

THE CASE OF NO. 10.

A TRUE STORY OF THE BOER WAR. By JAMES BARNES.

(Copyright, 1900, by J. Barnes.) 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 all the accuracy and exactness of a surgeon's terse phraseology. We are told how the merciful little pencil-shaped, nickel steel Mauser 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 ordinary list. As it is, thanks to the cleanly perforating bullet which carterizes 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, and the date, if I remember correctly, was the 23d of January. Captain Dalton, R. A. M. C. (which means Royal Army Medical Corps), had been called to the aid of 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. In a corner among the rocks the surgeon found the wounded officer, Captain de Rougemont. Near by him lay another wounded man, and so Captain Dalton found himself in charge of a little dressing station all his own. He knew de Rougemont well, and as he bent over him he saw that he 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 rightly, in two places, through the head and lungs. The captain—for all English surgeons have military titles—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 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 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!" Captain 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 on either side, the Red Cross had always been respected. He felt 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 the 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. A sickening feeling was

"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.

The 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.



HE BEHAVED FOR ALL THE WOULD LIKE ONE WHO STALKED AN EMEY.

To describe in detail that night of horror would be too harrowing. Captain Dalton knew that his only chance of living was in remaining absolutely still. Since he had laid 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 about 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 severely wounded, had been too much for the soldier. He had managed to crawl to the body of one of his companions and had drained his water bottle. In a few minutes his agony was increased three fold 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. Captain 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 wandering, 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

ment employees, 4,877 Electrical machinery, 7,238 Telegrams and cablegrams, 7,238 Electric lights, 4,253 Cab, omnibus, car and carriage hire, 2,518 Printing, 5,443 Stationery, 1,642 Postage, 2,222 Camera, 222 Prints and plates, 3,096 Office supplies, 1,206 Newspapers, 489 Rent of typewriters, supplies and repairs, 1,939 The commissioner general to Paris has been in his water over his expenditure account submitted are not likely to make matters any clearer. The money has been appropriated, however, and Mr. Peck has merely spent what was given to him. There is and will be great criticism and grossly extravagant. The strongest criticism of the commissioner general, however, came first of all from his disingenuous account in such a way that no intelligent analysis of them could be made. Now, however, he has itemized his expenditures in larger detail, but his reports overlap each other in such a way that the authorities in Congress find it impossible to follow his system of bookkeeping. It is likely that Mr. Peck will be called upon for a complete itemized account from the date of his appointment to the end of his service. This account, covering the year ending November 15 last and therefore it overlaps and includes his last regular report which was for the first three months of 1900. Besides that, things were lumped in the last account which are analyzed in this account.

The items which have caused the most criticism are those in the schedule of various employees, amounting to \$62,330, and the sum of \$147,894 for the salaries of experts. Besides these items there is a deal of laughing over such items as \$1,339 for newspapers and newspaper clippings, or nothing of the ordinary sum of \$653 for cab, omnibus, car and carriage hire. This, as will be seen readily, will be an average of \$20 for hire of a carriage for Mr. Peck and his associates every working day of the year. So, too, it can be figured out he spent about \$2 a day for telegrams and cable messages. The total expenditure for the representation of the United States at Paris amounted to \$48,780. This total was reached by a number of appropriations running over a period of three years. The report presented by Mr. Peck amounts to about two-thirds of that appropriation and it is assumed that it will, with money before, be sufficient to cover the entire sum set aside for the purpose. Congress will have a chance to overhaul the same because Mr. Peck was relieved of his duties by the French government, and he will have to appear in Congress for permission to accept it. When he makes that request it is likely that the whole subject will be gone over.

NAMED FOR AN AMERICAN.

Mr. Choate Tells an English Audience Something of Downing Street. At a banquet recently given in Guild hall Ambassador Joseph H. Choate was one of the speakers and related the following bit of history which, if not to many Englishmen, is somewhat new to a few Americans. In referring to Downing street, a name commonly used as a synonym for the British government, because the official home of the premier is situated on that thoroughfare—Mr. Choate said: "I doubt whether many within the sound of my voice know who it is called Downing street. Now at the school at which I had the good fortune to attend in Massachusetts—the best colony that was ever planted under the English flag and planted in the best way, because you drive them out to shift for themselves—at that school, over the archway or entrance, there were inscribed the words, 'Schola publica prima'—the first school organized in Massachusetts. Underneath was inscribed the name of George Downing, the first pupil of the school. Then at Harvard college we find the name of George Downing, who was the first year that it sent any youth into the world—the year 1670. "He soon found his way to England. He became chaplain to Colonel Oakeley's army under Cromwell and soon began to display the most extraordinary faculty in the art of diplomacy of any man in his day. It was this that distinguished him from the other wonderful master in the art of bookkeeping in which that kind of diplomacy chiefly consisted. In the first place, he bookwinked Cromwell himself, which showed that he was a very astute young man, and persuaded him to send him an ambassador to The Hague. Well, after the Protector died, he tried his wiles upon the Rump, and he bookwinked the Rump and they granted him ambassador to The Hague. When the Restoration came, he returned home on the Merry Monarch, soon after his return, and induced him to send him as ambassador to The Hague. He made lots of money and finally he induced the Merry Monarch to grant him a great tract of land at Westminster, provided, for so the grant ran, 'provided that the house to be built upon the premises set for the residence shall be handsome and graceful.' So he built him a house opposite Whitehall and he built a lot more mansions between there and Westminster abbey and the old annals of that time describe those houses as pleasant mansions, having a back front upon St. James' park. Finally he died and he left his money to his children. Now they all gone leaving no wreck behind except that little bit of land which he had bought 20 yards wide, sometimes narrowing to 15, which bears his illustrious name. It is the

"Go fetch them." The man was off. Slosly Dalton began walking in the same direction. In about an hour he met some men coming toward 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 vital and had lived to tell the tale.

PECK PRESENTS HIS BILL.

Commissioner General Peck's up the Cost of Our Show at Paris. A Washington dispatch to the Chicago Tribune announces that Commissioner General Peck has made his report of the expenses of the Paris Exposition commission for the year ending November 15 last. It has been transmitted to Congress and Mr. Peck has been credited with an extraordinary interest. The total expenditure was \$20,466 and the principal items are: Buildings and other construction, \$191,427; Experts' salaries, \$47,567; Office salaries, \$2,518; Clerks' salaries, \$2,518; Guards, \$2,518; Officers' salaries, \$2,518; Commissioner's salary, \$2,518; Additional commissioner, \$2,518; Rent, \$2,518; Jurors, experts, clerks, guards and other employes, \$2,518; Showcases constructed around the exhibit department, \$2,518; Official catalogues, \$2,518; Signs and decorations, \$2,518; Insurance, \$2,518; Photographs, negatives, \$2,518; Exhibit sections, \$2,518; Storage and labor, \$2,518; Subsistence allowance for government employees, \$2,518; Telegrams and cablegrams, \$2,518; Electric lights, \$2,518; Cab, omnibus, car and carriage hire, \$2,518; Printing, \$2,518; Stationery, \$2,518; Postage, \$2,222; Camera, \$222; Prints and plates, \$3,096; Office supplies, \$1,206; Newspapers, \$489; Rent of typewriters, supplies and repairs, \$1,939.

ALASKA'S GREATEST CHIEF. Rules 6,000 Indians, Speaks English and Wears Store Clothes. Chief Johnson of the Taku tribe, one of the most famous Indians in Alaska, was recently in Salem, reports the Oregon Statesman. He has under his charge 6,000 to 6,000 Indians, and they look to him as their ruler. He has six or seven large stores, located at Eureka, Juneau and other points and practically controls the trade with his people. Every three years Chief Johnson has a big potlatch, at which time he gives away thousands of blankets and other things useful to members of his tribe. He had a potlatch in Salem, and cost him \$2,000, and the one held last year was almost as expensive. There are other Indian chiefs in Alaska, but none have as numerous dependents as Chief Johnson. There are probably twenty chiefs in all, the next in point of number of followers below him having about 2,000. One of the chief's principal duties is to act as a mediator with some of the laws which have been made at Washington. Chief Johnson is a principal business man for the Indians of that northern country, his come down to make special purchases of blankets and other articles suitable for the extraordinary occasion. It has been the custom of the chief to come here annually to make his purchases from the Thomas Kay Woolen Mill company. It was unable to fill his order for 2,000 blankets, as it only had about 500 pairs on hand. These he took and the remainder will be shipped to him. Chief Johnson has some members of his tribe in Salem, and he has been here to visit that institution before he returns to his home in Alaska. This representative of our northern possessions is not satisfied with some of the laws which have been made at Washington. Chief Johnson is a principal business man for the Indians of that northern country, his come down to make special purchases of blankets and other articles suitable for the extraordinary occasion. It has been the custom of the chief to come here annually to make his purchases from the Thomas Kay Woolen Mill company. It was unable to fill his order for 2,000 blankets, as it only had about 500 pairs on hand. These he took and the remainder will be shipped to him. Chief Johnson has some members of his tribe in Salem, and he has been here to visit that institution before he returns to his home in Alaska. This representative of our northern possessions is not satisfied with some of the laws which have been made at Washington. Chief Johnson is a principal business man for the Indians of that northern country, his come down to make special purchases of blankets and other articles suitable for the extraordinary occasion.

POISON OAK Poison Ivy are among the best known of the many dangerous wild plants and shrubs. To touch or handle them quickly produces swelling and inflammation with intense itching and burning of the skin. The eruption soon disappears, the sufferer hopes forever; but almost as soon as the little blisters and pustules appear the poison has reached the blood, and will break out at regular intervals and each time in a more aggravated form. This poison will linger in the system for years, and every atom of it must be forced out of the blood before you can expect a perfect, permanent cure. SSS Nature's Antidote FOR SSS Nature's Poisons, is the only cure for Poison Oak, Poison Ivy, and all noxious plants and shrubs. It is composed exclusively of roots and herbs. Now is the time to get the poison out of your system, as delay makes your condition worse. Don't experiment longer with salves, washes and soaps—they never cure. Mr. S. M. Marshall, bookkeeper of the Atlanta (Ga.) Gas Light Co., was poisoned with Poison Oak. He took Sulphur, Arsenic and various other drugs, and applied externally numerous lotions and salves with no benefit. At times the itching and burning was so severe that he was almost blind. For eight years the poison would break out every season. His condition was much improved by the use of S. S. S., and a few bottles cleared his blood of the poison, and all evidences of the disease disappeared. People are often poisoned without knowing when or how. Explain your case fully to our physicians, and they will cheerfully give such information and advice as you require, without charge, and we will send at the same time an interesting book on Blood and Skin Diseases. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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MY GAWD HERE THEY COME.

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, severe 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 were 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 went over and examined the wounded man. They shook their heads. The captain said to his senses going, the weakness was becoming overpowering. The spokesman 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 this 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 someone 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. Captain de Rougemont, lying beside him, was talking. "Dalton," he said, "can you hear me?"

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