

cavity. I found it lodged in such and such a place," illustrating with his hand the course of the bullet.

"Did you extract the bullet?" asked the defendant's lawyer, in a clear voice.

"Yes, and here it is," producing it and passing it over to the lawyer, who, after some cross-examination, dismissed him.

"Mr. Harold C. Bates, witness for the defendant," called the district attorney.

Mr. Bates took the stand and was asked:

"What is your profession?"

"I am an expert on guns and ammunition, employed by the U. S. at Springfield arsenal."

"Mr. Bates, what is the calibre of this revolver?" handing him the one on the table.

"Thirty-two," was the prompt reply.

"Very well; can you tell the court what the calibre of this bullet is?" passing him the one which had been extracted.

Mr. Bates examined it, produced a small set of balances, weighed it, and replied "Forty-four."

"Now, Mr. Bates, would it be possible to shoot that bullet out of this revolver?"

Without the least hesitation Mr. Bates said to an audience, breathless with interest, "Impossible."

There was no need of further argumentation. The one witness of the prosecution had been crushed, and the court was compelled to dismiss the case on the strength of *the other side*.

Arm in arm the successful lawyer and his client walked out of the court room, down the street, and into a restaurant. Once by themselves the rogue whispered into the lawyer's ear, "I shot the man."

"Of course you did, but how?"

"The night after his burial I quietly crept into the churchyard, unearthed him, dug the thirty-two out of his head, and, placing a piece of chamois skin over the wound to keep the powder from burning, I fired in a forty-four bullet. Then carefully burying