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1902 October 1902

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Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

6 00 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
8 10 a m; Q A R R for Points West.
9 45 a m; Q A R R for Points East.
11:45 a m; Steamer for River Points.
1:00 p m; Stage for Preston.
1:00 p m. D & C R R for Points North.
3:35 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:20 p m. Q A R R for Points East.

Mails Arrive.

8:25 a m; Q A R R, from Points East.
10:10 a m; Q A R R, from Points West.
11:00 a m; Stage, from Preston.
11:30 a m; Steamer, from River Points.
11:45 m: D & C R R, from Points North.
3:35 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
8:34 p m; Q A R R, from Points West.
7:45 p m; D & C R R, from Points North.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Edwin H Brown and William R Martin, Associates Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Charles W. Hobbs.

County Commissioners—James B. Wright, President; Wesley Jarrell and Daniel J. Zacharias.

Treasurer and Clerk to the Commissioners Charles H. Whithy.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John A. Sigler, Chief Judge; Thomas L. Day and Jesse T. Dennis Associates.

Register of Wills, Robert J. Jump.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; Henry C. Fisher and Albert W. Sisk.

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

State's Attorney—Albert G. Towers.

Sheriff—Isaac L. Dukes.

Professional and Business Cards.

ALBERT G. TOWERS.
State's Attorney for Caroline County,
Denton, Md.

T. PLINY FISHER,
LAW AND COLLECTIONS,
Denton, Md.

OSCAR CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Denton, Md.
Collections and all professional business promptly attended to.

HARVEY L. COOPER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.
Close attention will be given to all business entrusted to my care.

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LEWIS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
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Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's Counties.

N. ALEX. HUTSON,
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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Residence Cor. 7th and Main Sts.

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Denton, Md.

DR. P. R. FISHER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton Md.

DR. ALEX. HARDCASTLE,
PHYSCIAN AND GYNECOLOGIST
Denton, Md.
Office Hours from 8 to 9 a.m.;6 to 7 p.m.

JOHN W. CLARK,
AUCTIONEER,
Box 88, Denton, Md.
Will sell property in Caroline or any of the adjoining counties.

C. P. DUNNING,
CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
Denton, Md

J. W. JOHNSON,
CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
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L. Hawn, Newington, Ont.

Neglected colds always lead to something serious. They run into chronic bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, or consumption. Don't wait, but take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral just as soon as your cough begins. A few doses will cure you then.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

FRESH WAR STORIES

How Gen. Rosecrans Was Notified of His Promotion.

A Surprise Which Delighted the Old Warrior as Well as His Friends—Unique Foraging Expedition.

[Special Washington Letter.]

"GENTLEMEN, I propose a toast to the health of Maj Gen. Rosecrans, the hero of the Iuka."

The veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic were gathered in the national capital; reassembled for the last time on earth, probably, in the capital city of the great republic which they saved from destruction. God bless them! Every one of them is a hero brave; every

GEN. W. S. ROSECRANS.

one of them a timber strong that made the bulwark of liberty and union perpetual.

"We returned to the paths of peace," says Gen. Harrison Allen, of North Dakota, "but every one of us has lived in the memories of those four years in the tented field, and often even until this day our dreams are of the field, the march, the skirmish, the battle, hospital and death's trenches. Yes, we returned to the ways of peace, but those years of campaigning made us soldiers for the rest of our days. You young folks could not see it in our faces nor in our eyes, but down in our hearts we often longed for the old days when we might meet 'the boys' with whom we stood shoulder to shoulder."

As they came from north, south, east and west, in every group there was a songster or a trio or quartette, singing: "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong." That was a popular song 40 years ago, in all of the homes of the land, as well as in the armies. It referred to the calls made by President Lincoln for 300,000 more soldiers, from time to time. And as the old boys were gathered here, they burnished their memories by singing the old song, and many others of bygone days.

And the stories of experience which they told ought to be all printed in thousands of volumes, for the entertainment of all future generations, and for the inspiration of patriotism in the hearts of the young men of generations yet unborn. Here is one of the best of them all, and it is told of one of the best soldiers that ever lived, dear old Gen. Rosecrans, whom every soldier loved and whom every brave soldier knows went to his grave with a heart sore, because his grand services were requited with indignity by a few petty politicians and self-seeking coffee coolers who called themselves soldiers.

"I was fortunate enough to be at staff headquarters when the dispatch came making Rosecrans a major general," says Capt. W. Scott Belden, of Iowa, who served with gallantry and distinction throughout the war in the old Second Iowa cavalry. The great statesman, Hepburn, who has been foremost in securing an isthmian canal, was colonel of that regiment.

"The dispatch was taken by Quartermaster Tighe," continued Capt. Belden, "and he called several officers about him, saying: 'Let us keep this from the Old Man until we can get some shoulder straps made for him.' Everybody agreed, and I hastened to my company tent and called on Steve Woodhurst, a private soldier who was an excellent tailor. We rigged up a table for him on a couple of barrels. Brig. Gens. David S. Stanley and Charles S. Hamilton tore off their shoulder straps and handed them to the tailor.

"You must understand that brigadier generals have one star on each shoulder and major generals have two stars on each shoulder. Well, Woodhurst took those four stars and went to work. Inside of half an hour he had made a fine set of major general's shoulder straps, and then we brought him 'Old Rosey's' dress coat. He sewed on the straps, and we sent for the Old Man to come 'to a little surprise party.'

"We took the long fly of a hospital tent, which stretched about 50 feet in length, and under that, with barrels and boards, we made a long table. We had about five gallons of commissary whisky in the middle, and each one of us officers had a tincup in his hand. Each officer had a little whisky in his cup, and I had a plenty in mine. Gen. Hamilton stood at one end of the table, and as Gen. Rosecrans came in he raised his tincup, saying: 'Gentlemen, I propose a toast to the health of,' and there he stopped.

"Gen. Stanley and a couple of other officers tore off the old brigadier's blouse and put the dress coat on the Old Man and I saw him glance at the shoulder straps as the coat came onto his arms. Then Gen. Hamilton completed the sentence: 'To the health of Maj. Gen. Rosecrans, the hero of Iuka.'

"We drank our commissary whisky and cheered. The Old Man tried to make a speech, but he couldn't. He was completely surprised, for he did not know that his skill and bravery had thrilled the whole country and compelled the recognition of a reluctant department. We all went up and took him by the hand, and his eyes were moist. His voice was thick with emotion. Finally Gen. Stanley read the telegram aloud, and again we cheered and emptied our tincans of commissary nectar."

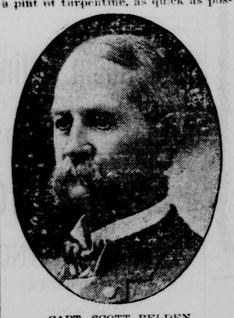
At the recent funeral of Gen. Rosecrans, at Arlington National cemetery, Speaker Henderson said: "When the armies of Price and Van Dorn were pressing our lines and there were symptoms of falling back, Rosecrans suddenly dashed between the federal and confederate lines like the very spirit of war. He passed but a few steps from where I was. I can feel his presence yet. His hat had blown off. His firmly-set face seemed as though he was made for a god of battle. Swinging his sword he called out to us: 'Stand firm, my men, for your flag and country.'

"How he escaped, God only knows. The very air was full of lead, and death was holding high carnival along his pathway; yet fearlessly he rode into the very teeth of death, successfully rallying his men for the mighty struggle before them."

Capt. Scott Belden, who narrated the story of the surprise party at headquarters, has long been a temperate man, but in army days, and for some years subsequently, the old soldiers all took naturally to commissary whisky, as indicated in the story told. One of Belden's friends narrates the following about him:

There was a reunion of the veterans of the Second Iowa cavalry, at Anamosa, Ia., and when Belden arrived he found the boys playing cards and drinking ginger pop, sarsaparilla and other very unsolderlike beverages. Belden inquired for the whisky, and was informed that in that prohibition town there was no whisky, except at a drug store where it might be procured in small quantities on a physician's prescription. Belden simply remarked: "I'm going out on a foraging expedition," and inside of an hour he reappeared with a big tin pail full of whisky.

He first went to the drug store, rushed at the German-American proprietor, calling: "Give me a pound of flax-seed, a pint of linseed oil, and a pint of turpentine, as quick as pos-



CAPT. SCOTT BELDEN.

sible, I must save the life of that horse, so please hurry."

The goods were hastily prepared, and throwing a ten-dollar bill on the counter, Belden rushed out saying: "Never mind the change just now. Time is everything with me."

Then he went and bought a new tin pail, and covered the bottom with pure spring water. Hastening into the drug store, he shouted: "Pour a gallon of whisky onto this turpentine, quick, and I'll save that horse yet." Then he added: "Don't stop to measure it, just fill up the bucket and hurry up."

The deed was done. The pure water looked like turpentine and the druggist was unsuspecting. So Belden carried the whisky to the boys, and renewed his war-time popularity with them. But he wouldn't get whisky for anybody nowadays.

Col. Harlow A. Street, of California, says that Grover Cleveland did not treat Gen. Rosencrans with exact fairness in his first administration, and when Cleveland's second nomination was announced Gen. Denver asked Rosencrans what he thought of the nomination, whereupon the general replied:

"When I was a cadet at West Point our class had a month of holiday, camping out. We selected a cook by lot with the understanding that the cook should serve until someone complained and then the complainant must be cook. We all had a good time for a week except the cook, who had to remain in camp. One of the cadets was a Massachusetts boy who liked pie for breakfast. The cook made some fine apple pies, and placed one of them right in front of the Yankee. He grabbed a big piece, pushed half of it into his face, and then spat it out, howling about the sickening amount of salt.

"'I'm sorry you don't like it,' said the cook. 'It is the best I can do, so you can try cooking for awhile. That is good pie. I like it very well,' and cookie proceeded to eat a piece of it himself in the presence of all."

So Rosecrans, after narrating the story, said: "As to the nomination, I must say I like it." SMITH D. FRY.

DEEDS NOT WORDS.

ON THE ROAD TO MECCAH

By EDGAR M. BACON

THIS is the tale that Al Sherif told as we sat under the tamarind tree in the garden of Josef Walid-El-D , the dealer in girls at Shiraz:

It was after the fast of Ramazan, that makes all men weak and thin, and the sun's heat at midsummer was like fire to waste the substance of a man's body. That is why the sand of the desert was red as blood to my eyes and my head swayed from side to side as I rode.

Sheyk Sulyman, my neighbor, prated night and day of Utaiba robbers—a plague to him—and I knew that he feared for the safety of the pearls that were hidden in the folds of his turban; yes, I knew that his daughter had been the price of them; yet he broke off his lamentations to recite the prayers when we halted. When I bowed I could not remember a prayer, and the sound of the people and the beasts was afar off. Also, when the rest had completed their prayers, I forgot to raise my head from my mat.

At last some one took me by the shoulders, shaking me till I awoke. I heard a woman's voice in salutation: "Naiman." I tried to answer: "As-salem alaykum," but my tongue was too thick for speech, and my will was weak.

Then an arm as strong and gentle as my mother's lifted me. Slowly I opened my eyes, though at first I distinguished nothing but the motion of all about me, but at last I understood that the host was astir and passing by.

My mare stood near, and the woman helped me to mount, but, as I turned to bless her, I saw that she was a daughter of the Wahhabis, whom my soul loathes; so my heart was hardened against her.

Fleet as an antelope, she ran towards the company of her own people, and I lost sight of her; nevertheless, I could not forget, my heart being sore because I had been helped by one of that tribe.

The night was not dark. This Syrian moon is a softer daylight, and I saw that I was among a party of Alexandrian pilgrims, hajis and dervishes from the Upper Nile. But the fever had hold of me again, and the things that moved around me faded. I rode like a drunken man, with my hands buried in the shaggy hair of my horse, for the hot wind on my cheek was fanned by the wing of Azrael, the Angel of Death.

They were lifting me from my mare. Who? I knew nothing at all, cared for nothing except that they had destroyed my rest in the valley of limes, and that the spreading wings of Azrael darkened the sky where the dawn should have been.

Then the stupor floated away for a little while, as a mist is blown, going and returning, drifting, always drifting.

It seemed that there are two of me, one that looked down upon the other and pitied. I saw how they poured upon the wasted body of that other the drops of precious oil and wrapped it in the shroud that I, like all pilgrims to Meccah, had provided before setting out. It had been sprinkled with holy water from the prophet's well of Zemzem, against that day.

They laid me in the sand, covering my limbs with the shroud and reciting a prayer from the Koran. Then I was left alone with Azrael; for the caravan never waits.

The desert was vast and empty. I alone in the midst of it under the hovering wing of the shadow. I turned my head to the right; there were specks in the distance; they were jackals. Overhead there were specks in the sky—they were vultures.

Then Fear came and sat beside me on the sand, and whispered that the jackals and the vultures would gather nearer, that the fever would burn, and the thirst torment, that my tongue would thicken and my blood turn to fire, and I would cry to Azrael to strike, lest the jackals and the vultures forgot to wait.

But I was a martyr. What a comfort there is in pride. As truly was I a martyr as if I fell in battle for Islam, and all the benefits that could come to those who marched about the Kaabah or listened to the sermon an Arafat—escape from the demons and a speedy entrance into Paradise—would be mine.

For an hour I comforted my soul with these reflections; then I buried my face in the folds of my shroud and fear whispered: "I am here."

Allah! it is a frightful thing to lie alone, weak and helpless as a babe, in the middle of the desert, between the burning of the fever and the chill of the shadow, and to know that the specks in the distance come nearer and nearer.

I lifted my voice, weak as a babe's in that solitude, and cried in despair: "Labbayk!" and an answering cry came from the distance: "Labbayk!"

Alhamdu lilla! I was not deserted. Some one came swiftly across the sand of the desert, alone and on foot. I could see by the light lisam that covered her mouth that it was a woman, but my heart sank and I turned my head away when I knew that it was the hated daughter of the Wahhabis.

She kneeled at my side, raising my head to her knee. I heard the gurgle of water in the goat skin zemzimiyah that she carried.

"Drink," she commanded. I, being too weak to contend, drank; then she made a shade over me from the sun and pillowed my head in her lap, crooning a mountain song until I slept. But before I slept I knew that Fear had gone away.

When it was night again the woman roused me to put between my lips a sweet strong cordial that gave me strength. With her arm still under me I staggered to my feet, and thus we set out, guided by a star that hung high in the west.

All night we journeyed. I was like one walking in sleep, or like a child wakened unwillingly, crying with weariness and anger that she would not let me lie down on the sand. My shroud was around me still, and it trailed on the sand, but I heeded not. Far away now was the trail of the caravan, like a scar on the bosom of the desert, and our own track a pitiful wavering line that bent to the west.

I cursed the woman that she would not let me alone, but my weak rebellion was as nothing to her will, so I stumbled on and the daughter of the Wahhabis held me up till it was dawn. Then we rested.

All day she sat by me, while the air quivered with heat and the light dazzled the eye. All day she sat between me and the sun, holding her garment as an awning over my face, and moistening my lips with water from the zemzimiyah. Dates, too, she compelled me to eat; yet herself tasted neither date nor so much as a drop of water, lest there should not be enough.

I saw her face: Lustrous eyes, black as midnight, and a mouth that the lisam would not hide. Beneath the linen I could see the tenderness of its smile. I almost forgot that she was the daughter of my enemies. Slowly my strength returned, as if it flowed from her life into mine, till at the evening hour of prayer I was able to kneel unaided and repeat the words that the prophet teaches.

She had the courage and strength that her people never lack. She was bred in the mountains, used to climbing the steeps with the water jar on her head, or herding her father's flocks, yet she was comely and pleasant to look upon, one in a thousand for grace.

Still I spoke not to her, for was she not of the Wahabis? It would be sin to bless her, and curse her I could not.

Again night, and we journeyed west. Still I stumbled, and still the woman held me up. Yet her step, it seemed, was less strong, and I saw in the moonlight that her face had grown drawn and weary.

In the dawn I heard her whisper: "Courage, I smell the lime trees." Then I felt that she tottered, and together we sank upon the sand; yet even then she tried to lift my head, and poured between my lips the last drop of water. I crawled on, alone, and reached the Wady Laymoun, and heard the tinkle of the water and smelt the fragrance of the limes.

But in the green Wady there was no soul but me. The woman lay out there in the desert, and the Wady was lonelier than the desert. I cursed the fever and the greed of thirst that had made me push on unmindful that I was alone. Like the rush of the wind my manhood came back to me. Gathering my hands full of limes, I went back to where she lay. Her lips could utter no word, but her eyes—Allah! did ever eyes show such a wonder of joy?

I laid her in the shade of the limes, by the pool. She drank of the water, and the cool sour of the fruit revived her.

There were roses blooming by the water, and a wild melon that climbed about the trunk of a pomegranate made a screen like a curtain where the woman rested. Her name was that of the prophet's daughter, our lady Fatimah.

I strayed down by the stream, seeing the birds flee from me, and stopping to gather the dates that had fallen in the grove. The cry of the bittern sounded so sorrowful that it made my heart ache, and I crept back to where Fatimah lay.

Her face lit gloriously when I spoke to her.

"Why did you give your strength for mine? Why did you, of all the caravan, take pity to help me?" I asked.

"Five years ago," she answered, smiling, yet speaking slowly and barely above a whisper, "five years ago I came with my father, a child, to Alexandria. Five years ago—and you were there, though you remember me not. How could you remember the Wahhabi girl you saved from the stick of the camel driver? You forgot in an hour, but I never forgot. Till I saw your face in the caravan four days ago I had not hoped ever to see it again, yet never for a moment had I forgotten it."

She stopped, too weak for further speech, but her eyes brightened with a smile that was the dawn that breaks over the holy city. She did not try even to veil her secret.

O, wonderful heart of woman! Who that lives can fathom its depths of tenderness, or measure its heights of sacrifice? Who can bound it, or describe it, or explain it? Its love is born of a word, a movement of kindness, a glamour; and is immortal as the stars and mightier than death!

When night came again and the moon struggled to pierce the screen of the melon vine that veiled Fatimah's resting place, her voice was silent and her eyes were closed. All night long I lay upon my face on the ground, mourning for the daughter of my enemies, the woman of the Wahhabis, whom love had slain.

Then in the morning I dug a grave under the lime trees and laid her there and made long lamentation. And there my heart lies, with Fatimah.

Then the Haji Al Sherif hid his face in his hands and bowed his head, and I knew he forgot that I had heard the story that is written here.—N. Y. Post.

LIFE IS PROLONGED.

Modern Surgery Has Done Much for the Human Race.

Operations Which Were Once Considered Wonderful Are Now Performed Almost Every Day in City Hospitals.

[Special New York Letter.]

CAN you conceive of a man living for years without a stomach, with but one lung, several ribs knocked out, one kidney gone, three feet of intestines removed by the surgeon's knife and a silver plate in place of the normal flesh and skin covering of the thorax?

Such a man died this month at Vienna. Nothing strange about the fact that he died; the wonder of it was that he lived for over two years, ate did drank, slept and walked about—though possessed of little more than half the entrails of other men. His was a remarkable case—the triumph of modern surgery.

Yet this case, aside from the fact that so many wonderful operations were performed upon one man, is by no means isolated. Two years ago the medical journals of this country and Europe contained elaborate accounts of a man in Baltimore who had been operated upon for cancer of the stomach. The disease had made such headway that the surgeons took desperate chances, cutting out the stomach altogether and inserting in its place a tube which led the food down directly from the throat to the intestines. The patient was out of bed, could walk around alone, attend to light clerical work, visit friends, etc., and, so far as I know, he is still living.

Appendicitis operations are now so frequent that probably every reader knows some one who has had the obstreperous intestinal sack removed by the surgeon's knife. What is not known is that in these so-called appendicitis operations a portion of the intestines themselves is often cut away; inflammation having spread from the appendix. The healthy sections of the intestines are sewed together like two ends of rubber tub-

A WAR TIME OPERATION.

ing and the patient, if he recovers, will be just as healthy as other folks—healthier, in that the danger of appendicitis is once and forever removed. Now, if you have ever been operated upon for appendicitis just quiz your surgeon; ask him if he did not steal an extra piece of your inside, hiding the fact so as to save you unnecessary fright.

Most of our readers will recall when operations for appendicitis first became common. It is hardly ten years ago. In these ten years surgery has made great strides. To-day an ordinary intestinal operation by a skilled surgeon is practically without danger; if death results it was due in all probability to some organic weakness of the patient. Just think of it! To make a slit with a sharp knife, four or five inches long, through a mass of living flesh, to pull out the intestines, cut away the man's inner self, sew and stitch, and yet—almost the certainty that the operation per se will not kill the patient!

Quite different this is from the sort of surgery practiced only a generation ago. Ask the veterans of the civil war who were operated upon during the first years of those awful massacres. Then operations were performed without anaesthetics. If a man's leg was to be cut off, he was laid on a table and clamps were adjusted so as to shut off the rush of blood; then the patient was strapped down while a corps of burly attendants stood at his side; then the surgeon, with knife and saw, cut off the leg. Many a living man has witnessed this horrible spectacle—as blood curdling as the rite of the Aztecs, who tore out the living man's heart; so the next time you see a one-armed veteran who was wounded in '61 or '62, ask him what he went through when he lost his arm.

During the later years of the civil war anaesthetics came to be generally used before an operation, and to-day it is only in the matter of blood poisoning that surgery still meets its most baffling defeats. The case of William McKinley illustrates this. Despite the fatal result, the operation performed upon this patient was one of the triumphs of modern surgery; read the medical journals of the time, and they agree. But the microscopic poison of the dust on the bullet had entered the patient's system and recovery was impossible.

Since McKinley's death, however, an operation has been performed by a noted Chicago surgeon which would indicate that if the president had been attacked only a few years later, science, with its added discoveries, might yet have saved him. This operation was performed upon a woman who had been shot in the abdomen almost exactly in the same manner as McKinley. The surgeon found the intestines torn and poisoned in several places; one of the kidneys was partly torn away and blood poisoning had set in; the exterior of the uterine wall was inflamed and suspicious symptoms of blood poisoning showed on the outer surface of the stomach. By a daring operation the surgeon cut away fully five feet of intestines, removed all diseased tissue and some healthy portions adjoining every infected

MODERN CANCER OPERATION.

spot, sewed and patched from one corner of the abdomen to the other, and lastly washed and rendered antiseptic with double care the patient's entrails. This woman recovered and is well to-day.

To compare the sort of operating of civil war days with modern surgery, let us enter any well conducted hospital at the time of a serious operation. In the background are scores of students ranged in rising tiers of seats. The patient is wheeled in on a table with springs and cushion tire wheels. He is a man 40 years old who was shot in a street brawl a few hours before. He is covered with two white sheets, which leave exposed only the abdominal surface. The operating table is set off from the rest of the room by a railing, within which are the two surgeons and two nurses.

The first surgeon, who previously administered the anaesthetic, sees to it that the patient neither revives nor collapses—the latter is a constant danger, and if the eyes or breathing reveal this, the arms are moved up and down and other methods of revival are used. The second surgeon, who is about to perform the operation meanwhile adjusts a pair of rubber gloves; these have been thoroughly sterilized, as have the surgeon's hands and the skin of the patient and every instrument or utensil at the operating table. With a quick, sharp cut the surgeon opens the abdomen. He knows just how to avoid the blood veins, and the little bleeding from the skin itself is quickly checked with cold water.

Now the surgeon puts both hands into the abdominal cavity. Years of experience, first on corpses, later on living persons, have taught him just the positions of every organ in the body. His present task is to find the bullet and the wounds, and to find them quickly. This done, he throws the bullet out, spreads the intestines perhaps over

INSERTING ARTIFICIAL STOMACH.

the table. With a few quick turns of his knife he cuts away the permanently injured tissues and sews the remainder together in such a way that it will again grow into an organic mass. Thorough washing with water and antiseptics follows. The intestines are packed back into place very, very carefully and only the operation of sewing up the intestinal wall remains. Those in attendance know now almost to a certainty that the patient will recover in so or so many days. If a limb is to be cut off a flap, so-called, of flesh and skin is retained below the point at which the bone is cut, and these flaps are then sewed together over the wound. E. T. GUNDLACH.

SHYLOCK

Shylock was the man who wanted a pound of human flesh. There are many Shylocks now, the convalescent, the consumptive, the sickly child, the pale young woman, all want human flesh and they can get it—take Scott's Emulsion.

Scott's Emulsion is flesh and blood, bone and muscle. It feeds the nerves, strengthens the digestive organs and they feed the whole body.

For nearly thirty years Scott's Emulsion has been the great giver of human flesh.

We will send you a couple of ounces free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

A Realist.

Currie—Bighead is quite a character, is he not?

Peters—Yes. He is one of those fellows that are willing to make fools of themselves to show their individuality.—Judge.

Nothing Better in Sight.

Cook—Please, ma'am, I want to give a week's notice.

Mistress—Why, Jane, this is indeed a surprise. Are you not satisfied with the treatment you receive here?

Cook—Oh, yes, ma'am.

Mistress—Then I suppose you have a better place in view?

Cook—Oh, no, ma'am. I'm only going to get married, ma'am.—Chicago Daily News.

Revenge.

"They say she married him just to get him away from another girl."

"What did the other girl do?"

"Sent her a bundle of his love letters as a wedding present. That was the reason she had nervous prostration and was compelled to give up her wedding trip."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Affability.

Mrs. Tufthunter—I'm sorry you didn't come yesterday, Mrs. Cutler; I could have introduced you to Lady Begabit. She calls on me quite frequently now.

Mrs. Cutler—Indeed! Do you know, I thought the craze for slumming had quite died out.—Ally Sloper.

It Makes a Difference.

"He's dreadfully disagreeable and boorish."

"Tut, tut, my dear. He used to be, but he is no longer."

"How is that?"

"Why, since he has become famous we have decided to consider him only delightfully eccentric and original."—Chicago Post.

What Troubled Him Most.

Harriet—And do you really think you love me as much as you say you do?

Harry—O, I don't have to convince myself. If I only succeed in making you think I love you, it doesn't make any difference what I think myself.—Boston Transcript.

Didn't Enjoy Her Company.

Benham—Your mother always drops in about mealtime.

Mrs. Benham—I know it, dear; but—

Benham—Well, I wish you would tell her that this is no coaling station.—Judge.

He Guessed the Trouble.

"This is a cold, unfeeling world," he remarked, bitterly.

"Ha!" returned his companion. "You have heard the ribald laugh when you slipped on a banana skin, too, have you?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Sound and Spelling.

A musical fellow in Butte
Attempted to play on the flutte,
But the peace-loving neighbors
Concluded his leighbors
By smashing him one on the snutte.
—Baltimore American.

A SLIP UP.

"I heard your brother say this morning that I showed my age. Do you think so?"

"No, indeed. I think you try to hide it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Happy Home.

A little word of kindness now and then;
A little blindness to the faults of men,
A gentle voice, a cheerful, quiet tone,
A loving smile. Behold! a happy home.
—N. Y. Sun.

A Husband's Trouble.

Bramble—You don't seem to be enjoying yourself while your wife is away. Doesn't liberty agree with you?

Thorne—What is liberty without money? It costs all I can scrape together to keep my wife at the seashore.—Brooklyn Life.

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