

Be Patient with the Living.
Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrades or from neighbor,
Pined all the while, the toll, the care,
And done with all the aching—
What tender truth shall we have gained,
Alas! by simply dying?
Then lies the chair of the praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too wide for fault to see
Shall no defect discover,
Then hands that would not lift a stone
When stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill path will scatter flowers
Above our pillow's slumber.
Sweet friend, perchance both you and I
Are love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living!
Today's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears tomorrow;
Then patience 'till when keenest edge
Will whet a nameless sorrow.
'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death silence hushes our planner,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamour;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Be love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living!
—Good Cheer.

A BOX OF CHOCOLATES.

BY HELEN FOURIST GRAVES.
"Why," cried Eleanor Goode, "it's a perfect palace!"
"Isn't it?" echoed Miriam Kasson.
"I wish, dear, I could ask you to stay and spend the day, but I dare not; I'm too much of a stranger here to take any liberties."
"Oh, I shouldn't expect it!" said Eleanor, looking around at the decorated ceiling, pale blue silk draperies and lovely bits of landscape on the walls. "I know exactly how you're situated, Milly. But can't you come shopping with me? Bob has given me a five-dollar bill to buy a new gown with, and there are some of the sweetest old-blue gingham at Tuck & Nipp's."
Miss Kasson shook her head.
"Impossible!" said she. "You see the family have gone to Barrington to a funeral, and I am left in charge. And you don't know," she added with a comical little pursing up of the lips, "how afraid I am of Mrs. Yerkes, the housekeeper, or how my heart beats when I feel myself compelled to give an order to the butler."
"I wish I were you!" cried Eleanor. "It would be such fun!"
"One hardly knows," sighed Miriam, "whether one is a lady or a servant!"
"Oh, there can't be much doubt of that!" said Eleanor. "Look at yourself in the mirror, dear. Wouldn't you say that you're a princess in disguise?"
"Nonsense! But at least let me get you a glass of cool water, Nell; you look so flushed with your long walk!"
She slipped away, while Eleanor beguiled the time of her absence by a lengthened survey of herself in the mirror.
Yes, it was no unsatisfactory view—a dimpled, rosy young Venus, with sparkling hazel eyes, red lips and a complexion of purest pink and white. And then—Good gracious! one of the ribbon loops of her airy summer dress had come loose. She looked frantically around for a pin to repair damages; but no pin was to be seen.
"They're in the bureau drawer," said she to herself. "Milly always was too distressingly neat for anything. Oh, here they are!" grasping at a paper of pins. "And here, too—oh, the delicious little glutin!—here's a box of chocolate caramels, tied with pink ribbon. I'll teach her to hide her sweets away from me! How she will stare when she finds them gone!"
It was the end of a moment to which the bonbon box into her little shopping-bag, and appear deeply absorbed in repairing the damages to her wardrobe, when Miss Casson came in, bringing a glass of water and some fancy crackers, on a small Japanese tray.
By the time she reached the famous emporium of Meiss, Tuck & Nipp, the "baggage" in old-blue gingham were gone, and nothing remained "fit to be seen" at any price to which she could venture to aspire, and so she took herself sorrowfully to the pretty flat which she called home.
And none too soon; for a telegram awaited her there, announcing that her mother, in Orange County, was very ill, and it was necessary for her to go thither at once.
At the end of two weeks she brought her mother home, nearly recovered.
Little Sarah, the youngest sister, received her joyfully.
"It's been so lonesome without you, Nell!" said she. "I've kept house

beautifully, only Billy has spoiled the oatmeal every morning and the coffee hasn't tasted just right, and Bob has been so busy he couldn't find time to go walking with me."
"Busy?" satirically echoed Eleanor.
"Oh, but he really was! He's got a real case, Bob has; and it's awful interesting, too. The judge assigned it to him because the defendant—I think that's the proper law phrase, with a pretty little wrinking of the eyebrows—hadn't any means to provide for her self. And she's ever so pretty, Bob says, and he's quite sure she isn't guilty; and wouldn't it be strange," nestling her curly head against her mother's shoulder, "if Bob should fall in love with his first client?"
Eleanor looked distressed.
"Mother," said she, "didn't I tell you what would come of your allowing Sarah to read so many novels? In love, indeed! Most likely the woman is an adventuress!"
"All the same," persisted Sarah, "Bob says it's a very interesting case, and it's in all the papers headed, 'The Great Diamond Robbery.'"
"The child has been reading those horrid little papers, too!" groaned Eleanor.
"And it has advertised Bob more than a dozen ordinary little cases, or breaches of contract, or that sort of thing," insisted Sarah. "He says so himself."
"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Goode, who shared the romantic proclivities of her young daughter. "A diamond robbery and a beautiful girl! Of course she didn't do it!"
"Oh," cried Eleanor, impatiently, stamping her foot, "show impatience, you say! Can't a pretty girl be wicked as well as a plain one? As if looks mattered! But all the same, I'm glad Bob has had a good opening in the courts. And now, mamma, you must have a cup of tea, and he down awhile before dinner."
"I'd wager my existence," said Mr. Robert Goode, making a desperate attack on the cold ham and radishes that garnished the breakfast table, "that she's innocent. Only, here comes up this question: Where are the jewels?"
"Yes," said Eleanor, incredulously, "that's the very question—where are the jewels? How you men are dazzled by a pair of bright eyes!"
Mr. Goode had given his sister a long account of the legal tangle, complicating it still further by learned technicalities and a ceaseless repetition of "my client," "the defendant" and "the complainant," to all of which she had given but a half attention, and at the end of the meal she rose hurriedly.
"I'll go out for a little," said she. "I want to see a dear friend of mine, who must think I'm neglecting her shockingly!"
And in the soft July sunset she went to the big house on Fifty-seventh street, and timidly pressing the electric button, inquired for Miss Kasson.
The tall butler froze her with a glance.
"Ain't been 'ere for a long time," said he, and shut the door unceremoniously in her face.
And she returned home in great amazement.
In her absence Mr. Robert Goode had been staring the place upside down, as little Sarah expressed it, in search of a bag to carry his papers in.
"The lock of mine is out of order," said he, "and I can't get it back until Wednesday. Any one of your bags will do. Nonsense! Do you think I want a Saratoga trunk?" as Sarah produced her mother's travelling case.
"Or a doll baby's satchel?" as she reached down her own from the top shelf. "Is this all you have got?"
"There's Nell's shopping bag," said the little girl. "It's littler than mother's and bigger than mine."
"Get it then—quick! there's a dear little dot! Oh, don't stop to dust it!"
"But I must," pleaded the housewife little thing. "It was on top of the wardrobe, where Nell put it before she went to Orange County to brother home. And it's awfully dusty! And I think there's something in it, too."
She was fumbling at the catch, when Robert caught it from her.
"Fshaw!" said he, impatiently. "A box of candy!"
He tore the pink ribbon knot apart, the lid dropped off, and little Sarah, standing on tiptoe to look into the bag, stepped back with a shriek. Something from the inside seemed to flash up into their eyes like im-

prisoned fire.
"So," cried Robert, looking up with a face which would have furnished a study to any physiognomist, "you are the one who stole the Grafton diamonds!"
"If? The Grafton diamonds?" What do you mean, Bob? Have you gone crazy?" gasped Eleanor. "Where did you get those jewels? What are you doing in my room?"
"We found the diamonds here in a box in your leather bag," said her brother. "The diamond necklace for the theft of which poor Miss Kasson is on trial!"
"Miss—Kasson! You never mean that it is Miriam Kasson—my friend, Miriam!"
"Didn't I tell you so this very day?" cried Goode.
"You never mentioned her name at all. You kept saying my client—the defendant." But, oh Bob, I know it all now! I was there at the big house on Fifty-seventh street, the day before I went to Orange County for mother. I was in Miriam's room, and I opened her bureau drawer to find a pin, and I thought it would be a joke to take her box of candy away. I never opened it. I never dreamed what was in it, and when I got home and found the telegram from Aunt Laura, I just flung the bag down and thought no more of the whole thing. Oh, poor, poor, darling Milly! But how came the diamonds in her possession?"
"Don't you know? But how should you?" said Mr. Goode. "The necklace was put in her special charge to be delivered to the jeweler who was to call for it at three o'clock. And when he called, it was gone. But it's all right now. Great Scott! Nell! who would suppose that you were the thief?"
Eleanor made a hysteric gasp at her brother's arm.
"Will they arrest me, Bob?" stammered she. "Will they put me in prison? But I don't care, so long as Milly is no longer unjustly suspected. Yes, I am a thief! But—but I didn't know it. And I never meant it!"
And she burst into a storm of mingled tears and laughter.
There was a rather unusual scene in court that day when the necklace itself was presented in evidence before the legal luminaries.
The complaint was withdrawn, the prisoner was honorably discharged. The composed and aristocratic Mrs. General Grafton was greatly moved, and made many apologies to Miss Kasson for the position she had taken.
The newspaper reporters got a great many "spoons" for the evening editions, and Mr. Goode, the "rising young lawyer," left court, with Miss Kasson leaning on his arm, amid a tempest of applause.
"Lucky dog, that!" said his companions. "After this his fortune is made!"
"And all because of my foolish fit, the practical joke," said Eleanor. "After this, I never shall want to look at a chocolate again. But, Milly, darling, why didn't you send me to my room?"
"Could I bear to have my dearest friend know that I was suspected of theft?" sighed Miriam. "And when I knew the name of the counsel assigned to me by the court, my lips were more tightly sealed than ever. Oh, Nell, he has been so good—so noble! He has never doubted me for a moment, even when appearances were most against me! No, I shall not go back to Mrs. Trafton's, although she has begged me to do so."
"You will come home with me," said Eleanor, earnestly. "Yes, you must—you shall!"
"I will stay with you," she said, "until I get another situation."
But she never took another situation. Any one could have guessed the outcome of it all. Even little Sarah guessed it, when she said:
"I do believe that our Bob has fallen in love with Miss Kasson!"
Ungrammatical, But to the Point.
There are strange chambermaids at Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, Egypt. A lady declared that the one who waited on her room and attended to all the duties of the calling, even to making the beds, was a Frenchman, dressed as if for a dinner party, with white waistcoat and dresscoat, and having the air of a refined and educated gentleman. It was really embarrassing to accept his services in such a capacity. One lady, on arriving at the hotel, rang for the chambermaid, and this gentleman presented himself. Supposing him to be the proprietor at the very least, she said:
"I wish to see the chambermaid."
"Madame," said he, politely, in the very best English he could master, "Madame, she am I!"

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE SPELLING-MACHINE.
Ten little children standing in a line,
"F-a-l-l-y, f-u-l-l-y," then there were nine.
Nine puzzled faces fearful of their fate,
"C-a-l-l-y, s-i-l-l-y," then there were eight.
Eight pairs of blue eyes bright as stars of heaven,
"B-u-s-y, b-u-s-y," then there were seven.
Seven grave heads shaking in an awful fit,
"L-a-d-y, l-a-d-y," then there were six.
Six eager darlings determined each to strive,
"D-o-n't-f-o-r-g-e-t," then there were five.
Five hearts so anxious, beating more and more,
"S-e-e-d-l-a-c-y, s-c-h-o-l-a-r," then there were four.
Four mouths like roses on a red rose tree,
"M-e-r-r-y, m-e-r-r-y," then there were three.
Three pairs of pink ears listening keen and true,
"G-u-d-b-y, o-n-l-y," then there were two.
Two sturdy laddies ready both to run,
"T-a-k-e-c-a-r-e, t-u-r-k-e-y," then there was one.
One head of yellow hair bright in the sun.
"H-e-r-o, h-e-r-o," the spelling-match was won.
—Lottie R. Baker, in Youth's Companion.

RICHARD GIBSON, THE DWARF ARTIST.
Gibson, commonly called the Dwarf Artist, was born in 1615, in the northwest corner of England, where the picturesque crags and peaks of Cumberland are mirrored in the beautiful lakes at their feet. His parents were in very humble circumstances, and his father tended sheep and tilled a little farm.
In those days dwarfs were in such demand among the nobility that poor people were inclined to regard the birth of one as a piece of good luck for the family; and when it became known that Dame Gibson's baby was a very small specimen of humanity, all the kind neighbors came in to congratulate and perhaps to envy her on account of what the future might have in store. "It's a bonnie wee bairn, indeed," exclaimed the mother, who was not altogether of this way of thinking. "Many a small babe has made a big man, and God grant he may reach the height of his father; but little or big, not a lord nor a lady in the land shall take him fra' me—no, not even the king himself!" and she clasped the infant tighter to her heart.
"We'll see about that when the time comes; but little he is, and little he'll be, and small danger that anybody'll want the boy, much less his Majesty, God bless him!" replied an old betan who was blessed with a larger family of grown-up children than she could well care for.
The woman's prophecy as to the infant's size proved quite true, for he was always "Little Gibson;" but she shot wide of the mark regarding the royal favor. The child's intellect developed much faster than his body; he grew fonder of outdoor sports, and archery and drawing became his favorite amusements. His bows and arrows were made of suitable size for him by his father, and his pencils and crayons were home-made.
When Richard was a tiny, toddling boy his hands and face were seldom free from the black marks of the lead that he always carried about with him. He used frequently to be found roughly sketching on some piece of board or plank any scene that pleased his fancy. Sometimes it would be a flock of sheep with their shepherd, or again the outline of some lofty mountain-peaks that surrounded his humble home. For archery his eye was as true as for sketching, and that is saying a good deal.
At an early age, however, against the entreaties of his fond mother, his father was persuaded to take the little fellow away from his outdoor sports and pastimes and to carry him up to London town. Here he was known for a time as the Cumberland pygmy, but he disliked being placed on exhibition and he missed the free air of his native hills. The roses were leaving his cheeks and he was beginning to droop, when fortunately he attracted the notice of a rich and noble lady, who lived at a place called Mortlake.
This kind dame took a great fancy to the little dwarf, and wanted him for a page. His father, by this time grown quite tired of London, readily consented to allow the child to enter her service. The old shepherd, who was out of place in a big city, parted with genuine sorrow from his son, and speedily returned to the sheepfold in the mountains, while Richard went with his mistress to her fine house at Mortlake. His duties were light, and his spirits revived in his new home, which was close to the famous Mortlake tapestry-works, at that time under the direct patronage of the king.—[St. Nicholas.

The first Italian Methodist Episcopal church in the United States was recently dedicated at New Orleans, La.

HONEY-MAKING.

It Takes Millions of Flowers to Produce a Pound of Honey.
Facts About Beekeeping in This and Other Countries.
"Did you ever consider how many flowers are required to supply one pound of honey?" said a naturalist. About two and a half million is a fair estimate. Think what a vast amount of toil by hard-working bees that represents! However, there are other creatures besides bees that gather honey. For example, there is the honey-wasp of tropical America and the honey-making ant of Texas and New Mexico. The latter is very abundant in the neighborhood of Santa Fe, and the sweets it collects are highly esteemed by the Mexicans not only as food but for medicinal purposes. There is an insect called the zuzima in Ethiopia which deposits its stores of honey without wax. It looks like a giant mosquito, and its product, which it hides away in holes under ground, is eagerly sought by the natives as a remedy for diseases of the throat.
There are giant bees in India which suspend combs as big as house doors from the branches of trees in the forests. In the Koono province of Lithuania bees are reared in excavated tree trunks in the woods, and the famous Koono honey derives its peculiar and delicious flavor from the blossoms of the linden trees which are so abundant in that region. The tribe of people in the province devotes its attention exclusively to bee keeping. Bee keeping is taught in Switzerland by paid lecturers, who go from town to town and from canton to canton. In that country honey is a staple article of food even among the poorest classes, bread and honey being the most common breakfast. One gets nothing else for the morning meal at the big hotels. Consequently nearly all of the Swiss product is required for home consumption and very little of it is imported.
All over continental Europe agriculture is a very important industry. The German government compels all schoolmasters to pass an examination in beekeeping. European Russia produces 700,000 pounds of honey annually. The ancient Greeks were famous for honey making, but the business is neglected by their modern descendants. Corsican honey is rendered so bitter by the arbutus blossoms from which much of it is obtained as to be unpalatable. The greatest beekeepers in the world are in the United States. Single individuals in California each own from 2000 to 12,000 swarms, which they farm out to the owners of orange groves and other fruit orchards during the blossoming season. One bee farm in San Diego county in that state furnishes 150,000 pounds of honey annually. Some bee farmers have floating bee hives, which follow the streams to find flowering pastures for the insects. This was done in Egypt thousands of years ago. It has even been proposed to send swarms in ship to the West Indies in winter.—[Washington Star.

An Algerian Wild Beast Dealer.
About 90 per cent. of the wild animals used for the best fights of the Circus Maximus came from Northern Africa, and the Algerian coast towns are still the favorite rendezvous of international pet dealers. On the steamer wharf at Algiers strangers are besieged by the native beast peddlers extolling in broken French the merits of their tame baboons, jackals, monkeys, and young lions. In the outskirts of the Casbah, or hill suburb, there are regular beast fairs, where lions and leopards by dozens of pairs are kept for breeding purposes. The traveling agent of the famous Hagenbeck sale menagerie, in Alabama, near Hamburg, gives an amusing account of a visit to one of these zoological stock farms, where strangers need a guide to avoid an encounter with the sideshow pets running loose in all directions and rearing their young in all sorts of unexpected places. "Don't stir that brush pile," said the agent's clerk, "there's a pair of porcupines in there and they might scare you if they start up all of a sudden. Not too far that way, either," he interposed, seeing the visitor trying to take a detour to the left; "the old he-baboon makes a terrible his head-quarters and might tear your coat to pieces," and so on, till they reached the lion kennels, a series of grottoes excavated from a ledge of porous limestone and secured in front with short iron bars.

"How do you keep those young tigers from running away altogether?" inquired the agent, stepping back to rid himself of two baby lions that had squeezed through the bars and were tugging away at his trousers.
"Oh, you couldn't drive them away," laughed the proprietor, an old Arab, engaged in cleaning the den by means of a long-handled hoe. "They play all over the yard in the evening, but come back of their own accord as soon as the night gets a little cool."
"Some of your boarders seem to feel quite at home," said the visitor, pointing to a large male lion that had turned over on his back and was playing with a stick and a fragment of a skull bone.
"Yes, they are taking it easy enough," said the old Arab, "only on stormy nights I notice that they get restless and push about the bars as if they were trying to find a way out. It is the time when their relations in the wilderness are doing most of their business."—[San Francisco Chronicle.

The Jaw Muscles.
A very curious question has recently been answered by Professor Karl Sauer, one of Berlin's most prominent dentists, in the following manner, says a writer in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch:
"The various circus performances of iron jaw development, whereby a man jawing from a trapeze holds another by a strap between his teeth, denotes such powerful strength of the muscles of the jaw and neck that to a layman such a feat seems a little short of a miracle.
"But this demonstrates only to what extent the strength of the muscles of the jaw can be developed by corresponding exercise. It is not as difficult as it seems to find out the average ordinary power of these muscles.
"A flat steel or iron band pierced at the end with two holes through which a piece of wire can be pulled serves for this purpose. The band is laid across the teeth of the lower jaw as far back as the corners of the mouth will permit. The weights are attached to the wire, and must touch the floor or table when the mouth is held open. The wires are fast and the person making the experiment must stand perfectly erect.
"I found more than twenty years ago, while making a similar test, that the average weight which can be pulled up by the jaw, so that the lips will be closed is fifty pounds. Persons who eat coarse food, dry bread, etc., or those in the habit of cracking nuts with the teeth, acquire greater strength of the jaw than gourmands who mince delicately prepared dishes."
Ships That Are Lost.
It has to many persons been an interesting speculation as to the aspect of the countless wrecks which have been swallowed up by the North Atlantic since the churning of waters has been ploughed by the keels of ships. Their number is probably to be reckoned by the tens of thousands, and the greater part of them lie in a comparatively small part of that field. If we count this portion of the Atlantic which is most peopled with wrecks as having an area of 3,000,000 square miles, and estimate the total number of such ruins within this space as 30,000, we would have an average of one sunken ship for each hundred square miles of surface. If all these wrecks were at once sailing over the surface of the sea we should, from the deck of any one of them, be likely to note the masts of several others. But as they lie on the floor of the ocean the greater part of them are probably reduced to low mounds of rubbish, so that if the ocean floor were converted into dry ground, and we crossed it in a railway, seeing the fields as we did the prairies, it would require an attentive eye to discern the existence of many of these remains.—[Scribner.

The Expression "Hand and Seal."
The expression "hand and seal," which occurs so frequently in legal documents, is a reminder of the time when few men were able to write even their own names. Stories of old English and French deeds are extant, some of them executed by kings and noblemen, in which the signature is a hand dipped in ink, the seal being afterward appended, together with the sign of the cross, the name of the man executing the deed being written by another hand. Dipping the entire hand in ink was, however, inconvenient and dirty, and later the thumb was substituted. The seal continued to be used, and though now it has become only a formality, legal practice has in many cases pronounced its employment indispensable.

Cannot be Found.
Oh, the pretty girl is a wondrous pearl
And her face is fair to see,
But the homely girl is nearer fair
What a nice girl ought to be;
For a pretty girl is proud and vain,
And she forgets the heart of man,
And she does just what she wants to do,
Because she knows she can.
—Alas, you!
Oh, I would not know I find a girl
Who quite combines the grace
Of a homely maiden's honest heart
With a pretty woman's face.
To win this prize I would search for aye,
But, alas, I fear I shan't;
Though I explore the whole world o'er
I know full well I can't.
—Alas.
And which? I know I can't.
—St. Louis Republican.

HUMOROUS.
"Help! Help!" as the lady cried
after the hired girl left.
Young man, no one may be able to
tell your fortune, but you can work it
out for yourself.
"How on earth did Coke, the an-
thraxitic baron, every get into soci-
ety?" "Through the coal hole."
Oh, the Steamer! He—I should
judge that you were a typical sailor.
She—Well, yes—that is, I can leave
about every thing except the anchor.
Rubber heels for marching have
been introduced by a French army
surgeon. One would expect to see
them bounce into popularity at once.
Of all sad things tongue or pen
Can hurt less than silence.
When you have got a two hours' call
That he was up behind.
"I should call the photographer a
friend of his race." "For what
reason?" "He always tries to make
people look pleasant who do business
with him."
Mrs. Lawville—Which would you
rather do today—go to school or help
me in the garden? Little Boy—Go to
school. "Would you? Why?" "Cause
teacher's stick an' there ain't a-goin'
to be any."
Mother—The grocer sends word
that he gave you an extra dozen of
eggs by mistake. Where are they?
Small Son—I seed I had a dozen to
spare, so I threw 'em at some boys
who were kiddin' us. You oughter
see 'em now!
Housekeeping Made Easy.
It has for some time been under-
stood that a New York electrical firm,
which has been experimenting in the
application of electricity to domestic
purposes, was about to bring out a
number of devices that would effect a
revolution in the art of housekeeping.
This promise is yet unfulfilled. The
English, however, have been forging
ahead in the same field and with most
gratifying results. Complete sets are
now being manufactured in England,
by the use of which an immense re-
duction in the labor of household
duties can be enjoyed. The sets in-
clude an electric kettle, which boils
water a very few minutes after the
switch is turned, and by which an in-
valid or business man in a hurry can
make his own breakfast without
trouble. There is also an electric
toaster, and in the electric saucepan
an egg can be boiled or stew prepared
with the greatest ease, while on the
electric grill chops, steaks and pan-
cakes are turned out with dispatch.
In the complement are electric ironing
appliances, and the electric heaters
and bath warmers are much admired
for efficiency and cleanliness. On the
other hand a series of fans can be so
arranged that any room can be kept
cool in the hottest day in summer.—
[New York Commercial Advertiser.

A New Type of Bullet.
English warlike experts are inter-
ested at present over a new style of
bullet for shoulder rifles that has been
invented by Gen. Tweedie. The bul-
let has a case which is closed at the
base and open at the head, the case
ending about half way between the
shoulder and the point. Upon strik-
ing the head spreads out like a mush-
room and suddenly becomes a projec-
tile of much larger calibre than it was
at the time it left the gun.
By this means it is thought to secure
the advantages of both the small and
the large calibre weapons. During its
flight it has the properties of the small
sized bullet, little resistance to the
air. When it strikes, however, it does
not content itself with inflicting a
mere wound, which may or may not
incapacitate the soldier struck, but it
shatters and tears, placing the one hit
horse de combat on the instant.
Although not primarily intended to
pierce armor of any thickness, it has
been found that the Tweedie bullet is
much more effective for this purpose
than any of the smaller calibres that
have been tried in competition with it.
—[Detroit Free Press.