

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

Between Eaglehawk and Signal Hill were, for the absconders, other dangers. Along the indented coast of Port Bunche were constables' stations, and to avoid them it would be necessary to make a circuit into the scrub. Unwilling as he was to lose time, John Rex saw that to attempt to run the gauntlet of these four stations would be destruction. He ranged his men in single file; and, quitting the road near Norfolk Bay, made straight for the Neck. After nearly two hours of painful progress, Jemmy Vetch stopped and whispered them to approach. They were on a sandy rise. To the left was a black object—a constable's hut—to the right was a dim white line—the ocean; in front was a row of lamps and between every two lamps leaped and ran a dusky, indistinct body. Jemmy Vetch pointed with his lean forefinger.

"The dogs!"

Instinctively they crouch down, lest even at that distance the two sentries, so plainly visible in the red light of the guard house fire, should see them.

"Well," said Gabbett, "what's to be done now?"

As he spoke, a long, low howl broke from one of the chained hounds, and the whole kennel burst into hideous outcry. John Rex, who perhaps was the bravest of the party, shuddered. "They have smelled us," he said. "We must go on. Make for the right-hand side of the jetty. I think I see a boat there. It is our only chance now. We can never break through the station. Are we ready? Now! All together!"

Gabbett was fast outstripping the others by some three feet of distance. There were eleven dogs, two of which were placed on stages set out in the water, and they were so chained that their muzzles nearly touched. The giant leaped into the line, and with a blow of his ax split the skull of the beast on his right. This action unluckily took him within reach of the other dog, which seized him by the thigh.

"Fire!" cried McNab, from the other side of the lamps.

The giant uttered a cry of rage and pain, and fell with the dog under him. It was, however, the dog that had pulled him down, and the musket ball intended for him struck Travers in the jaw. The unhappy villain fell.

Gabbett clutched the mastiff's throat with iron hand, and forced him to loose his hold; then bellowing with fury, seized his ax, and sprang forward, mangled as he was, upon the nearest soldier. Jemmy Vetch had been beforehand with him. Uttering a low snarl of hate, he fired, and shot the sentry through the breast. The others rushed through the now broken cordon and made headlong for the boat.

"Fools!" cried Rex, behind them. "You have wasted a shot! Look to your left!"

Burgess hurried down the tram-road by his men, had tarried at Signal Hill only long enough to loose the surprised guard from their bonds, and taking the Woody Island boat, was pulling with a fresh crew to the Neck. The re-enforcement was not ten yards from the jetty. The Crow saw the danger, and, flinging himself into the water, desperately seized McNab's boat.

"In with you for your lives!" he cried. Another volley from the guard splattered the water around the fugitives, but in the darkness the ill-aimed bullets fell harmless. Gabbett swung himself over the sheets and seized an oar.

"Cox, Bodenham, Greenhill! Now, push her off! Jump, Tom, jump!" and as Burgess leaped to land, Cornelius was dragged over the stern, and the whale-boat floated into deep water. McNab, seeing this, ran down to the water side to aid the commandant.

"Lift her over the bar, men!" he shouted. "With a will—so!" And, raised in twelve strong arms, the pursuing craft slid across the isthmus.

Then, for the first time, the six prisoners, fairly in the net again, became aware that John Rex was not among them.

At 8 o'clock the next morning the Pretty Mary stood out to sea with every stitch of canvas set aloft and aloft. The skipper's fishing had come to an end. He had caught a shipwrecked seaman, who had been brought on board at daylight and was then at breakfast in the cabin. The crew winked at each other when the haggard mariner, attired in garments that seemed remarkably well preserved, mounted the side. But they, none of them, were in a position to controvert the skipper's statement.

"Where are we bound for?" asked John Rex. "My entirety in your hands, my worthy Blunt."

"My orders are to cruise about the whaling grounds until I meet my consort," returned Blunt, "and put you aboard her. She'll take you back to Sydney. I'm victualled for a twelve-month's trip."

"Right!" cried Rex, clapping his preserver on the back. "I'm bound to get to Sydney somehow; but, as the Phillis is abroad, I may as well tarry in Jericho till my beard be grown. Don't stare at my scriptural quotation," he added, inspired by creature comforts, and secure amidst his purchased friends. "I assure you that I've had the very best religious instruction. Indeed, it is chiefly owing to my worthy spiritual pastor and master that I am enabled to smoke this very villainous tobacco of yours at the present moment."

CHAPTER XXV.

The lost son of Sir Richard Devine had returned to England and made claim to his name and fortune. In other words, John Rex had successfully carried out the scheme by which he had usurped the rights of his old convict comrade.

John Rex often wondered at the strange ease with which he had carried out so monstrous and seemingly difficult an imposture. After he was landed by Sydney by the vessel which Sarah Purfoy had sent to save him, he found himself a slave to a bondage scarcely less galling than that from which he had

escaped—the bondage of enforced companionship with an unloved woman. The opportune death of one of her assigned servants enabled Sarah Purfoy to install the escaped convict in his room. In the strange state of society which prevailed of necessity in New South Wales at that period, it was not unusual for assigned servants to marry among the free settlers, and when it was heard that Mrs. Purfoy, the widow of a whaling captain, had married John Carr, her storekeeper, transported for embezzlement, and with two years of his sentence yet to run, no one expressed surprise. Indeed, when the year after, John Carr blossomed as an "expirée," master of a fine wife and a fine fortune, there were many about him who would have made his existence in Australia pleasant enough. But John Rex had no notion of remaining longer than he could help, and ceaselessly sought means of escape from his second prison house. For a long time his search was unsuccessful. Much as she loved the scoundrel, Sarah Purfoy did not scruple to tell him that she had bought him, and regarded him as her property. He knew that if he made any attempt to escape from his marriage bonds, the woman who had risked so much to save him would not hesitate to deliver him over to the authorities.

"I know you don't care for me now, John," she said, with grim complacency; "but your life is in my hands, and if you desert me I will bring you to the gallows."

In vain, in his secret eagerness to be rid of her, he raged and chafed. He was tied hand and foot. She held his money, and her shrewd wit had more than doubled it. She was all-powerful, and he could but wait until her death or some lucky accident should rid him of her, and leave him free to follow out the scheme he had meditated. "Once rid of her," he thought, in his solitary rides over the station of which he was the nominal owner, "the rest is easy. I shall return to England with a plausible story of shipwreck, and shall doubtless be received with open arms by the dear mother from whom I have been so long parted. Richard Devine shall have his own again."

One day the chance came to him. His wife was ill, and the ungrateful scoundrel stole five hundred pounds, and, taking two horses, reached Sydney, and obtained passage in a vessel bound for Rio.

Having escaped from thralldom, John Rex proceeded to play for the great stake of his life with the utmost caution. This was the tale he hit upon: He had been saved from the burning Hydaspes by a vessel bound for Rio. Ignorant of the death of Sir Richard, and prompted by the pride which was known to be a leading feature of his character, he had determined not to return, until fortune should have bestowed upon him wealth at least equal to the inheritance from which he had been ousted. In Spanish America he had striven to accumulate that wealth in vain. As traveler, speculator, sailor, he had toiled for fourteen years, and had failed. Worn out and penitent, he had returned home to find a corner of English earth in which to lay his weary bones. The tale was plausible enough, and in the telling of it he was armed at all points. There was little fear that the navigator of the captured Osprey, the man who had lived in Chili, and "cut out" cattle on the Carrum Plains, would prove lacking in knowledge of riding, seamanship, or Spanish customs. Moreover, he had determined upon a course of action which showed his knowledge of human nature.

The will under which Richard Devine inherited had been made when the testator was in the first hopeful glow of paternity. By its terms Lady Devine was to receive a life interest of three thousand a year in her husband's property—which was placed in the hands of two trustees until her eldest son died, or attained the age of twenty-five years. When either of these events should occur, the property was to be realized, Lady Devine receiving a sum of a hundred thousand pounds, the remainder going absolutely to the son, if living. The trustees appointed were Lady Devine's father, Col. Wotton Wade, and Mr. Silas Quaid, Sir Richard's solicitor. Col. Wade, before his death, had appointed his own son, Mr. Francis Wade, to act in his stead. When Mr. Quaid died Francis Wade continued alone in his trust. Sir Richard's sister and her husband, Anthony Frere, of Bristol, were long ago dead, and their representative, Maurice Frere, content at last in the lot that fortune had sent him, had given up all thought of meddling with his uncle's business. John Rex, therefore, in the person of the returned Richard, had but two persons to satisfy—Mr. Francis Wade and Lady Devine.

This he found to be the easiest task possible. Francis Wade was an invalid virtuoso, who detested business, and whose ambition was to be known as a man of taste. The possessor of a small independent income, he had resided at North End ever since his father's death. When, at his sister's urgent wish, he assumed the sole responsibility of the estate, he put all the floating capital into three per cents, and was content to see the interest accumulate. Lady Devine had never recovered the shock of the circumstances attending Sir Richard's death, and clinging to the belief in her son's existence, regarded herself as the mere guardian of his interests, to be displaced at any moment by his sudden return. The retired pair lived thus together, and spent in charity and bric-a-brac about a fourth of their mutual income. By both of them the return of the wanderer was hailed with delight. To Lady Devine it meant the realization of a lifelong hope. To Francis Wade it meant relief from the responsibility of looking after another person's money.

"I shall not think of interfering with the arrangements which you have made, my dear uncle," said Mr. John Rex, on the first night of his reception. "It would be most ungrateful of me to do so. My wants are very few, and can easily

be supplied. I will see your lawyers some day, and settle it."

"See them at once, Richard; see them at once. I am no man of business, you know, but I think you will find all right."

Richard, however, put off the visit from day to day. He desired to have as little to do with lawyers as possible. He had resolved upon his course of action. He would get money from his mother for immediate needs, and when that mother died he would assert his rights. "My rough life has unfitted me for drawing rooms, dear mother," he said. "Do not let there be a display about my return. Give me a corner to smoke my pipe and I am happy." Lady Devine, with a loving, tender pity, for which John Rex could not altogether account, consented, and "Mr. Richard" soon came to be regarded as a martyr to circumstances, a man conscious of his own imperfections, and one whose imperfections were, therefore, to be lightly dwelt upon. So the returned prodigal had his own suite of rooms, his own servants, his own bank account, and was merry.

Thus taken upon trust, Mr. Richard Devine mixed in the very best of bad society, and had no lack of agreeable friends to help him to spend his money. So admirably did he spend it, that Francis Wade became at last alarmed at the frequent drafts, and urged his nephew to bring his affairs to a final settlement. Richard Devine—in Paris, or Hamburg, or London, or elsewhere—could never be got to attack business, and Mr. Francis Wade grew more and more anxious. The poor gentleman positively became ill through the anxiety consequent upon his nephew's dissipations. "I wish, my dear Richard, that you would let me know what to do," he wrote. "I wish, my dear uncle, that you would do what you think best," was the nephew's reply.

Mr. Wade began to repent of his too easy taking of matters in the beginning. Not that he had a suspicion of Rex, but that he remembered that Dick was always a loose fish. He grew pale and hollow eyed. His digestion was impaired. He ceased to take the interest in china which the importance of that article demanded. In a word, he grew dependent as to his fitness for his mission in life. Lady Ellinor saw a change in her brother. She wrote a long letter to Mr. Richard, who was at Paris, and begged him to come over at once. Mr. Richard replied that some horse racing matter of great importance occupied his attention, but that he would be at his town house on the 14th, and would "go into matters." "I have lost a good deal of money lately, my dear mother," said Mr. Richard, "and the present will be a good opportunity to make a final settlement." The fact was that John Rex, now three years in undisturbed possession, considered that the moment had arrived for the carrying off at one swoop of the whole of the fortune he had gambled for.

The town house of Mr. Richard Devine was decorated in conformity with the tastes of its owner. The pictures were pictures of horses; the books were records of races, or novels purporting to describe sporting life. Mr. Francis Wade, waiting for the coming of his nephew, sighed as he thought of the cultured quiet of North End House.

Mr. Richard appeared in his dressing gown. Three years of good living had deprived his figure of its athletic beauty. He was past forty years of age, and the sudden cessation from severe bodily toil had increased Rex's natural proneness to fat, and instead of being portly he had become gross. His cheeks were inflamed with the frequent application of hot and rebellious liquors to his blood. His hands were swollen, and not so steady as of yore. His whiskers were streaked with unhealthy gray. His eyes, bright and black as ever, lurked in a thickening of crow's feet. He had become prematurely bald. He spoke with assumed heartiness, in a boisterous tone of affected ease.

"Ha, ha! My dear uncle, sit down. Delighted to see you. Have you breakfasted?—of course you have. I was up rather late last night. Quite sure you won't have anything? No—then sit down and tell me all the news of Hampstead."

"Thank you, Richard," said the old gentleman, a little stiffly, "but I want some serious talk with you. What do you intend to do with the property? This indecision worries me. Either relieve me of my trust, or be guided by my advice."

"Well, the fact is," said Richard, with a very ugly look on his face, "I am much pushed for money. The fact is, that—I am thinking of selling everything."

(To be continued.)

Accounted For.

Church—I saw a funny picture of your friend Flatbush to-day. He had his right hand stretched out above his head.

Gotham—Yes, he told me about that. It seems just as the photographer was about to take it he called to Flatbush to move up a little. Flatbush forgot himself, thought he was in a car and reached for a strap.—Yonkers Statesman.

According to the Book.

Miles—By the way, old man, do you believe in dreams?

Giles—You bet I do. One night about a month ago I dreamed that an angel appeared at my bedside and said, "Prepare for the worst," then disappeared.

Miles—Well?

Giles—The very next day our cook left and my wife has been doing the cooking ever since.

Kept His Word.

Biggs—Old Brown died last night.

Diggs—Well, he was a man of his word, anyway.

Biggs—What do you mean by that?

Diggs—Forty years ago he proposed to an aunt of mine and declared he couldn't live if she refused him.

Biggs—And did she refuse him?

Diggs—Yes; and now, true to his word, Brown has ceased to live.

They Go Where the Fishing's Good.

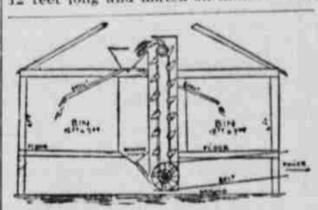
"Where do wicked little boys go to who fish on Sunday?" asked a teacher in a Sunday school.

"Down to 'Cullom's dam," was the prompt reply of a boy.—Boston Transcript.



Granary with Elevator.

Here's a plan of granary to hold 3,000 bushels of grain; the walls are of stone, and an elevator is arranged to work by horse power. A granary to hold 3,000 bushels will require to be 22 feet by 38 feet inside. This will give six bins, size 15 feet by 7 feet, and 6 feet high. This will also allow for a passage across the middle of the building 8 feet wide, which will give access to all of the bins and can be used for cleaning grain, as well as storing small implements. The floor should be raised four feet from the ground to make it dry and convenient for loading grain, as well as to provide for the elevator, and belting below the floor. The walls below of stone, should be 13 feet high; this will provide for 4 feet below the floor, one foot for floor, then 8 feet to the plates; this will give one foot clear over the bins. There should be a stone center wall lengthwise under the floor to carry the floor joists, which will be 12 feet long and match on middle wall.



GRANARY WITH POWER ELEVATOR.

To give head room over the top joists the roof should be a third pitch.

- Following is the required material:
- 1,250 feet roofing, one inch.
 - 1,670 feet flooring, inch, to be laid double.
 - 50 joists for floor, 2 inches by 12 inches, 12 feet long, 1,000 feet.
 - 19 joists over head, 2 inches by 2 inches, 24 feet long, 610 feet.
 - 650 feet lumber for bins, one inch.
 - 26 studs, 4 inches by 4 inches, 8 feet long.
 - 13 squares shingles.
 - 150 feet inch lumber for doors.
 - 40 rafters, 2 inches by 6 inches, 16 feet long.

To arrange an elevator for horse power, a hopper that will hold at least 50 bushels should be sunk in the floor close to the door and at one side to empty grain for the wagon. The elevator is an ordinary built elevator with buckets standing upright and in the rear corner of center bin. The box at bottom of elevator must be close on the ground to be connected with the delivery hopper by a spout, with sufficient slope that the grain will run freely. The elevator will discharge well above the upper joists into a hopper in the center of the building, to which a funnel-shaped spout is attached, that can be shifted to deliver into any of the bins. The horse power should be placed at the end of the granary, and driven by a belt or shaft, passing through an opening in the wall left for the purpose. The details can be all worked out by a mechanic, one essential is to have plenty of slope for the delivery hopper to box at foot of elevator, even if it should be sunk into the ground a little.—Montreal Star.

Feet of the Horse.

To get the most from a horse its feet must be kept in proper condition; not only well and properly shod, but cared for by the owner in the matter of cleanliness. The beginning of such care should be the clean stable; that is, the stable clean of manure, than which nothing is worse for the horse to stand in for any considerable time. When the horse comes in from a day of work in the fields, which are soft, or from a hard drive on muddy roads, look after its feet and legs. Each hoof should be looked over carefully and cleaned, and the legs should be groomed as carefully as the sides. Then there are the portions of the coat which are covered by the harness which ought to have good care each time the horse is brought into the barn. First of all, see that the harness fits well, then, after unharnessing wipe off the places touched by the harness, using a moist rag or sponge. If there is any suspicion of a rubbing, look to the cause at once and remove it. There is no time in the work days of the horse when good care and watchfulness will do so much to keep him in good condition as during the period of hard spring work.

For Calloused Shoulders.

A farmer in North Dakota gives his method of treatment and cure of calloused shoulders of work horses in the Dakota Farmer, which he says he has used with uniform success, as follows: "I cut a slit in the front part of the collar opposite the callous, then cut another slit at right angles across the first one. I then take out enough of the filling to allow for callous. After soaking face of collar in warm water I lay the front part, where cuts have been made, on a plank or something solid, and pound face of collar where it presses on callous, with round-faced hammer, till a sufficient hollow has been made. This plan will work whether collar has been used with or without pad. Then when the horse comes in from work I bathe the callous in water as hot as can be borne and paint with iodine. You will find this plan worth trying, and I will guarantee the collar will not be injured."

Watch for Seed Adulterations.

The work of different experiment stations has shown that a large number of foreign seeds are contained in clover and alfalfa seed, including the dodders, which are so destructive to alfalfa, and a large number of bad weed pests like the narrow plantain, wild mustard and a host of new weeds.

One impure sample of last year's supply contained thirty-two species of foreign seeds, including both species of dodder, the plantains, many common weeds, three species of Western weeds that are new in Ohio and as many European weeds that have been heretofore unknown in this State. At least a dozen new weeds have been introduced into Ohio in alfalfa seed during half as many years.

While this is unacceptable it is still more so to get only black medick (yellow trefoil) plants as many have done, where supposed alfalfa seed was sown. In these times of high-priced seeds there is temptation to adulterate with cheap seeds like the black medick, etc., which have very slight value as forage plants with us; there is like disposition to offer seeds with many weed seeds, at low prices. Both these dangers are real. Intending purchasers of such seeds will do well to be assured of their quality.

Shipping Hay to Dealers.

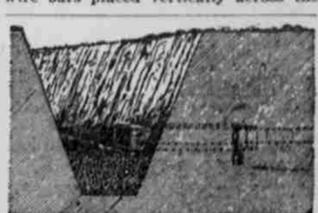
During the last two years a number of rogues in different sections of the country have been offering a considerable advance on the market price of hay and thousands of tons have been shipped to these people for which the producer received little or no return. With hay, as with other articles of farm produce, it is usually best to sell it as near home as possible. In every farming center there are reliable dealers who will pay a fair price for such products and pay spot cash for them. True, they sell them at an advance, but it is almost impossible for the grower to reach these outside sources of demand, hence he can better afford to let the local dealer make a dollar or two than he can to take any chances in shipping himself, and especially to people of whom he knows nothing. The writer yearly sells his surplus hay to a local liveyman and gets the cash on delivery. Opportunities offer to bale it and ship to the city at an advance on the local price, but we have figured that our labor, time and element of risk in the latter proposition is not warranted by the higher price, so we "let well enough alone," and it generally pays to do this.—Indianapolis News.

Best Farm Hands.

Labor on farms is nearly always pressing after spring opens, but it is difficult to secure capable help. There are many excellent opportunities for boys to secure good homes and fair wages if they are willing to serve a year on farms in the endeavor to learn. It may be mentioned that, while many suppose that "anybody can work on a farm," the fact is that even a large number of laborers accustomed to farming are undesirable. The best farm hands are those who require no supervision, thus relieving the employer of the necessity of leaving his personal duties in order to look after the help.

Outlet for Drains.

One of the most common as well as most efficient protections for the outlet of a main drain is a plank box with wire bars placed vertically across the



DRAIN OUTLET.

end about two inches apart. Such a box should be made of 2-inch plank, 12 feet long and large enough to admit of the insertion of the tile into the upper end. A protection of this kind serves a double purpose. It prevents small animals from entering the drain and will not be damaged by frost.

Smoking Meat.

The best fuel for smoking meats is green hickory or maple wood, smoothed with sawdust of the same material. Hardwood of any kind is preferable to soft wood. Resinous woods should never be used, as they are likely to impart bad flavors to the products. Corncocks are the best substitutes for hardwood and may be used if desired. Soft woods and corncocks give off large amounts of carbon in burning, and this is deposited on the meat, making it dark in color and of rank flavor. Juniper berries and fragrant woods are sometimes added to the fire to flavor the meat.

Growing Nuts.

Nut growing is profitable, but it requires years to bring a nut tree to a stage of growth where it will pay well; hence only young farmers are induced to devote land in that direction. Walnuts, chestnuts and butternuts will improve with cultivation. In a few years walnut trees will be so scarce that the farmer who has a grove will secure his own price therefor, the timber being exceedingly valuable.

Thunder Storms and Sour Milk.

The primary cause of sour milk is the growth of certain bacteria that are always very numerous in the air and cannot be kept out of the milk. These are most abundant during damp, heavy weather, which usually accompanies thunder storms; as such weather is particularly favorable to their development. Hence, the popular notion that thunder storms make milk sour.

THE WEEKLY HISTORICAL



- 1099—Siege of Jerusalem by Crusaders.
- 1405—Henry IV, King of Castile, died.
- 1481—Execution of conspirators against Lorenzo di Medici.
- 1568—Count d'Emont and Count beheaded at Brussels.
- 1628—Petition of Right passed.
- 1645—Christina voluntarily abdicated throne of Sweden.
- 1654—Louis XIV, crowned King of France.
- 1660—Marriage of Louis XIV, to Maria Theresa.
- 1680—Coronation of William III and Mary II of England.
- 1742—Peace of Breslau.
- 1765—James Otis proposed an American Congress in Massachusetts.
- 1776—Richard Henry Lee's famous resolution in the Continental Congress declaring the colonies independent; resolved by Adams.... Committee appointed Continental Congress in Declaration of Independence.
- 1783—First balloon ascent over heated air at Annonay, France.
- 1795—Luxemburg surrendered to French.
- 1798—Malta taken by Napoleon. Irishmen repulsed at sea with great loss.
- 1806—Great Britain declared war against Prussia.
- 1808—Joseph Bonaparte made King of Spain.
- 1811—Venezuela proclaimed independence.
- 1815—Germanic confederation ended by treaty of Vienna.
- 1821—Provisional government established in Greece.
- 1833—Black Hawk and company captured.
- 1840—Accession of Friedrich IV, of Prussia.
- 1844—Treaty for annexation of Texas rejected by United States.
- 1851—Vigilance committee organized in San Francisco.
- 1854—Treaty of Washington signed.
- 1855—Capture of Manzhou by the American (Know Nothing) met at Philadelphia.
- 1857—Mutiny at Gwalpur, India.
- 1862—Memphis, Tenn., taken by Federalists.... U. S. Congress declared independence of Haiti.
- 1864—Gen. John C. Fremont's presidential nomination withdrawn from army.... Morgan, women, commenced as 4th through Kentucky.... Lee, Federalists at battle of Trevilian, Va.
- 1865—Galveston taken by the last port to surrender.
- 1866—Proclamation by President against invasion of Cuba by Fenians.
- 1867—Francis Joseph crowned King of Hungary.
- 1868—Col. Crane, U. S. A., Col. Yorker at Jackson, Miss.
- 1870—Great fire of Constantinople.
- 1871—Battle between Danish squadron under Admiral Dineen and the Koreans.
- 1877—Business portion of Texas, destroyed by fire.
- 1878—Colliery explosion in England; 240 persons killed.
- 1880—Mount Vesuvius re-opened.... Steamboats sent and Stoughton called Island sound; thirty lost.
- 1881—Eighteen hundred held in city of Quebec.
- 1884—Samuel J. Tilden declared for President.
- 1880—Home Rule bill defeated.
- 1888—Great fire at Hull, Ontario, rendered homeless.
- 1880—Great fire in Seattle, Wash.
- 1891—Corner stone of new St. Louis laid.
- 1892—Bob Ford, murderer of James, shot at Crooked Creek.
- 1894—U. S. Senate passed bill.... President, General James, shot at Crooked Creek.
- 1897—President visited National exposition.
- 1905—Dissolution of union and Norway proclaimed.
- Japan agreed to a peace with the President selected N. H., as the place of

Vein Used for Arterio-sclerosis. Dr. Alexis Carrel and Dr. J. B. Moore, of the Chicago University, have been successful in experiments upon dogs showing the possibility of substituting oxygenated blood-carrying vessels. The experiment was made with success upon the animals, and about which the physicians who have discussed the subject differ. The experimenters claim this method must be further being employed on man.