At Swords' Points;

OR,

A SOLDIER OF THE RHINE.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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CHAPTER XXII.

Just Before the Explosion.

It was the British surgeon, Sir Noel.

At sight of this man Paul felt a wave of relief sweep over him.

Of course the sudden and unannounced arrival of Sir Noel upon the scene gave the major still another setback.

It seemed as though he were fated never to get those words of command beyond the portals of his lips.

And he knew Sir Noel, too, knew that the foreign surgeon was in high favor with the commandant, even as he had been with Marshal MacMahon before the latter's state of health compelled him to relinquish the command to a successor.

What business had this Englishman here anyhow—no one had invited him, and it was none of his affair that the military authorities of the French stronghold on the Moselle chose to make an arrest.

Was Sir Noel alone?

Paul could not hear the expected swish of garments such as might betray the coming of those who represented the gentler sex; but this was not to be wondered at in the least, since the German guns kept up a pretty constant growling away off beyond the forts, and the explosion of shells grew more and more frequent in the streets, occasioning considerable excitement among the crowds.

At the same time some intuitive sense told him she was coming, this girl in whom his whole soul was wrapped up.

Hildegarde did not understand fully what message the white-faced nun brought Sir Noel in the hospital, but she caught a name, Paul's, and understood that he was in danger of his life, and had sent for the bluff, oblig ing Englishman to come to the rescue without delay.

When she saw him start forth perhaps she feared, poor girl, that the man she loved had been maimed by one of the exploding bombs and lay upon the street with shattered limbs, his life passing away.

Indeed, at such a time it was easy enough to imagine anything in the way of horrors.

Unable to withstand the eager desire to be of some assistance to Paul in his hour of need, she had started after them.

Nothing had as yet occurred to change her ideas as to what had happened.

So that when she reached the open doorway and glancing into the lighted room with eyes filled with expectations of seeing horrors, the first object upon which they rested was Paul, standing there apparently in a fair state of health, the shock to her nerves was severe indeed.

Doubtless the presence of the soldiers would explain the situation clearly enough, especially when she saw the bellicose attitude of the major.

Sir Noel had partly lost his breath in his dash from the hospital and the succeeding hasty climb of a flight of stairs. Doubtless he managed to gather enough breath to address the major and ask what it all meant, and the gentlemanly character of his request again touched the major in his weak spot, politeness.

He begged to assure monsieur that he was only present in the discharge of his duty, having received information of the most positive kind that the stage was shelter for a nest of German spies, who had long been sending information as to the weakness of the brave defenders of Metz in the line of provisions—sending these traitorous reports by some secret underground wire or the use of carrier pigeons trained for the purpose.

"Of course, they will have a hearing?"

The major cast a furtive glance at the One Who Must Be Obeyed, and the quick signal which the countess made gave him his clue.

"Certainly, monsieur. In the morning, if they are able, they shall appear before the military drum head court, convened for just such purposes as this by our commander, and the truth will either liberate or send them to the Court of Execution."

Paul noted that there was a clause in his declaration, which somehow he could not avoid emphasizing, a clause of considerable importance, since he believed the major's design was that they should never live to reach the prison.

"Sir Noel, step this way, please," he said.

It was at this critical juncture that a movement at the doorway drew the attention of the countess, and she became aware for the first time of Hildegarde's presence.

The sight sent the hot blood leaping in bounds through her veins—nothing must be allowed to stand in the way now—the presence of this German beauty who had won what she had sued in vain to possess, was a premonition of coming disaster, unless she could push the major into the breach.

Meanwhile Paul confided to the Englishman his suspicions as to the fate he supposed had been mapped out for him while on the way to prison.

Once Sir Noel grasped the idea the danger was far less threatening than before, for he could possibly invent some way of defeating the evil designs of the plotters.

Hildegarde now knew all.

She had recognized the disguised countess with contempt and scorn in her eyes, and the presence of the stalwart soldiers told the rest.

But when she saw Beatrix, looking so lovely, with the gratified look upon her face, the tears of distress in her beautiful eyes, Hildegarde almost wished she had been more discreet and remained at her duties in the hospital, for it was absurd to realize that the mention of Paul's name had acted so upon her heart as to bring her in great haste to this apartment to find that he had doubtless been enjoying a delightful tete-a-tete with this rival little beauty at the time the soldiers came.

This bold American had won her love—in her maidenly eyes he was everything that could be deemed manly, and in dreams at least he had told her the charming things which his eyes betrayed whenever they met—as she bound up his wounds after the duel with Conrad; she had been thrilled when their hands chanced to come in contact, and ever since then a delicious hope had found lodgment in her heart that they might be nearer and dearer than friends.

This was now apparently scuttled forever, and she must summon the pride which had managed to her by birth in order to conceal the intense misery the death of her hopes caused.

Well, the major had received his little curtain lecture, and was primed up for the boiling point.

When he left the countess and turned upon the others who formed part of the disagreeable personae connected with this closing scene in the play, Rhinelander knew they must look out for squalls, for the major was galled to action and meant to enter upon the warpath.

Paul saw this and nerved himself for the encounter.

The irascible major, having wheedled with military precision, bore down upon Paul, who awaited his approach, supported by the doctor.

It was a moment of considerable suspense.

Much would depend upon what the major was about to say, and hence Paul eagerly awaited for him to speak, hoping to discover a peg upon which to hang their expectations.

It was to Sir Noel he addressed himself.

"Monsieur, already the execution of my duty has been delayed too long. Whatever protest you may desire to make, it must be presented to the military officials. I am sent to make the arrest, and wish it distinctly understood that already both of these gentlemen are prisoners of war."

Sir Noel recognized the fact that a point had been made in the case, but he was too smart to betray the slightest uneasiness, since that would be aiding the enemy.

At least there was hope, because the major had not proven a bully, who would hustle his prisoners away with all haste.

Through his own pride of manner and speech the Frenchman might be unhorsed in the joist—men as gallant as he have many times gone down before the rude plunge of adversity.

"Monsieur le major," said the Englishman slowly, "I would not wish to interfere with your duty as a soldier. I have every respect for your army and for you individually. But this man is my friend. I am his sponsor before the commandant, and you as a gentleman would not blame me if I endeavored to the best of my ability to free him from his wholly unwarranted detention. You know that he has been placed upon his sacred parole—you are not ignorant of the fact that he has been given the entire freedom of the city, and hence as much right to be in this particular spot as any Frenchman among you. I desire to make this point particularly plain in order that whatever happens you may not have cause to regret having done the wrong thing."

The major smiled and bowed.

"What you say is very true, monsieur, but that liberty of which you speak expires whenever the person of parole breaks his given word of honor. We have abundant reason to believe this party has done this unpardonable thing of conspiring with certain spies, the enemies of our country, to betray our weakness to the Germans. I recognize the point in your make, Milsieur, but it does not swerve me one jot from the course mapped out for my observance. Unless you can produce something stronger your friend must return to his cell and stand before the drumhead court."

Hildegarde had turned very white at these words, but she did not altogether lose hope.

The impatient countess, who secretly feared Sir Noel, here uttered a sentence in a low tone, doubtless with the intention of hastening action in the game.

"Immediately it shall be done," returned the major, once more raising his sword and half turning to address his men.

If a trump card remained to be played now was the time for its appearance.

A word of command and the giant guards closed in around the prisoners.

Sir Noel still stood by Paul, and even saw this significant move without showing the white feather.

He put his hand to his pocket and drew out a folded paper.

The countess, seeing the action, felt that there was danger of defeat even though she could not guess the nature of the bolt that threatened.

How deliberately Sir Noel unfolded his paper.

"Ah! monsieur le major," he said.

The stout soldier, not daring to look toward the countess, turned his head.

At sight of the paper his eyebrows went up in token of surprise.

Then he met the doctor's magnetic eye, and was obliged to pay attention—the influence of mind over matter is always paramount.

"I have here a little document," pursued Sir Noel, waving the paper.

"So I perceive, monsieur."

"Which is signed by the commandant, with whose signature you are doubtless familiar.

"Oh, very, monsieur."

"Will you kindly give me one minute. I am desirous of saving you from committing a folly that might wind up your military career in anything but a blaze of glory. I have in this paper, this document, which perhaps has not its equal in all Metz at this moment."

"I am honored, monsieur," bowing and taking the paper, while the countess glided nearer, the look of awful determination still upon her face.

Paul believed it wise to keep one eye on her, not knowing what a desperate woman might attempt when brought to bay.

And somehow he had a presentiment that, while it looked as though this might be Aimee's game, there was a setback in store for her that would end in her overwhelming defeat.

As the major read the document she looked surprised, even puzzled.

"May I ask what you find, M. le Major?" asked the Englishman, quietly.

"It is surprising—I have here a pass written in the commandant's own hand allowing the bearer, Sir Noel Travers, surgeon at the hospital, the liberty of the city of Metz, and commanding that under no conditions shall he be restrained or prevented from going or coming at will. It is astounding, very."

Paul breathed easier.

He had heard the magic words and comprehended the nature of the miracles that had been wrought in his behalf, thanks to the coming of the Englishman.

You have no reason to doubt the genuineness of the document, major?" pursued Sir Noel, with the convincing manner of a lawyer.

"Surgeon at will—I would be willing to stake my life upon that," came the reply.

"Fool, fool, don't you see the trap?" cried the countess, firmly.

But Sir Noel was appealing to all that was best in the major's composition—his pride as a soldier, and the subordination of all other feelings to duty toward a superior officer as laid down in the manual of arms.

"Then you can consider that this gentleman is the companion mentioned in the pass. By the authority vested in that document I claim for him the same rights I myself possess, and let any man arrest him at his peril. Monsieur le Major, tell me, is he free to go with me?"

The soldier's face was almost purple from the violence of his emotions, but with an effort he gasped:

"There is no other resource—he is free."

(To be continued.)

FAMOUS COOKS OF PARIS.

Genius in the Culinary Art as in Other Things.

In a recently published book on culinary art Dr. Lemaunier, a physician of Paris, gives several interesting items regarding well-known chefs. He mentions the melancholy death of Trompette, the celebrated cook to the Duke of Noailles, who, in a fit of ambition, deserted his aristocratic master for the luxurious but plebeian kitchen of Gambetta. He never forgave himself this base and sordid action, and died from grief melancholy. After Trompette comes a long list of illustrious men who have raised French cookery to its well-deserved reputation.

The Maison Doree gives $15,000 a year to Casimir Moisson; the Baron de Rothschild had in his kitchen the brothers, the Fauvets, who never separate; the Duchess of Alba, cousins of Empress Eugenie, has for her chef George Bugeon, who was a great favorite of Napoleon III.

The cook of Nicholas II. gets $45,000 a year; he is an Alsatian of the name of Chrantz and enjoyed such privileges under Alexander II. that he was allowed to carry a sword, and, what is more, to retain his French nationality. The cook of the King of the Hellenes took all his degrees in the university, but in 1853, carried away by his love of the art, he offered as cook to the Comte de Chambord's house, where he passed into the kitchen of the Duchess of Parma, the mother of the Princess of Bulgaria, and now the latter pays for the palates of the royal family of Greece.

Chevalier, who learned his art at the Jockey Club, under the celebrated Jules Gouffe, began his career in the royal house of Sweden and is now with that of Roumania.

OUR FUTURE HOMES UNDERGROUND

Progress of Science of Ventilation May Make that Possible.

Dr. A. Wynter Blyth, barrister-at-law and medical officer of health for Marylebone, had a startling proposition to make in his capacity of new president of the Incorporated Society of Medical Officers of Health, who held their annual gathering at the hotel Cecil.

In his presidential address he discussed the subject of "Ventilation" in all its bearings, says the London Chronicle. The ventilation of London he attributed the low state of public health, which conduced to the spread of tuberculosis and other maladies.

He said it was within the possibilities of modern science to make the deepest mine not only habitable, but agreeable and healthy. It might be hereafter a contribution to the solution of the housing question to build downward in the depths instead of upward on the mountain.

One could imagine a cavernous city, where the sky was the ever white, artificial cloud, where no rain fell, where no frost penetrated, where the light never failed, and where dry, warm, filtered, purified, ozonized air bathed the lungs and fanned the cheeks of the denizens in the constant white glare of a never-dying summer's day.

If some of the great expert talent now employed in the investigation and discussion of problems, relating to sewage and sewage-disposal were diverted to the study of ventilation, our factories and workshops would put out more work in a given time, and the mean duration of human life in the country would be appreciably lengthened.

A maker of epigrams is one who seeks to clothe the wit of others in his own language. The result is sometimes called original.

TALMAGE'S SERMON

"SILENCE IN HEAVEN FOR THE SPACE OF HALF AN HOUR."

Only That Short Space in all the Eternities of Time Given to Silence—Importance of These Fragments of Our Lives—A Glimpse of the Kingdom.

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Washington, April 6.—In the following discourse, prepared by Dr. Talmage before his illness, a vivid glimpse of the splendors and glories of heavenly life is presented; text, Revelation viii. 1, "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

The busiest place in the universe is heaven. It is the center from which all good influences start; it is the goal at which all good results arrive. The Bible represents it as active with wheels and wings and orchestras and processions mounted or charioted. But my text describes a spate when the wheels ceased to roll and the trumpets to sound and the voices to chant. The riders on the white horses reined in their chargers. The doxologies were hushed and processions halted. The hand of silence was put on the splendors. "Stop, heaven!" cried an omnipotent voice, and it stopped. For thirty minutes everything celestial stood still. "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

From all we can learn it is the only time heaven ever stopped. It does not stop at midnight, for there is no night there. It does not stop for a plague, for the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." It does not stop for bankruptcies, for its inhabitants never fail. It does not stop for impassable streets, for there are no fallen snows or sweeping freshets. What, then, stopped it for thirty minutes? Grotius thinks the conflagration of Jerusalem. Mr. Lord thinks it was in the year 311, between the close of the Diocletian persecution and the beginning of the wars by which Constantine gained the throne. I do not know when it was, and I do not care when it was, but of all the times that such an interregnum of sound took place I am certain. "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

If geologists are right—and I believe they are—there has not been a moment of silence since this world began its travels, and its crashing and the splitting and the uproar and the hubbub are ever in progress. But when among the supernals a voice cried, "Hush!" and for half an hour heaven was still, silence was honored. The full power of silence many of us have yet to learn. We are told that when Christ was arraigned he answered not a word." That silence was louder than any thunder that ever shook the world. Oftentimes when we are assailed and misrepresented the mightiest thing to say is to say nothing and the mightiest thing to do is to do nothing. Silence! Do right and leave the results with God. Among the grandest lessons the world has ever learned are the lessons of patience taught by those who endured uncomplainingly personal or domestic or political injustice. Stronger than any bitter or sarcastic or revengeful answer is the patient silence.

Learn also from my text that heaven must be an eventful and active place from the fact that it could afford only thirty minutes of recess. There have been events on earth and in heaven that seemed to demand a whole day or whole week or whole year for celestial consideration. If Grotius was right and this silence occurred at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, that one day was awful and so prolonged that the inhabitants of heaven could not have done justice to it in many weeks. Six hundred priests were destroyed on Mount Zion because, the temple being gone, there was nothing for them to do. Six thousand people in one cloister were consumed. There were 1,100,000 dead according to Josephus. Grotius thinks that this was the cause of silence in heaven for half an hour. If Mr. Lord was right, and this silence was during the Diocletian persecutions, by which 844,000 Christians suffered death from sword and fire and banishment and exposure, why did not heaven listen throughout at least one of these awful years? No! Thirty minutes! The fact is that the celestial program is so crowded with spectacle that it can afford only one recess in all eternity, and that for a short space.

In my text heaven spared thirty minutes, but it will never again spare one minute. In worship in earthly churches where there are many to take part we have to counsel brevity, but how will heaven get on rapidly enough to let one hundred and forty-four thousand get through each with his own story and then one hundred and forty-four million and then one hundred and forty-four billion and then one hundred and forty-four trillion? Not only are all the triumphs of the past to be commemorated, but all the triumphs to come. Not only what we now know of God, but what we will know of him after everlasting study of the deific. If my text had said there was silence in heaven for thirty days, I would not have been startled at the announcement, but it indicates thirty minutes. Why, there will be so many friends to hunt up, so many of the greatly good and useful that we will want to see, so many of the inscrutable things of earth we will need explained, so many exciting earthly experiences we will want to talk over, and all the other spirits and all the ages will want the same, that there will be no more opportunity for cessation. The multitudes of men and women who got no crown on earth we will want to see them when they get their crown in heaven. I tell you heaven will have no more half hours to spare.

Besides that, heaven is full of children. They are in the vast majority. No child on earth who amounts to anything can be kept quiet half an hour, and how are you going to keep five hundred million of them quiet half an hour? You know heaven is much more of a place than it was when that recess of thirty minutes occurred. Its population has quadrupled, sextupled, centupled. Heaven has more on hand, more of rapture, more of knowledge, more of intercommunication, more of worship. The most thrilling place we have ever been in is stupid compared with that, and, if we now have no time to spare, we will then have no eternity to spare. Silence in heaven only half an hour!

My subject also impresses me with the immortality of a half hour. That half hour mentioned in my text is more widely known than any other period in the calendar of heaven. The only part of eternity that was ever measured by earthly timepiece was measured by the minute hand of my text. Oh, the half hours! They decide everything. I am not asking what you will do with the years or months or days of your life, but what of the half hours? Tell me the history of your half hours and I will tell you the story of your whole life on earth and the story of your whole life in eternity. The right or wrong things you can think in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can say in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can do in thirty minutes are glorious or baleful, inspiring or desperate.

Look out for the fragments of time. They are pieces of eternity. The half hour a day for good books or bad books, the half hour a day for prayer or indolence, the half hour a day for helping others or blasting others, the half hour before you go to business and the half hour after you return from business—that makes the difference between the scholar and the ignoramus, between the Christian and the infidel, between the saint and the demon, between triumph and catastrophe, between heaven and hell. The most tremendous things of your life and mine were certain half hours. What was the hour when I resolved to become a Christian then and there, the half hour when I decided to become a preacher of the gospel, the half hour when I first realized that my son was dead, the half hour when I stood on the top of my house in Oxford street and saw our church burn, the half hour in which I entered Jerusalem, the half hour in which I stopped on Mount Calvary, the half hour in which I stood on Mars hill and about ten or fifteen other half hours are the chief times of my life. You may forget the name of the exact years or most of the important events of your existence, but those half hours, like the half hour of my text will be immortal. I do not query what you will do with the twentieth century, but I do not query what you will do with this year, but what will you do with the next half hour? Upon that hinges your destiny, and during that some of you will receive the gospel and make complete surrender, and during that others of you will make final and fatal rejection of the full and free and urgent and unpostponed offer of life eternal. Oh, that the next half hour might be the most glorious thirty minutes of your earthly existence!

Far back in history a great geographer stood with a sailor looking at a globe that represented our planet, and he pointed to a place on the globe where he thought there was an undiscovered continent. The undiscovered continent was America. The geographer who pointed where he thought there was a new world was Martin Behaim and the sailor was whom he showed it was Columbus. This last was not satisfied until he had plotted that spot out of the sea and set it in the crown of the world's geography. O ye who have been sailing and tossed down the rough seas of sorrow and sin, let me point out to you another continent—yea, another world—that you may yourself find, a rapturous world and that is the world a half hour of which we now see. Oh, set sail for it! Here is the ship and here are the compasses. In other words, make this half hour the grandest half hour of your life and become a Christian. Pray for a regenerated spirit, I say to you, my hearers, only God by his convicting and converting grace can make a Christian, but he is waiting this very half hour to accomplish it.

Again, my text suggests a way of studying heaven so that we can better understand it. The word "eternity" that we can handle so much is an immeasurable point, knowing that we could not understand that word, the Bible uses it only once. We say "forever and ever." But how long is "forever and ever?" I am glad that my text puts under our eye heaven for thirty minutes. As when you see a great picture you put a sheet of paper into a scroll and look through it or join your forefinger to your thumb and look through the circle between, and the picture becomes more intense, so this masterpiece of heaven by St. John is seen more clearly when we take only thirty minutes of it at a time. Now, we have something that we can come nearer to grasping, and it is a quiet heaven. When we discourse about the multitude of heaven, it must be also a serious shock to those who have all their lives been crowded by many people and who want a quiet heaven. For the last thirty-five years I have been much of the time in crowds and under public scrutiny and amid excitements, and I have sometimes prayed for a few weeks after I reach heaven I would like to go down in some quiet part of the realm, with a few friends, and for a little while try comparative solitude.

You will find the inhabitants all at home. Enter the King's palace and take only a glimpse, for we have only thirty minutes for all heaven. "Is that Jesus?" "Yes." Just under the hair along his forehead is the mark of a wound made by a bunch of twisted brambles, and his foot on the throne has on the round of his instep another mark of a wound made by a spike, and a scar on the palm of the right hand and a scar on the palm of the left hand. But what a countenance! What a smile! What a grandeur! What a loveliness! What an overwhelming look of kindness and grace! Why, he looks as if he had redeemed a world! But come on, for our time is short. Do you see that row of palaces? That is the Apostolic row. Do you see that long reach of architectural glories? That is Martyr row. Do you see that immense structure? That is the biggest house in heaven; that is "the house of many mansions." Do you see that wall? Shade your eyes against its burning splendor, for that is the wall of heaven, jasper at the bottom and amethyst at the top. See this river rolling through the heart of the great metropolis? That is the river concerning which those who once lived on the banks of the Hudson or the Alabama or the Rhine or the Shannon say, "We never saw the like of this for clarity and sheen." That is the chief river of heaven—so bright, so wide, so deep. And you ask, "Where are the asylums for the old?" I answer, "The inhabitants are all young." "Where are the hospitals for the lame?" "They are all agile." "Where are the infirmaries for the blind and deaf?" "They all see and hear." "Where are the almshouses for the poor?" "They are all multimillionaires." "Where are the inebriate asylums?" "Why, there are no saloons." "Where are the graveyards?" "Why, they never die." Pass down those boulevards of gold and amber and sapphire and see those interminable streets built by the Architect of the universe into homes, and the tareshold of which sorrow never steps and out of whose windows faces, once pale with earthly sickness, now look rubicund with immortal health.

"Oh, let me go in and see them!" you say. No, you cannot go in. There are those who would never consent to let you come out again. You say, "Let me stay here in this place where they never sin, where they never suffer, where they never part." No, no! Our time is short, our thirty minutes are almost gone. Come on! We must get back to earth before this half hour of heavenly silence breaks up, for in your present state you cannot endure the pomp and splendor and resonance when this half hour of silence is ended. The day will come when you can see heaven in full blast, but not now. Come on! There is something in the celestial appearance which makes me think that the half hour of silence will be broken, and remember we are mortal yet and cannot endure the full roll of heavenly harmonies and cannot endure even the silent heaven for more than half an hour. Hark! The clock in the tower of heaven begins to strike, and the half hour is ended. Descend! Come back! Come down till your work is done. Shudder a little longer your burdens. Fight a little longer your battles. Weep a little longer your griefs. And then take heaven not in its dullest half hour, but in its mightiest pomp, and, instead of taking it for thirty minutes, take it world without end.

But how will you spend the first half hour of your heavenly citizenship after you have gone in to stay? After your prostration before the throne in worship of him who made it possible for you to get there at all I think the rest of your first half hour in heaven will be passed in receiving your reward if you have been faithful. I have a strangely beautiful book containing the pictures of the medals struck by the English government in honor of great battles. These medals are pinned over the heart of the returned heroes of the army on great occasions, the royal family present and the royal bands playing—the Crimean medal, the medal for the Indian mutiny, the Victoria cross, the Waterloo medal. In your first half hour in heaven in some way you will be honored for the earthly struggles in which you won the day. Stand up before all the royal house of heaven and receive the insignia while you are announced as victor over the drafts and freshets of this mortal field, victor over the temptations of the Stock Exchange, victor over professional allurements, victor over domestic infelicities, victor over mechanic's shop, victor over the storehouse, victor over home worriments, victor over physical diseases, victor over hereditary depressions, victor over sin and death and hell. Take the badge that celebrates those victories through our Lord Jesus Christ. Take it in the presence of all the galleries, saintly, angelic and divine, while all heaven chants: "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

"Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar
And seize it with their eye."

CERTAINLY HAD A VALID EXCUSE.

Apropos Judicial Reply to a Juror's Plea for Exemption.

In a certain case the judge ordered the sheriff to call the roll of thirty-five "good men and true" selected for jury duty. Only twenty-two answered to their names and the sheriff looked somewhat surprised at the judge, but the latter was calmly wiping his glasses while he uttered the customary "Any desiring to be excused from service will now come forward."

Twenty-two men made a movement forward, and the clerk stopped in his work of noting down those who failed to respond to the summons to look in wonder at the entire venire desiring to escape.

"Well," said the judge, speaking to a long, thin, nervous-looking young man, "why do you wish to be excused?"

"If it please your honor," answered the aforesaid thin individual, "I'd like to be excused on account of illness. I'm suffering from something that might prove embarrassing to the other jurors, and is certainly embarrassing to me."

"What is the nature of your illness?" asked the judge.

"Well," said the young man, hesitatingly, "I'd prefer to tell you in private. I'm somewhat delicate about speaking of it in pubhc."

I cannot hear anything in private," responded the judge impatiently. "If you want to be excused you must tell me here and now what is the matter with you."

"Well, if I must tell it here—I have the itch."

"The itch?" echoed the judge, and, turning to the clerk, without marking how apropos his observation was, he said, "Jones, scratch the juror off."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS

How Mrs. Bruce, a Noted Opera Singer, Escaped an Operation. Proof That Many Operations for Ovarian Troubles are Unnecessary.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Travelling for years on the road, with irregular meals and sleep and dragging myself down my health so completely two years ago that my physician advised a complete rest, and when I had gained

MRS. G. BRUCE.

sufficient vitality, an operation for ovarian troubles. Not a very cheerful prospect, to be sure. I, however, was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash; I did so, fortunately for me. Before a month had passed I felt that my general health had improved; in three months more I was cured, and I have been in perfect health since. I did not lose an engagement or miss a meal.

"Your Vegetable Compound is certainly wonderful, and well worthy the praise your admiring friends who have been cured are ready to give you. I always speak highly of it, and you will admit I have good reason to do so."—Mrs. G. Bruce, Lansing, Mich. *$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.*

The fullest counsel on this subject can be secured without cost by writing to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be entirely confidential.

Spent $85,000 to "Get Even."

The extremes to which some people will go for revenge have seldom been better demonstrated than in the case of two rival shipowners in the north of England some years ago. The manager of a local colliery invited tenders for the conveyance of large quantities of coal to America, and when the contract was given to one shipowner the other immediately set to work to wreak vengeance.

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