THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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AMMONIA SAVED HIM.

A PENNSYLVANIA DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE WITH WOLVES.

Lost In a Wilderness, He Had to Abandon His Horse and For Forty-eight Hours Carried on a Contest With His Life as the Stake.

The following is a true wolf story written from data furnished by Dr. Thornton of Lewisburg, Pa., whose father figures as the hero:

"About the year 1845 wolves were abundant in Tomhickon valley, between Catawissa and Hazleton. When the Catawissa railroad, a part of the Philadelphia and Reading, was being built, Dr. Thomas A. H. Thornton, a practicing physician, one cold autumn night was called out of bed to visit a patient about 20 miles from his home. At that time there were no regular roads as we now have. In their place the traveler used narrow paths or trails. Dr. Thornton in his anxiety to reach the bedside of the sufferer attempted to make a short cut. He lost his way and for a week wandered through the wilderness and, having no gun, was obliged to subsist on roots and herbs. The doctor was on horseback and after wandering aimlessly about the pathless forests for four or five days got into a large swamp, where the horse stepped into a quagmire, from which his owner was unable to extricate him, and the animal had to be abandoned, imbedded as he was almost to his belly in the soft and boggy bed. The doctor removed the saddle bags containing his supply of medicine, etc., threw them over his shoulders and started off.

"Several hours after the doctor got out of the swamp where he had abandoned his horse he was horrified to see that he was being followed by a band of five or six wolves. At first they kept at a respectful distance when stones were thrown at them, but finally, as if they appreciated the helpless condition of their intended victim, and as darkness came on, the hungry, bloodthirsty band became bolder and bolder. They circled around the terrified and jaded man and, closing in, started to attack him on all sides. One more vicious and impulsive than the others made a spring at the doctor's throat, but a well directed blow from a club temporarily disabled the animal and caused his ravenous companions to discontinue at that time their premeditated and combined attack.

"The doctor, by this thrilling episode and the frightened condition of the wolves, succeeded in going perhaps a mile unmolested when, to his great horror, he found the whole pack, led by the vicious brute he believed he had maimed with his club, hot on his trail. The stunning blow administered to the leader of the howling band seemed to have only intensified the brute's courage and thirst for blood. The man, weakened by long exposure and loss of food, realized that he would soon be torn to pieces if he did not adopt some new means of defense.

"Fortunately, as the animals began closing around him for another onslaught, he reached a high rock and mounted on its top, where a giant tree served to protect him from falling backward. He reached this eminence in time to provide himself with some stones and two or three good clubs before his pursuers started to attack him. He stood back to the tree, and as the animals attempted to come up he drove them back with his primitive weapons. A large stone hurled with great force and accuracy broke the head of one of the assailants, and this gave the doctor a breathing spell.

"The man, however, realized that he must soon quit his refuge, and, remembering that he had in his saddlebags a large bottle full of ammonia, he determined to employ it as a final resort to save his life. He quickly removed one of his green baize leggings, tied it securely to a stick, and after saturating the legging with ammonia he boldly started down the rocky promontory toward the wolves. The cunning animals, apparently aware that he could be more easily overpowered on level ground, separated, slunk off and permitted him to proceed several hundred yards before they renewed the pursuit. They did not, however, allow much time to elapse before they took the trail of the man who had thus far so successfully baffled their powers.

"The doctor stood still and waited until one of the brutes rushed within an arm's length, when he struck him in the face with the cloth saturated with ammonia. This reception was a most novel and unique one for the wolf, who ran off howling with pain. Two more of the band were slapped across the mouths with the saturated baize, and they also left. After this experience the wolves followed the doctor till daylight next morning, when they gave up the chase, which they had continued for 48 hours and which unquestionably would have resulted in a most horrible death if it had not been for the contents of the ammonia bottle.

"Dr. Thornton succeeded in finding a shanty occupied by the men constructing the Catawissa railroad, where he was carefully cared for, and in the course of four or five days was taken to his home, where he was ill for fully a month."—Philadelphia Record.

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Candy Cathartic cure constipation forever. 10c., 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

SPRAINS.

Why They Are So Severe and How They Should Be Treated.

It is commonly said that a sprained joint is worse than a broken bone, and this is often true, for in a severe sprain the injury is really greater than in a simple fracture. The ankle is perhaps the most frequently sprained of all the joints, though the knee, elbow and wrist are also very liable to be injured, in falls especially.

A sprain of a joint varies greatly in severity. It may consist of a simple wrench, without the tearing of any of the ligaments, or it may be a more extensive injury, stopping just short of a dislocation.

In a moderately severe case one or more of the ligaments of the joint will be torn slightly, or possibly completely across. The membrane beneath the ligaments, which retains the lubricating fluid of the joint, will be ruptured, permitting the escape of more or less of this fluid into the parts about, and giving rise sometimes to a considerable swelling. This swelling may be increased also by an effusion of fluid into the joint, especially if inflammation sets in, and finally there is usually a slight or even sometimes a quite pronounced escape of blood into the tissues, and this, gradually working to the surface, appears as a black and blue stain.

In more severe cases the tendons passing over the joint and attaching the muscles which move it to the bones may suffer considerable damage, or one of them may be broken or torn from its attachment, bringing with it a sliver of bone. Where so much harm has been done to all the parts—bones, ligaments, tendons and muscles—it is easy to understand that much pain will result and that the cure will be tedious.

In the treatment of a sprain the first thing to be aimed at is to relieve pain and prevent inflammation, then to favor healing of the torn structures, and after that to restore the use of the limb.

The first of these objects is accomplished by absolute rest of the injured part, the limb being raised, and by lead and opium wash, a spirit lotion, or such other local applications as the physician may prescribe. Swelling is prevented in a measure and pain is sometimes relieved by firm bandaging with a flannel bandage.

When the swelling, heat and pain are gone, the limb should not be used too soon, but should be brought gradually back to health by cold douching, dry rubbing in a direction toward the body and passive motion. It is sometimes necessary in very severe cases to treat the sprain by means of splints, exactly as if it were a fracture or dislocation.—Youth's Companion.

MUZZLED DUCKS.

Not Because They Might Bite, but to Silence Their Quacking.

A baggage man on the Santa Fe who runs into Kansas City from out in the western part of Kansas has lost lots of sleep. It is doubtful if he can ever catch up with it. He leaves Hutchinson at night and reaches Kansas City in the morning. Nearly every night he brings in his car two or three coops of live domestic ducks. During the night, when he has no baggage to deliver at small stations, it has been his habit and privilege to lie down on an improvised couch and doze. With the advent of the ducks the dozing stopped. The almost constant quacking of the ducks, who could not understand their strange environment, would not permit of sleep.

For many nights as he lay awake he planned relief. He thought of strangling the ducks or chloroforming them. But neither expedient seemed good. One night a bright idea came to him. After he had put it into execution the ducks were silent.

The next night he had two coops of unusually vociferous ducks. As soon as it came time for sleep he wrenched a slat from one of the coops, reached in and pulled out a duck. From his pocket he took a small rubber band, which he slipped over the duck's bill just back of the nostrils. The duck tried to quack, but the rubber band, while it stretched a little, would not permit the duck to open its bill far enough to use its tongue. Only a murmur came from it. One by one the ducks were muzzled, and the baggage man rested comfortably.

The commission men were surprised next morning when they received a lot of ducks with rubber bands around their bills, and when the bands were removed the shouts of protest from the ducks were deafening.—Kansas City Star.

"By Hook or Crook."

In old times the poor of a manor were permitted to obtain as fuel the dead wood from the surrounding woodland. The dead twigs and branches which were beyond their reach they were allowed to lop off with a hook or a crook.

There is a document among the records of the town of Bodmin which gives the right to the burgesses of the town, under the concession of the prior of Bodmin, "to bear and carry away on their backs and in no other way the lop, crop, hoop, crook and bag wood in the prior's wood of Dunmeer."

Another part of this paper mentions this as "a right with hook and crook to lop, crop and carry away fuel, etc., in the same wood."

The date of this record is 1525.—Ex.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

THE CAR WAS SWITCHING.

But It Caused the Despair of a Sleepy Lecturer In Search of Rest.

"I have long made it a practice to sleep whenever I get an opportunity," said a man who lectures, "but a recent experience in Baltimore has made me shy of opportunities. You see, I spend a great deal of time on railroad trains, and frequently, in order to keep engagements, I am forced to travel at night. Now, I have great difficulty in getting asleep on a sleeping car, and sometimes I toss around all night.

"Last week I lectured in Baltimore, and after the lecture I found a sleeping car in the railroad yard which was to be added to the train bound for New York. That was my opportunity. I bought a section, hunted up the porter and asked him if I might retire with the expectation of not being aroused before morning.

"'That's what the car is here for, colonel,' he answered. 'We don't pull out till 1:30 in the morning, and you can just go right to sleep.'

"That sounded inviting, and I retired. I fell asleep promptly. The movement of the car aroused me, and, thinking that we had been coupled on to the New York train, I closed my eyes again. At that moment the car ran into something on the track with a crash and stopped so suddenly that my head was bumped against the end of the berth. Undoubtedly a smash up, I thought, and I proceeded to get out of my berth. The porter was sitting in the seat opposite.

"'For heaven's sake, what is the trouble?' I asked.

"'Nothin,' he replied; 'just switchin.'

"Back I crawled, feeling very cheap. Again I felt drowsy, and once more the car was bumped violently, then shoved along the tracks at a rapid rate and shunted into the end of another train, starting a series of crashes that sounded one after another clear away up the track. The quiet that followed lasted so long that I began to doze. Another bump harder than the previous ones aroused me, and for the next five minutes it seemed as if two engines must be engaged in shunting my car back and forth for the fun of it. I would feel the car slide along only to come to an abrupt stop with a lot of noise. Then it would slide back to another track and stand still. For the next hour I was tossed and bruised in my berth, and I could stand it no longer. I crawled out and dressed as best I could under the circumstances, made a flying jump from the car on one of its shunting trips past the station and went to a hotel and spent the night. The memory of that experience has made me cautious about entering sleeping cars that are loafing around the yard waiting to be coupled to a train, even if it does seem to offer an opportunity to make up sleep. The amount of shaking up that one man receives in a car that is 'just switchin' is surprising."—New York Sun.

The Locality of Disease.

In an interesting article on the areas of disease the London Saturday Review remarks upon the consensus of medical opinion that diseases in general have their local habitations—some, like tropical animals and plants, living only in the tropics; some, like consumption, gradually spreading over the whole earth, while others, like leprosy and smallpox, are by degrees becoming limited in their distribution, possibly tending, it may be, toward extinction. On the other hand, however, there are regions to which diseases have never reached, for instance, on the summits of high mountain ranges and in the circumpolar snowfields the earth and air and water are as barren of the microbes of disease as they are of animal life. The writer in The Review admits that in a country like Britain, thickly populated for many centuries, and with the freest circulation of population, it cannot be doubted that every yard of surface contains the germs of the more common diseases, and the native of some newer land brought over to Britain's shores falls a victim to its plague stricken soil, but by generations of a destructive elimination Britons have become highly resistant to their native diseases, yet not fully so, for cancer and consumption, two of the most common scourges, still hold powerful sway.

Evidence.

"Think of it!" exclaimed the somewhat pedantic citizen. "A generation or so ago boys were supposed to have a good knowledge of Latin before they were 16 years of age."

"What of that?" inquired the mild mannered friend.

"Doesn't that show that our pretended advancement in refinement is a misapprehension?"

"Not at all. It proves that we are more considerate and humane, and therefore more refined. Think of the amount of corporal punishment it must take to give a boy a good knowledge of Latin before he is 16 years old!"—Washington Star.

Reading Character.

Dribbler—In my opinion, a man who writes an illegible hand does it because he thinks people are willing to puzzle over it. In other words, he is a chunk of conceit.

Scribbler—Not always. Sometimes a man writes illegibly not because he is conceited, but because he is modest.

Dribbler—Modest? What about?

Scribbler—About his spelling.—New York Weekly.

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