

MUTILATED MANKIND.

How Men Live with One Organ or One Member—Strange Malformations.

"You may be surprised," said a physician, "to know how many men enjoy the functions of but one organ and have the service of but one member where nature gave them two. The man with one leg, one arm, one eye, or one ear is familiar enough; at least 300,000 such unfortunate cases came out of the civil war, while the treacherous locomotive wheel, the incisive buzz-saw, and the premature blast go on from day to day, lopping off limbs and blowing away fragments of the human frame at the rate of many thousand a year. These dismemberments are borne by the victims and are visible to the world because of the failure of efforts to disguise them, although the cork leg and wooden hand afford some slight concealment. But there are thousands of men whose internal organs have been robbed of their parts without leaving the least exterior evidence. By that I mean so far as general observation goes, for, with the great advance of diagnostics, all faults of nature are revealed to the practiced eye."

"A large number of the organs of the body perform their duties in pairs, harmoniously rendering tribute to the economy of the system. It would seem that the loss of one would entail the destruction of the other and result in that impediment of the vital functions called death. Such a supposition is erroneous. I know of many cases where men are enjoying comparative health with only one lung. The other has disintegrated with disease and been borne away in the circulation or ejected in coughing. The cavity has been filled in by a collapse of the membranes and the accretion of adipose tissues and the subject lives. Hundreds of men live through declining years with but one kidney. Dissipation or exposure has induced the fatal Bright's disease or diabetes, and in its progress one of the assailed organs has passed away. Under such conditions health, or even comfort, cannot be enjoyed. It frequently occurs that men survive the paralysis or extraction of the upper lobe of the brain, which governs thought. Although the subject be utterly unconscious, the centers of the sensor and motor nerves, which hold the key to the mysterious essence called life, remain and he exists. He must, however, shortly die of inanition. The gastric functions for many people are performed by one lobe of the liver. I have known of a few instances where, in desperate cases of hernia, a patient has outlived for many weeks the removal of half the intestines. Countless persons are deaf in one ear. Any number have but one tonsil, while many have lost their sense of touch in members where the companion power of motion is preserved. The scriptural sage was certainly right when he said that we were fearfully and wonderfully made, and for all that the man with the solitary lung, the unique eye or the singular leg is as much a part of God's kingdom as we are.—*Chicago News*.

Harvest Months.

It is an interesting fact that wheat-growing has now become so widely extended over the surface of the earth that the moon never fails to find a ripe field to shine upon. When the growth of this grain was largely confined to one latitude the regular occurrence of the "harvest moon" was considered by some a special arrangement to lengthen the day for the hurried reapers. As now grain is falling somewhere every month of the year, many must have to get along without this helpful phenomenon. No doubt a statement of the continual harvesting, and the time when different countries accomplish their in-gathering, will be of general interest. We find the following in an exchange:

It is harvest in January for Australia, New Zealand, Chili and Argentine; February and March for East India and Upper Egypt; April for Lower Egypt, Syria, Cyprus, Persia, Asia Minor, India, Mexico and Cuba; May for Algeria, Central Asia, China, Japan, Morocco, Texas and Florida; June for Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, South of France, California, Oregon, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Kansas, Utah, Colorado and Missouri; July for Roumania, Bulgaria, Austro-Hungary, South of Russia, Germany, Switzerland, France, South of England, Nebraska, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, New York, New England and Upper Canada; August, Belgium, Holland, Great Britain, Denmark, Poland, Lower Canada, Columbia and Manitoba; September and October, Scotland, Sweden, Norway and North of Russia; November, Peru and South Africa; December, Burmah.—*Rural Press*.

Coffin Rock, Oregon.

About fifty miles above Astoria we passed the far-famed Coffin Rock, the indirect cause of the great Yakima war of 1856. It is a huge granite stone in the edge of the river, on the Washington side, and was used from time immemorial as a place of burial by the Indians. It rises about two hundred feet above the water, is several hundred feet in length, covered with a dense forest of pines and fir trees at its base, and on top is bare and broken with immense fissures. A single fir tree stands on its point like a solitary sentinel above the resting place of the Indian warrior. The Indians were accustomed years ago to bring their dead here for interment. The corpse was placed in the canoe used by the departed in life, and at his side his bows and arrows, his pipe and blankets, and

all he owned on earth, and then he was laid away in some cleft of the rock. Afterward the friends of the departed would return to bring supplies of dried salmon and other edibles which they imagined the dead needed in the hunting grounds of the Great Spirit. Finally, the sacrilegious pale-face, being in need of canoes for mundane purposes, found it more convenient to borrow those of the dead braves than to make his own, and acted accordingly, dumping the bones of the departed chiefs into the crevices of the rock, and wearing off their blankets. This, of course, incensed the read man, and finally brought on the Yakima massacre and subsequent war.—*Letter to San Francisco Chronicle*.

A Russian Princess.

Karoline Bauer tells the story of the Princess Natalie Kurakin. She was an imposing and captivating beauty, with the temper of a fiend, and became the most admired and feared woman at the court of the Emperor Alexander. Her husband idolized her, and, unfortunately, allowed her complete control over himself. To indulge her love for pleasure and luxury he went beyond his means, and then sold one estate after another. Once, when he handed her a little packet of banknotes he had won, as a sort of peace offering, Natalie seized them and threw them into the fire, to cure the General, as she said, of club gaming and late hours.

Another night, when she was adorned in full splendor for a court ball, the General kept her waiting. At last he came, greatly excited, with a red face and flashing eyes. She supposed the excitement was caused by wine and told him so in vehement words. "No, dear darling," he protested, "I had the most important business to attend to, concerning yourself and our Alexander. Look at these ruble notes—you will not throw them into the fire." "I will, though!" she exclaimed. And as she spoke she snatched the notes from his hands and threw them into the flames. He shrieked in despair and rushed forward to save them—to late! There was seen a bright blaze, and—"Natalie," he said in a hollow voice, "you have just destroyed our whole fortune—£60,000. I hope if I should not return alive from the Caucasus that you may never have a bitter repentance. To-day I received orders from the Emperor's own lips to join the army in the Caucasus to-morrow. In order to secure your and our child's future I to-day sold our last estate to the Crown, and everything now is ashes, ashes!" General Kurakin was killed in one of the first engagements in the Caucasus, and Natalie became the most heartless of widows.

"It is as harmless as it is effective," is what is said of Red Star Cough Cure by Dr. S. K. Cox, D. D., Analytic Chemist, Washington, D. C. Price, twenty-five cents.

An Expensive Revenge.

It seems that hatred, as well as love, can sometimes overcome the instinct of self-preservation. A year ago Squire Palm, of Gumbinnen, in Eastern Prussia, was drowned during a boat excursion, and a young man who had tried in vain to save him soon after married his widow. But the lady's second marriage now threatens to end more tragically than the first. There were family squalls and family storms, culminating in mutual criminations, in which the vixen tongue of the woman must have aggravated her opponent to an unbearable degree, for a month ago he purchased the sweets of revenge by the remarkable confession that Palm's wife had aided him in fuddling and drowning her first husband. Palm's successor knows the probable result of his confession, but declares that he can not forgive his wife, and prefers to go under for the pleasure of dragging her along.—*Prof. Oswald*.

Where John Cabot Probably Landed.

Historians and scholars cannot agree as to whether to Christopher Columbus or to John Cabot belongs the honor of the discovery of the American continent. Many believe and assert that it belongs to the latter. The exhaustive researches recently made by Prof. Horsford would seem to show that Cabot first landed, not, as has been supposed, at some point on the coast of Maine, but at Salem Neck, on the coast of Massachusetts, and, proceeding southward, entered what is now Boston Harbor, and thence up Charles River, building a fort on its banks. It is probable, then, that John Cabot and his crew were the first white men who ever looked upon the pleasant shores of what is now South Boston. That it had been a favorite spot with the Indian tribes is attested by the discoveries made in digging for the foundations of buildings in later years.—*Boston Globe*.

A YOUNG Athenian maiden walked in the procession at the festivals of Demeter, Bacchus and Athena, carrying a flat basket on her head, in which were deposited the sacred coke, chaplet, frankincense and knife to slay the victim.

When We Demoralize the Stomach By excesses or imprudence in eating, we cannot hope to escape the consequences for any great length of time. The most robust digestion must succumb to abuses of that important function. But supposing that we have been foolish enough to enfeeble the stomach, is the damage irreparable? By no means. The dyspeptic has only to do two things to insure his ultimate recovery. First, he should adopt an easily digestible diet. Second, he should use with regularity and persistence Hostetter's Stomach Bitter, the leading gastric invigorant of the age. The multi-form symptoms of dyspepsia, and the almost invariably attendant disorders, biliousness and constipation, will assuredly cease to persecute the sufferer if the above advice is attended to. Who that has suffered the torments that chronic indigestion inflicts will neglect to take advantage of a remedy which, if the most positive evidence of the medical profession and the public is to be received with due credence, is an absolute specific for the complaint.

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Bears in Maine.

There are several bear cubs in various stores about town, caged up in little dens, and they are a great advertisement for their owners. A bear cub is probably the drollest young animal alive. They play all sorts of funny antics, and attract more custom than a lottery. I know of a restaurant which numbers a pet cub among its attractions, and that bear is a bonanza to the bar. It has learned to drink beer, eat pie, and play with the customer's dogs. Once in a while it escapes and gets up the street a little way, and seems quite sad at being recaptured. A pair of these playful little fellows have just been sold to the United States Soldiers' Home at Togus for only \$30.

The Maine bear is the genuine black—the sheep, lamb, and calf eater. He never bothers a man unless provoked to fight, and then he is an ugly customer to meet. They are pretty well thinned out in the western part of the State, but I have often met them within twenty miles of Bangor. They are the terror of farmers, but the delight of sportsmen, and, while many a flock of nice sheep are eaten up, it is an uncommon sight to see a nice 300 or 400 pounder hung up alongside of beef and mutton in the Bangor market shops.—*New York Sun*.

The virtues of St. Jacobs Oil, as proclaimed by millions of restored sufferers, should induce everyone to supply his household with this great specific. It conquers pain.

Seed Vitality.

The limit of life in the embryo of seeds has long been a subject of experiment and discussion. In a late lecture, Prof. Bentley, an English botanist, stated that it is perfectly true that oats and other cereals have been raised from seed found in a mummy's coffin, but that it appears to be equally certain that the grains were placed in the ancient coffin by some means only a short time before the exhumation of the body. Not many seeds germinate under ordinary circumstances after the third year, and very few indeed after the fourth. Peas and beans are very tenacious of life. The lotus has been known to grow after a hundred years, but there is scarcely another instance of such survival of vitality.

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell."

It has often been wondered at, the bad odor this oft-quoted doctor was in. "Twas probably because he, being one of the old-school doctors, made up pills as large as bullets, which nothing but an ostrich could bolt without nausea. Hence the dislike. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated and no larger than bird-shot, and are quick to do their work. For all derangements of the liver, bowels, and stomach they are.

"I'm stuck on you," as the man said who fell off a haystack and impaled himself on a pitchfork handle.—*St. Paul Herald*.

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