

A Latter Day Sphinx

By ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS

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I held it in the light and in the shadow, looking at it, at the dusky face, at the calm dark eyes.

"It is something like the pictures of Pochontas," decided I finally. "She looks as if she might have a trace of Indian blood."

"My great-grandmother," said Cornelia, "was a beautiful Indian squaw."

I compared her face with the face of the brooch. The likeness was remarkable—the same straight hair, the same straight nose, the same calm quiet countenance, the repose of the Indian, subtle, watchful, alert to danger, but possessing at the same time an impenetrable calm, the inheritance of centuries of watchfulness.

human, apologizing to them. "Some times she kept perfectly still in her room when they rang, pretending she wasn't there."

She shifted from one foot to the other. Apparently Cornelia's history was to be strung out indefinitely, at least so long as I cared to stand and listen to it.

I cut it short.



"ARE YOU LOOKING FOR MISS HARDMAN?"

"It won't be long now," reiterated Cornelia, "before I shall go to him."

"But suppose you never hear from him," I suggested, a bit brutally. "Suppose he never writes to you or asks you to come."

Thinking this over afterward, I endeavored to convince myself that I said it with a benign purpose of fortifying her against the infidelity of man, of placing her on her guard, but I never quite succeeded.

Again she turned the quiet impene trability of her gaze upon me.

"I think," she said, "that I could even stand that."

But her cheeks were blotted with the tears that she had shed the night before.

It was impossible to refrain from admiring such strength of character.

Of myself I went to make her a little visit some six weeks later. I found her in rooms disfigured by upturn carpets, by swathed furniture.

"You are going, then?" I queried.

"As soon as I can get ready, perhaps next week, perhaps the latter part of this. I am selling my things bit by bit. I thought at first that I would buy my wedding clothes here, but they are much less expensive in Paris. He will meet me there. Are you cold? I will light the gas fire." And, touching a match to the logs, she brightened the bare room.

We sat in chairs before the imitation logs.

"I think I shall have two very handsome dresses made in Paris," she resumed—"one black, the other white, both of lace. I shall have them made plainly. Alfred's father is very rich. He goes to the baths twice a year. I shall go with them, of course. I have been studying Schiller, Heine, all the German poets, so as to be well versed in them when I get there."

"I have been studying German, too, and rubbing up my French. Alfred will want his American wife to make a good impression on his people," she concluded, her dull eyes on the fire.

"You anticipate no unhappiness from the fact that he is younger than you," I said. "Such marriages seldom make for happiness."

"I never borrow unhappiness," she told me.

This rebuffed me momentarily. I was silent, studying the fire. Then I looked at her. There was no expression in her face one way or another. It might have been made of stone.

By and by I got up to go. She, too, arose. Contrary to all precedent between us, I put my arm around her. I kissed her cheek.

"I hope you will be happy," I sighed. "After all, life is very short, and love is the scarcest and sweetest thing in it."

As I descended the weary stairs, part light, part dark, and emerged into the street, I discovered in my heart just a little envy of this great happiness in store for Cornelia. Before I reached home I contrasted it, with some degree of bitterness, with my own life of constant work. My room was like a cave for loneliness when I entered it.

The rashness of her prospect left its impression upon me. It remained to such an extent indeed that before the week was over I climbed those stairs once more to her three roomed flat.

I regretted my distrust of her. I wished by some slight personal service to compensate before she went away.

I found the flat closed. At my knock the woman who lived in the adjoining flat opened her door and thrust out her head.

It was a flushed head, not yet well combed, and it rose from a collarless throat.

"Are you looking for Miss Hardman?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"She has gone home to the west," she said. "She went home yesterday."

"To the west?" I exclaimed. "I thought—"

She fractured my sentence by coming into the hall. She shut the door and stood braced, her back against it.

"That poor girl!" she lamented. "I never felt so sorry for anybody in my life as I did for that poor girl."

"Why?" I questioned.

She had paused theatrically, awaiting this question to roll the history of Cornelia's wretchedness on her tongue.

"She was the strangest girl I ever saw," she began explaining. "She never told you anything. You had to find out everything for yourself."

"I never saw anybody so still mouthed as that girl was. She didn't tell me, but I found out that if it hadn't been for her people in the west she would have starved here in New York. Once in a great while she got registered letters. They had money in them. She had to sign for them. That was how I knew they had money in them. She never got any work from the newspapers at first maybe a little, but not afterward. I think she got so infatuated with the little German she couldn't write. Writers are like that sometimes, they tell me."

"She went without everything after the German went away. She let him have some money because his father hadn't sent him quite enough, he said. I heard them talking about it in the hall. That left her almost penniless. She never complained, but you could hear her talking to the iceman and the

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Had Tempered Cooks.

"Kuchenboller" or kitchen frenzy, is a new industrial disease which a writer in the German Medicinische Wochenschrift appears to have discovered. According to this writer, kitchen frenzy is a nervous disease capable of diagnosis like any other illness. It is, besides, highly infectious and can be communicated from person to person. It can extend from the servants of one family to the servants of neighboring families, and it can even happen that entire districts can be infected. The cause of this disease is usually to be found in the heat to which its victims are generally exposed, to excess of light, sometimes to long continued standing and other causes acting on the nerve centers. In its earlier stages the disease manifests itself by sudden outbursts of temper, happening in the midst of the most serene surroundings, without apparent cause. Hypochondria not infrequently is one of the symptoms of kitchen frenzy. It is various forms of diseased imagination. The writer of the article placed the disease under hysteria and pleads for more tolerance for its victims.

Black Art.

A smart Mississippi negro has found a way to turn the prejudice of white men against his race to financial account. The plan of this man, as reported by the United States civil service commission, is to take civil service examinations for clerks in the post-offices of various small cities. Upon receiving an appointment he goes to the town, where of course he finds an intense opposition among the whites to his employment. He surreptitiously to the will of his white neighbors, protests that he accepted the place under a misunderstanding and that he would not think of trying to remain where his presence would be so offensive to the superior race, but he has been put to considerable expense and can ill afford to lose the money. Of course the whites promptly make up a purse for such a polite and considerate negro, and he goes on to another town to repeat the trick.—Buffalo Express.

How to Pronounce Sakhalin.

The word Sakhalin, it would seem, belongs to the Manchu language and means "black." English gazetteers mark the stress on the final syllable, which they say should be sounded "jeen." The German pronunciation is "Sachalin," according to the penultimate syllable, which the writer says is wrong. The only doubtful point, according to him, is whether the last vowel should be "i," as the Russians sound it, or whether it should be diphthong "ie," as in siesta. (But surely this "ie" is not diphthong!) What, however, appears to decide the question is the statement he quotes from the "Voyageur de La Perouse, where we are told that the natives pronounced the name of the country exactly as the French pronounce "Segalen."—London Chronicle.

Bread Fruit.

Consul Anderson of Hangchow thinks the pomelo or Chinese bread fruit would do well in this country.

The fruit is grown in the United States by a few persons, but not commercially. Foreigners agree in declaring that the pomelo is the finest fruit in the far east. It combines the good points of the orange with the good points of the grape fruit.

The Chinese say that a good sized tree will ordinarily produce from 600 to 700 pomelos. When it is considered that many pomelos will run as large as seven or eight inches in diameter and even larger it will be appreciated that such a tree is bearing a load. The fruit is more oval than round. Its color and appearance are those of the grape fruit.

To Extinguish an Electric Arc.

The blowing of a fuse recently on one of the trains of the New York subway gave rise to considerable smoke and for a time alarmed the passengers on the train. The alarm was further increased by the electrical display which occurred when one of the station men attempted to extinguish the fire by throwing water over it. The car was not damaged and at no time were the passengers in danger, as they probably realize now. It is just as well, however, if the many employees of the company were fully instructed in the proper methods to pursue to extinguish an electric arc. A bucket of sand is of more value than a barrel of water.—Electrical Review.

Russia and China Alike.

Moscow, with its endless, straggling streets and dingy, brown roofed houses stretched out in a redeeming coolness of green trees round the barbare central pile of the Kremlin, the hieratic embodiment of the spiritual and temporal power of the Russian aristocracy, is apt enough to remind one of Peking, where the Chinese and Tartar cities converge with even greater symmetry in monotonous alignments of gray tiled roofs upon the pink walls and yellow tiles of the Forbidden City, sanctuary and palace of the Son of Heaven. A far more striking parallel might easily be drawn between the Russian and Chinese systems of government.—London Outlook.

Where It Really Rains.

Saturday and Sunday witnessed the first really heavy rain that the province of Bombay has brought to western India beyond the Ghats. The cause was a storm which moved into Gujarat and centered about Ahmadabad, to which it gave twenty-seven inches of rain in the two days. Such a downpour has brought the usual consequences of damage by flood to the railway lines and interruption to the train service.—Lahore (India) Tribune.

One Sense Keen.

Neil—She claims that she makes it a point to be blind to the faults of others. Belle—Well, she may be blind, but she's not deaf. She likes to listen to tales of them.—Exchange.

An Easy Method.

Poor fellow! His doctor tells him the only thing that will cure him is a course of mud baths, and he can't afford to go to the mud springs.

"But surely he can go into politics and let the mud come to him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Their Bargain.

Mrs. Gunbusta called on her late, the room beneath.

"Throwing her fur coat carelessly on a divan and taking her grimaces on the wall she gasped:

"And—ah—I bought a handsome machine this morning for only \$375."

"Hully for you!" shouted Gunbusta joyously, laying down the Motor Magazine he had been busily engaged in reading when his wife entered.

"But," she stammered, "in my anxiety to hurry home in it and tell you of my wonderful bargain I was horribly arrested several times for exceeding the speed limit, and it cost me \$300 for fines and—"

"Never mind that, dearest. It's cheap even at those figures."

"And then I had to pay \$200 to mechanics for goods of theirs that I ran into and ruined, and—"

"What of it?" interrupted Gunbusta. "Eight hundred and seventy-five dollars is cheap for a good car."

"I had run down and who threaten lawsuits, and all because I was dozens of hurrying home to tell you of my wonderful bargain."

"But before Mrs. Gunbusta had completed the sentence her husband rushed into the back yard and tried to run over himself with his automobile.—New York Herald.

Quite Proper.

Her Boston friend—How brave you are, dear! The way you laughed and chatted with your husband at the tea this afternoon nobody would suspect there was the slightest trouble between you."

She—Certainly not. Neither of us considers it good form to wear our divorce suits in public.—Judge.

Encouraging the Barber.

Hicks—Penniman shaves himself, doesn't he?

Wicks—Yes, and he's got an awful nerve.

Hicks—How's that?

Wicks—He'll give himself a clean shave and then walk right into a barber shop for a haircut.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Doesn't Stick to It.

Marryat—Whenever my wife says she wants a little money she sticks to it until she gets it.

Diabler—I wish my wife did. When my wife says she wants a little money it turns out to be a great deal before she's through.—Catholic Standard and Times.



Castle Comment.

"Mossgrawn told me a new story last night."

"Is it possible?"

"Well, it was the first time I ever heard him tell it, and I had heard it only sixteen times before."

Explained.

"My goodness," exclaimed the feather duster, "your stick is covered with coal dust and ashes! What have you been doing?"

"I've been playing poker," explained the broom.—Chicago News.

Nothing New.

"Some one will dramatize the cook-book next."

"Eat at my house some day, and I'll show you several tragedies that have been adapted from that classic."—Judge.

A Quick Return.

"Bobbie, you should always endeavor to return good for evil."

"Then what did you slap me for, Aunt Jane, when I stepped on your corn?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Real Thing.

Doctor—The indications are that you have throat trouble.

Patient—You bet I have. Three of my daughters are taking singing lessons.—Detroit Tribune.

A Sense of Security.

"So you feel that your automobile is perfectly safe?"

"Most of the time—when it is in the repair shop."—Washington Star.

Mother Goose Modernized.

There was a man, and he had naught. So creditors quick sought him; They rang round his house all day; Their bill collectors brought him;

But he got out the house disguised, And ere the bunch could find him A bankrupt he had been declared And left his debts behind him.

—Puck.

Economy.

Jenks—I've just given a hundred for this diamond ring for the missis. Jenks—It's a beauty! But isn't it rather—er—extravagant? Jenks—Not a bit. Think what it will save in gloves.—London Tatler.

Nonsense Reasoning.

"He's a conventional sort of fellow."

"Naturally."

"Why so?"

"He attends all the conventions."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.)

When the next session of congress meets the returning members will find many changes in the capitol, to greet their eyes. The principal alterations have been made in the rotunda. For the first time in fifty years the dome has been painted, while the side walls and columns have been scraped and cleaned. This course of scraping and cleaning has brought the stone back to its original condition. The side walls were constructed of Virginia sandstone, and the process of cleaning with an acid preparation has laid bare the character of the material, and in many places stones of an entirely different nature from the sandstone have been disclosed. The pictures throughout the rotunda will have received a thorough renovation.

Capitol Improvements.

The skylights on the senate and on the house have been enlarged by extensions ten feet on each side. The effect has been to afford more light in each chamber, which will be particularly noticeable from the galleries, for the extensions completely cover them.

Superintendent of the Capitol Elliott Wood concluded that the chimneys, which have long been noticeable projecting above the roof, were unsightly, and so much of them as projected above the roof have been taken away, and a forced draft is created for the flues by electric motors.

New Carpets in House and Senate.

When congress reassembles the new bronze doors at the entrance to the house wing will be in position. The doors for the main entrance and the senate wing were hung in 1858, but the bronze doors were not authorized until 1903. They cost \$17,000 and were cast at the same foundry in Chicopee, Mass., where the other doors were made before the civil war.

Throughout the interior of the capitol building all traces of calcimining have been removed as far as possible, and the Italian renaissance has been restored. The senate will have a new carpeting for years, and it is only a question of time when that part of the historic building will fall to pieces.

Various officials of the treasury department are urging Secretary Shaw to recommend to congress at the coming session an appropriation to replace all the sandstone used in the east front of the structure with granite, and Secretary Shaw has the matter under advisement. The supervising architect of the treasury has been consulted, and his estimate is that it will take \$350,000 to do the work. His opinion is that if the sandstone is not replaced before a great while some serious accident may happen, as the sandstone crumbles away in big pieces at times.

Famous Indian Relics.

Miss Fannie A. Weeks, an employee of the treasury department in Washington, who died of scalds received from falling into the boiling Grand Geyser park at Yellowstone park, owned one of the finest collections of Indian relics at the capitol. The collection will probably go to the Smithsonian institution.

Included in the collection is the pipe of peace, "stirrer" and tobacco pouch used by Red Cloud, the famous Sioux chieftain, who, with Sitting Bull and Spotted Tail, visited Washington during the spring of 1875 and interviewed General Grant concerning a favorite hunting ground upon which the United States government had fixed a covenant. The pouch is of buckskin, finished at the bottom with a deep fringe of the same, ornamented with brilliantly dyed porcupine quills, the upper portion being richly beaded. The "stirrer" is merely a long rounded stick, pointed at the end and used for stirring the tobacco in the pipe, and the pipe, which is of red clay, with a flat stem upward of two feet long and wrapped in scarlet porcupine quills, was smoked in council by Red Cloud for many years. Another relic is a rawhide quirt (whip) used by Antio, the Utah war chief, a blow from which would raise a welt on a horse as large as a man's finger.

An Indian Dandy's Leggings.

There are also gaily embroidered money bags from Snake John and Bull of the Woods. The latter was captain of the Indian police at the Utah agency, and both served as scouts under General Crook. The most gorgeous of the war relics, however, is a pair of eskimo leggings which belonged to Paddy Cap, chief of the Plutes in the Duck valley reservation, Nevada, the most distinguished leader of his tribe. These leggings, which he parted with for a considerable sum, dedicating himself to the purpose in the presence of the purchaser, cannot be surpassed in Indian war.

They are literally covered with brilliant paricord cut beads in the most elaborate designs and glitter and scintillate as one turns them about in the hand.

These, with numberless baskets, wampum and bead necklaces and other objects form part of the collection gathered by Miss Weeks from the northern tribes among whom she worked. To these she added a splendid assortment of rugs and blankets, for which the Navajo Indians of New Mexico and other southern points are celebrated.

CARL SCHOEFIELD.

A Quick Choice.

The late bishop of London was once ordered by his physician to spend the winter in Algiers. The bishop said it was impossible; he had so many engagements. "Well, my lord bishop," said the specialist, "it either means Algiers or heaven." "Oh, in that case," said the bishop, "I'll go to Algiers."

Not Days Enough.

"Believe me, dearest, I love you better every day."

"Oh, Jack, why aren't there more days?"—Life.

NEW SHORT STORIES

A Talented Business Man.

State Geologist Kummel of New Jersey was talking about forestry, which can, he claims, be made very profitable in the state of white sand and scrub.

"What is needed," he said, "is intelligence, a business head, the same sort



MAIDMENT THREW UP HIS HANDS.

of ability which, though often misapplied, still makes John Maidment's store the most popular and successful one in a fifty mile radius.

"John Maidment sells everything. Let me give you an example of his talent.

"A woman, warm and furious, got out of a wagon the other day and entered Maidment's big, cool store.

"'Look here,' she said, 'that rocking chair you sold me yesterday was no good.'

"'How so, madam?' Maidment asked.

"'Why,' said the woman, 'the rockers are not even. As you rock the good for nothing chair keeps sliding sideways all over the room.'

"'Maidment threw up his hands.

"'By Jingo,' he said, 'I made a mistake and sent you one of our new patent rockers, warranted not to wear out the carpet all in one place. That style costs \$2 more than—'

"'But the woman had turned and was already nearly out of the store.

"'Mistake or no mistake,' she said, 'I won't pay the extra \$2, and I won't return the chair, so there.'—New York Tribune.

A Criticism.

During the recent American tour of Emile Mors, the automobile expert of France, there was a parade in New York.

M. Mors at the time of the parade's passage was on Fifth avenue. Seeing the great throngs of people and hearing the loud, gay music, he decided that he would like to have a look at the procession, and accordingly he plunged into the deep crowd and tried to work his way to a place of vantage.

The nearer the front he got the more evidence he found of the police. The police, indeed, were in great evidence, pushing here, shoving there, now uttering loud threats, now making amid intense excitement, an arrest.

"Keep back! Keep back! Keep back!" was the continuous cry.

M. Mors could hardly see the parade for the police, and on account of the excitement that they caused he could not keep his mind on it at all. Turning somewhat impatiently to a man on his left, he said:

"Why, sure, is the crowd being kept back so valry forcibly?"

"So as to give the police full chance to see the procession," the man answered.—New Orleans States.

Everybody Works but Father.

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, got a great sendoff when he left Pittsburg from the Union station a few nights ago. A big crowd of labor leaders and union men was there to bid him good-by. As a parting ode they sang for him "Everybody Works at Our House."

It runs something like this:

Everybody works but father, And he sits round all day, Puts his feet in the fireplace And smokes his pipe of clay.

Mother takes in washing, So does Sister Ann, Everybody works at our house But my old man.

Now, isn't that a great send off to give to the leader of America's greatest labor organization? Just at first Mr. Gompers did not know how to take it. Then the humor of the thing struck him, and he laughed heartily. He will never forget the parting ode sung for him at Pittsburg.

Dr. Thayer's Dilemma.

The following story, it is safe to affirm, has never been seen in print: The late Dr. Henry Thayer, the founder of Thayer's laboratory in Cambridge, was on his way to his office one winter morning in the early sixties when the sidewalks were a glare of ice. While going down Main street he met a lady coming in the opposite direction. The lady was a stranger to him, although he was not unknown to her.

In trying to avoid each other on the icy pavement they both slipped and came to the sidewalk facing each other, with their feet protruding in a comical and entirely entangled. While the polite doctor was debating in his mind what was the proper thing to say or do under the trying circumstances, the problem was solved by the quick witted lady, who quietly remarked:

"Doctor, if you will be good enough to rise and pick out your legs, I will take what remains."—Boston Herald.

His Pay Was Raised.

Genius that may grow to great things must have been born in the office of whom the St. Louis Post-Dispatch tells this story: The "boss" was bending over a table looking at the directory. The new office boy slipped up quietly and put a note in his hand. The boss read: "Honored Sir—Your pants is ripped."

Error of Opinion May Be Tolerated.

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.—Jefferson.

ANIMALS AND TOBACCO.

A Dog That Smoked and a Parrot That Chewed the Weed.

Most animals have an utter abhorrence of tobacco in any shape or form, says the proprietor of a menagerie. I have myself made even a really ferocious dog turn snailly by puffing smoke in his face, but I do not recommend the means as one to be always relied on.

But to this rule, as to all others, there are exceptions, and numerous instances are known of animals possessing a positive love for the fragrant weed. Dogs, it is well known, can be taught to do almost everything but talk, and in my early days I was connected with a circus which possessed the unique attraction of a terrier which among other tricks had been instructed in the art of smoking a clay pipe. The curious point was that the animal actually got to enjoy its pipe and would insist on having it at the usual time every Sunday, as in the performance on week days.

The parrot is perhaps of all birds the most apt to take up bad habits. A friend of mine has one which is passionately fond of eating and chewing tobacco. If given a sufficient quantity the bird will make itself positively drunk with the nicotine and will stagger about its cage in exact imitation of the actions of an intoxicated human being. Long practice has made the bird something of a connoisseur respecting its favorite luxury, and it now treats fine cut tobacco with contempt. Its particular delight is the ping affected by sailors.

It is among the simian tribes that to become loving quippers are most frequent. This is probably owing to the monkey's overpowering faculty for imitation, which sometimes gets it into trouble. I remember an amusing instance. A man after puffing at a cigarette for a time threw it down near a monkey which had been watching the proceedings intently. The animal snatched it up and puffed gravely for a few minutes. Then a look of intense bewilderment stole over its face, and throwing the cigarette down, it retired into a corner, evidently very ill.

A gentleman in the north of England has a monkey which is addicted to sniff. The animal has been taught to take a pinch from the box of a visitor with all the courtly air so prevalent in the days when snuff taking was the fashion.—London Tit-Bits.

DESPERATE FIGHTING.

The Men Threw Themselves on the Bayonets of the Enemy.

It is a phrase merely to those of us who do not know war at first hand, "Then the men threw themselves on the bayonets of the enemy." It sounds desperate and dramatic, but this account in Blackwood's Magazine by a loyal subaltern at Port Arthur shows what it really means:

For thirty long minutes a hand to hand struggle had continued. Men threw grenades in each other's faces. Half demoralized snarling flung themselves upon the bayonets of the dozen Muscovites that held their faces in the trench. Who shall say that the day of the bayonet is past? Although there was not a breach that had not its cartridge in the chamber, yet men roused to the limit of their animal fury overlooked the mechanical appliances that make war easy. They thirsted to come to grips, and to grips they came.

But it had to end. The old colonel had fought his way to the very point of the struggle. He stood on the parapet, and his rich voice for a second curbed the fury of the wild creatures struggling beside him.

"Throw yourselves on their bayonets, honorable comrades!" he shouted. "Those who come behind will do the rest!"

His men heard him; his officers heard him. Eight stalwarts dropped their rifles, held their hands above their heads and flung themselves against the traverse. Before the Russian defenders could extricate the bayonets from their bodies the whole pack of the war dogs had surged over them. The trench was won.

AIDING THE MEMORY.

Mnemonic Systems Have Been In Use From Time Immemorial.

The art of rendering artificial aid to the memory by associating in the mind things difficult to remember with those which are easy of recollection is said to have originated with the Egyptians. The first person to reduce it to a system was, according to Cicero, the poet Simonides, who lived 500 B. C. His plan is known as the topical or locality plan and was in substance as follows: Choose a large house with a number of differently furnished apartments in it. Impress upon the mind carefully all that is noticeable in the house so that the mind can readily go over the parts. Then place a series of ideas in the house: the first in the hall, the next in the sitting room, and so on with the rest. Now, when one wishes to recall these ideas in their proper succession, commence going through the house, and the idea placed in each department will be found to readily recur to the mind in connection with it.

It is related that this mnemonic plan was first suggested to the Greeks by a tragic occurrence. Having been called from a banquet just before the roof of the house fell and crushed all the rest of the company; he found on returning that the bodies were so mutilated that no individual could be recognized, but by remembering the places which they had severally occupied at the table he was able to identify them. He was thus led to notice that the order of places may by association suggest the order of things.

A Cause of Drowning.

In swimming under a blazing sun the body is submerged at a low temperature while the full force of the sun beats on the unprotected head. To add to the obvious dangers of such a state of things the blood is forced into the head by the pumping action of the limbs in swimming, thus causing the arteries in other parts of the body to be overfilled. The consequence is often a violent headache, which may be followed by insensibility. The swimmer sinks and unless help is at hand another to the long list of the mysteriously drowned.