IS IT RATE CUTTING?

THE CANADIAN AGAIN CHARGED WITH VIOLATING AGREEMENT.

This Time It Is Said to Be at Worcester, Mass.—Agent Says It Was Not an $8 Cut, and 50-Cent Cut Was Made to Meet Other Roads.

The Post-Intelligencer some time ago published a prediction that the rush of passenger traffic to the Pacific coast and the efforts already being put forth by the transcontinental railroad lines to secure business would precipitate a rate war that would set transportation agreements by the ears and upset all of the calculations for a maintenance of rates. The preliminary bouts of this railroad fight have already begun to make themselves felt in the East, and the Canadian Pacific again finds itself in hot water; this time in the New England territory, where it is, according to an agreement based upon transcontinental rates, entitled to a differential.

The scene of the row is laid in Worcester, Mass., and the charge is one of rate cutting. It is said there that Oscar F. Rawson, the Canadian's agent at Worcester, has cut rates in defiance of an agreement with the other roads. The case in point is that when the Worcester & Northwest Mining and Trading Company announced its intention of sending Wilmot F. Macklin and Frank Phillips across the continent to Seattle, and on to Copper river, every railroad that has facilities for forwarding passengers to Seattle wanted to sell the tickets. It was not the amount of money that would be gained from them, but the roads were looking for the business that will come from the company the advance delegates represent, and several other companies being formed in New England to go to Alaska.

Some days ago it was announced that Macklin and Phillips had purchased their tickets to go over the Fitchburg railroad, of which J. F. Healy is the Worcester agent, and would leave at 3:45 o'clock in the afternoon for Seattle.

A representative of Mr. Rawson furnished the Worcester Telegram with information that Macklin and Phillips would go from Worcester over the Boston & Maine railroad at 6:25 o'clock at night. The Telegram said the men would leave at 3:45 o'clock in the afternoon, and they did, and behind it all there is a story.

The Northern Pacific railroad is the one that gets the longest piece of the money paid for a passage from Worcester over the Fitchburg railroad, and its representative, F. A. Gross, was one of about eight ticket agents who were in Worcester after the business.

The story is that Mr. Rawson, on behalf of the Canadian Pacific railroad, which takes passengers from the Boston & Maine railroad at Montreal, made an offer to carry the men there for about $8 less on each ticket than they paid for the tickets they had. Mr. Gross heard of it, and at once gave a member of the company money to go and purchase the tickets from Mr. Rawson at the decreased rate, and a little later they were in the hands of the Northern Pacific agent.

When Mr. Rawson's representative sold the tickets for the use of Macklin and Phillips, he was sure they were going over his lines and Mr. Rawson did not know that a trick had been played on him.

His representative was at the union station at Worcester when Macklin and Phillips took the Fitchburg train at 3:45 o'clock, while Mr. Rawson was in Boston.

Mr. Simpson said he knew the tickets were purchased and paid for. "The Canadian Pacific will not have to redeem the tickets if they are presented for redemption, and I am sure we won't," said he. "We sell tickets to anybody who pays for them, and that is exactly what was done in this case."

Oscar F. Rawson returned from Boston. He and S. E. Hanson, says the Telegram, were attending a dinner given to the New England ticket agents of the Warren line steamer Canada on board that vessel at Boston. Mr. Rawson said he did not know anything about the ticket matter beyond what he was told by his clerk. The clerk told him he sold the tickets for Macklin and Phillips 50 cents each lower than the rate given by the roads over which they went and that, Mr. Rawson says, was a cut rate.

Mr. Rawson says a cut was made by the roads from which the men purchased the first tickets, but he denies positively that his rate is $8 lower than the other.

The Canadian Pacific agent at Worcester says that the first cut was made by other lines than that he represented and that he then made a further cut.

The local prediction that there would be a rate war came first from agents of other lines who said that the Canadian Pacific, operating partly within the jurisdiction of the Interstate commerce law and partly outside of its jurisdiction, could manipulate rates as it pleased. Yesterday, E. W. McGinnis, local agent for the Canadian, stated that his road is entitled to a differential from New England territory on transcontinental business of $7.50. Under the circumstances, if there is any truth in the Worcester story, the cut was only one of 50 cents, as claimed by the clerk in Mr. Rawson's office. Mr. McGinnis further says that any cut might have been a clerical error; if not, it was made to meet the rates of other roads.

Passenger men do not look for any effects of a possible rate war on east-bound business. Such cutting and slashing as may follow will apply to through Pacific coast business from points in the East where organized companies and large parties of individuals will start for the gold fields. If the war is really on it has come earlier than expected. Threats have been made in Chicago, St. Paul and other cities of the Middle West, the headquarters of transcontinental associations, that should the charges against the Canadian be sustained by investigation, the American roads can retaliate by refusing to handle Canadian tickets.

HOW CHEWING GUM IS MADE.

An Industry That Has Made Its Owner Very Rich.

Cleveland Leader.

Only a few years ago the owner of the largest chewing gum factory in the world was a poor man, making his gum in the basement of an old building, offering in vain his whole business for a few hundred dollars, and with his wife his sole assistant. Now his 300 employes make profits for a millionaire.

The gum making begins in Mexico, its foundation being chicle gum, the chocolate colored exudence of the naseberry tree. The natives gather, pack it in barrels and send it north. At the factory it is picked over and crushed, then placed in large kettles together with sugar and flavoring extracts. While cooking the revolving cylinder within the kettle keeps the mass constantly stirred. When cooled it is carried to a table, where a group of girls knead the ginger-bread looking stuff, mixing in sugar until it attains the needed dryness. Transferred to another table it is rolled out to thick, square cakes, worked as a cook would pastry, but with sugar taking the place of flour. These cakes are then passed back and forth under a steam roller until each is in thin strips about eighteen inches wide and a yard long. A grooved roller cuts it into squares, which are laid on a tray and left for twenty-four hours. After the day's drying another grooved roller marks it into the shape in which it is sold, when it is broken and sent in boxes to the packing room. Here it is wrapped in paper, packed in dainty boxes, then sent to the inspecting room, where each box is opened, examined and passed.

The factory is complete in itself, and has many departments. The top floor is given up to the manufacture of pasteboard boxes for the gum. The basement is a light, airy printing office, where many hands are busy with the labels and advertising matter. A railroad switch loads and unloads everything at the door. Six brands of gum are made in the building. Of one brand alone—the bookkeeper told me—50,000 miles had been sold in ten years, that in each day of the last ten years thirteen and one-half miles had been the average sales.

COSTLY ALMANACS.

Most Valuable Almanac in the British Museum Is 3,000 Years Old.

Boston Transcript.

The most valuable almanac ever made is that now in the British museum, which is priceless. It is believed to be at least three thousand years old. The dates are written in red ink on papyrus, in columns, and under each is a figure, followed by three characters, signifying the probable state of the weather for that day.

The most elaborate almanac in the world is that issued by the Chinese government in twelve thick volumes, which gives full information as to lucky times and places for performing the acts of everyday life, which is considered an essential of success by every good Chinaman. The "Nautical Almanac" costs the British nation £3,942 a year. At its office, No. 3 Verulam building, Gray's Inn, London, the superintendent, A. M. W. Downing, doctor of science and fellow of the Royal Society, receives £600. Edward Roberts, fellow of the Royal Astronomical and Statistical Societies, the chief assistant, receives £450, and there are eleven other assistants, several of whom are graduates of universities or members of learned societies, who are paid from £100 to £300 each. The most curious calendar at present in use is that of the natives of Central America, where the months are only twenty days, and these are named after animals. Among most modern European ones the "Almanac de Gotha" has been the longest in continuous circulation—upward of 135 years.

Hank's Start in Life.

Detroit Free Press.

"And now he's one of them there millionaires," mused the grizzly frontiersman whose relatives had induced him to come back for a brief visit in a center of civilization. "I see it right here in the paper. He owns railroad stock, minin' stock and lots of other stock. I knowed that there same Henry M. Holdem when he done nothin' but punch stock for other people out on the plains. He was a generous cowboy, and as fast a feller in a round-up as I ever see."

"You must be mistaken, uncle."

"Nothin' of the kind. When I talk about people you kin bet I'm allus dead certain of my facts. We called him Hank them days, and he was jist as handsome a youngster as ever throwed his leg over a saddle. Jist by puttin' things together as they kim out, I l'arned as how he was a college gradyate and was goin' so fast a clip and scatterin' the old man's money so rapid that they sent him out there fur to git a schoolin' in economy and build up ag'in. He was soon the fav'rite on all the ranches 'bout there, fur he was squar, as a die and not afeared of nothin'.

"Well, this here girl what he married kim out fur to stay fur a while on her dad's cattle range, that jined ours. Some of the swell people up to Leadtown, twenty miles away, what knowed her people gave a ball fur her. Her and her dad went over in the cool of the forenoon, and after dinner was in a lawyer's office talkin'. It seems Hank got some money frum that same lawyer once a month and was there too. He heerd the ole man laughin' and tellin' how they had kim away frum the range with the wrong valise, leavin' her ball dress ahind, and her a'most crazy about it. Hank never says a word, but jumps on his horse, goes that twenty miles as though Injuns were after him, gits the dress, changes critters, makes the same wild run back, and throws the girl into a fit of happiness when he delivers the goods on time. A year's courtin' wouldn't have made him so solid. The very next winter they was married. Hank was as steady as a deacon, both ole men boosted him, and now you see where he is."

Snake Saved the Train.

St. Louis Republic.

Flagman A. J. Woods, stationed at Forsythe Junction, had a desperate encounter with a huge rattlesnake Tuesday night about 8 o'clock. Attracted by the flare of the watchman's lantern, which was stationed upon the platform, the snake had crawled up and wound its large body around it. The west-bound train was nearly due, and in another instant Woods would have reached for his lantern and in all probability have been bitten. Two women, standing on the platform waiting for the Clayton car, happened to pass by and noticed the reptile coiled about the lantern. They did not wait for developments, but screamed loudly and ran across the street car tracks in the face of an on-rushing car.

The watchman turned to the spot where the women had received such a fright, and noticed that a big snake had taken possession of his lantern. He contemplated it a moment, its little, beady eyes gleaming dangerously in the glow of the lantern. Its head was raised in the air, and its rattle was going at a better-keep-away tune. Woods did not keep away. He needed that lantern, and that mighty quick, for the whistle of the on-coming train had blown not more than a minute away. A long stick was near at hand. With this he made at the reptile and struck it a good, swift blow on the head. The blow was not hard enough, and the snake exhibited venom and a hissing tongue. Woods raised the stick for another blow, when the snake gave a leap and sprang through the air, carrying the lantern in its coils. The train swept up. The engineer saw the signal and passed by. The snake had waved the lantern in the nick of time. There was no reward for its work, however, as the flagman put an end to its existence a few seconds later.

Wanted to Do His Duty.

Chicago Post.

The lawyers had badgered the juror nearly to death with questions, when the judge finally took him in hand.

"You say you never heard of this case," said the judge.

"Nary a word of it, judge, till I came into the courtroom," was the reply.

"And you don't now either the plaintiff or the defendant?"

"Never see either of 'em afore today.'

"Do you know either of the attorneys?"

"Thank heaven, no."

"Any of the witnesses?"

"Nary one."

"Would you be prejudiced by the religious belief or nationality of either party to the suit?"

"Not a bit."

"Then I should think you ought to be able to give a fair and impartial hearing to the evidence and render a verdict in accordance with it, without fear or favor."

"Jedge, as things stand now, I kin do that very same thing, but I'm afeard of what may happen."

"What can happen that will affect your judgment?"

"Well, jedge," explained the juror, turning to the court somewhat confidentially, "if the lawyers behave themselves I'll be a crackajack juror, but it's my experience in these here cases that one or the other of 'em usually works in some smart tricks that makes me so hoppin' mad all the way through that it warps my jedgment, and then it jest comes natural for me to watch out for a good chance to give him the worst of it, and I ain't no kind of a juror to sit in that case. If you'll jest see that the lawyers don't work in any blamed foolishness to rile me, I reckon you'll find I'm about as good a juror as you'll find anywheres in this country; otherwise, I ain't fit to pass jedgment on who owns a slice of apple pie."

Composition.

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CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

FINDS NEW KINDS OF BEES.

TREVOR KINCAID WINS HONORS IN NATURAL SCIENCE.

List From Washington Now Exceeds That From Any Other State—Good Work Done by Students—Seventeen Species Absolutely New.

Mention was made some time ago that Mr. Trevor C. D. Kincaid, tutor and laboratory assistant in the department of biology of the University of Washington, had sent to Mr. T. D. A. Cockerell, the greatest authority on bees in America, about 1,300 specimens of bees collected in this state during the past four years. Mr. Cockerell became much interested in the collection, and at once began work on it. He found many new species, some of which he has described in scientific journals. Recently Mr. Kincaid has received four pamphlets on new species of bees described by Mr. Cockerell in the Annals and Magazine of Natural History, of London, and a number of other pamphlets and papers published by the same authority in this country. One of these papers contains descriptions of bees collected by Mr. Kincaid. There are twenty-seven species here described, of which seventeen are new to science. Other descriptions are to follow, and altogether there are already found a total of forty-one new species that Mr. Kincaid has discovered. Prof. Cockerell has attested his appreciation of Mr. Kincaid's work by naming several of these new species in his honor. The discovery of so many new species is very rarely reported from one region. In the one genus of Osmiae there are twenty-two species now recorded from this state, largely through the efforts of Mr. Kincaid; and he already has enough more new ones to make the list for Washington exceed that of any other state. Only Colorado has a larger number now than Washington.

Of this genus Osmiae, Prof. Cockerell has sent to Mr. Kincaid, among other pamphlets and papers, a manuscript key, by which any specimen of the genus may be identified and new ones determined, and which will aid in the preparation of like keys for other genera when the necessary literature is obtained.

One curious species found by Mr. Kincaid is described by Prof. Cockerell in the Canadian Entomologist for December, 1897. The name is Halictoides campanulae, from the fact that Mr. Kincaid found it only on a little hairbell (Campanula).

The geographical distribution of these forms is being worked up, in which some of the students of the university help during vacations. Last summer Mr. W. M. Karshner made a good collection at Grays harbor, and Mr. W. R. Coffman collected about 500 species at Chehalis. The latter was the student who found last May a specimen of Balanoglossus, that interesting form of animal life between the vertebrates and the invertebrates; a little later the Columbia university expedition found other specimens, and published the fact as a great discovery.

The new species Andrena kincaidii was first found by Mr. Kincaid at Olympia, and later at Seattle. Last summer, when on his way to the Pribilof islands, Mr. Kincaid spent a little time in collecting at Port Townsend, where he found another specimen of this species. Then when he returned last fall he learned that Mr. Coffman had found the same species at Chehalis.

A supplemental catalogue of the University of Washington is now in the hands of the state printer, and will be ready for distribution in a few days. The publication of this was necessitated by the numerous requests from all parts of the state and elsewhere for catalogues of the university, the supply of which was exhausted some time ago. These inquiries are for the most part from good sources, and indicate a growing interest in the university. The new supplement will contain all the general information about the university needed by a prospective student. It is mainly a reprint of parts of the catalogue. No changes have been made in the requirements for entrance and graduation.

It does not seem sufficiently understood that the university has provided to meet the requirements of students from two-year and three-year high schools. This is done by offering certain "zero courses," which embrace the kind of work that such students need to fill out their preparation for the university. This work must be taken without credit, for one or two years, according as the student is from a three-year or a two-year high school.

ABOUT CAMPHOR.

How the Odoriferous Drug Is Obtained From the Trees.

United States Department of Agriculture.

Notwithstanding the comparatively narrow limits of its natural environment, the camphor tree grows well in cultivation under widely different conditions. It has become abundantly naturalized in Madagascar. It flourishes at Buenos Ayres. It thrives in Egypt, in the Canary islands, in Southeastern France and in the San Joaquin valley in California, where the summers are hot and dry. Large trees, at least 200 years old, are growing in the temple courts at Tokyo, where they are subject to a winter of seventy to eighty nights of frost, with an occasional minimum temperature as low as 12 degrees to 16 degrees F. The conditions for really successful cultivation appear to be a minimum winter temperature not below 20 degrees F., fifty inches or more of rain during the warm growing season, and abundance of plant food, rich in nitrogen. In the native forests in Formosa, Fukien and Japan camphor is distilled almost exclusively from the woods of the trunks, roots and larger branches.

The work is performed by hand labor, and the methods employed seem rather crude. The camphor trees are felled, and the trunks, larger limbs and sometimes the roots are cut into chips, which are placed in a wooden tub about forty inches high and twenty inches in diameter at the base, tapering toward the top like an old-fashioned churn. The tub has a tight-fitting cover, which may be removed to put in the chips. A bamboo tube extends from near the top of the tub into the condenser. This consists of two wooden tubs of different sizes, the larger one right side up, kept about two-thirds full of water from a continuous stream which runs out of a hole in one side. The smaller one is inverted with its edges below the water, forming an air-tight chamber.

This air chamber is kept cool by the water falling on the top and running down over the sides. The upper part of the air chamber is sometimes filled with clean rice straw, on which the camphor crystallizes, while the oil drips down and collects on the surface of the water. In some cases the camphor and oil are allowed to collect together on the surface of the water, and are afterward separated by filtration through rice straw or by pressure. About twelve hours are required for distilling a tubful by this method. Then the chips are removed and dried for use in the furnace, and a new charge is put in. At the same time the camphor and oil are removed from the condenser. By this method twenty to forty pounds of chips are required for one pound of crude camphor.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Straight Tip From Whiskydom.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

The glasses were going round when the man who had been in the navy spoke: "Wait a minute, boys. We've had several. Let me give you a tip that I learned when I was on the China station. You are pretty good drinkers, you Kentucky boys, and you can hold your own with anybody east, west, or north who tries to put you under the table. But unless you carry out my plan don't you ever stack yourselves up against an Englishman, and especially an army or naval officer. You can knock them out on whisky, but they don't drink it except in the shape of smoky Scotch and Irish abominations. But with champagne, Burgundy, claret, ale, sherry, Madeira, port, pulque in Mexico, saki in China, palm liquor in Africa, bamboos and shandygaff in India, steer clear of them—that is, unless you have the good luck to meet a certain yellow-faced, wizened creole from Louisiana whose recipe is passed around the mess-table of the United States men-of-war to this day. It started in the old days when the British officers always had the pleasure of outstaying their American guests or hosts whenever two ships met on foreign stations. Then, that little yellow devil came along with his trick and the Englishman has never since come out better than second in any drinking bout. The secret? Olive oil. One wineglassful before the fun begins, and if possible another later on, and you can keep your wit and legs throughout the dampest evening. I suppose one of two things happens. Either the oil coats the stomach and keeps the alcohol from being absorbed by the system or else it floats on top and keeps the fumes from rising to the brain. But you'll have to ask the medicine men about that. All I know is its practical result, and that has enabled us Yankee Doodles to go home cheerful and clear-headed many an evening when our foreign cousins were speechless."

How Lake Steamers Load Cargoes.

The Engineering Magazine.

A boat, on reaching the dock, takes her place directly opposite the pockets from which her cargo is to be taken, and the spouts of such pockets as are to be opened are dropped into the hatchways, these being so constructed as to fit the docks, or, more properly speaking, the docks being built with pockets to fit the boats, twelve feet from center to center. The hoisting apparatus is made of steel, and is provided with counter-weights to assist in lowering and raising. Several appliances are in use for this purpose, but the same general principle is followed in every case—a small cone wheel on the same shaft with the main gearing—the only difference being in the location of the counter weights and their construction. Some few of the older docks are not provided with the counter-weights, the spouts being raised and lowered by common gearing and main strength. Everything being ready, one of the laborers descends from the top of the dock to the platforms on a level with the door of the pocket, and removes the pin, when the ore is released and transferred to the vessel. This method is sometimes varied by loading the boats directly from the cars through the pockets. The "trimming" of the ore in the hold of the vessel is usually done by hand, but a ceraful manipulation reduces this labor to a minimum.

A manifest is provided, and the ore then begins another stage of its journey, through the Great Lakes to some Lake Erie port, there to be reloaded into cars for its trip to the furnace.

A Kentuckian's Luck.

New York Press.

Talk about luck! In the middle or latter part of June, 1881, Addison Cammack, then Ursa Major in Wall street, was looking gloomily into the court of the Windsor hotel, when his arm was roughly taken by William H. Vanderbilt, who said: "Oh, brace up and look pleasant; let's take a walk in the park." Arm in arm they strolled up Fifth avenue, talking stocks. Vanderbilt said at parting: "Cammack, I'm going to make a great hole in this market. You'd better go in and make the most of it." It was tip enough. Cammack's brokers received orders at once to go short of everything.

Greatly to Cammack's chagrin the market went up instead of down. Vanderbilt's tip turned out wrong, and in a little while the great bear had lost $190,000. Much disgusted he decided to get out. On the afternoon of July 2 he wrote a letter to his brokers, in which they were instructed to carry out his plans at the opening of the market the next day, and was in the act of mailing it when a boy ran up and asked if he had heard the news. "News? What news?" By this time the letter was half way in. "President Garfield's assassinated!" The letter came out with a jerk and was torn into atoms. Orders were sent to the brokers to sell and keep on selling—10,000 shares of this, 10,000 shares of that. Vanderbilt began to pound West Shore to make his tip good. Down, down went the market, and when things had cooled off a bit Cammack was $2,000,000 richer.

Popular Justice in Bavaria.

A debate in the Bavarian Diet recently shows that in some parts of Bavaria a kind of popular justice, a relic of the Middle Ages, is still exercised by the people in the case of offenses which do not fall within the pale of the ordinary law, such as usury, flagrant immorality, arbitrary conduct of officials, and the like. This method of procedure, which is called "Haberfeldtreiben," is practiced by people who assemble with blackened or masked faces before the offender's house, and there create a horrible din, howling, firing rifles, and beating pots and kettles. Then a mock sermon, in doggerel verse, setting forth the offense of the person concerned is recited in the hearing of the misdemeanant. Neither person or property is, however, injured.

BE CAREFUL.

Be careful of your manners, they indicate your breeding.

Be careful of your thoughts, for they form your life.

Be careful of your actions, for they reveal your character.

Be careful of your associates; you are judged by the company you keep.

Be careful of your health; it is a blessing that can never be too highly valued; it is simply priceless.

Be careful of the first signs of a cough, cold, or weakness; they are the forerunners of disease.

Be careful in what way you counteract a cough or cold, and remember there is nothing which does it so well as a pure stimulant.

Be careful that you secure the right stimulant and bear in mind that the best authorities agree that nothing equals a pure whiskey.

Be careful that you secure the purest and the best, and remember that doctors and scientists agree that no whiskey equals Duffy's Pure Malt.

Be careful that you take this great preparation promptly, and in a systematic manner. Remember that "a stitch in time saves nine," and that your health and happiness may depend upon it.

Be careful that you are not persuaded to take something else which may be called "just as good" by your druggist or grocer. Insist upon having Duffy's Pure Malt, which is the only pure, medicinal whiskey in the market.

THE HEROISM OF PHYSICIANS

MANY SACRIFICE THEIR LIVES FOR HUMANITY.

Noble Deeds That Go Unchronicled—Story of a Great Discovery—The Surgeon Worked While a Mob Threatened Him With Death.

Most of the heroic deeds of physicians must go unchronicled. The heroic deeds of other men flash forth intermittently, but the physician pursues his way quietly, risking his life for the benefit of humanity. The general on the battlefield dismisses the loss of life as an accident of war. The physician counts each life precious, and to save it he makes great sacrifices.

Fifty years ago it was not uncommon for physicians to ride horseback 50 and 100 miles through cold and snow to attend patients. That was taken as a matter of course, and though it called for superior courage and self-sacrifice those men went unflinchingly. The medicine and instruments they carried in saddlebags. Dr. McDowell, the discoverer of ovariotomy, was called to attend a patient who lived 100 miles from his home in Danville. The streams were swollen beyond their banks. The physician's wife foresaw the danger and implored him not to go. He was resolute, however, and set out through the wilderness. He had ridden about forty miles when he came to a stream overflowing its banks and filled with driftwoood. He hesitated a moment and then threw the bridle over the horse's head and the animal plunged into the torrent. A heavy sawlog struck the horse almost causing it to drown. The animal managed to swim to the opposite shore. The physician arrived at his destination finally, performed an operation and saved a life that hung in the balance.

The story of Dr. McDowell's discovery of ovariotomy is one of the most thrilling in medical history. Physicians love to talk of it as an achievement which reflects glory on their profession.

On December 13, 1809, Dr. McDowell was sent for to visit Mrs. Crawford, living in Green county, sixty miles from Danville. Upon his arrival he found the woman's condition critical. He informed her of the operation he wished to perform, of its hazardous nature, and of the fact that the operation had never been attempted before. With Spartan-like courage she told him to proceed. Anaesthesia had not been discovered, and the only provision made was a cloth thrown over Mrs. Crawford's eyes to shut out the flashing of the instruments. While the doctor was performing the operation a crowd of infuriated men gathered in front of the house, muttering threats against the inhuman wretch who was "butchering a woman." The result of that operation has been to save the lives of more than 100,000 women.

In the college of physicians and surgeons a tablet inscribed with the words, "Haec mea ornamenta sunt," bears the names of Gorham Beales, William W. Calhoon, Henry W. Curtis, Horatio W. Gridley, Henry W. Porter, Lefray Ravenhill, John Snowden, Francis Bullock, Francis P. Calron, Enoch Green, Elihu T. Hedges, A. Judson Rand, David Seligman and Sydney B. Worth.

During the typhus pestilence of 1851, when death held high carnival in the hospital wards, those men died while ministering to the sick. It was known to be almost certain death to go into the wards, and yet as soon as one physician fell another stepped forward to fill his place.

John M. Rhinelander graduated from Columbia college in 1811, and from the college of Physicians and Surgeons in 1824. In 1832, while the cholera was raging in Canada, he was sent to investigate its nature and the method of its cure. He was in imminent danger of his life, but went without flinching. He returned, and was the means of saving many lives during the cholera plague in this city. At that time the city extended only to Prince street (Comboldt's garden), but 500 cases of cholera and 111 deaths were reported in one day. The heroism of New York practitioners at that time can never be chronicled. Every day saw sacrifices, and every hour saw the physicians going calmly to what seemed sure death.

Dr. Lefray Ravenhill, 26 years old, who had graduated from Columbia at the head of his class, was another victim of the typhus fever. He contracted it in Bellevue, which was then the almshouse hospital. Dr. Benjamin Dewitt, the vice president of the college of physicians and surgeons, to whose exertions the college owed a grant of $30,000 from the legislature, became the port physician. During the performance of his duties he contracted yellow fever and died, at the age of 45 years. Richard Bailey was another New York health officer who contracted a pestilential disease and died in the discharge of his duty.

It is related of Dr. James R. Wood that while driving to his home he saw a man who had been slashed and left bleeding on the sidewalk. He alighted hastily and performed a difficult surgical operation which was necessary to save the man's life, while the gathering crowd denounced him as a butcher. One man threatened to have him arrested. When he had finished the operation, he drew a card from his pocket and handed it to a bystander, saying that the police could find him readily. Then he got into his vehicle and drove home.

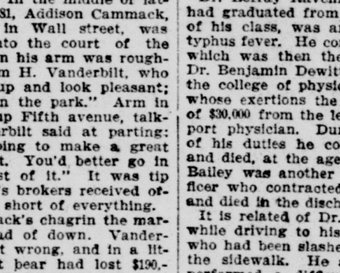
The achievement of Dr. Valentine Mott will go down in history. While performing an operation for the cure of anuerism he discovered that the trouble was nearer the heart than he had anticipated. He performed successfully the experiment of tying the large artery of the heart, considered by physicians one of the boldest efforts of surgery. Dr. Valentine Seaman, who introduced vaccination into New York city against strong prejudice and opposition, experimented on his son, notwithstanding the statements that had been made that the virus was a virulent poison.

African Town Looking Up.

The town of Buluwayo, South Africa, is certainly on the boom. At the recent sale of ninety-five town lots £32,815 was realized, or an average of £345 per lot, as against an average of £284 in August, 1895, and £163 in August, 1894. Suburban lots realized £400 each.

Detroit Journal.

"The womanly woman," remarked the observer of men and things, "is not given to taking the bull by the horns, for there is always the chance that the beast will turn out to be a cow."



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Every man feels a pride in whatever physical development he may possess. He knows that it makes other men envy and women admire him, and it gives him confidence in himself. Physical force is a grand thing, and it grows naturally from the animal electricity that is in the body. Most men waste this wonderful power by excesses and dissipation, but it can be restored by the electricity from

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All 75c Steins..... 52c
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Neat China Frame, gold decorations, 49c.

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Silver and Gold-Mounted Pipes, a good line to select from.

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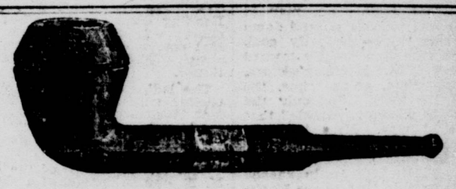

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