Board Works
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GUESS AGAIN.

A solicitor tells the story of one of his experiences years ago in cross-examination. The witness seemed disposed to dodge his questions.

"Sir," said the solicitor, sternly, "you need not state your impressions. We want the facts. We are competent to form our own impressions. Now, sir, answer me categorically."

From that time he could get little more than "yes" and "no" out of the witness. Presently the lawyer said:—

"You say you live next door to the defendant."

"Yes."

"To the north of him?"

"No."

"To the south?"

"No."

"Well, to the west, then?"

"No."

"Ah," said the solicitor, sarcastically, "we are likely at last to get down to the one real fact. You live to the east of him, do you?"

"No."

"How is that, sir?" the astonished attorney asked. "You say you live next door to him. Yet he lives neither to the north, south, east, nor west of you. What do you mean by that, sir?"

"I thought perhaps you were competent to form the impression that we live in a flat," said the witness, calmly; "but I see I must inform you that he lives next door above me."

Housemaid—"Doctor, what can I do for these inflamed eyes?" Doctor—"Rest them. Don't look through a single keyhole for two weeks."

The Case of the Mannings

I.

I was in my old friend Serjeant Ballantine's chambers one day when, rummaging in a drawer, he suddenly produced something which he tossed to me.

"What do you think of that?" he asked.

It was a woman's rather worn black silk glove, with four little pearl buttons at the wrist—a glove so slim that I could easily pass it through my signet ring. The fingers of its wearer had been long and tapering.

"It is a relic of one of my early cases," he observed. "The hand filled that glove had a terrible history connected with it."

It had belonged to the notorious Maria Manning.

A tall, dark, fashionably dressed lady was standing one August afternoon at the door of a house in Green wood Street, London. With her delicately gloved hand she knocked and rang impatiently.

"Is Mr. O'Connor in?" she asked, as the door was opened.

Mr. O'Connor was out. The lady turned away as if disappointed; and then said she would enter and wait his return in his sitting-room, to which she was shown. The lady's name was Maria Manning, and she and her husband were intimate friends of Mr. O'Connor, a somewhat wealthy officer in the Customs, and Mrs. Manning often waited in the sitting-room when on calling she found O'Connor out. She remained there now for nearly an hour; but O'Connor did not return, and she left, expressing her disappointment.

Seven days passed, and nothing was seen of the Customs House officer. His landlady, becoming alarmed, sought the aid of the police, and a couple of detectives were despatched from Scotland Yard to search his rooms to seek a clue to his mysterious disappearance.

"Mr. O'Connor was a most careful and tidy man—most tidy!" declared his landlady, in answer to a question put to her by one of the detectives.

"Then how is it his papers are like this?" asked the officer, pointing to an open drawer in which lay a mass of documents scattered in confusion.

The landlady shook her head.

"It looks as if some stranger had been rummaging," went on the detective. "Who has been in the room since Mr. O'Connor left?"

The landlady could remember no one save his visitor, the Swiss lady—Mrs. Manning. In a few minutes the detectives were on their way to Mr. Manning's residence, a little house in Miniver Place, Bermondsey.

The place was empty. The most vigorous knocks at the door failed to bring any answer. And at last one of the neighbours informed the detectives that Mr. and Mrs. Manning had left the house some days previously, having sold their furniture "all in a hurry." It was a strange coincidence which made the officers keen to enter and see whether in the deserted house there lay some clue to the reason of Mr. O'Connor's disappearance.

Nothing. They had searched from top to bottom. If those silent walls those empty, bare rooms, held a secret it was well concealed. The detectives turned their attention to the little back garden, and dug it foot by foot. Nothing! The house in Miniver Place would apparently furnish no evidence against its occupants. Rather, it testified in their favor. It was marvellously clean. The flagged kitchen floor had been recently heartstoned till it was as white as snow. One of the detectives gazed at it admiringly, and started. Then he went down on his knees, and, taking his penknife from his pocket, dug it into the cement between two of the flags.

"New. Hardly set!" he exclaimed excitedly, examining his knife. "The flags have only been recently laid. What lies beneath them?"

The house in Miniver Place was about to give up its ghastly secret.

Beneath the flags, buried under a foot or two of soil, the detectives came upon the corpse of a man, into whose sinister grave a quantity of quicklime had been poured. The body was that of Mr. O'Connor, and he had been killed by a bullet discharged into his temple. Eighteen terrible wounds on the head, inflicted with a hammer or some such instrument, showed that his murderer had resolved to make doubly certain of his awful purpose.

A terible crime had been committed. Who were its perpetrators? Where were the Mannings? For many days the acutest detectives in London hunted in vain to discover a trace of them. Had any cabman carried a tall, dark, handsome lady, speaking English with a bewitching French accent, to any of the railway stations? Every driver was examined, and at last a man was found who remembered such a fare. He had driven her to the South-Eastern Railway station at London Bridge, and she had two boxes with her, labelled "Mrs. Smith, passenger to Paris. To be left till called for." The boxes were still in the left-luggage office.

"Mrs. Smith, sir!"

A tall, handsome, well-dressed, dark lady was ushered by a clerk into the office of an Edinburgh sharebroker on the Royal Exchange. She had a few shares in the Amiens and Boulogne Railway, she explained, of which she wished to dispose. The broker promised to do what he could to find a purchaser, and Mrs. Smith wrote down her name and address, and left him. Two days later she called again. The shares had not been sold. Mrs. Smith was disappointed, and, above all, she showed the greatest anxiety to recover the piece of paper on which she had written her name and address. She grew quite excited when, in spite of a search, the scrap of paper was not to be found; and when she left the sharebroker wondered what could be the meaning of her anxiety.

II.

Amiens-Boulogne Railway! Could those shares be those about which he had read something in the newspapers—something about their having been abstracted from the drawers in the room of the man O'Connor, for whose murderers the police were scouring the country? The stockbroker rushed off to the police-station to inform them of his strange visitant, and in less than an hour the head of the Edinburgh police stood in Mrs. Smith's room.

She received him with frigid politeness. As his keen eyes noted how strangely Mrs. Smith agreed with with the description he had received of the sought-for Mrs. Manning, his growing conviction that the woman he wanted stood before him was rebuffed by her marvellous coolness.

"The reason of this visit is—what?" she asked, standing before him calmly and dignified.

"I have reason to believe, Mrs. Smith," he replied "that you are one Mrs. Manning, suspected of the murder of a gentleman named O'Connor. I must ask you to allow me to search your luggage."

"Certainly! With pleasure! You are quite welcome!" answered the imperturable Mrs. Smith, handing him a bunch of keys.

Ten minutes' search in Mrs. Smith's boxes amply revealed her identity as the lady they were hunting, and very soon the now white-faced, dark-eyed, yet still perfectly composed woman was being carried in a cab to the police-station—a prisoner, charged with the wilful murder of that man discovered in the grave beneath the kitchen flag-stones!

The sleuthhounds of justice had run down Mrs. Manning, in spite of her clever trick of the boxes labelled to Paris. Would they be able to hunt down Manning?

He had left Miniver Place, so the police learnt, two days later than his wife. By all accounts, he was a man of mean ability; but it is a fact, confirmed by the experience of the best English and French detectives, that the meanest intellects are very often those which display the most baffling cunning in committing criminal deeds and cleverness in eluding capture.

Every clue followed by the detectives failed, and at last a large reward was offered for information which would lead to his arrest.

"Murder! Wanted, Frederick George Manning!"

The words in large type stood out in the columns of the newspapers and on posters on the walls throughout the length and breadth of Britain. They met the eye of a middle-aged lady who had known Manning, and who, strangely enough only a few days previously, while travelling to Guernsey, in the Channel Islands, had seen Manning on the boat, and, unsuspected by him, had learnt that he was going to Jersey. She wrote, stating these facts, to the Governor of Guernsey, who telegraphed them to London; and in hot haste the keenest trackers from Scotland Yard were sent over to Jersey to find if Manning were there.

"We've got a queer chap down here, lodging near Baumont," confided one of the publicans to a detective. "Hes staying at a cottage. Drinks brandy near enough to drown him. Stops indoors most part of the day—and no wonder, after the drink he's had.

"What is he like?" asked te officer eagerly.

III.

The publican described him. In some respects the description was that of Manning, and the detective resolved to take the responsibility upon himself of making an unexpected descent upon the visitor.

It was a beautiful autumn evening when the detective, with two other officers, made his way to a little thatched cottage.

"I am a detective," said the officer to the stout man who opened the door to his knock. "You have a lodger here. I believe he is one Manning, who is wanted for murder!" The old man started, and nearly dropped his candle. "Show me his room. I must see him at once."

The old man led the way along a passage to a door. The detective took the candle from his hand, lifted the latch of the door, and entered. In a corner of the room a man in bed raised himself on his elbow, and turned towards the intruder a white, startled face.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" he cried.

"I am a detective," replied the stranger, stepping swiftly to his bedside, and holding the candle so that its beams fell full upon the awakened man's face. "And you are George Frederick Manning. I arrest you for the wilful murder of Mr. Patrick O'Connor!"

A hangdog, pitiful villain, Manning appeared, pale and trembling, in the dock at the Old Bailey. His wife, in a black satin dress, with a colored shawl round her shoulders, and a handsome white lace veil, was pale and calm—"a handsome tigress," as one of the spectators described her.

"It was she who prompted the crime! It was she who fired the shot! It was she who brought me to stand here! I ask your pity, and that you will take vengeance on her!"

Such, shortly, was the defence Manning made by his counsel. The eyes of the pale, dark-haired woman with the firm-set mouth beside him in the dock flashed as she listened. On her behalf Ballantine made one of the most eloquent speeches ever heard at the Old Bailey. But what could avail her? What could avail him?

"Guilty!"

She stood pale, rigid, her eyes flashing before the judge as he assumed the black cap, and, seizing a bunch of flowers lying before her on the dock-ledge, she hurled it out into the body of the court.

"Base, shameful England!" she cried. "I am a foreigner, and you treat me like a wild beast of the forest!"

A few weeks later the two were executed. Undaunted to the last, and costumed with the greatest possible care, she stepped firmly to her doom, while Manning was hardly equal to walking to the gallows.

"A tigress! No other word describes her so fitly!" declared Serjeant Ballantine, as he took the glove back from me.—London Answers.

RESCUE OF THE DROWNING.

Some Rules that May be of Use to the Life-Saver.

If a good swimmer uses common sense his only peril is the cramps. The chances of his getting cramps in the stomach will be remote if he refrains from going into the water within an hour and a half after eating. A stomach loaded with food acts like a weight of lead. This rule also applies to sea bathers, who are non-swimmers. Cramps in the stomach generally mean death unless help is near.

Cramps in the legs or arms are not nearly so dangerous. If a good swimmer gets cramps in the calf of the leg he should let the disabled member float along. This would be a difficult procedure for a non-swimmer, who should try to overcome the affliction by forcing the leg into a kicking position, like the closing of a pair of shears. Cramps in both legs call for immediate help, and cramps in the arms are treated as cramps in the leg in the case of either swimmer or non-swimmer.

A word to rescuers. If you are swimming to someone's succor and you are at close quarters, go underneath him. If he is far gone and you are a good swimmer, put your feet under his shoulder blades and tow him along. If you are an ordinary swimmer get close to your man, and the first thing of all give him a good stiff blow on the back of the neck. You will stun him and thus keep him from doing foolish things that might imperil both of you. Then put your left hand at the back of his head in order to keep him afloat.

Do not swim with your burden if help of any sort is within sight. There is no use taxing your strength. Unite all your energies on keeping yourself and your man afloat, and assistance will be carried to you in ample time. I have known more than one good swimmer to become exhausted and drown by thus needlessly working himself.

If you go to the rescue in a boat, do not pull your man over the stern or side, and do not let him try to scramble over the boat at either point. The bow is the only safe place. Haul a man over the side and the boat is likely to capsize. Haul him over the stern and the same think is likely to happen. Besides, he is likely to receive serious injury from being dragged over the rudder and iron rudder-pin. To pull a man up to the boat hand him an oar, or, better still, catch his clothes on a boat-hook, and, if when he reaches the boat he frantically persists in trying to get aboard, knock him on the head and stun him.

TIME FOR SCOTLAND.

Ball on Hilltop Drops When Cannon is Fired.

"Speaking of clocks," said the traveller, "Edinburgh, Scotland, has the most interesting time marking device I ever saw. The city lies between two hills. On one of these, known as Carlton Hill, there is an observation tower, in the top of which a large black ball is suspended. Across the valley, probably a mile away, is Castle Hill, surmounted by the historic Edinburgh Castle. One of the large guns in this fortress, pointing toward Carlton Hill, is electrically connected with the ball in the tower a mile away. Every evening at six o'clock the gun is fired, and at the same moment the ball falls. The device sets the official time for all Scotland.

"It is interesting to stand on Carlton Hill at the appointed hour to see the simultaneous flash of the gun on Castle Hill and the fall of the ball close at hand, while the roar of the gun is of course some moments in crossing the valley. On the other hand it is equally interesting to stand beside the big gun at dusk to watch the ball on Carlton Hill fall just as the shot is fired. I recall once standing in the courtyard of the castle, watch in hand, waiting for the cannon just overhead to be fired. It occurred to me it would be more exciting to watch the crowds of passing people, especially since not one was apparently thinking of the shot from the cannon. When the roar took place, absolutely without warning, hardly a yard above the heads of the crowd, the scene well repaid my waiting. Everybody dodged. Children screamed, and men and women jumped to the side of the wall. Of course, it was all over in a second, but in that moment it seemed that an electric shock had passed through the crowd."

She looked up from her household drudgery. "When you used to call me the light of your life," she said bitterly. "I thought you intended to measure it by candle power instead of by horse-power."

After two and a half years in the Antarctic regions on board the "Discovery," a piano was found, on its arrival at New Zealand, to be "practically as good as ever."

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THE GROWTH OF PLANTS

ELECTRIC LIGHT AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR SUNSHINE.

Fruits Ripen and Flowers Blossom More Speedily Under It.

A most interesting project is being considered by the scientific section of the Royal Horticultural Society. As soon as the necessary funds can be raised it is proposed to establish at the new gardens at Wisley, near Weybridge, England, a scientific station or botanical laboratory, and one of the special studies to be undertaken will be the growth of plants by electric light as a substitute for sunshine. To be independent of our gloomy climate, and to produce the most beautiful flowers, and even ripen strawberries and other delicious fruits in winter, is one of the gardener's most cherished dreams. The fact that artificial light will enable plants to grow and fruits to ripen has long been known to scientists. More than 40 years ago M. Herve Mangon found that the electric rays would enable plants to form the green chlorophyl or coloring matter of their leaves, and that flowers turned toward the electric lamp just as they turn towards the sun.

In 1879 and 1880 the late Sir William Siemens made some remarkable experiments at Tunbridge Wells, the results of which he showed to the Royal Society. By supplementing the sunlight of day with electric lamps at night, both in the open air and in green-houses, he caused roses and arums to bloom long before their usual time, melons and cucumbers, vines and strawberries also responding most gratefully to the stimulus of the added light. The sunlight of millions of years ago, stored up in plants which afterwards became coal, was thus disinterred and made to do its work over again in ripening fruits and causing flowers to bloom. Although electricity then cost three times as much as now, Dr. Siemens, as he then was, was enthusiastically convinced of the value of the electric light for the garden.

As usual, there were many objectors to the new proposal. A sort of humanitarian outcry was started on behalf of the poor plants themselves. To make them grow night and day would give them no rest. They would be old and exhausted before their time, and would perish miserably as the result of their artificial mode of life. Experience since then has shown, however, that the plant does not need rest, like an animal. In Norway, Sweden and Finland, during the short two months of summer, while the sun never goes down, vegetation flourishes with astounding luxuriance and rapidity. Flowers take on the most gorgeous colors and have exquisite perfumes, vegetables grow like magic, and then comes the long winter, and they have a correspondingly long rest.

An even stronger illustration of the power of plants to do without a nightly rest is the great natural gas fire, a steeple of flame, which has burned for generations in the Pittsburg district in America. All around and just outside the circle of its scorching heat is a ring of tropical vegetation, which the warmth and light have produced, the plants seeming all the richer and more luxuriant for living in a blaze of light night and day alike. Even if plants were really exhausted by artificial light, we grow them not for their own sakes, but for our use. When a green-house plant dies there are plenty of recruits to fill its place. The objection to using up vital life for not on the same footing as a protest against using up, say Chinese coolies on the Rand.

VEGETABLE IDIOSYNCRASIES.

Dr. Siemens found that all plants could not be treated alike. Particularly they varied in the amount of stimulation they could undergo. The delicate lily of the valley, grown by the aid of heat alone, and with a deficiency of sunlight, was sickly and anaemic, flimsy in texture, and with its petals thin and colorless. The electric light gave the flowers their natural rich, white, creamy color, and made the leaves strong, firm and green. Generally the natural colors of flowers were enriched by the light, and plants which would wither in a high temperature without the light, with its aid flourished exceedingly. The electric light, Dr. Siemens pointed out, would almost save its cost in stove fuel by the heat it supplied and the quicker maturing of plants, and it might be used in the orchard to counteract the effects of night frosts.

But banana leaves too near the lamp were scorched by its rays. Melons, cucumbers, strawberries, mustard, carrots, beans, tulips, pelargoniums, all matured under the electric lamp long before the same plants under daylight alone. Subsequent investigations have shown that a great deal of caution must be used in the application of artificial light. Every plant has its own way of responding to the stimulus.

For instance, Professor Bailey, at Cornell University, and the authorities of the West Virginian Agricultural Station, have found that cauliflowers will grow very tall, but have smaller heads, and radishes develop extraordinary profusion of "top" under the influence of the lamp. But as we do not prize the cauliflower for its stature, or the radish as a foliage plant, these advantages were not worth the cost of producing them. Nearly all flowers are found to bloom sooner and sometimes with brighter colors. Lettuce becomes marketable four to ten days earlier, thriving best when the artificial light is only used half the night, but some other plants run to seed under its influence instead of developing weight and succulence, and still others mature very quickly, but do not grow big, ending as tough and ancient little dwarfs of no use for the table. Spinach is particularly grateful for the electric beam, but as society does not clamor for spinach out of season the game is not worth the candle. Peas grow more quickly and are larger in the pod. Endive does better without the electric light.

INVESTIGATION NEEDED.

Many points remain for investigation at the proposed experimental station of the Royal Horticultural Society. We want to know just what kind of light and how much of it is needed by each plant. It should be remembered that a plant five feet from the lamp gets ten times as much light as one 16 feet away. Then the "ultra-violet" rays of the arc lamp, of such immense value to the scientist, are not good for most plants.

Dr. Siemens thought if the bare light were used the benefit to the plant would increase, but the opposite has proved to be the case, and lamps with glass coverings or jackets of liquid to shut off the invisible rays have been found better. The incandescent or glow lamp and incandescent gas have also been tried at West Virginia with success. M. Deherain, at Paris, found that the invisible rays were most injurious from a 2000 candle power lamp unless shut off by glass. His conclusion was that the electric light will maintain a fully grown plant for two and a half months, but is too feeble to support a plant from infancy upwards. At the Winter Palace of St. Petersburg some ornamental plants placed under the electric light turned yellow and died in a single night.

Professor Bailey considers that it is well established that maturity and ripening can be greatly hastened by artificial light, and that plants are not injured by "want of rest," but considerers that there are many problems to be settled as to the production of plants from too much light, and the prevention of too rapid seeding and early maturity.

In short, it remains for the scientific investigator to observe the exact effect at each stage of growth of the artificial illuminant on the formation of chlorophyl, of starch, sugar, gluten, alkaloids and the plant's own essential oils, and to determine when and how long the imitation sun should be made to shine.

PAYS TO BE RULER.

Prince Is Taxed by People of His Principality.

A people who tax their Prince. A country, almost unknown, in the very heart of central Europe. An independent and whimsical principality of sixty-eight square miles. It is in the eastern Alps bordering the upper Rhine. Hemmed in by Switzerland and Austria, and but a few miles from the German frontier, it has been independent for over two centuries, and was forgotten by Bismarck, so runs the local peasantry, in the reorganization following the Prussian wars with Austria and France.

It is not tucked inaccessibly away. Thousands of travellers on their way to Innsbruck, have seen from the train the towering mountains of the little State. Others, on their way to Davos-Platz, have glanced at a distant little town, at the foot of a castled rock, without suspecting that they were looking at one of the capitals of Europe.

There is no military service. There is no national debt. There is a nominal tax, only a tenth as large as that of Austria. The ruling Prince gives freely for the good of the people out of his huge private fortune. So far from derriving calf revenue from his principality he pays heavily for the pleasure of holding it.

Following the close of the war between Austria and Prussia, in which Liechtenstein allied itself with Austria, there came another gratively pressented protest. The citizens were weary of the expense of a standing army, an army which, consisting of eighty men, with a Captain and a trumpeter, had bravely marched toward the scene of hostilities, but too late to arrive before the war had come to its swift end.

There is now a written Constitution. There is a little Parliament of fifteen members. Three members are named by the Prince. Twelve are elected by the people, every man in Liechtenstein over 24 years of age having a vote. The little body meets once in every year and remains in session for several weeks, engaged in the very attenuation of discussion of petty things.

It is Lilliput ruled by its Gulliver. And although, on account of the fiscal arrangement, Austrian coins the stamps are generally used, the Prince's personal pride in his possession has led him to have his own stamps and coins as well, bearing his name and face and title.

And there is another touch to add to the unreality of it all. Coming to Vaduz only at infrequent intervals, and busied as he is at his private estates or at Vienna—for, besides being Sovereign Prince of Liechtenstein, he bears an Austrian title by virtue of which he is a member of the Austrian House of Lords—he can at any time call up his principality by long distance telephone.

BRITISH SHIPS SUPREME.

Sailing Vessels Being Displaced by Steamships.

England's remarkable position as the world's carrier has seldom perhaps been more conspicuously illustrated than during the present Russo-Japanese war. Nearly all the vessels stopped by the Russian privateers have been British.

Those who still love the old sailing ship will regret to learn that the progress of elimination is still being steadily carried out. In just over three years the figures of the sailing ships owned by the United Kingdom have decreased from 1,894 vessels of 1,727,687 tons to 1,537 of 1,392,132 tons.

According to "Lloyd's Register of Shipping," 1904-5, 7,699 steamers of 13,999,218 tons and 1,537 sailing vessels of 1,392,132 tons are owned by the United Kingdom. If to these we add those belonging to the colonies—1,088 steamers of 867,809 tons and 926 sailing vessels of 322,186 tons—we obtain a grand total of 8,787 steamers of 14,866,527 tons and 2,463 sailing vessels of 1,714,318 tons as the sum formation of the British Empire's merchant navy—a pretty large cake for Russian privateers to nibble. Of the other countries Germany comes next as steamship owners.

FOREIGN SHIPPING.

Germany owns 1,483 steamers of 2,891,869 tons, and is followed by the United States with 1,266 steamers of 2,440,794 tons. Norway has in recent years displanted France from third place as far as number of ships goes, and now aggregates 1,038 steamships with a tonnage of 1,017,248. France, however, has the greater tonnage of 1,252,457 with 755 steamships. Fifth in tonnage is Spain, and in order after her come Japan, Holland, Russia, Austria, Sweden, Denmark and Italy. A great advance has been made in recent years by Austria, and she has now gone from twelfth place to ninth. Italy having fallen from sixth to twelfth.

The world's shipping totals are 18,467 steamers of 28,632,684 tons and 10,823 sailing vessels of 6,155,505 tons. Of these, 8,787 steamers of 14,866,527 tons and 2,463 sailing vessels of 1,714,318 tons are British—if the colonies are included.

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

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 my 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. His wife was a puzzler—he said it was 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.

RUSSIAN RAILWAY TRAFFIC.

War Has Caused it to Fall Off Very Greatly.

Some idea of the extent to which traffic between Russian inland railway centres and Russian ports of export has decreased in consequence of the war may be gleaned from the fact, officially admitted, that nearly 200,000 tons less were carried over Russian railway systems last May than during May of last year. The fall is almost one of 25 per cent. From official statistics, again, it appears that the aggregate quantity of goods carried from various parts of the empire to the western land frontiers of Russia alone was less for the same month than the quantity carried during May of last year by nearly 40 per cent. On several of the main lines in the empire, military traffic has undoubtedly increased, though not to an extent sufficient to make amends for the extraordinary decrease in private traffic. Even where military traffic has increased, particularly on the lines running into and out from Moscow, a large part of the work is done by soldiers. The average workman, therefore, has derived little or no benefit from it. On the railway lines in European Russia and in Poland alone it is computed that 60,000 railway hands have been discharged in four months. The number of laborers and artisans throughout the empire thrown into idleness during the same period owing to compression of export and the closing of works and factories is estimated at from 300,000 to 400,000, the bulk of whom are not likely to find remunerative employment until the end of the war. Meanwhile, some thousands are unemployed.

Pat—"I say, Bridget, you look very smart in your new hat." Bridget: "Oh! go on! You'd say that even if you didn't think it." Pat: "Yes, and you'd think it even if I didn't say it."

MEAN TRICKS OF BIRDS

CHEAPLY EARNES REPUTATION FOR VIRTUE.

Cuckoo Is a Murderer, Thrush a Song Pirate, and the Dove a Humbug.

The truth is, however, that for sheer blackguardism, depravity, and rank vulgarity, the bird kingdom would be hard to beat. It is generally the birds that enjoy the best reputations amongst average people, too, that are really the most despicable, says Pearson's Weekly.

Take the cuckoo, for instance, who enjoys such universal popularity for the sole reason that he sings the easiest and one of the dullest songs in the bird music catalogue. He is a ruffian and a bounder. Its "cuckoo" cry doesn't mean that it has come to tell us the glad tidings of Spring, but is simply an announcement to other birds that trouble is about to begin.

The female cuckoo dumps her eggs into the nest of some other bird that comes handy, generally selecting that of a hard-working bird with a large family of its own to keep.

CUCKOOS MAKE FALSE LOVE.

This bird, of course, being good-natured, and probably thinking the new egg is of its own family, hatches it out, gives the young beard and lodging, and rears it like a mother.

Young cuckoos being greedy birds, scoop home all the best food for themselves, and ultimately oust altogether the rightful children of the nest-hold. They sometimes finish up by murdering their kind foster-mother. The cuckoo is a bore, a boor, and a betrayer. He makes passionate love to other young cuckoos, but never follows up his proposals by offers of marriage. In fact, the cuckoo doesn't set up housekeeping at all, but sponges all the time on other birds.

Another mean trick adopted by the cuckoo is to trade on her strong resemblance to the hawk. The hawk—another blackguard—is a terror to all other birds, and the cuckoo, knowing this, apes the look and manner of flying of the hawk, in order to frighten birds away from their nests. When she has got them clear out of sight, she dumps the eggs in question, and leaves them there.

DOVES ARE HUMBUGS.

Another dismal little humbug is the dove or wood-pigeon, who trades on his soft, love-like appearance to gain the good opinion of human beings. In reality, the wood-pigeon is a distressing thief, eating, as he does, the pick of the gardener's and farmer's seeds.

The crow is called by the thoughtless the "farmer's friend." A pretty friend, indeed, is this sanctimonious old humbug. While he is mooning about the fields, pretending to be looking for wire-worms, these pests of the earth, he is really after the grain. The crow, too, is not above murder of the most revolting type. During last summer one of them was seen engaged in pecking out the brains of a lark. Even the naughty rooks were flying round cawing with indignation.

For vulgar vanity, it would be difficult to beat the bower-bird of New Zealand. He should be called the bounder-bird. So fond are these creatures of display, that they steal every glittering object within sight—shells, stones, and even articles of jewellery out of residents' houses. One New Zealander actually discovered

A WATCH AND CHAIN

amongst the possessions of a bower-bird.

A receiver of stolen goods, which it has not the energy to thieve itself, is the mackerel-gull of New Zealand. The oyster-catcher procures tasty morsels from the deep, only to find them swooped up by the bigger monster.

The gannets of the Bass Rock go in for extensive thieving, and are generally bad. They deliberately steal each other's sea-weed while engaged in nest-building, and, sometimes, these thefts lead to the most bloodthirsty struggles. Two gannets have been seen dropping thousands of feet down into the sea, struggling all the while for an absurd piece of sea-weed.

There are many music pirates amongst the so-called songsters of the skies. The wry-neck gets so low down in its piracy that it actually mimics the cuckoo. The starling carries on its piracy on something like a wholesale scale. It mocks the pee-wit almost to the life.

CANARIES ARE QUARRELSOME.

Finally, one word about the much-reputed canary. A gentleman once purchased two valuable canaries for $25 the pair. He treated them kindly, and gave them a good home, and was fattening them up for show purposes, at some little trouble and expense. The reward he got for this was to find that one day the birds had killed each other.

For some reason or another the hen canary, which had not much of a voice, seemed to object to the strenuous singing of her mate, and indicated the fact. The cock canary replied, and angry notes ensued, finally leading to a pitched battle. In the end, each had pecked at the other's throat with murderous results. The canaries had lived together for many months in seeming happiness, only to turn on each other in this shameless way.

THE BASHFUL MAN'S ORDEAL.

It was diffident Mr. Dodd's one opportunity to hear a famous preacher in an equally famous church, so, although he knew that he should be obliged to leave the place shortly before twelve o'clock in order to catch his train, he decided to hear as much as possible of the service. The usher ignored the visitor's whispered plea for an inconspicuous seat, and proceeded to escort him up the broad centre aisle—which timid Mr. Dodd remembered ever afterwards as being about four miles long—to a seat only three rows from the front.

Long before time for the sermon poor Mr. Dodd began to nerve himself for the long trip down the aisle.

It was twelve o'clock and the sermon was well under way before the troubled listener finally managed to summon sufficient courage to make a start. Rising [illegible] to his feet, he faced [illegible] gation and began to t[illegible] the aisle. Before he h[illegible]ee steps he discovered t[illegible]orror that his left shoe was [illegible]sing with an ominous creak th[illegible]increased in volume with every step, to the visible amusement of the congregation.

His countenance became suffused with blushes. It was not a warm day, but by the time Mr. Dodd had reached the door perspiration stood in beads on his forehead and his collar showed signs of wilting. As the door closed behind him he gave a long sigh of relief and unburdened himself to a loiterer in the vestibule.

"By thunder!" he exclaimed, as he mopped his crimson brow, "I wouldn't do that again for five dollars!"

But he had to do it for less than that. The very next moment the color receded from his countenance and he turned pale green.

"By Jove!" he groaned. "I've got to go back after my hat!"

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