

NEBRASKANS TO JOE BOERS.

Lincoln, Neb.—(Special.)—A thousand men to aid the Boers. Men who are at home on the prairies, in forest or rocky wilds, who can sleep in the open with one eye open, about as that every bullet counts and ride the ugliest horse that ever showed temper. This was the kind of band that Colonel John G. Maher of this city undertook to get together after he had thoroughly studied the causes that led to the Boer war and had decided that the burghers needed his help. The thousand men have volunteered three times over and could the stretch of water guarded by England's huge navy be safely gotten over, the little army under Colonel Maher would be in the Transvaal by now. How to get over this ship-policed strait, and how best to show practical help for the Boers is the problem that now confronts Colonel Maher, but let him tell his own story.

"Should I go to the Transvaal with a regiment of men," began the Colonel when asked to state the case for our readers, "we all will go as private citizens in order not to violate any neutrality laws, and when we get there it is our own business what we engage in. My judgment is that there is a good opening for young, enterprising and energetic Americans in South Africa. The sentiment of this state is overwhelmingly in favor of the Boers in their heroic struggle for the right to govern themselves. Numerous letters are from women who wish to go as nurses, and from veterans of the late war who were the blue and gray. Many of the latter regret that they are too old, but assure me that they are with the Boers in spirit. The cause which these people are fighting for is, in my judgment, one that should inspire the noblest and loftiest passions of the human heart. It is the same cause for which our forefathers fought in '76, and this, coupled with the patriotic sentiments contained in so many of the letters I receive from the noble men and women in all walks of life, makes the heart and hand to undertake the most hazardous and difficult undertaking in their behalf.

"It is impossible for me to personally answer all the communications I receive, but I am glad to see that upon the roll of honor, and in the future should a move be made they will receive proper notice, and should nothing further be done, they will be buoyed up and made happy in after years. The sentiment of this state is overwhelmingly in favor of the Boers in their heroic struggle for the right to govern themselves. Numerous letters are from women who wish to go as nurses, and from veterans of the late war who were the blue and gray. Many of the latter regret that they are too old, but assure me that they are with the Boers in spirit. The cause which these people are fighting for is, in my judgment, one that should inspire the noblest and loftiest passions of the human heart. It is the same cause for which our forefathers fought in '76, and this, coupled with the patriotic sentiments contained in so many of the letters I receive from the noble men and women in all walks of life, makes the heart and hand to undertake the most hazardous and difficult undertaking in their behalf.

MONEY KING IS A LEPER.

Honolulu, Feb. 10.—(By Mail.)—Sixteen years ago John C. Why landed at Honolulu from a sailing vessel, young, strong and ambitious. He settled in the prosperous island community to make his fortune, and for years worked hard at his trade as a carpenter. He became a prosperous contractor. Now, with an income of over \$500 a month, he is a money-king of a leper settlement, only living out the days that must elapse before the most dreadful of known diseases shall end his wrecked career.

Why went to San Francisco in 1890. It was in that year that he began to suspect that he had fallen a victim to the malady once so prevalent in the Hawaiian islands, but now, thanks to Anglo-Saxon methods of quarantine, but very seldom seen away from the island of Molokai.

One night Why lifted a hot lamp-glass in his home, where he was entertaining a friend. The glass was so hot that smoke rose from his scorched fingers, and the friend uttered an exclamation of horror, but Why showed no signs of having felt the pain. He saw the smoke. It was a grim confirmation of his worst suspicions. The thickening skin that comes with the first advance of leprosy could not have been shown in a more startling manner. The friend thought nothing of it at the time, but John Why knew what it meant.

After the night Why shunned his friends. He was seen walking along the water front of San Francisco, with his hat pulled over his eyes, buried in thought. He avoided speaking to anyone. A close observer might have seen, perhaps, that his eyelids were thicker than they should have been, and that his fingers were thick and shiny. Why was contemplating the step he finally took of placing himself in the hands of the guards that guard the thousands of other lepers of Molokai.

It was a terrible step to consider. In all the world there is probably no more horrible place to live than in a leper settlement, where among a thousand

tendered his services and at once organized a company, but not having any great military experience he enlisted as a private, although at the time he was a colonel on the staff of the then governor, Silas A. Holcomb of Nebraska. Maher served with his company until they were mustered out of service. His regiment was the Second Nebraska volunteers, and he was a member of company H. He was well liked and very popular with the privates of the regiment. He it was who had trouble over a type-writing machine. General Fred Grant ordered Maher to surrender it. Maher refused to give it up unless the request was made in different terms. This was not done and Maher, declining to surrender the machine, was placed under arrest. A trial resulted in the whole proceedings being dismissed for irregularity.

When the war in the Transvaal broke out Maher at once began to organize those who were willing to aid the Boers. When it became known that he was taking names he very soon had no less than 2,500 names, all of old and young, of all nationalities, all anxious to go to the Transvaal and help the men who are fighting for the right of self-government. These letters came from men in all walks of life, but mostly of German and Irish descent. What Maher and his men will do when they get to the Transvaal of course depends on circumstances, but it is presumed they will work the fields and mines while the Boers fight, and some may enter the Boer army. Maher started as he himself said, "to ascertain whether or not it was possible to secure the names of 1,000 Nebraskans who were willing to go to South Africa to aid the Boers." He did not say in what way.

It cost about \$150 per man to get transportation from America to Delagoa Bay, so that it will not do to be precipitate in arranging for the recruits reaching their destination when once they have started. It can be seen that the capture by British ships of a regiment of rough riders intended for the Boer army would mean not the loss of the men's services alone, although that, of course, would be the heaviest loss, but a waste of good money, and the passage half around the world of recruits who would only be turned back to this country. Colonel Maher is therefore proceeding very slowly about the shipment of the men, and it is probable that it will be some time before the two or three, ostensibly to join the Boer ambulance corps. None but those whose good faith is beyond question will be sent out. Every man who gets through, therefore, will be a most valuable addition to the Boer army. These recruits for Oom Paul are not soldiers of fortune, but good Americans who desire to help the cause of freedom in South Africa.

companions there is not one with the hope that belongs to the average man, as no man likes to think of.

Many have committed suicide rather than go to Molokai. Others have risked death to escape from there. In the wilds of Hawaii there is a canyon in which live a few lepers, who guard the approach to their resort with guns, lest they be arrested and moved to the settlement. But for its terrible population, Kaniakani, the Molokai leper settlement, is one of the most lovely spots in the world. Its climate is unsurpassed, its scenery grand. But these beauties are lost in contemplation of the horror of the place.

The lepers live and love, marry and raise children like human beings in the outside world. They even have their entertainments and their industries, but the pall is never absent. The old cry, "Room for the leper!" has now been given up, yet, though now civilized man provides the room and tries to alleviate the suffering rather than run from it.

Why knew when he set foot on Molokai that he had not the slightest chance of leaving the place again. No earthly circumstances can be conceived under which he could ever expect to tread any other soil than that of the leper colony. He built a home there, and with the courage of a man who refuses to yield to anything, but death itself he took up again his old occupation of contractor.

He is still Molokai yet. He has a home, with servants, lepers all, but is still a property owner in Honolulu. He will never see any of his relatives or friends again. As far as they are concerned he is dead. But in fact he is living on, with a noble courage that defies all the world can do to down a man.

One of his workmen's tools is supposed to have carried the germs of leprosy to Why. He was in the habit of working in his own shop, and frequently used the same tools as the other men. A case of leprosy developed among his employees, and the man who used Molokai, followed later by his employer.

TALK ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Mary Buchanan Randolph, who was buried at Mapewood, near Charlottesville, Va., recently, was a great-granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson.

Mary Anderson was recently the victim of robbers at her hotel in a Nevada resort. Her trunk was thoroughly rifled and a number of jewels of value taken. Many tourists on the French and Italian Riviera have suffered from the depredations of the gentleman "crook" during the present season.

Mrs. Mad Gonne, the Irish agitator, now in this country, is remarkably tall for a woman, being six feet high and well proportioned. She has regular features, bright black eyes and a delicate complexion. Her sister, Mrs. Pilcher, is the wife of a British officer.

Mrs. Frank E. Buttle offers to give to the New York public library a thousand menus of meals that have actually been served to her in nearly all the countries of the world, on condition that the gift be sealed and stored away for fifty years from the date of its receipt. Miss Buttle is enjoying excellent health. Despite her gastronomic adventures.

The admission to practice in the Minnesota supreme court of Miss Kate H. Pier and Miss Harriet H. Pier, on motion of Mrs. K. N. Pier, makes up a quartet of Minnesota women lawyers, the fourth being Mrs. Caroline H. Pier, a sister of the first two named above, and herself married to a lawyer. George Howe of Hartford, Conn., was foolish enough about a

THE IRON OF REMORSE.

A Story of the Trail.

It is never well to be too sure what you would do under given circumstances, until you have tried and found out. A course of action which you know to be absolutely foreign to every instinct within you—when you sit down to reason about it, after the manner of the age—may be the very one you will follow when there is no time for reason. If anyone had told Mackworth that under fire he would be a coward, Mackworth would have knocked the informant down then and there, and have reflected upon the danger to his commission afterward.

Mackworth had been graduated too, but, being a right-minded boy, he remembered that it was to Horatius that the molten image was made, and not to the fellow who built the bridge; so he very properly chose the cavalry, and heaven rewarded him by sending him straight to the frontier. And this was in the days when there was a frontier; when men endured discomforts that they sigh to know again, as none ever sighs for the luxuries of the past; when the Apache and the Chiricahua were in the land, and still struggling to be masters of it; and of the gods, and might, even under disadvantages, have here pick of the department. But as there is no woman in all this, that is irrelevant.

Except after the manner of cadets—which is not to be taken seriously—Mackworth had not let women enter into his scheme of existence. His ideals were of another sort, just then. He was young and full of belief and things, and he thought that the way to win approval of the War Department and the gratitude of his country was to avoid wirepulling and to kill Indians. Therefore he rejoiced greatly when, after only six weeks of his thoroughly undesirable garrison, Chatta took the Chiricahua on the warpath, and he was ordered out in the field. He had had his kit all rolled in a rubber poncho, and his mess chest pretty well stocked for the whole of the six weeks. He believed that a soldier should be always in readiness. He believed so many things then—though before long the bottom fell out of his universe, and he was filled with an enduring skepticism. And this was how it came about:

The first time he was under fire was when they were caught at rather a disadvantage among the pines in the Mogollons. The light began about dusk and lasted well into the night. It may have been the result of some bugaboo stories of his babyhood, which had fostered an unconquerable fear of the dark; it may have been some lurking instinct, or it may have been just blue funk which overcame him. Anyhow, he hid behind a boulder, crouched and cowered there, trembling so that his carbine fell from his hands.

And Morley, his captain, found him so. "What are you doing?" he demanded. He was an Irishman and a soldier of the old school, but he did not swear. Mackworth knew, from that, how bad it was. He scrambled up and babbled, "Get out of there!" the captain said. He would have used a better tone to one of the troop cubs.

Mackworth felt for his carbine and got out, staggering, but no longer afraid, only ashamed—sickeningly ashamed—beyond all endurance. He tried hard to get himself killed after that. He walked up and down in front of his men, giving orders and smoking cigarettes, and doing his best to serve as a target. The captain watched him and began to understand. His frown relaxed. "You'd better get under cover," he suggested; "you are taking needless risks." Mackworth looked at him with wide, blank eyes, and did not answer. His face was not only white now; it was gray and set, like the face of a corpse.

Morley's heart softened. "It's only a baby, anyway," he said to himself, "and it is unhappy, out of all proportion." And presently he went to him again. "Will you get under cover, Mackworth?" he insisted. "No," said the lieutenant. "I won't." The captain swore now, fierce oaths, and loud. "I order you back under cover, sir!"

Mackworth retired with a look at his superior for which he should have been court-martialed. After that the scout went the way of most scouts, being a chase of the intangible up mountain ranges, when you pulled your horse after you; down them, when he slid atop of you; across maldips and desert, from the level of the mosquito and the greasewood to that of the pine and the manzanita. His hand was at the north, to Chatta's, to the east and west; but when the troops got to the spot after forced marching, there was nothing.

It went on for two months, and all the while Mackworth's dependency grew. The weight of years was upon yet barely-squared shoulders, the troubles of a lifetime were written upon his face. And it was a pitiful young face, despite the growth of yellow beard. He would not be comforted. He would not lift up his beautiful barytone in song, be the camp ever so dull. Only his captain knew why of course—and he didn't tell. Neither did he attempt consolation. He thought the remorse healthful, and he knew, besides, that in such cases a man has to work out his own conclusions and salvation. This is the way Mackworth eventually tried to work out his:

There came one day a runner from the hostiles—a disheveled, straight-jacketed creature of sinews—who spoke through the White Mountain interpreter of the troops and said that his chief was ready to go back to the reservation, but that he must go upon his own terms. And the chief stipulated, moreover, that one white man—alone and unguarded—should go to the hostile camp and discuss those terms. If a force attempted to come he would retreat with the braves and stay out all winter.

Morley made answer that he had

no fear of the chief staying out all winter among the mountains when the agency was so comfortable, but that if he did the white man could stand it as long as he could. Moreover, he said that none of his soldiers had any intention whatever of walking into a death trap of the sort.

Then Mackworth spoke up. "I have," he said.

"Get out," said the captain, incredulously.

"I mean what I say," said Mackworth, "and I shall consider your permission to go the greatest and only favor you can do me. Something may be effected by it."

"Your death, that's all; and a little preliminary torture."

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders. "Will you let me go?" he insisted.

"Not by a long sight."

Morley considered, and he decided that it might not be wise to refuse. There was no knowing just what the set-backs he might do. So they parleyed together for a time, then Mackworth mounted his horse and went. He did not expect to come back, and the officers and men did not expect to see him again. They watched him go off into the distance of the plain, toward the mountains, following the hostile, who swung on at the long, untrailing dog-trot.

After four hours they came to the mouth of a narrow canyon. The runner had given no sign of sound, and the fixed look had not gone from Mackworth's face. Well within the canyon the hostiles were in camp. They had hobbled their lean little ponies, the squaws were gathering wood, and the bucks were squatting upon the ground or playing monte with cards of painted hide around a saw-skip spread upon a cedar tree. Four of them rode and slouched forward. There was a prolonged scrutiny upon both sides.

The chief waited for Mackworth to begin, but the white man's instincts were good. He beat the sullenly-silent redskin at his own game, and in the end the chief spoke. The runner displayed for the first time his understanding, and interpreted. Mackworth made answer with decision, offsetting his own terms. The bucks scowled, and the chief began to argue. The white man, with the unflinching eye, would not compromise. "Tell him," Mackworth said, "that this is my will. If he do not this I go back to the soldiers, and we follow you and kill you all, man and woman." The face of the chief grew black, a growl rose from the crowding bucks, and the watching squaws began to chatter in voices sweet as the tinkle of glass bells.

The chief stepped suddenly forward and caught the tridle above the curb shanks. Not so much as an eyelash of the stern, white young face quivered, and the heart of the red man was filled with admiration. One movement of fear would have cost Mackworth his life then, but he was not afraid, not though he knew that torture might await him. He sat looking coolly down at the lowering, cruel faces. The chief turned and spoke to the bucks, and there was a growl of protest; the squaws joined with a shrill little chorus scream. But the chief flung away the tridle with a force which made the horse back.

"He do same you say. He go back to reservation today. He say you unwise quick," said the interpreter. Mackworth turned deliberately and unobscured with no show of haste and without a backward look.

He reported his success and went to his tent. His look of stolid wretchedness was unchanged. Morley began to be nervous. He went to the tent himself and found the lieutenant writing a letter by lantern light. It was not a normal opportunity to take for that, so the captain, being filled with misgivings, trumped up an errand and sent him off on it. Then he looked at the letter. It was to Mackworth's mother. Morley did not read it, but he guessed the whole thing in a flash. He took up Mackworth's carbine and slid it under the tent flaps into the outer darkness. Also, he broke the Colt's, which had been thrown down upon the bedding, and put the cartridges in his pocket. Then he replaced it in the holster, and going out, picked up the carbine and hid it in the brush.

After the camp was all asleep and Morley snoring loudly across the tent, Mackworth groped under his pillow and brought out the revolver. He cocked it and waited for a moment; then he placed the barrel well in his mouth and pulled the trigger once—and then again and again.

At first call for reveille Morley awoke. Mackworth was already up, and turning he studied his captain's face with the faintest and most unwilling of smiles (twisting the corners of his mouth under the beard). It was the most natural and healthy look his face had worn in weeks.

"Well?" said Morley.

"Well?" answered Mackworth. "I should like my carbine and the loads of my Colt's, please."

Morley's face broke into a broad grin. "Will you be good if I let you have them?" he asked.

"I'll be good," promised the lieutenant—Ewendolen Overton, of the Argonaut.

The tides of the Bay of Fundy are generally supposed to be the greatest in the world, and have been stated to have a range as great as 120 feet. Measurements taken at different localities have been lately given by W. Bell Dawson. From his figures it appears that the highest recorded tide was 22.89 feet, this having been noted in 1869 in Cumberland bay, where the ordinary spring tide range is 45.2 feet. The range is 50.9 feet at Noel bay, 27 feet at Digby and St. John, 16 feet at Yarmouth, and 6 or 7 feet in the Atlantic outside. W. H. Wheeler points out that those tides are equalled in the Bristol channel, where at Chesnow an extreme range of 53 feet has been known. In both the British and the Canadian localities the highest rise above the mean level of the sea is from 22 to 23 feet.

OLIVE SCHREINER'S LOVE STORY.

Olive Schreiner loved Cecil Rhodes; now she hates him. He has been shut up in Kimberley, his dreams of empire crumbled at his feet; she is in Capetown working with pen and voice for the Boers, his enemies and her avengers.

At length, from the bloody drama that is being enacted in South Africa, emerges a figure of romance, and from the tales of slaughter one turns to the sorrows of that stormy heart which throbs through the "Story of a South African Farm."

All the world has known of the hatred, but not of the love, out of which it grew. In "Trooper Peter Halket" Mrs. Schreiner's second novel, Cecil Rhodes is held up by name to the obloquy of civilization. This generation has not witnessed a more savage literary crucifixion. And that was long before the present war was talked of. The book was published, aptly enough, just when the Napoleon of South Africa was trying to whitewash himself before the commission which investigated the Jameson raid.

People said that Olive Schreiner was a bitter partisan. They called her a fanatic, anglophobe, champion of the Boers.

They did not call her a fitted woman, because no one knew that, save the members of her own family. The story of her life was not known. Perhaps from the seething cauldron of human passions which South Africa presents to the world today.

What will prove the historical value of the romance is that it involves the life of a woman of genius. Cecil Rhodes is a genius of affairs. Olive Schreiner is a genius of the pen.

His achievements are the molding of men and parties, the amassing of a fortune, the development of a country, the upbuilding of a nation. Here are the searching of human hearts, the portrayal of human passions, the exploiting of a wild, rebellious woman's philosophy.

Cecil Rhodes is all iron; while Olive Schreiner is all fire. But the iron did not melt.

It was a singular infatuation, worthy of being enshrined by some great master of psychology. Love reveals in such ecstasies. Perhaps it was the commanding imagination of Rhodes, so utterly unlike her own, that captivated the author. In him she saw one whose lodestar was ambition, whose will was adamant, whose dreams were of empire, of human sympathy, of regard for human life and happiness, he had not a spark—and he was proud of it.

And she, who was all sentiment, all sympathy, whose great, warm heart, wrought in the acme of sensitiveness in the solitude of the veldt, hid for every sorrow.

He came to her country an alien; she was of the first generation of Afrikaners. Cecil Rhodes was the son of an English clergyman, a delicate boy, who was sent to Cape Colony in the hope that the climate would prolong his life to manhood. It was his genius alone that enabled him to become the commanding individuality of a continent.

It was inevitable that the two should meet, for her family is conspicuous in the public affairs of the colony. Her father, a German, was a remarkable character, resembling in some respects the father of Charlotte Bronte, with whom literary critics are fond of comparing Olive Schreiner. He was an evangelist—an emotional, extravagant wanderer, with doubtless a touch of genius, which failed to find expression in a way to command respectful attention. That he had a commanding personality is proved by the circumstances under which he won his wife.

Traveling through Germany, in the double character of peddler and exhorter, he found shelter one night in the home of a farmer who had a young daughter. Next morning the peddler-preacher proposed to his host for the girl's hand, and—more amazing still—the girl herself was his advocate. They were married three days later and started for South Africa.

While the evangelist lived, his wife and her augmenting brood shared his nomad life. On his death they settled in Grahamstown, and there the children were reared in their mother's rudimentary school. Olive Schreiner's antecedents, finding that the schools were as void of Latin as she was herself, she undertook to teach her children the language by herself, studying it with them in text books. The result was that when in after years they encountered people they had a good working knowledge of Latin, but employed a pronunciation entirely original.

Olive was the genius of the family. Again, like Charlotte Bronte, she began life as a governess, and it was during the most stormy period of its history—the present—showed early a talent

for public affairs, which earned for him the thankless distinction of becoming the political butt between the Briton and the Boer. Thucydides, another brother, inherited his father's zeal and ability, and became a temperance lecturer. He is assisted by one of the married sisters, Mrs. Stewart, while the other, Mrs. Ewls, manages a home for incapacitated, and ranks high as a philanthropist.

But Olive was the genius of the family. Again, like Charlotte Bronte, she began life as a governess, and it was during this period that she wrote the "Story of an African Farm." Her study was a room in a rude Boer homestead. The floor was earth, not even glazed with bullock's blood, the custom of the more luxurious Boers. She was a wisp of a woman then, all eyes and imagination, with the fairest hands and feet. Now she is tall and plump, that the eyes are less widely and the hands and feet look too small to be useful.

Brother Cecil was a close friend of Cecil Rhodes at one time. They were associated in politics. The Schreiner family was rising in the world. Olive was already famous. Rhodes was rising, too, and he had no warmer admirers than the German evangelist's widow and her sons and daughters.

They believed in his integrity and in the greater destiny before him. And of the all Olive was the most zealous. She and Cecil Rhodes spent much of their time together. The diamond king exhibited every token of esteem—of love, the Schreiner family thought. Perhaps the greatest admiration of Olive Schreiner was interested only in the mind of this strange, brilliant woman, whose book was being talked about all over the English-speaking world, so well informed on South African affairs, that doubtless the coldly ambitious statesman found it a recreation to draw out her views.

Olive Schreiner had no social gifts. In fact, she had not reached her present stage of a perpetual Mother Hubbard, but there was no time at which she might not have been described as "dowdy." She could not play, nor sing, nor manufacture small talk. But she could talk—men's point of view—and Cecil Rhodes passed many an evening with her, content only to listen.

She did more than talk. She fell in love. And after all, it was not a love that returned. Whether Cecil Rhodes spoke of marriage, or even thought of it, cannot be recorded. It is clear that the Schreiner family believed he meant it, for all except the mother now abhor him and all his works.

The old woman's loyalty was never shaken. Her friends amuse one another with the story that when Olive sent her a present of \$100 out of the proceeds of "Trooper Peter Halket," she sent the money, as a contribution to the fund for erecting a statue of Rhodes in Rhodesia.

However cruelly Olive Schreiner may have suffered from the discovery that Cecil Rhodes was not the marrying man—and to this day he has the reputation of a woman-hater—she did not, on his account, condemn herself to single blessedness. Cecil Wright, a young Cape Colony farmer, with English blood in his veins, and was accepted. In deference to her literary reputation he god-naturally consented to adopt her name, with the aid of a couple of hyphens; hence he figures in Capetown society as Mr. Cron-Wright-Schreiner.

Olive Schreiner gave birth to one child, which died in infancy. She caused it to be photographed after death, and treasures the picture so fondly that her acquaintances accuse her of being morbid. In this connection she writes of motherhood in "The Story of a South African Farm."

"It's a strange thing, but you can't love a man till you've had a baby by him. Now, there's that boy there, when we were first married, he only sneezed in the night I boxed his ears; now if he lets his pipe-ash come on my milktooths I don't think of laying a finger on him. There's nothing like being married," said Tant Nannie, as she puffed toward the door. "If a woman's got a baby and a husband she's got the best thing the ord can give her, if only the baby doesn't have convulsions. As for a husband, it's very much the same who one has. Some men are fat and some are thin; some drink brandy, and some men drink gin; but it all comes to the same thing in the end, it's all one. A man's a man, you know."

But motherhood and bereavement had not softened Olive Schreiner's heart toward Cecil Rhodes, even though his star be setting, and it is doubtful that the Boers have damaged his cause more than the pen of the woman who once loved him.

HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES.

If it be true that there is a "little cherub who sits up aloft" with the beneficent object of taking care of "poor Jack," it must be equally true that some other cherub is charged with the care of Tommy Atkins when the bullets are raining on him thick as he falls.

Some of the guardian cherubs must have been especially alert and busy when he was charged with the protection of Corporal Laurie, of the Seaforth Highlanders, in the Egyptian campaign of a year or two ago. Probably his soldier made the target of so many bullets as this gallant corporal, and certainly there is no record of any man escaping so much peril unscathed.

In one engagement, Corporal Laurie was struck in one part or other of his clothing and accoutrements by no fewer than 162 bullets, and emerged from the fight literally in "rag and tatters," without losing a drop of the blood he had ready to shed for his country.

One of the things his experience, the corporal wrote: "I went through the battle with my clothes riddled with bullets. Both of my shoes were torn to pieces by bullets; almost at the same moment a bullet smashed through the wooden stock of my rifle; my water gourd, containing my tea, had been drilled, my sleeves were in holes, and I heard on my helmet something like a hail storm. Sword in hand, I followed my comrades, and was quickly engaged with two hideous 'big-brothers,' who finished my undressing by slipping my jacket with their lances; and a bullet tickled the top of my head enough to bruise it. In short, when we returned to camp, it was discovered that two separate bullets must have struck his helmet at exactly the same point and made two separate openings for their exit. Each bullet in its passage through the helmet must have gone, literally, through his hair's breadth of the top of his head.