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SHARKS CAN BITE

In the summer of 1901 at the United States Naval Hospital, Cavite, Philippine Islands, S. McK., apprentice, first class, U. S. N., was convalescent from an amputation of the middle third of the left thigh when I first saw his case. This amputation had been made necessary by a shark bite, in which the entire loss of the left leg and a quantity of muscular and other tissue of the thigh was involved, leaving the lower extremity of the femur exposed.

The man was, at the time of the accident, swimming with a firing party which had encamped about three miles from Manila; this party was in charge of Lieut. J. F. Luby, of the U. S. S. Annapolis. Similar firing parties are regularly taken ashore for target practice with small arms, and at the same time the occasion is made use of to give the men drill and exercise in swimming.

In conversation with McK., his brief statement was to the effect that while swimming near the boat, he suddenly felt himself dragged under water by some powerful force. Not realizing what it was, his first impulse was to resist and swim to the surface. He then felt a terrible crunching at his left knee, but he states that, owing no doubt to the excitement, he did not think of pain or experience any. As unexpectedly as the onset, he felt himself released, and then he swam with all his remaining strength to the boat, some ten or fifteen yards away. He then understood that his leg was gone, but dauntlessly kept up his one and only aim, to regain the boat if possible. He was hauled aboard, and his companions by pressure on the femoral artery, temporarily controlled the hemorrhage.

The patient was rowed in this condition a distance of about two miles to the ship, and soon after his arrival the surgeon amputated.

The next case occurred in the middle of October, 1901. A Molussa Morio by the name of Dakkus was in his fish weir taking the catch, with his hands, when a shark (called by the Moros kayton), which had become entrapped, bit him in the right thigh, carrying away a large part of the extensor muscles of the leg.

This shark bit Dakkus was caught by the other fisherman about, and the fact that Dakkus was bitten is vouched for by these eye witnesses: in addition to which there were prints of teeth that proved their statements. I mention these facts with such explicitness, as a certain gentleman has published the offer of a reward of \$1,000 for the production of an authentic case of shark bite. The muscles on the front of the thigh were torn through quite down to the bone, leaving an ugly gap about ten inches by six inches in area.

The next case is very similar to the foregoing as to the method of receiving the injury, namely, the subject was bitten while in a fish weir, by a shark caught therein, but in this case the man was bitten in the face. On Sunday afternoon, June 8, 1902, while taking my siesta, I was called to attend this man, a Molussa by the name of Apy. His nose was hanging by a shred, and there were prints of a shark's teeth over the entire right cheek. It happened less than an hour before he reached me, and I immediately went to work, stitching the nose in place, and otherwise repairing the damaged countenance.

He came to me daily, and the wounds healed by first intention under iodoform dressing.—J. A. Guthrie, M. D., U. S. N., in New York Medical Journal.

At the annual meeting of the Emanuel sisterhood the Rev. Dr. Leon Harrison told this story:

"I invited my teacher and venerable friend, Dr. Gotthel, to be present at a synagogue one day when I was to deliver a sermon. He came and heard me, and I was naturally anxious to know how my effort had pleased him. So at the first opportunity I asked how he liked the sermon.

"The text was good and admirably chosen," he responded quietly."—New York Times.

THE BULLETIN has added 616 new subscribers to its lists in the last three months.

The Uses of Ping-pong

Permit me to introduce to you a well known dignitary of the Established Church under the nom de guerre of the dean of "Larchester."

The dean had two daughters, Ruth and Rachel, aged respectively 20 and 19. They were pretty girls, clever and vivacious, fond of all sorts of games, and as much up-to-date as it was possible for girls brought up in Larchester to be. Yet even into sleepy Larchester did the all-pervading ping-pong penetrate, and Misses Ruth and Rachel were almost the first persons in the city to invest in a set.

One evening, while they were thus engaged, their father, having finished his post-prandial nap in his library rather sooner than usual, came into the dining room. He sat down in an easy-chair, he lit a cigar, and watched the young people at their play with a gaze of bland condescension. "What a childish game!" his face plainly said. "What a pottering, doddering, silly little pastime! But I'm glad you like it, my dears. I do not in the least begrudge you your infantile enjoyment."

As he watched, however, the pity in his expression grew less apparent and the interest more pronounced. I do not know exactly how it was. Perhaps, 'twas the soul of the old lawn tennis player reviving within him. At any rate, a certain fascination for the game was evidently beginning to steal over our dean, till by and by, unless appearances were altogether deceptive, I would have sworn that his own fingers were itching to wield a battledore.

But he was not the man to admit any such childish inclination. He put it in another form—the form of "superior," yet kindly, admonition: "Why, how would you hold it, papa?" "I'll show you."

The dean rose from his chair and took the "what d'ye call the thing" in his huge hand.

"Serve me one, Ruth," he said. Ruth served. The dean, grasping his battledore tight at the extreme limit of the handle, returned the service at least four times harder than he should have done. The light celluloid ball traveled high over Ruth's head and pitched upon the sideboard at her back.

The big dean looked critically at his small weapon.

"Not a bad game, is it, papa?" inquired Rachel.

"Umph! Rather childish, if you ask me," replied the dean, in his most "superior" manner. "All very well, of course, for girls just out of the school room, but—"

Just then the front-door bell rang with a loud peal.

"Dear me! I wonder what that is— at this hour," he exclaimed, hastily, smoothing his hair and rearranging his displaced apron. "No visitor, I should hope."

Ruth turned a momentary meaning glance on her sister, whose face flushed palpably. The butler entered.

"Mr. Charles Battersby is in the library, sir. He wishes to see you."

The dean frowned. Then he strode off to the library, looking very much the reverse of pleased.

"Rachel," he said, with pompous sternness, when he returned.

"Yes, papa," replied his daughter.

looking up at him in anxious trepidation.

"Young Battersby has been trying to reopen that silly affair, the impertinent jacks! But I put my foot down at once. Now, mind, I decline to hear another word on the subject. You are to give up, once for all, the idea of such preposterous folly. Do you hear?"

"Yes, papa," answered Rachel, meekly.

A few evenings later Canon Battersby—Charles' father—the then canon-in-residence, came to dine at the deanery. Like the dean, he was a widower; like the dean, also, he was sleek and stout.

He was polite—tolerantly polite—to Ruth and Rachel, whom, however, he evidently regarded in the light of mere children. And it appeared to be a relief to him, as it certainly was to them, when, at the conclusion of dinner, they escaped to the drawing-room.

"If we have not joined you, my dears by 10 o'clock," said the dean, helping himself to port, "don't sit up for us. Canon Battersby and I have important matters to discuss, which may take us a long time."

By 10 o'clock the gentlemen had not joined them.

The two sisters dozed in a leisurely manner and got into bed. The clock had struck 11. They were just dropping off to sleep when a strange, curious sound came up from the dining-room beneath.

"Ping-pong! Ping-pong! Ping-pong!" "Ruth," she cried. "Ruth!"

"What's the matter?" murmured Ruth's drowsy voice from under the bed-clothes.

"Listen! Don't you hear? Papa and Canon Battersby are actually playing ping-pong!"

"Never!" exclaimed Ruth, starting up. "I say, so they are. How funny. I should like to see them at it shouldn't you?—these two stout, staid, pompous old gentlemen. I've a mind to steal downstairs and take a peep through the keyhole."

"Shall we?" ejaculated Rachel, always on for a bit of fun or mischief.

"Yes; let us."

The two girls lit the gas, donned their dressing-gowns and slippers, and stole cautiously out onto the landing.

"Sh!" whispered Rachel. "Look! The dining-room door is a chink open. Can't you see the light?"

"Yes," murmured Ruth. "How lucky! We shall be able to get a splendid peep. Just hark to papa's voice; I'm sure he's winning. It sounds so jubilant. Come along, Rachel; I wouldn't miss this for toffee."

They crept downstairs on tiptoe, and peeped cautiously through the chink of the unlatched door—a narrow aperture barely an inch wide, but affording a commanding view of the room within.

The sight that there met their gaze was well worth getting out of bed for—yes, well worth the risk of chill that they both ran by standing, on a cold night in a draughty hall, clad only in their nightdresses and dressing-gowns.

At length the set came to an end. The dean and the canon flung themselves, panting, into easy chairs. The former, who had emerged narrowly victorious by 7-7, gasped out: "A good game, Battersby. I must give you your revenge another night!"

"Thanks," panted the canon, as he wiped his forehead. "But next time we must play at my place."

"What! You have a ping-pong set, then?"

"Yes; it belongs to my son Charles."

"But—but he must know nothing about our playing—not on any account. That would never do," said the dean, quickly.

"Certainly not. I quite agree with you. We must fix some evening when he is out. By the way, I happen to know that he will be away from home next Friday night. Will you dine with me then? My servants all go to bed at 10, so that after that hour we can have a game to ourselves without fear of interruption."

"Thank you. In that case I shall be very pleased to come."

"I see it is nearly 12 o'clock. I must be off now," remarked Canon Battersby, turning down his shirt-sleeves and putting on his coat.

"Must you really? Well, good-night. I—"

Ruth and Rachel heard no more. They fled noiselessly upstairs and returned to their beds.

"Rachel—Rachel!"

"What?"

"Oh, Rachel, I—I have an idea!"

About a week later the dean and the canon came in. As they were taking off their coats in the hall a curious sound struck upon their ears through the opening door of the drawing-room.

"Ping-pong! Ping-pong! Ping-pong!" "Good gracious!" exclaimed the dean with an anxious expression. "Those girls can never be playing ping-pong in the drawing-room, with all my Severina china about!"

He hastened, in alarm, towards the door, Canon Battersby following.

The sight that met his gaze astonished and angered him. There, at the other end of the room, sat Ruth and Rachel. There, also sat Charles Battersby. They were merely seated round a small table, their attention evidently taken up with a strange-looking instrument that stood thereon.

"Ping-pong! Ping-pong! Ping-pong!" "Ping-pong! Forty-love."

The dean literally jumped. That he knew of an stentorian voice to life. He now took in the situation. The instrument with which they were so entirely engrossed was Charles Battersby's gramophone.

"Ping-pong! Ping-pong! Ping-pong!" "Forty-fifteen!"

This time it was Canon Battersby's turn to jump. The faithful reproduction of his own rich, well-kept tones was simply amazing.

"Ping-pong! Ping-pong! Game to me!"

"I suppose we must make terms with them," answered the other, nervously. "I'd rather anything should happen than that he should exhibit that dam-ahem—gramophone of his outside the family."

The canon looked at the dean.

Each saw what was passing in the other's mind.

"We must see," continued the dean, "that further power for mischief is taken out of the lad's hands. We must, in fact, get that gramophone into our possession."

"Just so," nodded the canon.

"Let us, then, go into the drawing-room and settle the matter at once," said the dean, hurriedly. "Elae Simons will be bringing in the tea and overhear that infernal thing, which I wouldn't have happen on any account."

They went.

The dean said: "Charles, we have overheard everything. You have played a most ungentlemanly trick upon us. You ought to be ashamed of your-

MOST men are bound to their business. Most women are bound to their household cares. So tight are the ties, or so great is the interest that as long as they keep up and around they don't pay attention to the everyday ills which beset them. But you should, for those are forerunners of serious sickness. Don't delay, realize your danger now. Consider your condition. Are you sleepless? Is your body branded and blistered by eruptions? Is your appetite failing? Are you nervous and irritable? Is your breath bad and your tongue coated? These are a few of the symptoms that indicate the rising tide of disease. The present is yours, act now.

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"I see that the Assistant Prosecuting Attorney of Buchanan county, Mo., Sam Motter, a Yale man, was fined for contempt of court by a St. Joe Magistrate because he let out a Missouri sneeze in court the other day," said a former Missouri lawyer now living in New York. "The courts of old St. Joe were always noted for roasting pretty high on the bench."

"Once when Silas Woodson was Circuit Judge—he was afterward Governor of the State—his former law partner, Samuel J. Ensworth who was a Vermont clock peddler before he went West to practise law, was replying to an argument which had been made by a young Ann Arbor graduate he had in his address cited 'Coke on Littleton.'"

"Ensworth in his answer said he did not know who Coke was, and he didn't care, but his opinions were not knee high to a grasshopper compared with the decisions of Judge Ryland, who shed more halo on the bench than a ten-acre lot of Cokes."

"Woodson was a haughty Kentuckian, and a learned judge. He interrupted Ensworth with the remark: 'Mr. Ensworth, your opinion of Judge Ryland meets with my approbation, but I cannot allow you to reflect on the memory of so eminent a jurist as Chief Justice Coke of the Kings Bench without a reprimand. Besides, Mr. Ensworth, as you were my former associate in practice, your remarks are a reflection on me.'"

"The fact that I was associated with you," said Ensworth hotly, "is a reflection on me."

"Mr. Ridenbough (the clerk), enter a fine of \$50 against Mr. Ensworth for contempt of court," said Judge Woodson.

"Mr. Ridenbough," interrupted Ensworth, "if this Court has any more contempt for me than I have for it, I am willing to pay the fine right now."

"The incident closed, and after adjournment of court 'Si and Sam,' as we called them privately, went down the street together and called on Bill Richardson, a wholesale liquor dealer, who always tapped a barrel in his private office when court was in session.

"And I think you will be when I tell you that your father and I have, this afternoon, been laying plans for your and Rachel's happiness. We have come to the conclusion that we were too hasty in forbidding your engagement, and have decided to withdraw our opposition. I must say, however, that when we overheard what took place just now we were strongly inclined to reconsider in toto our newly formed determination. Only, as your father here reminded me, boys will be boys—"

"And girls will be girls," repeated the canon.

"And love is a sublime thing, and marriages are made in heaven, and— and God bless you both, my children," said the generous and forgiving dean.

He kissed Rachel and held out his hand to Charles.

Then he added: "Just to show you that there is no ill-feeling, if you young people will go and rig up the ping-pong net in the dining-room we will have a friendly little tournament among ourselves after tea."

"Maria," asked the husband and father, "how did you cure Bertha of her infatuation for young Kadger?"

"By suggestion," replied the wife and mother.

"Suggestion?"

"Yes; I suggested that she look him up in Bradstreet's."—Chicago Tribune.

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