

The Bullet-Hole.

From the French of F. M. ...

At the time when I was employed in the War Office, I had a companion who worked in the same room with me, called Jean Vidal, an old non-commissioned soldier, who had lost his left arm in the Italian campaign, but who had still his right hand—the "strong hand" of a quartermaster—with which he executed all sorts of wonders in the calligraphic line—roundhand, fourishes, Gothic letters; and he could draw a little bird in the final flourish of his signature with a single stroke of his pen.

He was an upright man, was Vidal—a true type of a pure-hearted and honorable soldier. Though he was scarcely forty then, and there was but a sprinkling of grey hairs in his fair Zouave beard, in the office we all called him "Pere Vidal," less out of familiarity than out of respect; for we all knew his honorable, self-denying life down there in his cheap lodging at the bottom of Grenelle, where he had taken in his sister, a widow with a tribe of children, and where he supported the whole family on the slender income derived from his pension, his cross, and his salary. Three thousand francs for five people! And Pere Vidal's coat—with the left sleeve, the empty sleeve, fastened to the third button—was always brushed as if he was going to a review, and the good man was so careful of his red ribbon, which he always kept bright, that he used to take it out of his button-hole when he carried a parcel in the street.

As I lived in the suburbs towards the south of Paris at that time, I often walked home with Pere Vidal, and I used to take pleasure in getting him to give me an account of his campaigns, as we walked past the Military School, meeting at every step—it was in the latter years of the Empire—the handsome uniforms of the Imperial Guards, the pioneers in green, the lanciers in white, the artillery officers in their magnificent ombre uniforms—black and gold. It was worth while to get killed in such a costume as that!

Sometimes in the warm summer evenings I used to treat my companion to an absinthe—a pleasure that poor Vidal denied himself, out of economy—and we used to sit for half an hour in front of the officers' cafe in the Avenue de la Motte-Piquet. On these days the old quartermaster, who had become a sober, family man, and was out of the habit of taking "appetizers," used to rise from the table with his brain stimulated to heroic thoughts, and I was sure to have some stirring tale of the war as we walked home.

One evening—I believe, God forgive me! that Pere Vidal had drunk two glasses of absinthe—as we went along that horrid Boulevard de Grenelle, he stopped suddenly before the window of a second-hand clothes shop—there are a good many in that quarter. It was a dirty, sordid shop, with rusty pistols, bowls full of buttons, and tarnished epaulettes in the window; and hanging before the door, among dirty rags, there was here and there some old officer's coat, riddled by the rain and fretted by the sun, with a sort of vague human resemblance in its tight waist and broad shoulders.

Vidal seized my arm with his one hand, and pointed with his stump to one of these cast-off garments—it was the tunic of an African officer, with its many-plaited shirt, and its triple gold band twisted into a figure of eight on the sleeve, as the Hussars wear it.

"Look here," said he; "this is the uniform of my old corps—a captain's tunic."

As he went nearer to examine it more closely, and read the number engraved on the buttons, he added, enthusiastically: "My own regiment! The first Zouaves!"

But all at once Pere Vidal's hand, which had already seized the skirt of the old tunic, grew motionless, his face darkened, his lips began to tremble, and, looking down, he muttered, in a tone of horror: "God heavens! Supposing it was his?"

Then, with a sudden movement, he turned the tunic round, so that I could see, in the middle of the back, a little round hole in the cloth—a hole made by a bullet—with a dirty-looking black circle round it, of dried blood probably; an ill-looking hole, that made me feel both horror and pity, as if it had been a wound.

"Oh!" said I to Pere Vidal, who had dropped the garment and walked on, with a hurried step, hanging his head; "there is an ugly scar!"

And guessing that there was some tale attached to it, I added, to goad my companion into relating it: "It is not generally in the back that a captain of Zouaves gets hit by a bullet!"

But he did not seem to hear me; he was muttering to himself and biting his moustache. "How could it have come there? It is a long way from the battlefield of Melegnano to the Boulevard de Grenelle. Yes, I know there are the veterans who follow the army and plunder the corpses. But why just there, not two steps from the Military school, where the other's regi-

ment is quartered? And he must have passed here; he must have recognized it. Oh, it is like seeing a ghost!"

"Come, now, Pere Vidal," said I, taking him by the arm, intensely interested: "you are not going on talking riddles; you may just as well tell me what that old tunic has reminded you of."

But I verily believe that if he had not drunk those absinthes, I should never have heard the story; for when I asked him to tell me, Pere Vidal shot a suspicious and almost frightened glance at me. Then, suddenly, as if he had made up his mind to speak, he began, in a dry, hoarse voice: "Well, then, yes, I will tell you all about it; for you are a clever young man, and honourable, and I can trust you. You will tell me—honestly, on your conscience—whether you think I was right to act as I did. Let me see, where shall I begin? Ah, in the first place, I cannot tell you his name—the other's, I mean—because he is still alive. I shall have to call him by the nickname we gave him in the regiment. Thirsty we call him, and he deserved the name, too, for he was one of those fellows who are never out of the canteen and would toss off his twelve glasses of brandy, one for each stroke, when the clock struck twelve. He was sergeant in the same company where I was quartermaster, and where we walked side by side in the ranks. A good soldier—a capital soldier; a drunkard, quarrelsome, and a brawler. He had all the faults of the African army, but he was as brave as an African lion! He was not an easy one to manage—you could see that with the first look at his sunburnt face, with its red beard and odd, steel blue eyes."

"When I joined the regiment Thirsty had just finished his time; he re-enlisted, received the bounty, and went in for a three days' regular course in the lowest parts of Algiers. With four or five boon companions like himself they drove about, all packed in an open carriage, and flourishing a tri-coloured flag with the motto, 'This can't last for ever!' on it. He was brought back to the barracks with his head out open by a sword wound which he had got in a Moorish den, where he had a fight with the Arabs. Thirsty got well; he was sent to prison for a fortnight, and had his stripes taken from him. It was the second time he had been put back into the ranks. If it hadn't been for his bad conduct he would have been an officer long ago, for he belonged to a very respectable family, and had been well educated."

"Well, he lost his stripes after that affair with the Arabs, but he got them back again eighteen months later—at the same time that I myself rose to be sergeant-quartermaster—thanks to the kindness of the captain, who had always great patience with Thirsty. He was an old African soldier himself, and had seen him under fire at Kabylie."

"But just at that time our old captain was promoted and left the regiment, and they sent us out a young fellow, only twenty-eight, to take his place. He was a Corsican, named Gentile; a cold, ambitious man, just out of the school—a very good officer, they said, but fearfully hard on the men. He would give you eight days under arrest for a spot of rust on your rifle or a button missing off your gaiters. He had never served in Algeria, and had no notion of any insubordination or disorder. From the first moment he and Thirsty were at daggers drawn. That they were sure to be. The first time the sergeant was absent from roll call he put him under arrest for a week; the first time he was drunk for a fortnight. When the captain—a little, dark man, as stiff as a poker, with bristling moustaches—ordered him under arrest, adding, in a stern tone, 'I know you, my friend, and I mean to master you!' Thirsty never answered a word, but walked quietly away toward the guard room. Still, I fancy the captain would have lowered his tone a bit, all the same, if he had seen how the sergeant's face reddened with anger, and how his terrible blue eyes flashed as he turned away."

"Meanwhile, the Emperor declared war on Austria, and we were all shipped off to Italy. I pass over the incidents of the campaign, and come the point at once. The evening before the Battle of Melegnano—where I lost my arm, you know—our battalion was encamped in a small village, and before we broke ranks our captain made us a little speech—he was quite right, was the captain—reminding us that we were in a friendly country, and that for the honour of the army we should be on our good behaviour; and he added that anyone who caused the slightest annoyance to any of the inhabitants would be punished most severely. While he was making this speech, Thirsty, who was standing near me, leaning unsteadily on his bayonet—he had emptied a good many glasses since the morning—struggled his shoulders, but fortunately the captain did not notice him."

"In the middle of the night I was awakened up suddenly. I sprang from the heap of straw I had been sleeping on in a corner of a farmyard, and by the light of the moon I saw Thirsty with a young girl in his arms, all torn and dishevelled, and the saints in Heaven Madonnas and all, the saints in Heaven furiously like a lion, with a lot of peasants and soldiers who were trying to rescue her from him. I ran up to help, but Captain Gentile got there

before me. With one glance—he had a very commanding glance, had the little Corsican—he drove back the sergeant, cowed. Then, when he had spoken a few reassuring words to the girl in Italian, he came back and stood before the culprit, and shaking his finger before the other a face—

"They ought to bow out the brains of wretches like you, said he. 'As soon as I can see the colonel you shall have your stripes taken from you; and it will be for good this time. There will be a battle to-morrow; you had better try and get killed!'"

"We went back to bed again. But the captain was right, and before the break of day we were awakened by a cannonade. We flew to arms and formed a column, Thirsty taking his place next to me. I thought I had never seen his fierce blue look more terrible. The battalion began its march. We were to dislodge the white coats, who had taken their position in the village of Melegnano, which they had fortified with cannon. Forward march! We hadn't gone two miles, when, bang! the Austrian cannon burst upon us, and knocked down the officers of our men. After that, the order to charge, made us lie down in the maize fields like the sharpshooters. They remained standing themselves, of course, and I saw all you our captain stood up as straight as any of them. We men, kneeling among the corn-stalks, kept up an incessant fire on the Austrian battery, which was within range. Suddenly I felt someone nudge my elbow. I turned round, and saw Thirsty load his rifle, and looking at me with a sort of dare-devil smile lurking in the corners of his mouth."

"You see the captain?" said he, jerking his head towards that officer, who was standing at a distance of about twenty feet from us. "Yes; what of it?" I answered, looking in the same direction. "What of it? He ought not to have spoken to me as he did last night."

"Then with a rapid, well-calculated movement, he levelled his piece and fired. I saw the captain, with a sudden, convulsive spasm, throw back his hands, then drop his sword and fall heavily backward to the ground."

"Murderer!" I cried, seizing the sergeant's arm. "But he sent me rolling two or three feet from him, with a blow in the chest from the butt-end of his rifle. 'Fool! How will you prove I killed him?' 'I sprang to my feet, furious; but all the rest rose at the same time, for there was our colonel, bare-headed, on his smoking horse, pointing with his sword to the Austrian battery, and shouting with all his might:—'Forward, Zouaves! Charge with the bayonet!'"

"What could I do, but charge with the rest? And it was a fine thing, too, that charge of the Zouaves at Melegnano. Have you ever seen a heavy sea beating against a rock? Yes? Well, that is just what it was like. One after another, three companies rushed up there, like a wave over a rock. Three times the battery was covered with the blue coats and red breeches, and three times we saw the embankment, bristling with its cannons' mouths, reappear like a rock when the wave has spent itself."

"But the fourth company—that was ours—carried the place. For myself, in twenty strides I reached the redoubt, and helping myself with the butt-end of my rifle, I clambered up the embankment. I had just time to see a blue cap, a pair of fair moustaches, and the muzzle of a gun that was almost touching me; and then I felt such a blow on my left shoulder that I thought my arm had been torn off. I turned giddy, dropped my rifle, rolled over on my side by the wheel of a gun carriage, and fainted away."

"When I opened my eyes again there was only a faint sound of musketry in the distance. The Zouaves were there, standing in a sort of orderly half circle, shouting, 'Long live the Emperor!' and waving their rifles at arms' length in the air."

"An old general, with his aide-de-camp, came galloping up; he stopped his horse, took off his gold striped cap, and waved it joyfully, shouting:—'Well done, Zouaves! You are the finest soldiers in the world!'"

"I sat up, leaning against the wheel of the gun-carriage, holding my broken paw dimly in my right hand, and I began to remember Thirsty's horrible crime—shooting his captain from behind on the battlefield."

"And at once he left the ranks and came forward the general. The very man himself—Thirsty, the captain's murderer! He had lost his leg in the fray, and his close-shaven head was bare, with a wound across it, from which the blood trickled over his forehead and down his cheek. He was leaning on his gun with one hand, and in the other he held an Austrian flag, all torn and blood-stained a flag he had taken from the enemy."

"The general looked at him with the greatest admiration. 'Just look at that, Briouet,' said he, turning to his aide-de-camp. 'There's a man for you! He'll have the cross.' And repeating 'Fine fellow! Fine fellow!' he turned to his aide-de-camp again, and said something I don't understand—you know I am only an ignorant man—but I

remember all the same, 'Isn't that worthy of Plutarch's Briouet?'"

"And then the gun in my arm was so great that I fainted away again, and heard nothing more."

"You know what followed. I have often told you how I lacked about my shoulder, and how I lay in the ambulance for two months with fever and delirium. And in my restless, delirious hours I was always wondering what I ought to do about Thirsty. Ought I to denounce him? I thought I ought. But, then, what proofs had I to show? And after all, if he was a second-rate, he was a brave soldier. He had killed Captain Gentile, but he had taken a flag from the enemy. I could not make up my mind what to do. When at length I began to get better, I learnt that, as a reward for his brilliant conduct, Thirsty had been promoted into the Zouaves of the Guard, and that they had given him the cross of the Legion of Honour. For the first moment it made me feel disgusted with my own cross, that the colonel had brought to me in the hospital. And yet, after all, Thirsty deserved his as well as I did mine; but he deserved, too, that his ribbon should serve as a target for a file of men told off to shoot him. All that happened long ago, and I have never seen the sergeant since; he is still in the service, while I have turned civilian."

But just now, looking at that tunic, with its bullet hole, hanging there in the shop—and goodness knows how I ever got there—I with the barracks where the murderer is quartered only a few yards off, I remembered that the crime had gone unpunished, and it seemed as if the captain's ghost cried out for justice."

"I queried Pere Vidal as best I could, for his tunic had put him into a great state of excitement. I assured him he had acted for the best, and that the heroic conduct of the sergeant of Zouaves had fully balanced his crime."

But a few days after, when I went into the office, Vidal handed me a newspaper, folded so that I could only see one paragraph, and remarked, solemnly: "What did I tell you?"

"I took the newspaper, and this is what I read:—'Another victim of intemperance. Yesterday afternoon, on the Boulevard de Grenelle, a man named Mallet, commonly called Thirsty, a sergeant in the Zouaves of the Imperial Guard, who had been drinking deeply in all the public-houses in the neighbourhood with two of his companions, was suddenly seized while on the attack of a Frenchwoman, while he was looking at some old uniforms hanging in the window of a second-hand clothes-shop. He ran down the street, brandishing his sword, and spreading terror before him. The two soldiers who accompanied him had the greatest difficulty in mastering the madman, who kept shouting, with fury, 'I am not a murderer! I took a flag from the Austrians at Melegnano!' We are informed that Mallet really was decorated for the gallant act, and that nothing but his inveterate drunkenness had prevented his being promoted to the rank of an officer. Mallet was taken to the military hospital, the Gros-Caillois, whence he will shortly be removed to Charenton, as it is doubtful if the unfortunate man will ever recover his reason."

As I gave back the paper to Vidal, he looked at me earnestly and said:—'Captain Gentile was a Corsican. He has taken his revenge!'"

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE. Mayor and Alderman Visit the Institution.—The New Wing Now in Use—Aldermen Make Speeches.

A large party, consisting of the Mayor, Ald. Saunders, Lamb, Hubbard, Davis, Sponce, Russell, Small, Bell, Jolliffe and Preston, Sir Frank Smith, Dr. Goldwin Smith, Messrs. John Long, H. H. Cook, John Hanrahan, T. Johnston, L. Walsh, M. O'Connor, C. J. McCabe, Rev. L. Brennan and J. L. Hand, inspected various departments of the House of Providence on invitation of the Mother Superior and Sisters of St. Joseph. The building was thoroughly gone over from the rooms in which are the children of a few weeks old to the other department where are the old men, some of whom are creeping well into the nineties. One old woman is within less than a year of completing the century. The new department has been set aside exclusively for men, and when the Aldermen entered they were greeted by men who were well known to some of them in former times. The Mayor especially was received by the old men with cries of good-morning, and expression of hope that he would be again elected. "We don't forget the fifteen cents an hour," said one of them, while another, whose life is fast ebbing from a painful cancer, played a few strains on his old violin.

There are upwards of 450 beds in the place now, the inmates numbering about 440, of whom it was said about one-third are Protestants. The average cost a day is about 20 cents. Of this the city pays 3 cents a day, the Government of Ontario seven cents, except for incurable cases, when the great is fifteen cents. Thirsty runs do the whole work of management and supervision of this enormous building, and the only person who receives a salary is the engineer, whom the sisters pronounce to be a genius and worth many times the trifling amount paid him. Ald. Davis commented upon this fact in the course of a few remarks made after the round of inspection had been made. The Mayor, Ald. Lamb, Bell, Preston, Hubbard and Jolliffe also spoke, all testifying to the excellence of the work done in the institution. The only deficiency seems to be the need of an elevator. Sir Frank Smith donated \$100 for that end, and Mr. H. H. Cook followed with a donation of \$50. The afternoon was most pleasantly spent by all

DOOMED TO DIE.

Doctors Said Mrs. Ackerman of Belleville Would Never Get Better.

SHE CAN LAUGH AT DEATH.

And the Doctors, Too, for Eight Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills Made a Well Woman of Her After Six Years' Illness.

Belleville, Ont., Jan. 18.—If there's any one thing under Heaven that excites a man's pity it is a weak, suffering woman.

If there's any disease on earth that causes weakness and suffering in women more than another it is Kidney disease. If there's any medicine between Heaven and Earth that will infallibly cure Kidney disease, it is DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

And that's no dream. Women rise up by the score and call Dodd blessed for his wonderful discovery that has made weak backs and backaches unknown where Dodd's Pills have been tried.

Let one of these grateful women tell her story:—'I had been troubled with Kidney Disease for six years. I had doctored, but it was of no use. They told me I would never get better. I saw the wonderful cures of DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, and I procured one box. Upon getting relief I continued to use eight boxes, and I can safely say I am completely cured. You may publish this as you see fit, so as to help some other person who may have Kidney trouble.'

MRS. S. ACKERMAN, North Front street, April 27.

DODD'S MEDICINE COMPANY, of Toronto, are the sole owners and makers of this remedy in the Dominion. Write to them, enclosing price (50 cents), if your local druggist is not supplied.

Dr. Chase's

Millions die annually through lack of care for the kidneys—the first sign of kidney trouble being a dull, aching pain in the back which gradually develops into that dreadfully painful Bright's disease—one of the most dangerous symptoms is highly colored urine giving bricklike deposits—this being always the slightest symptom has appeared—Kidney trouble is usually presented in their earlier stages—if neglected they may become obstinate, chronic and perhaps fatal—an excellent remedy is found in that kidney disease arise from an excess of uric acid and uric acid poison in the blood—One of Dr. Chase's Kidney Pills will neutralize this acid and prevent any tendency to Bright's disease or Diabetes.

Have you any of the above symptoms? Back Ache, Dull Head Pain in the Bladder or Base of the Abdomen, Pains in the Back and Sides, Unusual desire to urinate, Seeding urine with passage obstructed, Red or White deposits, Tired Feelings, Weakness, Dropsical Swellings, these are sure signs of kidney troubles.

YOUNG MEN OLD MEN With backache, weak back, deposits in the urine and other symptoms of kidney decay should not postpone using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. To be had with strictures, impediments obstructing the passage of the water, or a frequent desire to urinate at night will find Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a great reliever.

KIDNEY-LIVER

TESTIMONIAL

J. F. Browning, Carpenter and Joiner, of Kingston, Ont., writes the following for himself:—'I was troubled with my kidneys for ten years and was compelled to arise four and five times a night to urinate. The pain in my back was terrible. I have used enough pills and pills to stock a drug store, but I obtained no relief. The doctors pronounced my case hopeless and advised me to go to Toronto Hospital, and I had made up my mind to go when I read your advertisement in The Toronto Evening News calling your pills the great K. and L. Pills, which I took the meaning to be the KNIGHTS OF FAITH PILLS, and being my kind friends, that order I had confidence in the same, and I procured them from the workman's friend, for since taking them regular for three months, I can say I am entirely cured, and had I taken them years ago, I would have saved hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. Very truly yours, J. F. BROWNING, Kingston, Ont.'

Ask those who have tried and been benefited by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills about their wonderful curative powers. Don't be skeptical. One or two doses of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills may mean the saving of your life. They act gently and effectively, and do not in any way interfere with your daily avocations.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR KIDNEY TROUBLE Bright's Disease, Liver Complaint, Headache, Biliousness, Costiveness and Dyspepsia. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box, or for \$1.

PILLS

We will give \$500 to any person troubled with disease of the kidneys that Dr. Chase's Combined Kidney and Liver pill will not relieve or cure.

and the visit of his Worship and the Aldermen seemed to confer a very positive pleasure upon all the inmates, who warmly reciprocated their wishes for a happy New Year.

The Sisters of St. Joseph in charge of the House of Providence return thanks to their numerous friends and benefactors, who by their generous annual Christmas donations added so materially to the festive cheer of the large number of inmates under their care. They wish also to give public expression of their thanks for the annual subscriptions received and the generous and substantial aid given them towards furnishing the new wing of the house. Notwithstanding the business depression, their poor have been kindly remembered, and the semblance of hard times was rigorously excluded on this glorious Christian anniversary. The beautiful and spacious new wing recently occupied completes the original design of the building, and the Sisters point out that its erection has severely taxed their material resources. The large expenditure incurred and the constant application for admission have resulted in completely filling the house and notably increasing the expenses. It is hoped the charitable public will aid the Sisters by timely assistance and relieve them from even the semblance of pecuniary embarrassment.

"No," said the conservative man, "I don't believe in women barbers. Just look at the scrape that Samson got into by going to a woman for a hair cut."

The girl who couldn't walk a quarter of a mile to buy a spool of thread will walk twenty-five or thirty miles an evening and then say that she has had a perfectly delightful time.

self-help

You are weak, "run-down," health is frail, strength gone. Doctors call your case anaemia—there is a fat-famine in your blood. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is the best food-means of getting your strength back—your doctor will tell you that. He knows also that when the digestion is weak it is better to break up cod-liver oil out of the body than to burden your tired digestion with it. Scott's Emulsion does that.

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is the best food-means of getting your strength back—your doctor will tell you that.

He knows also that when the digestion is weak it is better to break up cod-liver oil out of the body than to burden your tired digestion with it. Scott's Emulsion does that.