but he did not leave Canada until he had received his long service medal. Frank welcomes UPS AND DOWNS as a means of keeping him in touch with the Home and his old friends, of whom he cherishes very pleasant memories.