

APPENDICITIS CLUB.

VICTIM OF THE KNIFE CRIES TO FELLOW SUFFERERS.

Advocates the Organization of Stricken Persons and Gives Some Facts of Interest About the Disease.

"I am very much surprised," said the man who, according to the New York Sun, had just got out of the hospital, "that the victims of appendicitis, the grade as well as those who have not yet gone under the knife, do not form a club or association like those of our fellow citizens who are afflicted with hay fever.

"I am not joking. On the contrary, I think it a practical idea, and I believe that through the agency of an organization of this kind much might be done to relieve the sufferings of the victims of this disease.

"As for its prevalence, I never dreamed how many people had been hit by it until I went into the hospital. It seemed to me that every second person in the surgical wards was either just getting over an operation for the removal of the vermiform appendix, or just getting ready for one.

"Since I came out nearly every person I meet either tells me that he has had it or cites an instance or two of friends or relatives that were stricken. I have heard of cases of whole families, from the father and mother right down to the youngest children, being operated on for this trouble.

"Not is the disease confined seemingly to large centers of population or to any particular class of the population. By some it is thought that only those who eat overmuch of rich food are ever stricken. This is far from true.

"The poor are its victims as well as the rich, the ill-fed as well as the glutton. And it is just as prevalent proportionately in sparsely settled districts as in New York.

"Last summer I met an old college friend who told me of a village in Kansas in which nearly every resident had been operated on for appendicitis. Even the children there discussed the disease, and a very large number of them, 10, 12 and 14 years old, had been under the knife.

"This being the case, one can fancy what a membership a society of this nature would have. Probably through its efforts a cure could be discovered that would make unnecessary the operation that so many victims dread.

"It seems strange that a malady like appendicitis cannot be reached by medicine. Judging by the past achievements of medical science, I think it would if the proper amount of research was made by some of the great men in the profession. All sorts of remedies have been found for diseases heretofore considered incurable, and the death rate from them greatly reduced.

"The spread of appendicitis has been astonishing in the last ten years. As a layman with ordinary common sense I believe firmly that there must be some one underlying cause for this.

"An appendicitis association could raise the necessary funds for the proper study of the disease, just as the hay fever victims went at the whole subject, from the ground up, you might say, and found out at what altitude they got relief. It is possible, too, that a climate might be discovered in which appendicitis is not known."

Greatest Irrigation Scheme.

The Canadian Pacific railway has in hand the greatest irrigation scheme in the world. By the end of the next three years 1,500,000 acres of land in the vicinity of Calgary, Alberta, hitherto arid, will be divided into 30,000 farms, watered from Bow river. This irrigation plan when completed will be 60 per cent. larger than the next largest on the American continent, which is in the Pecos valley, Arizona. The water utilized in this vast scheme will take two-thirds of the supply of the Bow river at low water. The superintendent of the work states that when it was first started there were practically no settlers in that particular section but since then the flow of immigration, which has included many Americans, has been rapid.—N. Y. Tribune.

Ferry Slips.

If it were not for the gaping jaws of our ferry ships, and their greased sides, yielding to the hardest kind of shocks, I doubt if we should be able to make a river crossing in less than an hour. The rounded nose of the boat wheels her into the landing by main strength and awkwardness. Imagine the perils of a square-ended boat steaming into a dock. Why is a slip called a slip? Because it is slippery. Might as well call it a slide, for the boat slides in.—N. Y. Press.

Saturday Half-Holiday.

Few people seem to know that the Saturday half-holiday is really the revival of an ancient custom. It was King Edgar of England (A. D. 955) who first obtained that there should be a cessation of labor from Saturday noon until daylight on Monday.

TRAPPERS PROSPEROUS.

Furs Are Bringing Better Prices Now Than for Thirty-Three Years Past.

The many trappers operating in northern Minnesota will reap a rich harvest the present winter, meaning many comforts, even luxuries, in the log cabins of scores of sturdy settlers, in the wilds of the northern country, who are mainly dependent upon their traps during the cold months for a livelihood, says the Duluth Herald.

The settlers and professionals in the country directly tributary to Duluth look for the most part to mink, marten and otter to make their trapping operations profitable, and the pelts of these little animals at present command a higher price than at any time during the past thirty-three years, while there has been a decided slump in the prices paid for furs from the black, blue and silver fox, which bring only \$50 each now, where a year or two ago they were as high as \$300 apiece.

Last winter \$4.50 was considered a good price for a mink pelt, and it wasn't more than a season or two back that \$2.50 was the highest paid for a single pelt of this kind. Now a choice raw mink fur will bring \$11, and a marten pelt from \$18 to \$20, where \$6 or \$7 was paid last winter. An otter skin is worth \$22 just as it comes from the trapper's hands, which is away above any price paid for more than thirty years. Quite a few furs are caught through northern Minnesota, and these are worth from \$8 to \$10. Beaver are very scarce in this state. They are worth from \$7 to \$9 each.

The higher prices paid for furs will also prove a boon to the Minnesota Indians, or such of them at least as have any business ability. A good many of the Indians trap during the winter, but the trouble with the majority of them is that they do not know the value of their catch, and are likely to sell a \$22 otter pelt for \$4 or \$5, and a \$11 mink pelt for a dollar, or perhaps a pint of whiskey. The white man is well aware of this fact, and some agents make it their business during the winter to do nothing but buy furs of the Indians, selling them later at a handsome margin of profit.

These agents usually travel from reservation to reservation by dog team or snow shoes.

Even the little weasel, scores of which daily leave their tiny tracks in the snow on the outskirts of the city, are worth \$1 each for their pelts. They were valueless three years ago, and two years ago were worth 10 cents each. For a time last winter the pelts brought 30 cents each. The weasel also belongs to the homologue of the American sable, together with the marten, mink, fisher and otter. The American sable really is the marten, according to some authorities. It is commonly called the pine marten, and at first glance the only distinguishing feature between it and the mink is a spot of beautiful orange color on its throat, just under the chin.

A grizzly bear skin is worth \$40, if in the best condition, but of course grizzly bears are unknown in this state. Many black bears are trapped and shot, however, by settlers, Indians and trappers.

Banks in Mexico.

A report from Consul Canada of Vera Cruz says the recent increase of capital stock effected by the Banco de Londres y Mexico and the Banco Central Mexicano, as well as that contemplated by the Banco Nacional de Mexico, has awakened among the directors of many of the local banks a desire of imitating those institutions. The consequences that might result from a simultaneous and altogether too rapid expansion of a group of financial concerns, the greater part of which are without markets for their stock in foreign parts and which do not enjoy the favorable conditions the larger concerns have succeeded in obtaining, seem to be overlooked. Consequently, for the purpose of limiting the circulation of specie or paper money to the necessities of the country, the government will not permit local banks to increase their capital stock without first complying with certain restrictions prescribed by a recent executive department order.

The World's Treasury.

Jonathan and his continent hold the money grip. With one-twentieth of the world's population the United States has two-thirds of its banking power, capital, surplus, circulation and deposits being considered. The banking strength of the world has increased 106 per cent. since 1890, while that of the United States has expended 170 per cent. New York city 200 per cent. New York bank clearings average greater than those of London and far in excess of those of any other financial center. With expansion comes responsibility. Serious financial straits in America would be felt the world over. So inextricably intermingled are the fates of Berlin, Vienna, London, Paris and New York, that none can suffer without the others.

Modest Youth.

The Girl—Oh, dear! I wish I were not rich. I shall hate to have people think that ours is not a love match.

The Man—Yes, I suppose it does look as if you were buying me.—Cleveland Leader.

Cynical.

"After all," said the sentimental youth, "love is a lottery."
"I don't know about that," answered the cynic. "You have some chance in a lottery."—Washington Star.

GREAT LIFE SAVER.

LORD LISTER, THE "GRAND OLD MAN" OF SURGERY.

He Has Saved a Quarter of a Million Lives by His Famous Discovery of Germ Destroyer.

In an age when honors are lavished for the skill with which men compass the death of thousands of their fellows one cannot pay too much homage to those whose mission it is to save and not to destroy life, and happily, says the Chicago Chronicle, there still remains among us the king of them all a man on whose monument may some day be inscribed this remarkable legend: "He saved a quarter of a million lives."

To no other man who has ever lived can such a tribute be paid; but to assert that Lord Lister, the "grand old man" of surgery, has snatched 250,000 men from the grave is probably to understate the truth. When Joseph Lister first made his acquaintance with a hospital about 60 years ago, an operation of any importance meant almost certain death, and even quite simple operations were full of risk. The wounds made by the surgeon's knife refused to heal, putrefaction was followed by suppuration, the patients became delirious and in a startling majority of cases died.

It was Lord Lister who discovered the deadly secret of all this mortality. He found that the putrefaction of the wound was due to the presence of germs which were introduced from outside, and in carbolic acid he discovered the means to kill these germs, thus by this simple discovery revolutionizing surgery and saving countless lives. An early result of this antiseptic treatment was that "gangrene which had infected 80 per cent. of the wounds disappeared entirely," and to-day operations which would have meant certain death half a century ago are performed daily without the least risk of fatal consequences.

Such in briefest outlook is the change Lord Lister has wrought in surgery, and one has only to read of the horrors of the hospitals in pre-Listerian days, with their delirious and dying patients, and "their compound odor of boiled mutton and sour poultices" and then to pay a visit to a hospital of to-day to realize how revolutionary is the change wrought by this one man.

It is 60 years almost to a day since young Lister began to study surgery and medicine at University college, London. He was the son of a very clever man, a fellow of the Royal society, and the inventor, practically, of the modern microscope, and, as might be expected from the son of such a father, he quickly distinguished himself among his fellow students, graduating brilliantly and taking the coveted F. R. C. S. before he was 25. Then followed a period of splendid training under the great surgeon Mr. Syme, whose daughter he married, and in 1860, at the early age of 32, he was made regius professor of surgery at Glasgow.

It was here that he became so deeply impressed by the terrible mortality due to operations and he set to work to discover the cause, with the results which we have described. There are still living students who saw him first experiment in antiseptic surgery by making a paste of carbolic acid over the wound, and it was soon admitted that "Lister wards" were the healthiest in the world. But, like many another prophet, he found least appreciation among his own countrymen. Germany, France and other continental countries adopted his methods with avidity, and his fame was European before Great Britain became a tardy convert to his teaching.

However, unlike so many world benefactors, he has lived to see the universal triumph of his discovery and to reap honors such as fall to few men in a century.

And never, perhaps, did so great a man bear his honors so modestly. At 78 he remains, to quote a great surgeon, "as simple and lovable as a child." His old pupils adore him; his numerous friends respect and love him; the world counts him one of its greatest benefactors. For the rest he is an ardent lover of nature, skilled in botany and woodcraft, and he declares as the sweetest music on earth is the song of birds.

Helping Him Out.

Rivers—Brooks, you've heard that familiar saying: "Give a man rope enough—"

Brooks—"And he'll smoke himself to death?" O, yes, I've heard that, and I have often wondered who the pretending friend of yours is that's trying to kill you off.—Chicago Tribune.

A Theory.

"If you would only compel yourself to listen to my playing," said the Wagnerian musician, "you would be benefited morally and intellectually."

"I suppose," answered Mr. Cumrox, thoughtfully, "that is on the theory that suffering always improves a man's character."—Washington Star.

HUNTING THE BLACK BANDS

Graphic Account of Work Falling to Lot of the Patrol in a Russian City.

A Russian correspondent writes: "The suburbs of Moscow thin quickly into gardens and bare spaces among the wooden villas in which the well-to-do people spend the summer, and the roads are rough and devious. No lights guide the passenger on these bitter nights of winter; the Black Bands have the darkness on their side. At the back of us the city on its hills twinkles through the snow. The patrol was only five strong, but the men of it knew the ground as they knew the palms of their hands. They were all young and all civilians, informally enrolled to repel the gangs of roughs whom the police incite to riot and murder. The men walked warily from cross-road to cross-road, muffled in their furs, with ample overcoats that fell in wide folds about the loins and legs. Under his coat each man wore a carbine, slung from his neck by a lanyard; he had but to unbutton and the gun was free for use. They were of various classes in the community, for in those days every man must take up his own defense and lend his personal weight to the cause of order and security. Two were students, clean-built, keen young fellows, who had done their share on the barricades; one was a shopman of 20 years, almost gleeful in the throng of events, charmed with the recurrence of vivid happenings, a brisk and imaginative boy who reveled in his share in historic doings. The fourth was the son of a wealthy merchant, whose sleek furs gleamed richly in the glow of his cigarette; and the last was a painter whose sister had been blinded by a whip-cut from a dragon in the street.

"Once far away, we heard two shots; some other patrol had seen something. For us, midnight came, and we halted under a hedge to eat chocolate and drink brandy. The men of the patrol talked briefly among themselves with bated voices, for even on them the night had fixed its weird, and a loud word would have made one start. The rich man's son was of opinion that we might as well go home to bed; but the two students and the shopman reminded him of the shots we had heard, and when the chocolate was eaten we moved on. We were bunched together, a little warmer now, and they were telling me of the brushes they had already had with the enemy, when the painter, who was ahead again, pulled out his carbine and fired. The flash cut a groove in the night like a streak of lightning, and from somewhere in the darkness a few pistol shots punctured the murk with brief stars. My companions raced up, and in a moment the guns were out.

"The painter was pointing, and the shopman had dropped on one knee, with his carbine at his shoulder. There was a second search with the eyes; I thought, but could not be sure, that I saw a movement, and then the shopman fired and the others got to work after him. Their eyes, old at the game, saw what was invisible to me; almost at once a cry traveled to us athwart the snow and the patrolmen laughed between their shots. Only pistol fire answered them; for the bands do as yet; but no bullets reached us, and the thing was over in the time one would take to fill a pipe.

"We heard them shouting to one another as they drew off, and for a minute or more the pistols spat futilely at us. In half an hour, at the point where one turns off to get back to the city that gleamed over one's shoulder like a fleet at anchor, we met policemen, three of them. They grinned at us and asked for cigarettes, and we told them of the man we had bagged."

Real Music.

What is real music? For 90 people out of a hundred it is a mystery, a dithyramb of din, a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, and strings, superadding the voice of the domestic beast whose true inwardness they are. For nine out of the remaining ten real music provides a species of intellectual gratification. They have studied the stuff somewhat and have an understanding, more or less adequate, of its technical significance, and thus they find its performance interesting. They are thrilled with the violins fingering tenths and the trombones mounting to E in alt. But the hundredth man gets a genuine emotional effect from real music, although the chances seem to be that he is mad.—Washington Star.

In Chicago.

Mr. Wabash—While you are down town, will you stop in and get me a marriage license? I want to use it tomorrow.

Mr. Dearborn—All right. By the way, you don't owe them for any, do you?—Yonkers Statesman.

Taking Something, Anyhow.

Mrs. De Lush—What has kept you out so late?

Mr. De Lush—Been takin' inventory. I know it. I smelled it on your breath the minute you opened the door.—Cleveland Leader.

INEFFECTIVE SPEECH.

Talk of the Average Modern Undergraduate Sadly Lacking in Vocables.

If anyone were to take down the talk of an average modern undergraduate or society girl, we doubt if it would be found to contain more than 250 vocables, where an educated Elizabethan or Caroline would have employed several thousand, says the Saturday Review. Nothing is more striking in the old prose writers than the rich variety and imaginative picturesqueness of their language. Not only are we lacking in concrete imagination, and ashamed to go afield out of the beaten track of speech, but phrases which were when first devised forcible and strong have through long currency lost their edge. Three-fourths of the expressions we use have ceased to be effective metaphors and become conventional and lifeless.

Every language, it has been remarked, begins as poetry and ends as algebra. Virgil becomes Volapuk. A bewitching smile, a bankrupt farmer, a lunatic post—such expressions are now mere tokens. Figures of speech get hackneyed, and even journalists are beginning to feel ashamed of describing the man who is applauded as "receiving quite an ovation." But in the early writers every phrase had its full intrinsic value. We taste each word as we read. The quality of language, in fact, gets constantly poorer. Besides, the dialectical varieties and local idioms are ever decaying and becoming obsolete. In their place we create nothing except words like bike, motor, footer, sorer, or barbarisms like autocar and cablegram, which the sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere, would surely decline to echo from her airy shell. Primitive speech is full of mythology. Ours tends to the style of the telegraph form. Even schoolboys, the nearest approach left to aboriginal man, are ceasing to have the power of creating words.

OAK TREE OF TWENTY TONS

Immense Undertaking in the Line of Transplanting Successfully Performed.

A large English oak on the Fairhaven estate of H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, has been transplanted. The transplanting was done under the direction of James Garthley, gardener for Mr. Rogers, reports the Boston Globe.

The tree is 40 feet high, has a spread of 45 feet, and the diameter of the butt is two feet three inches. The weight is 20 tons.

Nearly 50 years ago the late Warren Delano, returning from England brought with him some English acorns. Some of these were given to John Sweeney, who planted them in his yard.

One of the resulting trees was transplanted to the estate of Edmund Allen, now owned by Mr. Rogers. It grew near the west wall surrounding the grounds, not far from the northwest corner.

A section of the wall was removed during the recent change in order that the roots could be taken out intact. Deep excavation was not necessary, as the roots were found lying on solid ledge. These were carefully wrapped in short hay. The weight was raised in a manner similar to that adopted in moving buildings, and the tree was kept in a perpendicular position during its trip of several rods.

The tree is now located in the center of the west lawn in front of the residence of Mr. Rogers.

From other acorns brought from England by Mr. Delano there are six trees growing in the Sweeney lot, south of Cedar street, and there are a few in the Delano lot at Riverside cemetery.

Thrilling Moment.

It was at an English lock that a diver was working at massive gates, when a current, caused by the shutting of the gates for his inspection, sucked him off his feet and he felt himself being drawn between the smooth gates with nothing at which to grasp. And with the shutting his air hose and life line would be cut as with a knife. But in a flash came an inspiration. As he was swept through he took his hammer and held the iron head between the closing gates and hung there. He dared not signal to be drawn up, for to tug at him would mean death. But the men above quickly realized that something was the matter and they swung the gates open again, and not till then did they slowly draw the dives to the surface and to safety.—Technical World.

Criminals in Large Cities.

Every large city is the rendezvous of a certain portion of the criminal classes. For the police to plead ignorance on this count would be absurd. They are familiar with this class and know their haunts. If instead of belating them under any conditions the town was made so uncomfortable they would either be compelled to mend their way or move on the spasmodic crusades so frequently in evidence would be unnecessary.—Detroit Free Press.

SIBERIAN HOSPITALITY.

Cordiality of the People When Travelers Come to Their Doors.

Detained at the Siberian village of Krivochokovo, Mons. Jules Legras remembered that he had a letter to a notable of the place, and hastened to present it, relates Youth's Companion. Monsieur Gautier, in his book on Russia, describes, in *Monsieur Legras' own words*, the cordial hospitality with which he was received, and also tells of the difficulty which concluded his charming visit.

"They had detained me till ten o'clock in the evening," he writes, "by repeating: 'Why are you in a hurry?' and I was on the point of making my departure when I heard the mistress of the house say in a low voice to her husband: 'Shall I send for the carriage?' To which he replied: 'No.' At this word a silver passed over me. Doubtless this host, who had made me send away the coachman, was unaware of what his refusal meant, else he would have said to me: 'Here is a sofa; sleep here.'

"My situation was perilous, but what could I do? At the end of a few moments I rose to take my leave, and having asked if I could get a cab, was met with the reply that at this hour none could be obtained.

"Krivochokovo is a village whose population constitutes the very Botsam and jetsam of Siberian civilization. The village has neither streets nor lights nor police. It is considered a cutthroat spot, where honest people shut themselves tight at night.

"I had neither stick nor revolver and I had on me a large sum of money. Finally, I was ignorant of the exact position of my inn, situated over a mile away. First of all, dogs threw themselves upon me. I shook them off and started as best I could.

"The night was lark black. Amid the irregular clusters of houses there was no regular street by which to guide myself. As I hesitated I heard a 'Who is that?' It was a watchman of a pile of wood who hailed me. He directed me, and giving me a large branch that that would do as a stick, he said: 'You are wrong, Barine, to go about this way without a revolver; the place is not safe. May God protect you!'

"As I approached another cluster of houses a watchman sounded his rattle menacingly, and dogs flew at me savagely. When this watchman approached, I induced him to accompany me. He informed me that the evening before a traveler who was staying at my hotel, having started early to catch a train, had been assassinated about ten paces from here. Finally we reached the inn. It took a long time to make them open the door, but I finally got inside and reached my room, trembling with fever and fatigue and fell down helplessly, only conscious of having passed an hour and a half whose remembrance will remain with me long. As for my so amiable host, whose hospitality might have cost me my life, he will doubtless never know of this adventure."

PASSING OF THE YEARS.

The Flight of Time Is Resistless and Nothing Can Withstand It.

The years come and go like tides. We stand upon the edge of time and the murmuring of the waves gives us as clear an answer to our questioning, "whence?" "whither?" Then their flight leaves us to our helpless immobility, says the Boston Transcript. We have divided time and given those divisions names, but we do not know the source nor the destiny of its course. All the multitudinous activities and efforts of life, all the expressions of time, yield us no clew of a beginning nor any intimation of an end.

The flight of time is resistless; nothing can withstand it. The flowers fade, the sun sets and life itself withers away. And behind the years is darkness. But this, too, we know—that all we think and all we do is recorded. "All, all is self-recorded in the Book of Life"—all our efforts and all our errors, all our strivings and all our longings, all the good and all the evil we do is written down so our credit.

The ways of life differ, and so the paths of thought divide; but this, too, we know—that there is a day of reckoning and account is taken of all we ever accomplish or fail to accomplish, of all that we ever strive for or attain. Nothing can resist time but the good we have done. All passes away but our deeds of kindness, of mercy or of fairness. Time itself is a blank space, absolutely worthless unless we write upon it with our deeds. A new year means new life to those who are ready to begin one by word or act.

Bobby's Idea.

On South Water street little Bobby saw a man testing eggs with a lighted candle.

"Oh, pa!" he exclaimed, with widening eyes. "Can I ask just one more question?"

"Yes, my son," replied his father. "What is it?"

"Why is that man an eggist?"—Chicago Daily News.