DR. FLEXNER'S SURGERY.

Transplantation of Section of Artery A Positive Result.

The interesting report by Dr. Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute, in his address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, on the transplantation of tissues and organs has called attention to the long line of experimental work that has been going on quietly for several years, and that is now beginning to yield extraordinary results. With characteristic conservatism and judgment, he confined his report chiefly to one positive result, the transplantation of a section or length of an artery or vein from the body of one animal to another. Two animals are prepared with scrupulous aseptic precautions, as for a human surgical operation. They are anaesthetized, and a section of an artery from two to four inches long is carefully lifted out of the body of each animal. Then the two sections are transposed, the piece of artery from animal No. 1 being placed in the gap made in the artery of animal No. 2, and vice versa. The wound is closed, the animal allowed to recover from the anaesthetic and treated and handled with the utmost care and skill, as if it were in a private room in a first-class surgical hospital until it has completely recovered from the wound. These experiments, of course, are intended only as a step toward achievements of the deepest human import.

It has long been known that an organ like the heart of a turtle, for instance, can be kept actively at work contracting or secreting, even when lifted entirely out of the body, so long as an abundant supply of blood or of salt solution is poured into its vein and out again through its artery, or vice versa, according to the organ. By connecting the great artery of the turtle's heart with its principal vein by means of a curved glass tube the heart can be made to pump its own blood round and round in its shortened circulation and kept beating for days. Therefore, if only some safe and effective means can be found of joining the cut ends of arteries and veins together in such a way that they will unite there is nothing to prevent the transference of an organ with its blood vessels from one body to another.

Partial success has already been accomplished in this extraordinary feat. The organ selected has been the kidney, on account of the readiness with which it can be removed from the body without injury or serious damage to other vital structures. In six or seven cases the kidney of a cat or a dog has been removed under anaesthesia from the body and grafted on to a pair of blood vessels of corresponding size in the body of another cat or dog. At a recent meeting of one of the New York scientific bodies, a month or so ago, there was shown a photograph of a cat which had then been living for three weeks with both kidneys of another cat substituted for its own.

The cat was standing on a table, reaching up to play with the hand of the nurse, who was patting it on the head. Its tail was curled, its back was arched, its expression was affable—we had almost said "smiling"—and it looked the picture of health and comfort. This cat lived three weeks and then died as the result of an accident. Another, which had had a similar transformation scene enacted in its interior, was still living and in perfect health four weeks after the transfer. Such success, partial as it is, does seem to suggest at least the possibility some day of human beings being not only able to give their blood for their country, but one of such of their vital organs as come in pairs for the lives of their loved ones.—Collier's Weekly.

He Rode the Chautauqua.

Down in Georgia the citizens of a thriving town of about 6000 people arranged for a Chautauqua assembly last summer. They held the meetings in a big tent about a mile from the town, and the attendance was large from the first day. An enterprising circus man heard of the large crowds and landed in the town on the second day of the Chautauqua with a steam merry-go-round, which he located about half way between the town and the Chautauqua grounds.

Along in the afternoon a young man from the country districts was accosted by a citizen of the town.

"Well, Ezry, I suppose you are in to the Chautauqua?"

"I shore am. Just come from thar now."

"How'd you like it?" asked the townsman.

"Fine ez a fiddle. I rode on the durnthing nine times."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Day of Rest.

The weekly day of rest has found its poet. Mr. Jouselin, the barber of the French senate, has decided to comply with the new law, only following his hair-dressing profession six days a week, but, being a poet, he will devote the Sunday to the making of verses. His rest will be a change of occupation.—Paris Gaulois.

Distribution of Wealth.

Wealth is very unequally distributed in this country. About 700,000 people die every year, and of these over 616,000 die leaving nothing, or next to nothing, behind them, while over 50,000 die leaving an average of only £200 each. Over 10,000 die with estates not exceeding £1,000, which leaves nearly all the accumulated wealth in the hands of about 21,000 people out of 700,000.—Lloyd's News.

Pity that regrets could not come before instead of after hasty action.

The Lucky Ones.

"Don't you believe, then," asked the plain citizen, "'that public office is a public trust?'"

"Sure!" replied the disgruntled officeseeker, "it is very like a trust. Some fellows seem to have a regular monopoly of it."—Philadelphia Press.

How Pigs Helped the Taxpayer.

Six months ago the Tendring Guardians decided to keep pigs and to feed them on the waste from the workhouse. At the meeting recently it was announced that the profit from the sale of the pigs amounted to £65.—London Standard.

Dentists ought to make good office seekers. They have the pull.

The Solace of Stamps.

A weeping widow ordered a coffin of a Chicago undertaker last week, but returned it in half an hour and countermanded the order. She had found a rival undertaker who gave premium stamps. Premium stamps with a dead husband buy just as much glassware and china as the premium stamps obtained in any other way.—Meriden Journal.

MISS SOPHIA KITTLESEN.

His Lucky Day.

Deputy County Clerk J. Robert Settle says Sunday is his lucky day. His little daughter was born on a Sunday and last Sunday a hen hatched sixteen chicks from sixteen eggs for him.—Fayette Democrat-Leader.

Opportunity for Safe Investment.

In order to raise sufficient capital to install $25,000.00 worth of gold mining machinery and to begin operation, will sell limited number of shares in valuable gold mines in Sehoria, Mexico, at 30c. per share. Have already expended $50,000.00 on this property with good results, and but for the recent financial stringency the mines would now be producing immense revenue, as the assays show great value. To conservative business men, who invest a reasonable amount, a voice in the management of the property will be given. Claim adjoining this property is at present producing over half a million in bullion annually. For fullest particulars, address G. LENOX CURTIS, 17 E. Forty-Fifth St., New York City.

WESLEY'S WIFE AND CHILDREN.

Two Sons Early in Life Showed Remarkable Musical Genius.

Charles Wesley's reputation has suffered not a little from the overshadowing predominance of his brother. There is no disputing, however, but that at one point he greatly surpassed both John Wesley and George Whitefield—he had a most happy wedded life. It was in the spring of 1748, when he was no longer young, that he first began seriously to entertain thoughts of marriage.

Miss Sarah Gwynne, a girl of 23, daughter of a pious family occupying a high position in Wales, attracted him by her many lovable qualities. Brother John heartily approved the match. There was trouble at first on the part of the bride's people over the question of a settled income, £100 a year being thought the smallest amount that would suffice. This was finally guaranteed from the profits of the books and Saturday, April 8, 1749, the wedding took place, John Wesley tying the knot.

It was an ideal Christian marriage, blessed with eight children, of whom three grew up, and two became very celebrated musicians. These two were Charles Wesley, Jr., and Samuel. Both showed remarkable musical genius from their earliest years.

Charles was a great favorite with George III., his private organist occasionally at Windsor, and very early created much excitement by his wonderful performance of Handel's works. He played a tune to the harpsicord at the age of two years and nine months. He was called by one of the highest authorities of the day "the greatest genius in music I met with." His death was in 1834.

Samuel (who died in 1837 leaving a numerous family) was recognized as the best organist of his day and was a gifted composer. At the age of 8 he wrote an oratorio called "Ruth" which was much admired. For several years he and his brother gave a series of famous concerts at their father's house. Among his sons were the Rev. Dr. Wesley, sub-dean of the Chapel Royal, and also Samuel Sebastian Wesley, organist of Gloucester Cathedral, and composer of many pieces, three of which are in our hymnal. The latter died in 1876.—Zion's Herald.

MORE FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

Fair American (hearing the dinner gong)—"Guess, pop, you'd better jump into a boiled shirt. There goes the hash hammer!"—Punch.