

Wonderful Operation.

A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG'S HAIR TRANSPLANTED TO A HUMAN HEAD.

A young and wealthy New Yorker, who has been badly afflicted with baldness, will soon go back into society with a head of early hair, which was procured for him by transplantation from a dog, writes a New York correspondent to the Cincinnati Enquirer.

His case is one of the most remarkable surgical operations ever known in this city and perhaps in the world. The young man is the private patient of the consulting surgeon of St. Elizabeth Hospital. He is the son of a well known and successful merchant, and lives in an elegant mansion on Fifth avenue.

The man was graduated from Columbia College about two years ago, and was sent to the University at Heidelberg to complete his education. It was there he met with a painful accident. He had taken a special course in chemistry, and spent much of his time in the laboratory in the capacity of teacher's assistant.

One evening, while alone, he was overcome by a fit of sulphuric acid, and before he could get to the open air fell unconscious. As he rolled over his head entered an open fire place, where there was a large log burning, and his hair caught on fire.

His hair was found shortly afterwards. His hair was in a frightful condition. The flesh running from the forehead to the shoulders in the back of the neck was roasted. When he was lifted from the floor portions of the scalp fell off, exposing the bone.

His face was not much injured, save for about an inch on the forehead, which was taken to his room, and there he began the battle for his life. It was feared that the brain had been affected, as he remained in a comatose condition. There was a watery deposit in the lungs, but it could not be determined whether this was due to the action of the vapor of the acid or the flames from the fire.

The skin symptoms became more rapidly, and all hope was given up of saving his life. The best physicians in Germany were called to attend him, and everything was done that was known in medical science. Nearly all the flesh sloughed off. Suddenly the skull sloughed off a pig could be heard a long distance, and quick as thought he set one of his men to pinching the pig's tail with a pair of nippers.

The pig in response to each pinch, bleated forth a most blood-curdling shriek, which traveled far out into the open air. The steamboat came nearer and nearer very slowly. Its captain, faintly discerning the outlines of a schooner through the fog, and thinking it was his nephew's vessel, shouted in a deep guttural voice, "Chris, is that you?" "Yes," replied Capt. Crosby. "Well, I am glad of that," growled the uncle. "I thought I was running ashore and into a hog-yard."

A Hog as a Life Preserver.

The yarns of sea captains are not always trustworthy, but this story is vouched for, and furthermore we know the captain.

The shipper, whose name is Christopher Crosby, was a young man, was running a small schooner between Boston and St. John, N. B. An uncle of Young Capt. Crosby was running at the same time one of the large side-wheel passenger boats plying between Portland and St. John.

Most of our readers are no doubt aware that it is customary during a fog to blow a tin horn on board of sailing vessels in order to prevent collisions, and the sailors, as they say, take turns in "playing on the mouth-organ."

One morning in the early part of spring, the vessel was in the greatest amount of fog along our north Atlantic coast. Capt. Crosby's vessel was running on the southward course from St. John, about in the track of his uncle's steamer, which had left Portland that morning, and was liable to come along at any moment. During the night only the sailors laid the "mouth organ" down on the rail of the schooner and it rolled overboard.

When the captain came on deck the morning he found his vessel in a dense fog, and no horn on board. For a moment he was puzzled, not knowing where the vessel was, and not knowing what to do. He recovered himself, however, and he was able to get a positive noise and a possible death.

Pounding on the anchor made a noise much better than a horn, but it could be heard only a short distance and was not at all satisfactory. It so happened that among the vessel's stores the captain had a live pig, which he allowed to run around on deck.

Presently the wind in the schooner heard in the distance, beating against the water, the wheels of a steamer, which seemed to be running directly for their little vessel. They all screamed at the top of their voices, for in five minutes they expected to be struggling in the water.

Suddenly it occurred to the captain that the shrill squeal of a pig could be heard a long distance, and quick as thought he set one of his men to pinching the pig's tail with a pair of nippers. The pig in response to each pinch, bleated forth a most blood-curdling shriek, which traveled far out into the open air.

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Morgan's Great Leap.

THE FOOLHARDY FEAT OF AN ADVENTURER ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD.

At Palmyra the banks of Kinchafoone creek are high and precipitous. The highest bluff, a rock rocky promontory that hangs over a deep and narrow stream, looms up far above the boatman, beyond the reach of the longest pole, as he glides through its shadow. This rocky bank rises to a perpendicular height of about thirty feet, and is known as Morgan's bluff.

In 1839 General Henry Morgan, our fellow-townsmen, then the village schoolmaster of classic Palmyra, was discussing the death of Sam Patch, occasioned by his last fearful leap. The young pedagogues continued, in the greatest amount of opposition, that the leap attempted was of ease and safe accomplishment by one of cool head and experience. He stated that he, himself, had leaped over fifty feet into the river of his Northern home. The crowd was incredulous, and the pluck and desire of the schoolmaster were thoroughly aroused by their jests at his expense, and he showed his spirit by proposing to jump into the Kinchafoone from the highest point that could be found on its steep banks.

The party selected the point at which the leap was to be made. The spring pointed day, a quiet crowd collected to witness the feat. At the creek men would look down from the dizzy height to the seething waters below, and many joined in the attempt to dissuade the "foolhardy teacher" from the rash attempt, but to no purpose. The leap was made, both feet foremost, with perfect safety and apparent pleasure.

Ever afterwards the bluff has been called Morgan's bluff, and many times afterward the young schoolmaster, in the presence of the school-room had been discharged for the afternoon, would repair to the bluff and indulge the pleasure of a bath in the cool, clear water of the picturesque Kinchafoone.

To this day no one has ever been known to jump from Morgan's bluff except General Henry Morgan.—Allbany (Ga.) News.

How the Indian Writes English. Sentence building and descriptive writing from pictures form part of the daily school work of each pupil in the Industrial School, and the following interesting attempts to form straight English sentences were the result of a recent exercise: "I see unit tree."

"Put your hand on the neck of the animal walking round in the field." "The elephant is a clumsy." "I know the earth is round because if you go a long time you will come back to the place where you started like an apple walking round."

Describing one of the Indian boys in public debate who grew very earnest in his determination was to say "Near come out his eyes he talk so loud." "I am study hard this time. I am study the book of bones. I must try hard this time about the bones."

A Remarkable Trip.

(New York Times, June 23, 1897.)

Hon. Wolfe Rehill, of Chicago, looking for all the world like a professional band-box, was stumbled over last night at the Windsor Hotel, where he was engaged in searching the tape line for the last quotation for July wheat. The set of Mr. Rehill's claw-hammer coat was faultless; his shirt bosom, from the center of which a few rays of light and forth moonlike rays, was immaculate and unrumpled; while his trousers, marked by that latest freak of gentlemanly folly, the Prince of Wales crease, fitted him in a way that on once filled with envy all the heavy swells of the Chicago "great deal."

"It beats the world," Mr. Rehill remarked, looking up from the paper ribbon that he held between his thumb and fore-finger, "it is the greatest accomplishment of the century."

"Nonsense!" he returned, dropping the line, and thrusting both hands into his trousers pockets. "The Chicago wheat deal is an old story. The same thing has been done over and over again for years. I am speaking of the train on which I left Chicago yesterday, and on which I came into Jersey City to-night—one of the new Vestibule Trains that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just put on between the two cities. It's the novelty of the thing that interests me."

"You're right," I said, "but you will tell me about it and you yourself will have to hunt for terms sufficiently glowing to describe it. I came back to Chicago yesterday afternoon after a business trip west as far as Omaha. I was lousy, dirty, and weary, and I longed for nothing so much as a bath and a good sound sleep. I got into the car of the rumble and rattle of the flying cinders, the cramped sitting posture, the dust over everything, the railroad lunch-rooms, and the railroad sandwiches. I made up my mind that I would settle down in Chicago and never stir out again until I had to. Well, what do you suppose happened? When at four o'clock I rushed into my office in State street and dropped into my chair, there among the letters on my desk before me I found an invitation to a friend's party in New York. Time: to-night, 7:30 o'clock. I had to go. Stars. Much as I despised railroad traveling I would have gone double the distance to have seen that man married. In days gone by we were were Damon and Pythias. I stated the case to my partner, and growled like a dog at the prospect. I had not come home a day earlier."

"Well," said my partner, after a moment's hesitation, "if you'd stop growling and hustle about a little you might get there yet."

"Man alive!" I exclaimed, "you're crazy. The Pennsylvania Railroad's New York and Chicago Limited, which makes a round trip in less than an hour, and does not arrive in New York until seven o'clock to-morrow night. The wedding takes place in a church somewhere up Madison avenue. Now, how in the name of Heaven could I get shaved, put on a dinner jacket, and ride to the church in half an hour?"

"You're behind the century," said Tom. "Tom's my partner, you know. 'Trust this matter to me, and I'll have you here before the organist strikes up the wedding march, or you can call on me for ten thousand bushels of July wheat at 110 cents."

"Well, I just put myself trustfully into his hands. The first thing he did was to start a messenger off to my house with my satchel, and instructions to put in my dress clothes and two changes of underwear, and to be at the Union Station by five o'clock sharp. The next thing he did was to secure for me on the Pennsylvania's Vestibule Train for that afternoon, and it was only by luck that he got it. Everything, I believe, had been engaged for days ahead, but somebody, who couldn't go, brought back his ticket, and so I was saved. At five o'clock, as usual, dirty, and weary, I climbed into the vestibule car, and it has ever been my good fortune to ride in it. I found that the section of which I was the lucky possessor for the trip, was a little deliciously upholstered drawing-room, with cushions and hangings of a tint that I think I have seen described somewhere as crushed straw. The fittings were of the most elegant and the ceiling was decorated in silver. There were silvered lighting arrangements too. No gas brackets, my friend, for the whole train is illuminated by electricity. Well, I found that there was a toilet-room connected with that section of the train, and with the section, could be cut off from the rest of the train, and so if I wanted privacy I could have all I wanted. I did want it, because I had a number of letters with me that I had found at the office and that I had no time to read, and I had to start writing to myself in for a while with my letter after washing my face and hands, and getting the porter to give me a thorough brushing.

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