

## A MODERN BULLET WOUND.

Remarkable Case of an English Army Surgeon—Shot Through the Abdomen and Was Left Unattended.

If you look in a report made by England's greatest surgeon you will find under 'Case No. 10,' a concise and detailed account of a bullet wound. The course of the ball is traced with scientific accuracy and exactness. We are told how the merciful little pencil shaped, nickel steel Mauter bullet passed through the body of 'Case No. 10,' but who 'Case No. 10,' is and under what circumstances he received the wound—that is no part of a surgeon's report, and so it does not appear. In the old days when the tearing, shattering leaden bullets did their fearful work, Case No. 10 wouldn't have been a surgeon's case; he would have been in the obituary list. As it is, thanks to the cleanly perforating bullet which cauterize its own wound, he is now alive and well, though shot in what used to be regarded as a vital spot. This is the actual story of how Case No. 10, happened.

It was at the second battle of the Tugela, Jan. 23, Dalton, R. A. M. C. (which means Royal Army Medical Corps) had been called off to attend to a wounded officer lying on the flank of the army the main body of which was already falling back across the death plain over which it had endeavored to advance against the hidden riflemen who lay among the rocks. It was quite late in the afternoon when he reached the spot, and on the way the attendant stretcher bearers had picked up a badly wounded man, and so Capt. Dalton found himself in charge of a dressing station all his own. He knew de Rougemont well, and as he bent over him he saw that his friend was badly wounded, shot through the abdomen. The other man lying near had a wound of the same character, while the third man, who had been carried along in the stretcher, was shot, if I remember in two places, through the head and lungs.

The Captain bent over his stricken friend. He saw that the ball had gone straight through him; yet he felt sure that with great care his life might be saved. But the ambulances were from four to five miles away, and it would be almost impossible to drive one over the rocky, uneven ground. A glance at the other man showed that his case was a severe one also. Three casualties, all in the category of the dangerous, would spell small hope to the friends at home who would read the returns in the papers. Three casualties and only one stretcher. The men who carried it were not members of a regular bearer company but two Tommies who had been pressed for the nonce.

The surgeon had got out his bandages and was applying the first aid as quickly and deftly as he could, when one of the men standing by shouted suddenly:

'My Gawd! Look! Here they come!'

Capt. Dalton raised his head in time to see about forty Boers, all mounted, ride into sight above the crest of the little hill, 200 yards or so in front. He only glanced at them, for he thought they must have perceived what he was doing, and despite the recriminations that had been indulged in the Red Cross had always been respected. He felt himself safe under the protection of the little bandage around his arm. So he went on with his work. There came a volley, and the captain felt a shock go through him. Pausing for a minute, he looked down at himself, and perceived that he was wounded in almost the same place as the officer whom he was attending. One of the soldiers was shot dead, and the wounded man lying on the ground had received a second bullet through his chest. The other stretcher bearer had been shot through the arm near the shoulder, and had fallen behind a rock.

They were all casualties now, himself included. But somehow, it may have been the effect of training, or it may have been the surgeon's abstract interest in the case, he continued working, stanching the blood and binding up the wound of his friend, determined to work as long as he was able. The Boers approached. They got off their horses and were standing close about him. His job was almost finished. A sickening feeling was coming over him and he fell slowly back and lay looking up at them. The anger that came over him made him speak in cold, low tones.

'Look what you have done,' he said. 'You have shot me, a surgeon performing his duty, and you have fired upon the wounded. Do you call that war?'

'We're very sorry, sir,' said a middle-aged bearded fellow in good English. 'We didn't see who you were. We thought you were lying there and about to fire on us.'

The others stood about silently, leaning awkwardly against their saddles. The man who was slightly wounded through the arm stood up; he began to swear. The captain silenced him, and he sat down on the rock nursing his wounded arm. And now comes the strangest part of the story, and one that, if it had not been verified would be hard to believe. The Boers bent over and examined the wounded man. They shook their heads. The captain felt his senses going, the weakness was becoming overpowering. Someone spoke in Dutch and a horseman mounted. The captain looked up and asked slowly: 'Who is in command here?'

'Well, I suppose I am,' said a low-browed ruffian, who spoke English.

'Well, for heaven's sake let the slightly wounded man go and get help for us.'

'He's our prisoner,' said the bearded one. 'We've got to take him along; we can't stay here.'

'Surely you're not going to leave us in this plight?'

There was no answer. The next thing the captain remembered was some one tugging at his feet, and then he heard a sound of horses' hoofs going away over the rocks. He lost consciousness. When he came to himself the sun was down behind the hills and the cold evening shadows were coming on. He knew now what the tugging at his feet had meant; his spurs were gone! Capt. de Rougemont, lying beside him was talking.

'Dalton,' he said, 'can you hear me?'

'Yes.'

'We're in a bad way. What shall we do?'

'Don't move, it's the only thing that will save your life. They may find us in the morning.'

Just then a groaning came from where the other wounded man was lying.

'Water,' he moaned; 'water.'

Dalton raised his voice. 'Lie still, my lad,' he said. 'Water is the worst thing for you. Lie still. What is your name?'

The man gave it and his number, and the captain could almost imagine that a salute accompanied the answer.

'Can you see those other men?'

'Yes, sir; they're both dead, sir.'

The soldier's agony was sunk in the soldierly training.

'Keep quiet and lie still, I tell you. Try to forget your thirst. Moving around will only make you worse.'

The soldier did not reply.

A strange thing of it all was this: There had been no bitter words expressed against the action of the Boers. It had been passed by as if by tacit consent. The inhuman part of it, the surgeon perceived, was not intended for torture; he saw that the enemy had regarded them all as being practically dead men.

To describe in detail that night of horror would be too harrowing. Capt. Dalton knew that his only chance of living was in remaining absolutely still. Since he had laid himself down he had hardly moved a muscle, but poor de Rougemont had begun to wander. He began to shout to the stable guard and insisted that the horses were tethered over the hill. He raised himself on his elbows and called aloud time and again. Dalton pleaded with him in vain. He would not listen to reason.

In the meantime the temptation of thirst that overpowering, dreadful agony of the sorely wounded, had been too much for the soldier. He had managed to crawl to the body of one of his companions and had drained the dead man's water bottle. In a few minutes his agony had increased threefold, and he tossed, rolling and writhing to and fro among the rocks. In a few minutes he was silent, and the doctor knew that relief had come to him. Capt. de Rougemont was growing weaker, but a dreadful thirst was on him, too. His water bottle was by his side; despite the surgeon's remonstrances, he took a drink. It seemed at first to help him, for his mind ceased wondering, and then—but why go on? Early in the morning his moaning ceased.

Dalton was stiff from lying in the same position. It was bitter cold and his flesh quivered. He felt the thirst, too, but his will power was strong, and strange to say the overpowering weakness was leaving him and his brain was clear to think. His thoughts were not pleasant. He remembered the great birds whose shadows he knew would be sweeping over the ground the next morning. He knew that the army had gone back, and he reckoned gloomily the chance of being found. He knew it was not one in a thousand.

The sun rose and carefully he raised himself and looked about; he was the only one alive. Slowly, inch by inch, he raised himself, until to his wonder and amazement he found that he could stand. He took a step, holding himself as straight as possible. He took another. He found that he could walk. It took half an hour to go 200 yards to the bottom of the hill where the ground was more level, and there he found a path. He began to have an interest of the surgeon in studying his own case. (How far would he be able to go before the deadly pang would seize him? Steadying himself before each movement, he went on. He saw no living thing. There were a few bodies here and there where the troopers had advanced. The sun rose higher and higher and soon the sweeping shadows appeared. He did not turn his head to look to the right or left, nor did he dare to rest. Soon, down in a hollow, he saw a moving figure. It was a Kafir working about a little lonely hut. He raised his voice. The man saw him, but instead of coming to him the Kafir made off. Again he called. He was afraid to raise his arm to beckon, for the movement might mean death. The Kafir turned and approached him. He circled nearer. He behaved for all the world like one who stalked an enemy. The captain all the time stood silent. At last the man came near enough for the captain to talk to him, and then he saw the reason for the white man's strange behavior.

'Troops, baas?'

'Yes, where are they?'

The Kafir pointed, 'Go fetch them.' The man was off.

Slowly Dalton began walking in the same direction. In about an hour he met some men coming towards him. In another hour he was in a hospital. The only man who had ever walked six miles with a wound that should have been mortal and had lived to tell the tale.

### ON THE FRONTIERS OF INDIA.

Measures to Meet the Effects of Renewed Russian Activity in Asia.

The British Indian Government, after some deliberation, has decided to meet the new conditions that are arising all along the frontiers of India by an increased expenditure for military purpose, principally in artillery, on which, it is authoritatively stated, \$10,000,000 will be spent. The rearmament of the native army is proceeding as fast as magazine rifles arrive from England, the new weapons being issued to the British troops, whose old rifles, after careful examination, are transferred to the native regiments. The expense of the new armaments will not, it is said add to the Indian budget, but will be met with money saved by the action of the Imperial Government in paying the cost of the troops taken from India for service in South Africa and China.

For some time past the condition of things on the northwest frontier of India has been reported to be unsatisfactory, raids by the tribesmen on the frontier outposts becoming increasingly frequent, with loss of life and looting of magazines and guardhouses for guns and ammunition. The latest raids have determined the Indian Government to institute a blockade of the territory inhabited by the offending tribesmen in order to cut their flocks off from their grazing lands. Should this not produce the desired results sterner measures will be adopted, and a punitive expedition similar to that sent into the Tirah country three years ago will be despatched to occupy the country.

The Amir of Afghanistan, in order to guard the neutrality of his territory, has sent one of his generals, Mohammed Ali Khan, to select a suitable site for a cantonment on the frontier to watch the operations. He is also said to have caused a new book in Persian on the subject of 'The Preaching Laws of Islam,' to be issued from the Kabul Press, and copies to be distributed among the preaching staff of mullahs. A portion of the work is devoted to political affairs and the Amir's relations with Russia and the British government.

Meanwhile occurrences have taken place in Thibet, arising out of the Chinese complications, that have caused the Indian government to hasten the repairs to the Darjeeling railway, which was so badly damaged by earthquake and floods, with the intention of prolonging it into Sikkim towards the Thibetan frontier. Movements are reported from Thibet which are regarded as hostile to British interests in Asia, and an envoy has been sent by the Dalai Lama from Lhasa to Russia, with the object, so it is stated in St. Petersburg, of seeking Russian protection.

Comparatively easy communication now exists between Lhasa and Kashgar in Chinese Turkestan, where the Russian government has an important diplomatic agency presided over by M. Petrovski from the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg, with the rank of Consul-General and an

escort of eighty Cossacks commanded by two officers. He keeps up considerable state and dispenses money freely, which is in contrast with the British agent, whose establishment is humble and expenditure limited. Kashgar is connected by telegraph with St. Petersburg through Urumtsi, a Chinese military station in northwestern Mongolia; and there is an all the year round postal service between Kashgar and Osh in Ferghana, and Fort Narin, a Russian outpost in Russian Turkestan. All communications between the British government and its agent have to pass through the Russian Post Office and telegraphs, except when an occasional explorer comes up from India through Kashmir or some other route.

Russian supremacy is gradually asserting itself commercially, financially and politically. Russian traders are pressing south by the caravan routes into Western Thibet driving out the English goods that at one time filled the bazaars. The Russo-Chinese Banking Company has recently established a branch at Kashgar to facilitate trade, and the Chinese Taotai takes no important step, even in the internal administration of his province, without first consulting the Russian representative. A few Hindoo traders and money lenders are still to be found in Kashgar, but their business is rapidly leaving them.

In order to bring Kashgar more completely under Russian influence, M. Petrovski is now working to have the Russian custom house on the frontier at Irtyshkam removed to Kashgar to facilitate Russian trade operations, and it was believed he would succeed. An English writer, commenting on this move, observes that it was just in this way that Bokhara was gradually absorbed. Lastly, in the event of troubles calling for the display of military force, Russia has already large bodies of troops within eight days' march of Kashgar. The British Government is endeavoring to establish a counterpoise to this preponderance of Russia by encouraging the construction of electric trolley lines in Kashmir but the probability is that before they can be of any strategic value, the Russian outposts will have been established on the watershed between the British and nominally Chinese territory. As to the outcome of the Thibetan mission to Russia nothing is yet known; but its having been sent is symptomatic of the unrest prevailing all over Asia at the present moment.

### The Shadow of the Past.

She laid her face against her mother's breast and sobbed.

'My poor child, what is it?' the older lady asked. 'Has Reginald been cruel to you?'

'No, mamma,' the bride replied, 'it is not that. It is all on account of a terrible discovery. I'—

'Ah,' the fond mother exclaimed, 'then he did not tell you all before it was too late! Oh, my poor child! Oh, the monster! There is a dark page in his life! Ah, how can a man be so base! How?'

'He found the photograph of me sitting in a wash bowl,' the stricken one interrupted, 'that you had taken for a baby food advertisement!'

Then they sat there, dumb with grief.

### Sore Throat

and hoarseness with their attendant dangers may be speedily averted and remedied by the use of Nerviline. Excellent to gargle with—ten times better than a mustard plaster and more convenient for the outside, and speedily allays inflammation. Nerviline cures because it is five times stronger than other remedies—penetrates the tissues instantly, soothes the pain, and cures simply because that's what it is made for. Druggists sell it.

### Generosity.

'Do you think republics are ungrateful?' asked the statesman.

'No, sir,' answered the professional politician. 'If you know how to work it, you can coax as much salary and incidental profit out of a republic as you can out of any form of government I know of. As a matter of fact a republic is one of the easiest institutions on earth.'

### Brook Farm Pleasantries.

Mr. Ripley once announced that a contribution would be taken to defray expenses at Brook Farm; but, as the speaking was to be continued during the time the box was passing round, the audience was requested to put in as many bills as possible, so as to not disturb the speaker by the rattling of small change.

### Corn Sewing

Is a process excused by vanity, backed up by good tight boots—you may lack the vanity but you have the good tight boots—you may wear any size boots you please up to three sizes too small, if you use Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Druggists sell it.

'I have indited,' began the trembling poet, 'a long poem entitled: "Autumn Kindling Wood." "Cut it short!" hissed the heartless editor; and the big blue pencil scratched merrily.

## Pale and Bloodless.

THOUSANDS OF ANAEMIC GIRLS HURRYING TO THE GRAVE.

A Young Lady at Cobourg, Ont., Whose Case Was Pronounced Hopeless, Tells How She Regained Health and Strength—A Lesson to Mothers.

Anemia is the term used by doctors to indicate poverty of the blood. The prevalence of this trouble is most alarming, especially among young girls, and a large percentage of the altogether too numerous cases of consumption which annually ravage the country have their origin in this trouble. The first indication of anemia is a pale, sallow or waxy complexion. This is followed by loss of appetite, frequent headaches, indisposition to exertion, swelling of limbs, violent heart palpitation and frequently fainting fits. These symptoms may not all be present, but the more there are the greater the urgency for prompt and effective treatment, which should be persisted in until all traces of the trouble have vanished. Among the thousands who have been brought near to the brink of the grave from this trouble, and ultimately restored to health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, is Miss Bella Boyd, an estimable young lady whose home is at Cobourg. Miss Boyd gives her experience as follows:—

'It is nearly ten years since my illness first commenced, and although I was doctoring more or less I received little or no benefit, as the doctors did not seem to understand my trouble. Two years ago my health became so bad that another doctor was called in, and he stated that my case was a most severe type of anemia, and that while he could help me the trouble had progressed to such a stage that he could hold out little hopes of a cure. At this time I was as pale as chalk, my eyelids were swollen and would hang down over my eyes like sacks of water. My feet and limbs would swell, and were always cold. I was subject to violent headaches, severe palpitation of the heart, and if I stooped over I would be so dizzy that I could scarcely regain an upright position. My appetite failed me almost entirely and I grew so weak that I was a mere wreck. While in this condition I read in a newspaper of the cure of a young girl whose case was much like mine, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I determined to try them. Those who knew me did not think any medicine could do me any good or that I would ever get any better, but I determined at all events to give the pills a fair trial. I have used them for nearly a year with the result that I feel like a new person. The swelling in my eyelids and and limbs has disappeared; my appetite is good and my face is regaining the color which left it years ago. I can sew and do work about the house, and this great change in my condition is due solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is not too little to say that they have saved my life and I strongly urge girls who are singularly afflicted to give them a thorough trial.'

### LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

Number of Lives and Value of Property Saved During the Year.

The annual report of the Life-Saving Service, made public during the week, shows that at the close of the fiscal year the establishment embraced 269 stations, 194 being on the Atlantic, 58 on the lakes, 16 on the Pacific, and one on the falls of the Ohio, at Louisville, Ky.

The number of disasters to documented vessels within the field of operations of the service during the year was 384. There were on board these vessels 2,655 persons, of whom 2,607 were saved and 48 lost. Six hundred and seventy-three shipwrecked persons received succor at the stations, to whom 1,447 days' relief in the aggregate was afforded. The estimated value of the vessels involved in disaster was \$6,127,500, and that of their cargoes \$3,342,690, making a total value of property imperilled \$9,470,190. Of this amount \$7,264,690 was saved and \$2,235,500 lost. The number of vessels totally lost was 61.

In addition to the foregoing there were during the year 329 casualties to small craft, such as small yachts, sailboats, rowboats, etc., on board of which there were 781 persons, 776 of whom were saved and five lost. The property involved in these instances is estimated at \$267,070 of which \$256,770 was saved and \$10,300 lost.

Besides the number of persons saved from vessels of all kinds there were 591 others rescued who had fallen from wharves, piers and other positions of extreme peril, many of whom would have perished without the aid of the life-saving crew. Five hundred and fourteen of these were rescued from dwelling houses, outbuildings and other elevated places submerged wholly or in part by the terrible flood of the Brazos river in Texas, July 6 to 12, 1899.

The crew saved and assisted to save during the year 371 vessels, valued with their cargoes at \$4,006,500, and rendered assistance of minor importance to 885 other vessels in distress, besides warning from danger by the signals of the patrolmen 194 vessels.

A ten cent package of Magnetic Dyes and very little work will make a new blouse of your faded silk on—try it.