A Story of the English-Boer War, by Rudyard Kipling.

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The Boers had wrecked the three center spans and blown huge pieces out of the stone piers. The wreckage lay adrift in the dirty water, and a section of the British army was now picking up the pieces. A pontoon bridge had been thrown across the river. You reached it by way of a steep sandy track through the scrub, and on the north bank met a steeper, sandier scarp that climbed out past the haunches of the bridge under the edge of a rocky embankment. Till the temporary railway trestle was finished this plunge and that scramble were the only path into the Orange Free State. By that road came McManus, head of the Corporate Equatorial Bank of Africa, on urgent business. He had been summoned to Bloemfontein by the Field Marshal Commanding in Chief, who, with the High Commissioner, was then striving to disentangle some finances which President Steyn had dropped. In an inner pocket lay a pass calling on all officers, civil and military, to assist and expedite R. L. McManus, Esq., by every means in their power, for the state had need of him and his time, which meant other people's money, as well as his own, was valuable. McManus was not used to passes. As a rule of 30 years, few people interfered with his uprisings or his downsittings. He was known to remotest Dutch farmers for an institution representing an institution, from the edge of the Kalahari to the outskirts of Portuguese territory; from Salisbury, where they lend money on mortgage, to the sea, where they foreclose on villa property. His grizzled head held most intimate knowledge of South Africa's finance for the last quarter of a century; his word, when they importuned him to speak, was law alike to speculative bond or progressive Ministries. Cape Town knew that he had been called up to Bloemfontein, and flashed the news to Natal and Kimberley; nor need we for an instant doubt that Pretoria knew it within 12 hours of his departure from the coast. The Corporate Equatorial had been chased out of Bloemfontein with bad words early in the war. Its return signified more than army corps victorious.

McManus, his secretary and half a dozen fellow-travelers came in a desolate evening to the southern end of Folly Bridge. A simple race of God-fearing herdsmen had been before them. The platform, after three days' vehement cleansing, still reeked of putrid onions, stable litter, and the remnants of bloody sheepskins. They had defiled the corner of every room they had lived in as dirty little boys defile abandoned houses; they had removed everything save the door locks, and had left in exchange a portrait in crayon on the wall of one "Chamberlain at Modder," which represented an eyeglassed person at a rope's end.

"My word!" said a New Zealand doctor, hoping to join his countrymen in the big camps to the north, "this is a lovely land to fight over! When d'you suppose we go on to Bloemfontein?"

"I'd give something to know why McManus is going up," said the captain of a troop of Colonial Horse, returning from a Karroo hospital.

"Who's McManus?" said the New Zealander.

"Good Lord!" the South African replied, aghast at his ignorance. "He's McManus. He's in his carriage now! You'll see he won't get out. He's got all his skoff with him. He'll have a decent dinner—soda water, too."

The Colonial had been picked up among the tangled Colesburg kopjes, where soda water was scarce.

"I'm going up with the Little Man's private letters." This was an officer late of the Bengal army. "That ought to be good for a reserved compartment in a cattle truck. Wonder how long we have to wait" He stumbled forth, grasping the Commander-in-Chief's private mail bag. The noises of a full camp filled their ears, but the station was void and blank.

"There must be a railway staff officer somewhere," a young and brisk gunner murmured. "Let's find him. Isn't that a light at the end of the platform? Phew! How the place stinks!"

They formed an untidy little procession, and, falling over the sleeping men and stray baggage, found at last a bare room, lighted with candles in beer bottles, and somewhat overfurnished with two men, both in khaki—one of them very angry.

"But—but—confound it all," said the latter. "How did it come to be broached, guard?"

"I don't know, sir. My business is to report it to you. One case of whisky with the top smashed in, and a bottle gone, between here an' Arundel. They're always doing it along the line, sir. I think it's those irregular corps."

"Yes, that's all very fine, but how did it come to be broached? Well, never mind—never mind. I shall report it, of course."

"Report it," whispered the sapper with documents for the Intelligence Department. "They've been looting the staff's reserve baggage down the line. A lot they'll care for one bottle o' whisky missing."

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" said the railway staff officer, when the train guard, properly reported, had withdrawn.

"We want to know how we can get on to Bloemfontein?"

"Not another train till tomorrow night. You'll have to wait till then." The R. S. O. drummed merrily on the table.

It meant a check of full 24 hours, and some one said so.

"It isn't my fault," said the R. S. O. "I assure you it would give me the greatest pleasure personally to shoot rubbish up the line, but I have my orders, and I've nothing more to do with it. I've noticed that every man who comes up thinks his business is the one thing I've got to attend to, and that the whole army will go to pieces if he isn't sent to the front at once, but . . . Hullo, what do these Kaffirs want? Been out of the camp without a pass?" Four Kaffirs were thrust into the room and the company departed, leaving the R. S. O. to execute justice according to his own lights and those in the beer bottles.

"My word!" said the New Zealander "but we didn't make a fuss about not going up, did we? Why was he so stuffy? Who is that man?"

"He's been here precisely nine days," said a voice in the darkness. "Nine whole days in Africa. He has his orders. We'll hear a lot about these orders before we leave. I know the breed. There will be larks. Now let's see how we can whack up something to eat."

"Get a light first," said the gunner. "If we could find some oil we'd light the lamps in our carriage. Those candles are no good. They always drop into the vittles. Morgan, you go and unscrew the lamps an' bring 'em out here. I'll look for oil. Hi!" (this to a shadow that passed) "where do you keep your lamp oil?"

"In the lamp room, of course. I'm the station master," was the fretful reply.

"I beg your pardon. You must be awfully hard worked. Don't bother; we'll get it."

"Thank you, sir. Yes, we're working 20 hours a day. There's the oil. I'll strike a match and you can get the cork out of—"

"No, you won't. Chuck that match away. I'd sooner waste your oil than set myself alight. Morgan! bring the lamps here. I'll fill 'em."

"One of the lamps ain't empty at all." Morgan's voice came across the siding with a rising snarl. "It's full! It's trickling all down my cuff."

"Never mind, bring what's left. We must see before we can eat."

The lamps were filled and lit rough handedly, and plate by plate and tin by tin, with jackknives for tin openers, a meal was dragged together.

The railway staff officer suggested that it should be eaten in his room, and then enlarged on the duties and responsibilities of his office. But the company were tired. Moreover, R. S. O.'s were old birds to them. They knew not less than 80 of the breed, and a few had been R. S. O.'s themselves.

"I think," said the New Zealand doctor, skewering cold tinned herring with a pocket-knife, "before I talked about shooting rubbish up the line I'd try to burn a little of the muck that's lying about the station. Sweeping isn't any earthly good."

"Oh, that department is probably in charge of the officer commanding the Royal Engineers," said the Colonial Captain, with a short, dry laugh. He had served in, since the outbreak of the war, and counted 13 engagements to his credit.

"A little of that lamp oil we wasted and a match would do wonders," the New Zealander insisted.

"Don't presume to dictate to the Army," an imperial officer said, almost proudly. "I'll back an R. S. O. against any one except the looked across the table) a sapper."

"We're learning. I swear we're learning." The young engineer flushed very prettily. "We aren't such fools as we were. The Colonials have taught us a lot. Take the Railway Pioneer Corps that's laying down the new line on the north bank, for instance."

"Yes," the Colonial Captain grunted. "They're the pick of the Rand—all mine managers and machinists and engineers and boiler-makers. They're working double shifts to finish the track because they want to get home to Johannesburg. Yes, I know about them." Again he laughed unpleasantly.

"What?" the New Zealander asked.

"Oh, the usual thing. They worked day and night, and of course they wanted more than service ration, so their commandant—Phil Tenbroek, he's a big mine manager when he's at home—bought a lot of Bovril and peameal and made soup of it and served it out to 'em at night. You can see their flare lamps across the river now if you look. Day and night they work. Well, the authorities found he'd spent five whole pounds government money, and they told him he wasn't to do it. Mind you, that's now—now—now—when every day—what am I talking of?—every hour's work means thousands of pounds saved. Yes, they told him the expenditure was unauthorized."

"And then?" said the young sapper, uneasily.

"Oh, then. You know Phil Tenbroek? At least I do. Phil sent a wire to Port Elizabeth on his own hook for fifty pounds' worth of Bovril and peameal. He paid out of his own pocket, of course; but Philly wants to get back to the Rand as soon as possible, and it seemed to him the quicker that new line was laid the better. And they'd have crippled the whole corps—the best engineers in the world—for a fiver! Nice tale, ain't it? True, too. Look at their flare lamps! They work."

Far away across the dark to the northward of the formless country ran a line of fire dots. The Railway Pioneer Corps were at work on the new track that was to connect with the temporary trestle bridge. A dull boom came up the gorge between the kopjes.

"Blasting away the wreckage," the Colonial explained. "Risky work at night, but Phil told me he was in a hurry. Oh, Philly Tenbroek is a man. I bet he hasn't taken off his clothes for a week."

Morning, hot and sultry, put out the flare lamps on the north of the river and brought in a trainload of troops from the south to be added to the acres of dusty tentage around Folly Bridge. The travelers, including McManus, had seen men and guns and buck-wagons, doctors, dust and wounded—stony hills and scrub-strewnadowns—a few hundred times before. It pleased them better to observe the R. S. O. as he valiantly faced the tenth day of his official life. The four Kaffirs had been disposed of, but he was still much troubled about the broached whisky and much annoyed by the eccentricities of lunatic civilians who, solely for the jest of it, wished to know when they could get goods up to Bloemfontein. The big railway junction 30 miles behind him was also a nuisance. It complained of a congested goods yard, and desired him at the trucks. Now his desire was to keep his end of the line neat and open, and so far he had succeeded. He drew attention with pride to the long, empty sidings which he had "saved," though he did not exactly specify the purpose of his economics. There were far too many people anxious to go to Bloemfontein. Officers, of course, if their passes were in perfect order, might be allowed, but these idle civilians, he was free to say, annoyed him. They simply had no conception of military matters, and they never seemed to think a man had orders. However, he had his orders, and, faithful as the Roman sentry, overwhelmed in the lava of Vesuvius, he meant to carry them out. What otherwise was the sense of orders? He paused very often for a reply. The station in the warm, close air stunk to heaven.

"Well, that's all right," said the New Zealander, "but when I was quite finished with my orders it seems to me I'd have another try at the rubbish about here. My word! Look at all that amount of unemployed labor in the camp!"

There were not fewer than 2000 men under canvas. Some of them were being drilled.

McManus went for a walk through the mimosa bushes to look at the late bridge. It cost £100,000 and somebody would have to account for the breakage. That, indirectly, was McManus' department.

"Have you seen McManus?" cried a private of the Railway Pioneer corps, as he rode up to the Colonial Captain, sitting in the window of what had been Folly Bridge refreshment-room. "I've seen him.. He looks as if he'd just come out of Adderley street."

"Did you speak to him?"

"No, but I wanted to ask him who he expects is going to pay for the bridge."

"You will, on the Rand—after the war," the Captain drawled.

"That's what I supposed, but I wish to care. If I'm stopped on the other side it's your lookout. I'm sure the Little Man would be quite pleased."

"Oh, there's McManus," said the Colonial captain, looking out of the window. "I suppose he's hunting Smith. D'you think they'll stop McManus if his pass isn't countersigned by Smith?"

"Who's McManus?" A giggle of deep delight interrupted the R. S. O. "Oh, that civilian. 'Pon my word, you'd think Bloemfontein was Picadilly. They're all wanting to go up there."

"Thank you," said the Colonial. "I'm afraid we'll have to be turned back to the other side. Perhaps if we say we couldn't find Smith, they'll forgive us."

"Well, I'm only giving you my or"—

The train rolled out nearly half a mile, and halted in a deep cutting. The passengers stepped out over ankles into the sand, that slid under their feet, and their baggage followed them. A gaggle of Kaffirs marched away with bags and bedding rolls and the company followed depressedly. They expected to be met on the other side by a train from the north which in God's good time would go back to Bloemfontein.

"But—what do they want to stop in the middle of a cutting for," said the New Zealander. "I wouldn't have minded walking a hundred yards on the level back there. They might have made a decent platform there. I believe I've twisted my ankle climbing up the bank."

"Oh, this isn't a patch to what it is on the other side," said an officer on the bridge works. And they walked and they walked, until they reached the pontoon, a hundred feet below. McManus' face seemed a little set as it were—set, but in no wise troubled.

"Did he find Smith?" the Colonel asked, as they climbed the desperate north bank, down which buck wagons were sliding in billows of dust. Here again 50 men's labor for two days would have greatly smoothed the road. "He said he didn't," his companion replied.

"Oh, glory!" said the Colonial, and hopping over a bowider fell into a bush. A hundred feet of river bank through deep sand at the end of a mile walk is not easy to negotiate, and it was a dewy-browed detachment that broke through the scrub and landed panting among the rocks at the ganger's hut on the north side of the bridge. But the R. S. O. who received them there was cool and utterly calm. He wished to know whether their passes were in order, and a hush of delicious awe fell upon the company. Was it possible? they asked of one another—was it conceivable that . . .

McManus climbed the slope into the Orange Free State easily and dispassionately, his lower jaw protruding perhaps one-sixtieth of an inch beyond the normal clinch. The travelers—brothers in that great joy—made a little semicircle about the R. S. O.—the R. S. O. of the north bank of Folly Bridge—about him and about McManus of the Corporate Equatorial Bank. It was heavenly weather. There was no accommodation of any sort or description, for the ganger's hut was occupied by the military telegraphers.

"May I trouble you for your pass, please?"

McManus produced it clumsily. He was more accustomed to demand than to supply documents of identification.

"Yes—yes—this is all right." The company winked as with one eyelid—"but I don't see that"—the officer turned it over—"that it has been countersigned by Smith."

"Captain Smith was in his bath when I went to him at Folly Bridge at 3:45. He sent a verbal message that it would be all right—so far as I understood, through the door, at the time."

"I'm afraid I can't help that." The R. S. O. paused uneasily. McManus, in gray tweeds, black bowler and immaculate white collar, gave him not the slightest help.

"This pass is no good." The sentence came out in a rush.

"Indeed." There was a meekness about McManus and a silence on the little knot of bystanders that would have warned any other than an imported imperial alien that that kopje was occupied in force.

"No. You'll have to go back across the river to get Smith's signature. I can't let you up on that pass." This very cheerfully.

Whole hierarchies had signed it. Lions and unicorns ramped on the top of it. It appealed, as has been said, to earth, fire and water—to horseflesh, steam and steel, and all in command thereof, to forward with speed and courtesy R. K. McManus to Bloemfontein, but it lacked the signature of Smith—that Smith who was then toweling himself two miles away.

"I must go back?" McManus' clear eyes traveled down the rocky slope behind him, to the far pontoon and the further south bank, where a few soldiery, pink as prawns and at that distance not much larger, were bathing, climbed the wooded bank beyond and rested with disfavor on

"Yes, go back, of course, and get Smith to sign it."

A lesser man would have said, "I will see you damned first," but McManus was in no sense small. His face did not even flush. He turned away slowly, as though the matter had no further interest for him, and the R. S. O. dealt with the other passes. As a matter of detail not one carried the magic signature of Smith. The officer in charge of the Little Man's private mail almost implored the R. S. O. to stop him for 24 hours, because he wished to learn whether there was any truth in the current army legend that under no circumstances would the Little Man swear. The officer in charge of the staff's mail followed suit. He had two bags of official correspondence for the staff, and there were generally among them men who could swear. He, too, prayed to be turned back. The officer with the new maps in the Intelligence Department joined in his entreaties.

"After all," said one cheerily, as they sat down on their bedding rolled in the gathering dust, "what does it matter, old man. You're bound to be Stellenbosched in three days."

Now, Stellenbosch is not a name to use lightly, for there go the men who—have not done quite so well; and the R. S. O.'s face closed as he asked for an explanation.

"Haven't you stopped McManus?" said one, who knew his man.

"Who's McManus?"

"Oh, I'm sorry. Never mind—you'll find out before Tuesday."

"The only person I've stopped was that civilian, who hadn't got his pass signed by Smith. I can't accept a verbal message from across the Orange River."

"Quite right. You'll be getting all your messages from Bloemfontein in a little while. I wouldn't be in your shoes for a trifle."

"I don't think McManus minds much, though," the Colonial Captain struck in soothingly. "I spoke to him just now. He says he is going on."

"I'll take dashed good care he doesn't," said the R. S. O., exploding. This was something he could understand.

"Yes; he's going on the train when she comes in; so you'll have another chance, you see. If you stop him as he gets in I suppose he will go back to Cape Town, and he'll tell the Little Man why. He's rather busy, and he won't be able to come up again."

"But—confound it all—does he expect the whole blessed Orange Free State to wait on his business?"

"It would be rather a bad job if she didn't—just now. He's the head of the Corporate Equatorial Banking Corporation, and he has been called up to Bloemfontein rather urgently to put the finances of the place straight. He isn't going up for pleasure, you know."

Somebody lit a pipe, and in the hush you could hear the great river running through the dry hills. A far away voice on the construction engine, backed close up to the bridge, called to some one under a staging:

"McManus goin' up to Bloemfontein tonight?"

"Ye-es."

"That means business—thank God."

"Why-y?"

"Why? 'Cause they don't care one scarlet weir for the whole army—the Boers don't. They reckon they can get them withdrawn if they win the game in London, but reopenin' the bank at Bloemfontein means business. That's why. It teaches the Dutch more than 20 battles. Wonder they don't try to cut the line and nab him tonight."

The silence by the ganger's hut continued unbroken for 20 puffs.

"And he did wait outside Smith's door while Smith was washing—because I saw him. I wouldn't have done it," said an imperial officer, slowly, "but I suppose he wished to see precisely what sort of fools we can be when we go in for war."

"And you've told him to walk two miles back and two miles here again," said the New Zealander, "to get Smith's signature."

"And there's no guarantee Smith won't be having a haircut and shampoo when he reaches there," the Colonial Captain added. "We knew in Cape Town a week ago McManus had been called up. But, of course, if he hasn't Smith's signature that settles it."

"What does it matter? Let the brute frolic around the kopjes until Smith's dry. He's only the boss of the biggest bank in the country. Who cares for how much they want him at Bloemfontein? I'd put a guard on him and march him back in irons, by Jove!" said a cavalry officer. "I say, old man, did it ever occur to you to knock off the points of some of those beastly rocks that we're suppose to sit on. They're infernally nubbly."

One by one the stars came out over the hills, and the flare lamps of the never sleeping Pioneer Corps puffed and blazed afresh in the river bed. Last of all came the train from the north, and when McManus and his secretary rose up to take the places reserved for them at Bloemfontein, the R. S. O. took no notice.

No more, for that matter, did McManus.

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AT THE JUNGLE CONCERT

Mrs. Leo—What a charming duet Mr. Monk is playing.

"YANKEE DOODLE'S" ORIGIN

Comes From Holland and Is One of Oldest Tunes in World.

Our tune of "Yankee Doodle" is one of the oldest in the world, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, probably having originated in the Roman Catholic church about A. D. 1200. But in that early time it wasn't played in the hop, skip and jump manner that we sing, "Yank-ee-doo-del-went-to-town-riding-on-a-po-ny," and so forth. You have no idea how solemn this jolly tune can sound, unless you have heard it played slowly by a musician knowing how to introduce the deep chords for an accompaniment. It is particularly effective on an organ, from which it rolls out with all the dignity of a grand old chant.

Several hundred years ago, when Holland was a great empire, the people thought so much of the tune we call "Yankee Doodle" that they adapted it to a harvest song that was sung the country over. It really became a national song and was sung a bit livelier than the old chant from which it was taken.

Then along in the Sixteenth century, when England began to look with longing eyes toward the New World and everybody was infatuated with the sea, the sailors of Sir Francis Drake carried the tune to London, and while the English were whipping the Dutch on the high seas, "Yankee Doodle" was being parodied and sung mockingly everywhere in England. Yankee meant a Dutchman or Hollander then, and it also meant a sharp bargainer, for the Dutch were famous as close traders.

One day Oliver Cromwell, at the head of his rebel English army, rode into the old town of Oxford, wearing an ostrich feather in his hat, to which it was fastened by a macaroni cord. Then one of the followers of King Charles composed the refrain since made famous. You all know it. It reads:

Yankee Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony;
Stuck a feather in his hat
And called it macaroni.

After Cromwell overthrew the king, "Yankee Doodle" was forgotten for a time, but when the American colonies rebelled against the English King George, "Yankee Doodle" became their rallying song, and to this day it has remained the great "Yankee" song. You may make your own verses to it, but if you were to try to learn all the verses already written to it it would take all your time for many days to come.

SPEAKING OF GRIZZLIES

IDIOSYNCRASIES OF MR. BRUIN, AS TOLD IN THE "SMOKER."

Exchange of Confidences by the Mining Expert, the Doctor and Ye Bold Drummer.

"Speaking of bear," said the mining expert, as he lit a cigar and leaned back comfortably in the corner of the Pullman smoker, "there's nothing nastier to meet out than an old, dirty-faced silver-tip. He's a cross between a grizzly and a brown, and, like crosses generally, he inherits all the meanness of both sides of the family. Old Dirty-Face is always ugly about something, and he goes around fairly spoiling for a fight.

"Any one ever meet him? Well, I had a scrap with one out in the Buffalo Hump country last year and I shan't forget it in a hurry. I was out there looking up some mines, and one day I took a little stroll all alone to see what I could find. We were right in the midst of the big mountains, a hundred miles from anywhere, and the finest game country on the continent. Bear and deer and goats—you took your choice without any trouble at all. I had my Springfield with me, although I wasn't caring for game just then. But sometimes game hunts you, and then you've got to fight, climb or run.

"Along towards evening, as I was starting back for camp, I heard something following on my trail, and, looking back, I saw Mr. Dirty Face ambling along a couple of hundred yards behind me and taking more interest in me than I liked. I didn't need any bear particularly, as there were no good trees handy, only a few little dead ones that didn't count.

Mr. Bear Won't Be Shaken.

"In the canyon below me was a good-sized stream, and I made for that, thinking I could throw the bear off, down by the water. When I came to the bank, I found a mountain torrent, 30 or 40 yards wide and deep and ugly-looking. I skirted up the bank pretty fast for some time, and then saw a rock well out from shore, that I thought I could reach. I rounded a big boulder, struck in above, and, by hard work, reached the rock all right. I didn't believe Mr. Bear would tackle me there, but there was where I didn't know him. Right up my trail he went, rounded the boulder, sniffed once or twice, sighted me on the rock, and promptly struck in.

"He had to swim, and the current was so swift that he missed the rock a few yards and so gave me a good shot. I let him have the best I had, and I made him kick, but he reached the shore all right, and now his dander was up in earnest. I plugged at him again, but it didn't seem to count. On he came, higher up this time and sighted better for the rock. I waited for him, and when he heaved his big, ugly paws on my rock, I let him have it in the throat, and that fixed him. He swept by, fairly making the water foam. It's the last time, gentlemen, that I want to be treed on a rock by a bald-faced bear."

The Doctor's Bear.

"It's funny," said the doctor, a clean-cut, well-knit specimen of fine physical manhood, whose clear gray eyes and square jaw betokened plenty of grit; "it's funny how your first grizzly takes the nerve out of you. Two or three years ago, I went hunting with a friend in Colorado. I had killed some big game myself, and I knew that he had killed plenty of it. But neither of us had killed a grizzly, and we were each eager for the first chance.

"One day, when I happened to be out alone, as I came through a little clump of quaking-asp, what should I run plump up against but a big grizzly, busily employed in rooting around in the dirt after food.

"He hadn't winded me, and there I stood, just screened by the quaking-asp, almost near enough to touch him with my gun, while he went on rooting, utterly unconscious of my presence.

"'Now or never,' I thought, as I brought my gun to my shoulder and carefully sighted for his head. Then the sights began to wobble, and an ague seemed to seize the gun. I steadied myself, looked around for a convenient tree, and tried again, this time for the shoulder. Again the gun wobbled, and I ground my teeth in rage.

"The bear lifted his head, seemed to smell something up the wind, and started off at a good gait away from me. 'Well, old boy,' I thought, 'if I can't hit you standing, I can't running,' so I let him go.

"I felt pretty glum when I came into camp that night, but I didn't say anything. My friend was cooking supper, and he seemed pretty quiet, too. After supper we lighted our pipes and sat by the fire thinking.

"'What's the matter, old man? What are you so still about?' finally he asked.

"'O, nothing,' I said, trying to seem cheerful.

"'Did you see a bear?' he persisted.

"'Yes, hang it, I did,' I answered dogedly.

"'Well, so did I,' he said, and the incident was closed.

"We each got our bear afterward, however, so the disease didn't prove fatal."

The Commercial Traveler.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Commercial Traveler, with the brilliant tie and big diamond, "I never hunted bear myself, but I heard a story the other day of some fellows who found one up in Montana. If it's a chestnut, call me down.

"They were prospecting right up in the big bear country, but they let the bear alone, and the bear let them alone. One night they camped in a deep canyon, and while one was cooking supper the other started out with his shotgun to get some birds. Lots of birds up there; so tame you can almost kill them with a stick.

"Pretty soon the man with the shotgun ran up against a grizzly, and Mr. Grizzly was mad about something, and started for him. The man hit the trail hard for camp, the bear right after him. When the fellow who was cooking supper heard the landslide coming down the mountain, he saw what was up, and grabbed his gun to shoot. But he was afraid to shoot, for fear of hitting his partner, so he couldn't do anything but yell.

"'Run, r-u-u-n!' he yelled, and the man and the bear both let out a couple of links, and the gravel flew faster than ever.

"'Run, r-u-u-u-n!' he howled, dancing around to try to get a shot.

"'Run?' panted the other fellow; 'run? Hell, do you think I'm throwin' this race?'

'Pretty good story, gentlemen? Well, good-night! I get off at the next station."

S. T. JOHNS.

Finds a Subject.

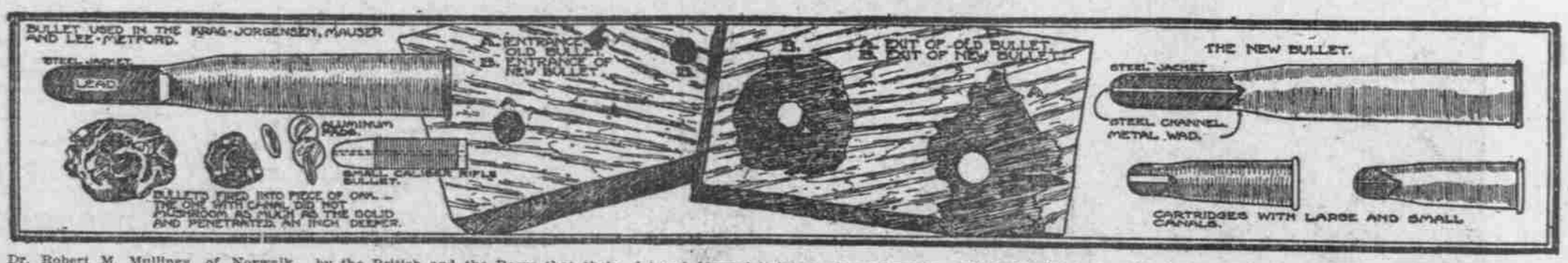
General M. R. Patterson, the Democratic candidate for Congress, was invited a few years ago to make a speech at the open meeting of the Hatchie Coon Hunting and Fishing Club. All the members were present, and a merrier set of men perhaps never faced the speaker. General Patterson rose with his usual urbane manner, and, addressing the club, opened up by saying:

"What shall I talk about?"

"Talk about a minute!" cried a voice from one of the back seats.

And he did so.—Memphis Scimitar.

THINKS HE HAS SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF A HUMANE BULLET



Dr. Robert M. Mullings, of Norwalk, Conn., has invented what he believes to be the most humane bullet yet offered for use in civilized warfare. His invention is a simple one, but he asserts that it will do away with the frightful lacerations about which so much has been written since the United States engaged in war with Spain and England with the Boers.

The bullet for which Dr. Mullings is seeking a patent is not unlike an ordinary bullet, except that it has an opening, which he calls a canal, practically all the way through it. This opening, he maintains, will prevent the explosion of projectile air after the bullet has entered the body and also will prevent the entrance of air into the wound. Various tests that have been made with Dr. Mullings' invention seem to demonstrate the soundness of his theories.

During the progress of the South African war charges have been made both by the British and the Boers that their opponents were using an explosive bullet. Surgeons seemed to be unable to explain on any other theory the shocking laceration of the tissues when bullets of small calibre, like the Krag-Jorgensen, Mauser, or Lee-Medford, have been used. Investigation apparently established the fact, however, that these ugly wounds were due to the amount of air driven into the body ahead of a bullet and having no means of escape. Owing to the great pressure back of it, this would result in an explosion, causing a frightful laceration of the tissues.

It was upon this theory, says the New York Herald, that Dr. Mullings worked. He strove to devise a scheme whereby the air could escape, and this result he believes can be attained by having a small opening, about the size of a pin head, extending through the bullet. To illustrate his theory, he took a solid bullet and dropped it into a glass of water, whereupon a bubble eight or ten times the diameter of the bullet rose to the surface. That he holds to be a demonstration of the amount of air that is driven into the body by a solid missile.

He then took one of the bullets he invented, and when he dropped it into the water a bubble about the size of a pin head rose to the surface. This, he maintains, showed conclusively that his bullet had driven but a small amount of air ahead of it, and that, even if it does drive some air into the body, it also offers a means for the air to escape, and thus eliminates the possibility of an explosion after the bullet has entered.

Other tests made by Dr. Mullings did even more to convince him that his invention will go far toward making warfare humane. Taking a piece of oak six inches thick, backed with a steel plate a quarter of an inch thick, he fired a soft lead bullet from a Winchester sporting rifle and then fired one of his bullets from the same rifle. The solid bullet went only five inches into the oak, while his open bullet went clear through the wood and made a depression of an eighth of an inch in the steel. This test, he holds, shows that the canal in the new bullet does not lessen the penetration, as both bullets were fired at the same distance and the same quantity of powder was used in each instance.

Dr. Mullings next shot at a bar of soap, demonstrating that the entrance made by each bullet was the same, but that the solid bullet had left at the place of exit a ragged hole two inches in diameter, while the place of exit of the new bullet was only an inch in diameter and the edges were smooth instead of ragged. In using these soft bullets Dr. Mullings found that the places of entrance were small, while the places of exit were large, due to the bullet's "mushrooming," but a steel jacket bullet does not do this. Although he has not yet made any tests with a steel jacket bullet, Dr. Mullings is satisfied that with such a bullet his invention will be even more of a success.

The new bullet has a steel tube, extending from the tip to the butt, so fastened at each end as not to weaken the bullet or give it an opportunity to explode. At the back of the bullet, against the opening into the tube, he has placed an aluminum wad, to prevent the escape of the gas generated from the powder. As soon as the bullet leaves the shell this aluminum wad detaches itself, leaving the tube open.

Dr. Mullings is confident that he will have no difficulty in getting his invention patented, and he believes its adoption by the armies of the world will go far toward making warfare more humane than it has been up to the present time.