POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

REVENGE by Perceval Gibbon

Then away, Rio!
Heave for Rio!
And fare ye well my bonny young gal,
We're bound for the Rio Grande!
—Outward-bound Chantey.

BY noon on the third day the worn men could barely keep the pumps moving. They staggered and their feet slid under them as they bowed and swung over the handles and the water gushed from the ports in an ever diminishing flow. They no longer kept tally of the relays; each man worked till he dropped at his labor, and when he could stand again he returned to it. The little knot of them bunched about the stump of the mainmast seemed scarcely to consist of living men, so dumb it was, bound to the aching toil. The gray, storm stained sky and the wild water; the mastless hull of the ship and the urgent occasion for their labor made a great and significant background to them; but none saw it—none had a faculty to spare from the gross labor of the pumping. The captain, moody and restless-eyed, watched them from the rail of the poop, and now and again one of the men would raise toward him a face, clenched in effort like a fist, and show his eyes full of weariness and pain and hate.

The captain moved aft, to be out of their hearing, and the tall mate went with him.

"They'd rush us," said the mate. He had the face of a fighting man, harsh and brutal. "They'd rush us as soon as we laid hands on the boat."

"Maybe they would," replied the captain. "But if they did there's six of us—me and you and the second mate and the bo'sen and the steward and the carpenter. Six of us to eight of them—and us with guns. Let 'em rush."

The mate glanced at the one boat that was left to them—a small gig that hung on a pair of davits over the stern—and then back to the men toiling at the pumps.

"They're watching us," he said. "They have got a notion we mean to leave 'em. We'll have a fight for it."

The captain uttered a short laugh. "I guess you've no objection to a fight," he said, "and anyhow, that boat won't hold more than six. What's the sense of drowning if you can keep alive, anyhow?"

The mate stood with his hands in his pockets, staring about him. He was a man in whom courage was allied to no other virtue, and he had yet to overcome a sense of repugnance to the idea of fight.

"If it got known ashore that we'd quit and left the crew to drown we'd be worse off than them," he answered moodily.

The captain swore. "If we don't tell it won't get known," he retorted. "But if you've got a fancy to be a hero, you stay behind. And looky here, there's no time to lose. If the old ship keeps afloat till tonight that's all she'll do. So you better settle pretty quick whether you'll come or stay."

The mate spat with a movement of sharp ill-temper.

"Oh, I'm coming," he said. "I reckon I'm not tired of life. Only—well, somehow it's not in my line to give up like this."

The captain looked at him curiously.

"Next time it'll come easier," he said, with a sneer.

The tall man returned his look. "God!" he cried, "there'll be no next time." But there was uncertainty in his face.

He went to sound the well again, hoping against hope for a result that would make the treacherous flight unnecessary. The men made room for him as he thrust among them, shrinking from him in a way that testified to the brutality with which he had established his rule over them. As he knelt to drop the rod down the pipe of the well they could see that his jacket pocket bulged over the contour of a revolver; they directed each other's attention to it behind his back with significant eyes. There was not one of them that did not bear some mark of the mate's cruelty nor one that would have lifted a finger against him now. They leaned in utter weariness against the wheels till his work was done and then fell to their labor again patiently. But as he ascended the poop ladder and went out of hearing a murmur of talk sounded among them.

"There's seven foot of water in her," said the eldest man. "I saw him measure up the line."

"They're going to quit," whispered another. "See 'em lookin' at that boat."

"Trust 'em to quit," said the old sailor. And then they were silent, and the pumps took up their interminable "clack' clack."

The mate observed, with a faint surprise, that his uneasy scruples yielded as he went ahead with the preparations for leaving the ship. Nothing becomes a habit so quickly as cowardice. Once his decision was taken, once he had fallen from his last stronghold, he disturbed himself no more. The second mate was set to guard the poop with the bo'sun, and he went below to gather together the things he did not care to leave. The captain and the steward were already busy with their bundles, littering the main cabin as they burrowed among their belongings.

"Don't bother to pack your bric-a-brac!" cried the captain, who was wrapping his sextant case in a piece torn from an old oilskin coat. "It'll be a tight fit in that boat as it is, without our dunnage. Say, what water did you find in her?"

"Seven feet," answered the mate. "And gaining at that. She'll not float three hours more."

The steward straightened up and laughed discordantly, his fat face writhing in hideous merriment.

"Say, if them jays knew," he cried, "wouldn't you have 'em howling some? Well, I guess so."

"It's nothing to cackle at," said the skipper, glancing swiftly at the mate. "They're dead men, they are, an' past helpin'. An' the way the mate used 'em since we sailed they ought to be glad of it."

"Me used 'em!" cried the mate. "Me used 'em! Who was it said he'd got no use for a mate that wasn't a driver? Who was it gave orders to club the last man aloft and the last man on deck? Seems to me you've got an almighty lot to talk about, Captain Tabb. If you could use your fists like you use your tongue you might be some use aboard a ship."

"Are you talkin' to me?" demanded the captain.

"Why, yes, Bill," grinned the mate. "Naturally I am, Bill. Was you thinking of logging me for disrespect?"

The captain glared at him across the cabin, but there was no satisfaction to be gained from the mate's hard, bony face. The steward broke into a chuckle again as the two men eyed each other.

"This ain't the way to start, if we're going to stick together and keep our good names when we get ashore," said the captain.

The mate looked him over with an unpleasant smile.

"Oh, shucks!" he said. "What are you going to do about it? If I push your face in, like I will that steward's if he cackles again, you've got to take it. You're no good. You ain't got no law to back you. We're just man and man till we get ashore and I'm the best man of the bunch. D'you get the idea?"

The captain was red and shaking, but he knew he was powerless.

"There's no call to quarrel," he said. "We're all in the same boat."

It is curious that while all six of them could leave the ship with barely a thought for the man who remained to drown, they were all touched by shame when it came to provisioning the boat before the eyes of the crew. The second mate and the bo'sun, with revolvers openly in the hands, guarded the poop against a rush, while the others brought up the food and water—and the whiskey. But there was no rush. The men at the pumps did not even abate the killing monotone of the toil. They looked up and spoke among themselves and continued the dreary swing over the handles which had worn their hands raw. Under their scrutiny the others carried up the gear and placed it in the boat, looking constantly, with eyes that endeavored to be hardy, at the watching men. There was something cynical in their silence, as though they had expected nothing better of their superiors.

"That's funny," said the captain, eying them with a frown of perplexity. He hesitated a moment and then stepped forward and bellowed at them:

"Shake that pump up, will you? Limpin' lot of cripples, you!"

He turned to his companions. "Gosh!" he exclaimed. "See that? They laughed."

"Oh, come on," snarled the mate. "If I'd a tongue like yours I'd chew it and swaller it, I would. Let's get the blame things into the boat."

Still the pumping went on, while those who held the poop packed the boat with food for their run to the nearest land. To all of them came that sense of doing a vile thing openly; the silence of the laboring sailors amidships was harder to bear with a stolid front than curses and supplications. They avoided looking at the men they had doomed till the boat was ready.

"Now," said the captain, "we'll put her in the water. This is where they'll rush, if they rush at all. So be handy with them guns, you two."

"Aye, aye," answered the second mate.

But still the men made no sign, even when the falls ran out and the boat slid down. They were watching intently, with eyes that showed narrow and intent, but the throb and cluck of the pumps did not abate, nor did they pause in the woful cadence of their swing over the handles. Their silence was wonderful and oppressive, and to those on the poop it made a hush they hesitated to break. The Swedish carpenter's round, hairy face worked and quivered; the mate uttered a hideous oath.

"Here," he cried; "let me get out of their sight."

He swung himself over the rail and slid down the tackle to the boat; the captain and steward scrombled after him forthwith. The next to go was the bo'sun. The second mate sidled aft, with his revolver still ready to stop any charge.

"Down you go, Chips," he ordered, and the carpenter lifted a leg over the rail.

"Come on, there," cried the captain from below.

The second mate took a glance forward to see that none was already creeping aft, put his pistol briskly into his pocket and scrambled down into the boat.

"Well, Chips, are you asleep?" bellowed the captain.

The carpenter looked down on them, where the little boat plunged under the rail. Their faces were upraised to him as they fended her off with their hands when she swung in toward the ship—the captain's, unshaven, flush, irate; the mate's, heavy with angry gloom; the steward's, fat and loose and vile. He saw them with a sudden new understanding, and his vague blue eyes clouded with a quick new horror for what had become apparent to them. He drew back the leg he had thrust over the taffrail.

The captain cursed him at large.

"Say, ain't you comin'?" he shouted.

"No," said the carpenter thoughtfully, and his face cleared. "No; I ain't got no use for you."

"You rotten Dutchman!" roared the captain. "Shove her off, there, bo'sun."

The carpenter watched them flounder clear of the ship, their inexpert oars splashing raggedly. The captain stood in the stern, shaking a red fist at him, till a plunge of the boat knocked his feet from under him and he subsided into the stern sheets. Soon after they hoisted their lug sail, and, with three reefs down, went heeling to westward and out of sight.

He had no idea that he had done a praiseworthy thing. He had followed his instinct to be honest and that was all. He turned from the rail slowly and went down to the main deck. The men had ceased to pump and were lying about on deck.

"Well, boys," said the carpenter gravely, looking down at them, "who's for de shore? Time we was knockin' a raft togedder, ain't it?"

Some of them were already asleep, but the eldest of them stirred and raised his white head from the wet planks. His face was blue and white with cold and fatigue; the brine stood on his eyebrows in a crust. But the heavy eyes had still their flash of humor.

"Raft be blowed," croaked the old sailor. "All she wants is a plug."

"Plug?" repeated the carpenter.

"Bolt worked out in the forepeak," said the other. "All hands has knowed of it for two days. Only—we wanted them swines to quit."

His blue lips shaped themselves to the curve of a smile as he laid his head down again, conquered but not daunted.

"Marked men—quitters; that's what they are," he murmured. "An' now you go an' plug—that—hole."

On the heels of the last word his eyes closed, his attitude relaxed. He slept on the sea-washed deck like a child in its bed, and round him, stretched and sprawling, his shipmates slumbered with him in the sleep of men who have achieved their end. Again, for a space of moments, horror and fear clouded the carpenter's blue eyes; then he walked forward for his tools.

* * * * * *

The verandas of the hotel at Rio were pleasant resting places for the shipwrecked men who duly arrived in that port, and in the American Consulate courtesy and interest in their adventures combined to support them under the burden of their misfortunes. Only one thing disquieted the captain at times—and that was the slow satirical eye of the Consul. He was one of those deliberate men with an instinct for inconsistencies, and the well-concerted tale which the survivors of the Croquill had to tell was subjected to an unawaited test.

"So you were the last to leave the ship, Captain?" he remarked to that officer. "Yes, that's the way it should be. But you'll have to talk to that bo'sun of yours; he says the second mate came last."

And his quiet eye fixed itself on the captain's face as he flushed and his lips quivered.

"He don't know what he says," replied the captain, with an uneasy laugh. "Had the sense scared clean out of him, I reckon."

The Consul was still watching him.

"But you said in your report that everybody showed great courage and coolness?"

"Well," said the captain, "there's no sense in givin' a man a bad name, is there?"

Captain shaded his eyes and looked

The Consul nodded, and made an appearance of being satisfied. The captain took an early occasion to assemble his men and lecture them on the need for caution.

"You got to keep the lid down on your mouths," he urged. "You all know the tale you got to pitch; it's a sound, watertight tale, and you want to stick to it. Do that and you're on velvet; don't do it and you're ear-marked for a low down, ship quittin', man drownin' dog, and there's your finish. Get on that and stick there, the whole push."

The talk took place on the end veranda of the hotel, where there was privacy and an agreeable prospect of the town. As the captain finished the mate spat across the rail and laughed.

"What's eatin' you?" demanded the captain.

"Oh, you make me tired," retorted the mate. "Let's put on petticoats and let on we're a girls' school; or eat grass and tell folks we're horses. They're a blame sight more likely to believe us than if we go actin' we're honest men. Why, burn my hide, take a look at yourselves," he cried. "Look at the skipper there. Ain't he the born image of a crook? Ain't he the twin brother of Judas and the nevvy of Cain? Couldn't you spot him at a mile for the sailor robbin' trash he is? And the rest ain't a bit better; the whole bunch is branded and slotted; a fool couldn't miss it."

He was sombre and hostile, tremendously contemptuous and vehement. They stared at him with open mouths. Only the captain kept his composure. An ugly name or two made no difference to him.

"D'you mean you're goin' back on us?" he demanded. D'you mean you're goin' to tell the Consul the truth?"

The mate shrugged a big shoulder.

"No," he answered. "I'm not man enough fer that. Only don't you talk. Don't you talk." He thrust his great fist forward under the captain's long nose. "I'm a crook an' I know it, but I'm not goin' to stand round when you're shootin' off that mouth of yours. Get wise to that Willie; 'cos if you orate any more I'll pulp you if I swing for it."

He glared round at them all, ready to make war on the moment and eager for offence. They yielded him faces of stupid wonder and a submissive silence. With another laugh he turned abruptly and left them.

The captain wiped his forehead. "It's his conscience," he said patiently. "He'll get over it."

Save for the mate's untowardness and the quiet irony of the Consul's regard, those were pleasant days, easy and idle, their gentle course lubricated with familiar liquors and diversified by new and disreputable acquaintances.

The time drew near when they should be returned to their homes in the United States at their country's cost, and as the weeks passed and their tale held, even against the tendency of each of them to embroider it, suspicion and apprehension were lulled in their minds. Their deed sank into a vague perspective; it counted only among dead and indifferent things.

It was in this frame of mind that the captain went to the Consulate one morning to conclude the arrangements for the passage home. The house stood on a rise; from its windows one commanded a wide view both of the land and the harbor. It was a bright day of strong sun and a cool breeze; the world went well and the air was soft in one's face. The captain thought that the clerk who received him looked at him strangely, but he held clerks in small esteem.

"Yes, the Consul can see you," the clerk answered him. "He wants to, in fact. Wouldn't miss it for anything."

The captain frowned a little.

"Not quite so much talk," he said. "You can take it from me that you ain't got a voice like a nightingale."

"And isn't that lucky," said the clerk sweetly, "because it wouldn't be wasted on you if I had."

The captain let the retort pass and entered the Consul's private room. The Consul looked up as he came in and ceased to write. For a moment his look brought back the captain's old uneasiness.

"I've been attending to that little matter of shipping you back to the States, Captain," said the Consul. "I meant you to sail by the mail boat, but there was a difficulty."

"Full up, I suppose," suggested the captain. "But this ain't the passenger season, is it?"

The Consul shook his head. "It wasn't that," he said. "But her captain was here just now, and he said he wouldn't carry you. Wouldn't have you aboard his ship at any price, and Uncle Sam's Consul could go to Tophet. What do you think of that?"

The captain stared. The other's face was impassive, but the ironical look in his eyes had given way to something else, something the captain did not care to meet.

"That's queer," he said, with a dry throat. "Did—did he say why?"

The Consul nodded. "Yes," he answered, "he said why."

There was a space of silence in that pleasant room, while the captain's brain raced. The mate must have told the tale, he thought, and yet——

"Why, then?" he asked.

The Consul rose. "Look here," he said, and drew the captain to the window. He pointed over the garden to the bright water of the harbor below them. The captain shaded his eyes and looked.

Battered, with bulwarks breached and her jury rig ragged and desperate, the ship that was anchored below was still the Croquill.

He knew her at once, with a leap of the heart that flushed his face with blood. For the moment terror slackened his features and his lower lip dropped. The Consul turned his eyes away, not to see the man's struggle to command himself.

"Who—who brought her in?" asked the captain at last. He breathed as though he had been running. His last hope was that the men had left her on a raft and the ship been salvaged by some passing vessel. The Consul read the hope as though it had been spoken. He shook his head and reached across his desk to the bell push.

"They did," he answered. "Captain, I'm sorry for any man that gets found out in a business like this, because it's the end of him. But I can't help you; you've gone out of my reach."

His thumb descended on the button; the bell tinkled outside.

"If you'd just robbed or murdered there's places you could live and hold your head up among others of your kind," the Consul went on. "But you can't; the worst toughs in the ports would join to lynch you. I tell you this for your own sake."

He paused; there was a sound of heavy feet shuffling in the passage outside. The captain stood like a man on the drop.

"And I can tell you more," added the Consul. "If you'd been only a coward it wouldn't have happened. But you bulldozed your crew till they were ready to die to be rid of you. They put this up for you."

The door was opening now. "You were trapped," concluded the Consul.

And, on his word, there entered the carpenter and the men of the Croquill. They trod the clean floor gingerly, grotesque figures in that pleasant apartment in their stained rags, with the smirch and scars of labor and peril upon them. The white-haired seaman was at their head, a bent and indomitable veteran, in whose years was nothing venerable. The shyness of sailors ashore constrained them, but they all looked to the smart, kindly Consul and none of them to the man who had shrunk back upon their entry.

"Well, men," said the Consul, "let's get this over. You've done well by the ship; it'll not be forgotten. And now for the other matter." He waved a hand to where the captain stood.

"You all know Captain Tabb?" he observed.

The white haired sailor raised his head and looked at the captain. He smiled faintly, but in his eyes his unforgiving hate shone fiercely. He shook his head slowly.

"No, sir," he answered, with deliberate significance. "There's none of us knows him—to speak to."

"Ah!" The Consul shrugged his shoulders.

They made no way. He had to go around them as he passed to the still open door, and not a man turned his head as he went by. The last thing he saw as he left the room was their backs; their sober silence daunted him like a jeering crowd. The clerk in the outer office was whistling as he strode by the door; the tune followed him into the sunlight. It was "Rio Grande."

TWENTY-NINE ENTER INTO THE 2.30 CLASS

(Acadian Recorder.)

The Recorder's annual list of 2.30 horses for the season makes a most gratifying showing for the harness interests of the Maritime Provinces. No less than 10 horses entered the 2.20 list, 29 trotted or paced in 2.30 or better for the first time, and 22 already in the list reduced their records. In addition to this, a number of horses sired by Maritime Province sires, have made records abroad. A pleasing feature of the list is the number of trotters which appear therein:

Dessie Patchen (p), blk m, by The Patchen Boy, Halifax, Sept. 8.. 2.15½
Alice W (p), g g, by J S G, Halifax, September 3 ..... 2.19
Tony D (p), b g, by Lord Dufferin, Woodstock, N. B., Aug. 14.... 2.19¾
Nell Patch (p), br m, by Bourbon Wilkes, New Glasgow, Aug. 26. 2.20
Victoria (p), b m, by Torbrook, Sackville, July 7 ..... 2.20½
Idle Moments (p), b m, by Ira Band, Moncton, Aug. 21..... 2.21
Lina Miller (p), blk m, by Brazilian, Halifax, Sept. 5..... 2.21
Queen Marie (p), b m, by Parkside, Halifax, Sept. 8 ..... 2.21¼
Anita (t), b m, by Bonnie F. Chatham, Sept. 16 ..... 2.21¾
Robert C (p), b g, by Banner Boy, New Glasgow, Aug. 27 ..... 2.21¾
Maid's King (t), b s, by May King, Halifax, Sept. 5 ..... 2.22
Royal Dufferin (p), b g, by Lord Dufferin, Presque Isle, July 31.. 2.22
Wherie (t), b g, by Lord Harold, Sackville ,N. B., July 8..... 2.22¼
ushall (p), b g, unknown breeding, Halifax, Sept. 7 ..... 2.22¼
arl Grey (p), g g, by Abbot Wilkes, Chatham, Sept. 16..... 2.22½
Prince Louis (t), b g, by Brazilian, Bangor, Me., Aug. 25..... 2.23¼
Billy G (t), ch s, by Fair Oake, Halifax, Sept. 5 ..... 2.23¾
Quincy A (p), by Vassar, St. John, July 25 ..... 2.24¼
Israel Tarte (t), b s, by Brazilian, Halifax, Sept. 8 ..... 2.25
Brazilian S (t), b g, by Brazilian, Sydney, Aug. 1 ..... 2.26½
Parkerlando (t), b g, by Parkside, Summerside, Sept. 18 ..... 2.26½
George Cresceus (3) (t), ch s, by Cresceus, Halifax, Sept. 3 ..... 2.27
Ariel Wood (p), b s, by R T M, Middleton, Aug 21 ..... 2.27
Estella Glen, Woodstock, Set. 23.. 2.27¼
Sabledom (t), b s, by Sable Wilkes, Middleton, Aug. 21 ..... 2.27½
Annie Barteux (t), b m, by Ferron, Sydney, Aug. 1 ..... 2.29¼
Bird Gardo (p), b m, by Edgardo, St. Stephen, Sept. 8 ..... 2.29½
May Queen (t), ch m, by May Prince, Lawrence, Mass., Aug. 12 ..... 2.29¾
Major Bill, Woodstock, Sept. 23 .. 2.30
Axbell (p), b s trotting record 2.26¼), Halifax, Sept. 9 ..... 2.18¼
Sleepy Jack (t), b g (pacing record 2.20¼), Halifax, Sept. 2 ..... 2.21¼
Laura Merrill (p), b m, by Lentell, Sussex ..... 2.17½ to 2.14¼
Little Sweetheart (p), g m, by Strongwood, Fredericton, Aug. 6 ..... 2.15¼ to 2.14¾
Miss Letha (p), gr m, by Dispute, Belfast, Me. ..... 2.15¾ to 2.15¼
Brownette (p), b m, by Brown Hal, Woodstock, Aug. 15 .... 2.18¼ to 2.15¼
Will-Be-Sure (p), b s, by Be Sure, Halifax, Sept. 9..... 2.16¼ to 2.15¾
Estill Boy (t), b g, by Potential, Chatham, Sept. 16 ..... 2.16¼ to 2.16¼
Buchanan (p), g g, by Taunton, Halifax, Sept. 8 ..... 2.23 to 2.16½
Peacherina (p), blk m, by Betterton, Port Elgin, July 28 .... 2.18¼ to 2.17½
El Galo (p), b g, by Chauncey Wells, Moncton, July 17 ..... 2.21¼ to 2.18¼
Meadowvale (p), b g, by Torbrook, Sussex, Sept. 22 .....2.20¼ to 2.18¾
Kalol, (t) b s, by Kremlin, Halifax, Sept. 4, ...2.26 to 2.19¼
Otto Oakes, (p), blk g, by Fair Oakes,, Port Elgin, July 29, ... 2.21 to 2.19¼
Ollie Online, (p) b m, by Online, Sussex, Sept. 23, ...2.26¼ to 2.19¼
Billy, (t), b g, by Taunton, Halifax, Sept. 5, ...2.26 to 2.20¼
Lou Helen, (t), b m, by Parkwood, Summerside, Sept. 18, ..2.26½ to 2.21¼
Blomidon, (t), br s, by Brazilian, Chatham, Sept. 17, ...2.29¼ to 2.21½
Orphan Girl, (t), b m, Ferron, Halifax, Sept. 8, ...2.24¾ to 2.22¼
Nellie Bangs, (p), b m, by Parkwood,, Charlottetown, Sept. 23, ...2.23¼ to 2.22
Bennett W (t), by Almont Wilkes, Halifax, Sept. 8, ...2.26 to 2.22½
Thomas J (p), by Alfondley Presque Isle, Sept. 3, ...2.28¾ to 2.22¾
Slipperyside (p), b g, by Parkside, Charlottetown, Sept. 23 2.29½ to 2.23½
Dorothy P (p), ch m, by Lord Eldon, Moncton, Aug. 22 ..2.24¼ to 2.23¾
Allie Snail (p), b g, by Warren Guy, Sydney, ... 2.30 to 2.24¼

Useful Roofing Information.

Anyone who is considering the roofing proposition should secure the booklet on Amatite which has just been published. This booklet is full of practical information. It gives pointers that will enable you to know what's what in the roofing line. This booklet is published by the oldest roofing manufacturers in the country and may be relied upon for accuracy. It is mailed free to anyone sending their name and address. A sample of Amatite, with its mineral surface, which has made such a success as a lasting protection against the weather, is also sent with the booklet. Both are free and are well worth inspecting.

Address nearest office of the Carritte-Paterson Mfg. Co., Ltd., St. John (N. B.), Halifax (N. S.).

The inside of a tea kettle may be kept free from a deposit of lime, which is the result of hard water, by keeping an egg-shell in it.

Counterfeit 25 cent pieces and $2 bills have made their appearance in the city.

MEDICAL SCIENCE CONQUERS DEATH

Animals Killed and Brought to Life in Paris Laboratory

THE NEW ANAESTHETIC

Woman Doctor Puts Animals to Death, Performs Operations and Resuscitates Her Patients by Means of Electric Current--A Dog That Bled to Death Restored to Life.

(Special Cable to Toronto Globe.)

Paris, Sept. 27.—Dr. Louise G. Rabinovitch, of New York, and Dr. V. Magnan are preparing another step in their series of discoveries in electric sleep experiments, and those which have been safely conducted on rabbits and dogs will be made soon on human beings, patients in the insane hospital of Sainte Anne in Paris.

Dr. Rabinovitch has been conducting her experiments with hopes of finding the means of doing away entirely with the usual anaesthetics—ether and chloroform—and so far has been very successful.

The city of Paris early in the summer fitted up a laboratory for the Hospital of Sainte Anne, and there she has been working steadily. Already she has put a patient to sleep by electricity without performing an operation. She has also in several cases used electricity as a local anaesthetic on a part of the arm or leg, and has performed a slight operation. Her intention now is, in which she is encouraged by the veteran Dr. Magnan, to perform a serious operation made under the influence of electric sleep. This will be the first time that this has been done anywhere in the world.

Dr. Rabinovitch has made some remarkable discoveries while she has been working in her laboratory, and finds no difficulty in instilling life into animals which have died on the operation table. The immense value of this discovery to physicians when patients die by cause of an anaesthetic, can be seen at once.

One dog playing about the laboratory, the doctor told me, had been dead three times. "While under the influence of electric sleep I killed her instantly with chloroform. The heart stopped beating and respiration ceased. If the animal had been left alone then it would have remained dead, but I immediately instituted artificial respiration by means of electricity, and presently the animal started to breathe of its own accord. Again, after I had killed the dog and resuscitated it, hemorrhage set in, caused by an operation, and the dog bled to death. I brought it back to life again. The animal is at present perfectly healthy."

While I was in the laboratory the doctor put a rabbit under the influence of electric sleep. In a comparatively short time, when the rabbit came from under the influence, it hopped away contentedly.

For all her experiments on animals, the doctor has kept records which show the tracings of the animal's respiration and heart action throughout the experiment. At the point where a perfectly straight line is reached on the tracings, the animal is dead. A little farther on the regular curved lines show artificial respiration, and still farther the irregular lines show that the animal has commenced to breathe again by itself.

The doctor is confident that all her experiments can be put into practice on human beings. When the animal is under the influence of the current it reacts to no stimulus, and when the current is turned off the awakening is instantaneous. There is no after-sickness nor stupor.

St. Martins Hunting Notes.

St. Martins, Sept. 30.—George Verner, of Ten Mile Creek, shot a fine moose last week, and sent the meat to the St. John market.

G. Morrison, of West Quaco, shot a big moose on Saturday. While he and others were scouring the woods on Friday last they came across the carcass of a very large bull moose that appeared to have been shot only a few days before. A short distance away they also found an empty shell of a peculiar make, and on the game warden being notified it did not take long to locate the party who shot the animal. The game warden states the moose would have dressed 1,000 pounds.

John Hunter, of Ten Mile Creek, secured a fine deer a few days ago.

Moose and deer are very numerous along the line of the St. Martins Railway.

The August fire losses in the United States and Canada amounted to $23,123,000.

TAFT BIG FAVORITE IN NEW YORK BETTING

(New York Herald, Sept. 30.)

Election odds in Wall street ruled about the same yesterday as on Monday, with considerable Taft money placed at 5 to 2. The largest wager at that price was $2,500 to $1,000.

While there is a good supply of Democratic cash available for betting purposes there was a disposition shown to hold it until better odds could be obtained, it being thought there would be a reaction from the slump from 5 to 1 to 5 to 2. A member of one of the biggest and most Conservative banking houses said:—

"I am not a betting man, but if I were called upon today to name odds that would express the national situation I would say the odds ought to be 3 to 2 on Taft. I base this on reports we are getting from many points throughout the country."

Speculation on the outcome of the State fight was lively, but most of the wagers were small and made at even money.

A TERRIBLE LAW.

(Philadelphia Ledger.)

Parents of Wayne, a suburb of Philadelphia, are required to report promptly any case of contagious disease, in compliance with the regulations of the local board of health.

In acordance with this order, Health Officer Leary received this postcard recently:

"Dear Sir,—This is to notify you that my boy Ephriam is down bad with the measles as required by the new law."

"It pears tew me," remarked the rural philosopher, "that law air a heap sight like a colt."

"How's that?" queried the hired man.

"Somebody has tew break it afore yew kin tell whether it's enny good or not, explained the old granger.