

HIS SPEECH RESTORED.

THE MEASURES ADOPTED PROVED MOST EFFECTUAL.

In Restoring the Shaming Soldier to a Healthy Condition—His Wife's Visits Were the Signal for a Sick Spell—How the Whipping Acted.

One day in the spring of 1864 a Confederate hospital in Atlanta received a patient from a local conscript camp. The officer who accompanied the invalid told the hospital authorities that the conscript had given the commander of the camp a good deal of trouble. He has refused to drill, pleading illness, and had remained in bed most of the time. Gentle methods, such as prodding with a bayonet or occasional kicks and cuffs administered by his disgusted superiors, had failed to restore the fellow's health or revive his dormant patriotism.

"It is our opinion at the camp," said the officer, "that the rascal is shamming."

"Why do you think so?" asked the hospital surgeon.

"Well, we cannot see that anything is the matter with him. He has complained of rheumatism and paralysis, but we have noticed that he is always worse after a visit from his wife. When the old lady stays away for a few days he improves, but when she comes to see him he has a spell and complains of some new affliction."

"An interesting case," remarked the surgeon. "I will watch your man closely, especially when his wife is with him."

"She will be here soon, said the other. 'She lives on a farm a few miles out, and about once a week she visits her husband and brings him a lot of good things to eat.'

"How is his appetite?" asked the surgeon.

"First class," was the answer. "We have told him time and again that a sick man could not eat such enormous quantities of food, but he paid no attention to us, and went on gormandizing. He is shamming beyond a doubt, but we decided to turn him over to you."

The surgeon was an eccentric old man, gentle as a woman at times and a relentless despot at others. He had no patience with a shirk or a fraud, and the conscript who pretended to be sick had to be an expert in that line to deceive the keen-eyed physician, who studied his face and watched every movement.

The sick man improved rapidly until one of the patients told him that he was almost well enough to be sent back to the camp. Then he went to bed and sent for his wife. When the old woman arrived the surgeon made up his mind the moment he saw her that she was a schemer and just the kind of wife to boss her husband. He disguised his suspicions, however, and was gracious and sympathetic.

After the visitor left the conscript sent for the surgeon and gave him a description of some new symptoms. An examination showed that there was no foundation for his long-winded yarn, and he was told to prepare to return to the camp the next day. No. 76, as he was designated, fell back on his pillow and gave himself up to a spell of hard thinking. The attendants let him alone, and the other soldiers contemptuously ignored him.

The next morning the surgeon came to the bedside of No. 76.

"Get up and dress," he said sternly. "you are to go to camp at 10 o'clock."

The conscript made a number of frantic gestures. He pointed to his mouth and ears and then made a sign to indicate his desire for a pencil. He was furnished with a pencil and a sheet of paper, and he wrote the following scrawl.

"Dear Sir: I me bedet an' bedumed. The prally sir done hit.

The surgeon gave him a rough shake. "You must get up," he said; "you are no more deaf and dumb than I am, and you have not a symptom of paralysis."

No. 76 apparently could not hear a word and he could not be induced to rise. The hospital authorities held a brief consultation and decided upon their course. The man was left reclining on his couch. Breakfast and dinner were denied him, and in the afternoon his wife came in response to a message from the hospital.

"We are not going to stand this nonsense," the surgeon said; "your husband is trying to shirk army duty, and there is nothing the matter with him. Go and talk to him, and make him understand that he will be severely punished if he does not brace up and be a man."

The old woman darted a venomous glance at the speaker, and was left alone with her husband for a time. At the end of a half hour she sought the surgeon with tears in her eyes, and showed him several sheets of closely written paper. She protested that her husband was not shamming, but was really deaf and dumb.

"I suppose, then," said the surgeon. "that he will have to be tried by court-martial and shot."

The woman was proof against this. She only wept and seemed to be ready for the worst.

"It's mighty hard to lose him that way," she blubbered. "but I could stand it better if he could only hear my voice and speak to me just once before he dies."

This pathetic touch failed to move the despot of the hospital. He smiled grimly and whispered something to two attendants. The men seized No. 76, and, despite his struggles, marched him into the back yard.

"What are you going to do?" asked the woman anxiously.

"I am going to cure him," replied the surgeon. "I have a remedy which seldom fails in some cases. I can restore your husband's hearing and speech in less than an hour."

The surgeon walked into the back yard, closely followed by the woman. They found No. 76 stripped to the waist, and tied to a post with his hands fastened behind him. One of the attendants stood waiting with a rawhide whip. The prisoner and his wife exchanged glances, and their faces wore a look of determination. Obeying the surgeon's order, the uplifted rawhide fell, leaving a red mark on the victim's back, but the man did not whimper or groan. Whack went the whip again, and then several blows followed in rapid succession. No. 76 turned red with rage and white with terror and pain, but he remained mute. It was not so with his wife. The old woman screamed, and, falling on her knees, begged for mercy.

"You are killing him!" she shrieked.

"If this does not finish him," said an officer, "he will be shot tomorrow."

Whack, whack went the cruel whip, and the wretched wife almost fainted.

"Speak out, Bill!" she yelled. "Speak and save your life! These devils will murder you!"

"Do you mean it, Polly?" asked the unfortunate at the whipping post.

"Yes, I do. Speak out," was the answer.

"Hold up!" cried the conscript. "I'll give in. I'll go to camp."

He was untied, and, after his back had been attended to, he was allowed to kiss his wife good-bye. Then he was marched off to the camp of instruction.

Whether No. 76 became a hero or a deserter history does not say.

THE DOOR TO GOOD HEALTH

Is Through the Kidneys—Like a Well Planned Sanitary System They Keep the Body Human Healthy—Interesting Story From Quebec.

The kidneys have very appropriately been described as the sanitary system of the human body. Let them become inoperating and disease will quickly follow, and unless the obstructions are removed, death will be the result. Mr. D. J. Locke, of Sherbrooke, P. Q., suffered for years from complicated kidney trouble, and spent over \$100 in efforts to secure relief; but no relief came until he used South American Kidney Cure. His statement is that four bottles completely cured him, and to-day he is in the enjoyment of sound health. In the most distressing cases this remedy gives relief in six hours.

POINTS ABOUT GOLF BALLS.

Some Little Hints About Their Preservation That May Aid the Novice.

Until the use of gutta percha, golf balls were made of feathers and wool, with a cover of kid or leather, much like a racquet ball. Americans who visit Scotland often bring one of the old balls back as a curiosity. The ordinary gutta percha ball is red or black, with a thick outer coating of white paint, but there are some that are white clear through. The pure gutta percha is often adulterated with rubber and other mixtures, each maker having his own process. The idea is to reduced the cost without impairing the elasticity and hardness. The ordinary retail price is \$3.50 to \$4.50 a dozen. The difficulty of obtaining the pure gum of a uniform quality is a cause of trouble to the makers, for the players quickly detect any flaw in a brand of balls, and at once transfer their allegiance to the output of another manufacturer. Without the best gum, no maker can keep the output at a steady grade of excellence. No matter what price is paid, it is claimed, the only test of a gum that is worth anything is the work on the links.

All that the average amateurs care for is to get their money's worth of fun out of a box of balls. When purchased each ball is wrapped in tissue paper, but it is sometimes worth looking them over to see if any of the paint has cracked off. As a general rule, the older the ball the better. If a stock of balls is laid in early in the season, they should be kept in a cool place. In the match at Ardsley, on Aug. 8 between Park and Donn, the balls were carried on ice so that they would not soften in the intense heat, and a fresh ball was taken on every tee. The balls, while apparently hard to the touch, if kept in a warm place, will flatten from the impact with the driver and be easily cut by the iron clubs. There are some devoted golfers who keep the balls in the household refrigerator, and

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never play with one that has not been on 'cold storage' for at least six months.

One of the expensive features of the game is the cost of the balls. The beginner cuts the balls badly with the touped strokes, and he also apt to lose many outright by wild drives or by putting them into ponds and other inaccessible places. On this account it is well to begin with made-over balls, which are also used by many experts on practice rounds. The remade balls are sold at \$2.25 a dozen, or, when a dozen of damaged balls is given in exchange for \$1.25. The process of remoulding is simple and may be done by a golfer personally with little trouble. The old balls are allowed to simmer in hot water until soft and free from paint. Each ball is next pressed into shape in a mould, which is shaped like a wooden lemon squeezer, and is used in the same way. When cool the rim that marks the union of the upper and lower half of the mould is trimmed smooth with a knife. Three successive coats of white paint are next put on, and the ball is laid aside for a few days to harden and dry.

No hard and fast rule can be made regarding the service a good player may obtain from a brand new and perfect ball. It is surely a matter of luck. One day a golfer will play a ball throughout a thirty-six hole match with hardly a perceptible scratch on the paint, and on the very next time out, in the first nine holes, he will lose a couple of balls by wild drives, and out two more almost into quarters by topped iron plays or by blows from the niblick in trying to get out of a stony lie. Balls which have lost their gloss by use, but are not so cut up that they will not run true on the putting green, may be freshened up for new service by a coat of paint without the trouble of remoulding. The golf ball cleaners, which may be carried in the pocket and used to remove mud and earth stains after each hole is played, will aid in prolonging the life of a ball.

Usually a golfer carries a spare ball in his pocket, besides having an extra supply in the receptacle on the club bag, which is carried by the boy. Unless the caddie is known to be a trusty lad, it is well to count the balls in his presence before committing the stock to his care, or else to tell him how many he will be held accountable for at the end of the play. The greenkeepers, as a rule, know but little about the boys they allow to serve as caddies, and as there is always a market for balls, they have a number of tricks to work off to acquire them from the novice. In most cases the caddie regards the act of taking a ball as a joke, but it is a costly one to the novice who does not keep his eyes open. It is well to convince the lad from the start that he has a vigilant hand to deal with.

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CITY OF MONCTON, N. B., Jan. 15th, 1897.

S. KERR, Esq. DEAR SIR,— \* \* \* \* I am pleased to add my testimony, with that of many others, concerning the efficiency and thoroughness.

Mr. M. Lodge, accountant W. and L. Dept., City of Moncton, and Mr. L. G. B. Lawson, my assistant (old students of yours), are both in this office. They have spoken to me on different occasions in the highest terms of the training received at your college, and their work certainly adds weight to their testimony.

(Signed) J. C. PATTERSON, City Clerk, City of Moncton. Business and Shorthand Catalogues mailed to any address. S. KERR & SON, St. John Business College.

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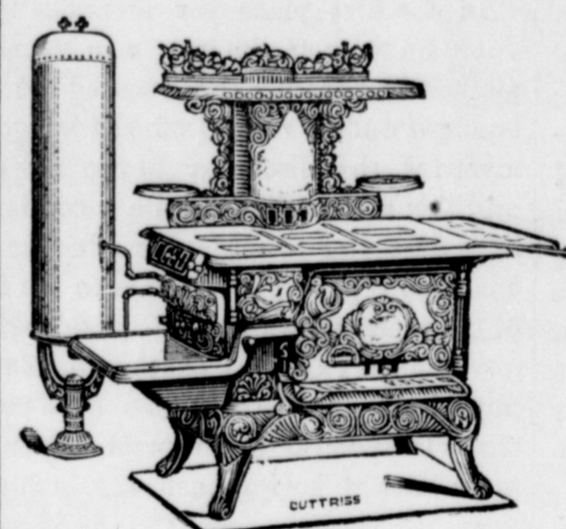
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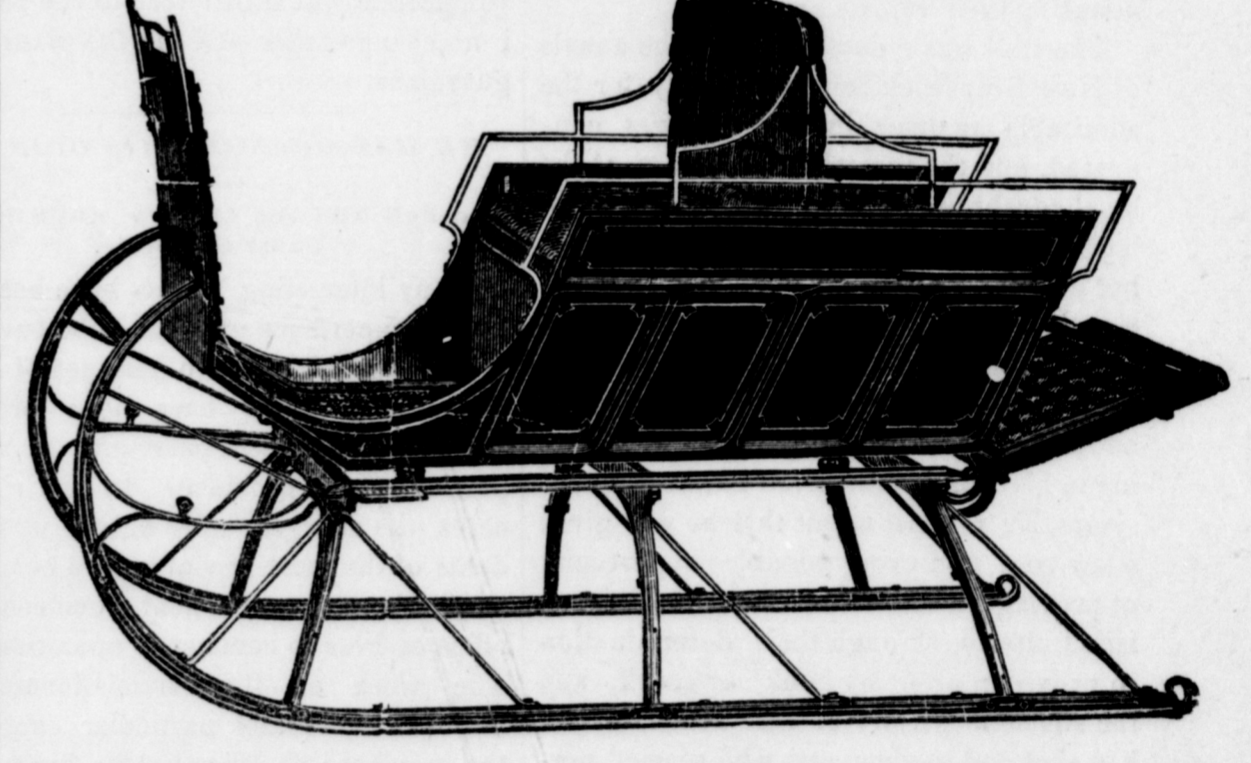
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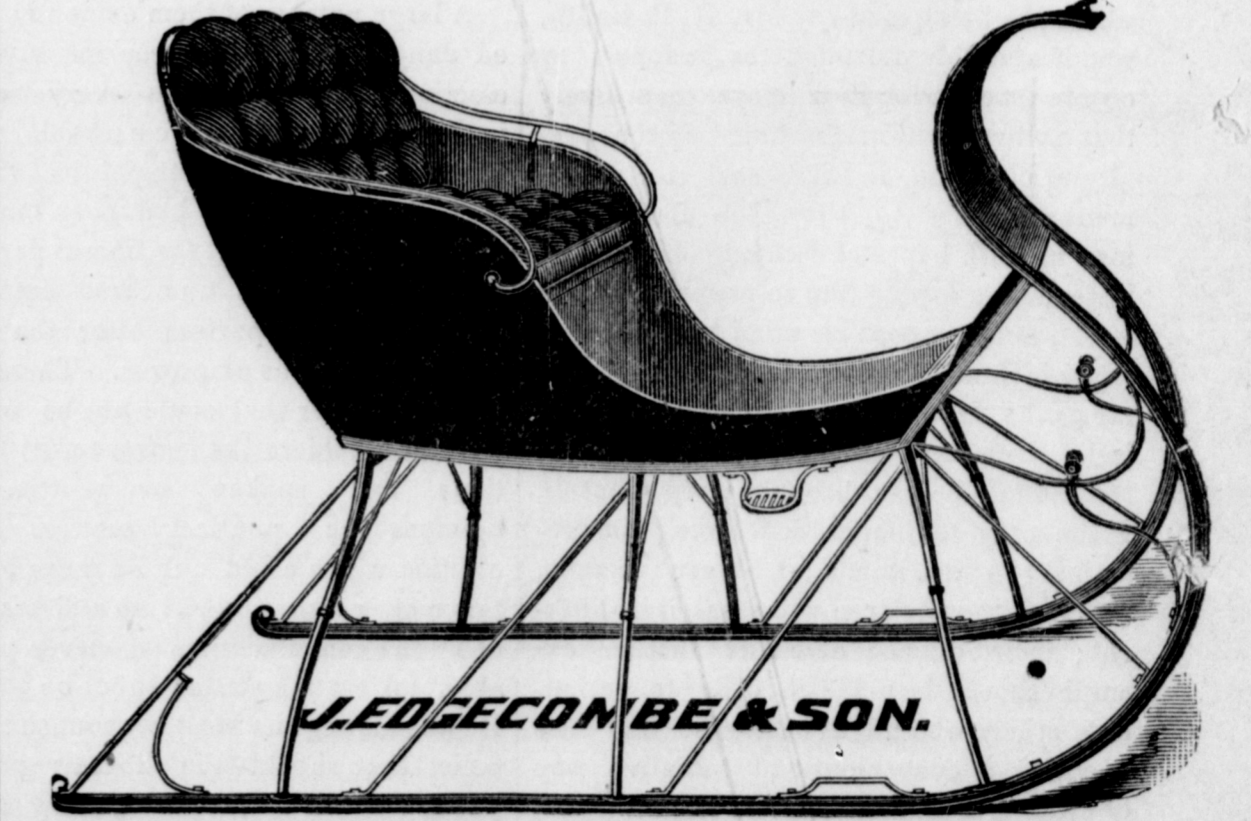
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