

# A DREADFUL DISEASE

## INFORMATION OF VALUE TO EVERYBODY ABOUT APPENDICITIS.

**A Dangerous Superstition—Popular Errors in the Subject—How to Recognize the Danger Signs—Between the Appendix and the Stomach It is Next to Be Feared.**

There is a popular and false notion that appendicitis is caused by a grape seed, an orange seed or some other foreign substance getting into the vermiform appendix. The true cause is the setting up of inflammation and consequent gangrene in the tissue of the appendix, usually due to insufficient circulation of blood in the part itself. In thousands of operations which have taken place—many in time to save the life of the patient and many too late—there is not one instance in a hundred of a foreign substance, such as a seed, being found in the appendix. This will be more fully explained when one has in mind that the interior of the appendix is only big enough to admit a medium sized drinking needle. Its great liability to disease is due entirely to its low order of vital resistance—that is, it is an organ which has to have an actual use in the normal machinery of man, but in the normal stages of man's development it is believed to have been a large pouch that played an important part in the digestive operations of the human system. By age of disease it has gradually shrunk to its present dimensions and its function as a vestigial organ, which is only a remnant of its former self and possessing but a vestige of its original function.

This becomes more clear if you other parts of the body which now seem to have no use are considered. The tonsils are in this class and still more rarely have any use. The appendix, however, has been recently, has caused the surgeon to be extremely careful to locate the trouble before using the knife.

But science never stands still. It always pushes its investigations beyond mere appearances, and out of the mysterious nature develops facts which give us new and better methods of treatment. In this case, the discovery of the vermiform appendix as a vestigial organ has led to a more correct diagnosis of the disease, and to a more successful treatment.

The symptoms are so plain and unmistakable that every physician of today can tell you what he knows for himself. First—the attack is always sudden. It begins on the stomach and is accompanied by a feeling of fullness and without the slightest warning.

Second—A sharp pain is felt in the very center of the abdomen. This is always on the right side, and is usually on the right side or just below the right side of the stomach.

Third—A new and tender spot, very sensitive to the touch, is located exactly where the location must be made to find the appendix.

Fourth—the three plain symptoms which have been given in thousands of cases with exactly a variation.

Fifth—it is that many sudden deaths occur to persons in robust health. They seem to have a colic or a vertigo, when the truth is that a terrible and sudden little organ, the appendix, has met with some kind of an accident and clogs the whole machine.

Appendicitis usually comes between the ages of 10 and 30 years. It is extremely rare above or below those ages. It is much more frequent among males than females, the proportion in all countries being 90 per cent females to 10 per cent males.

The cause for this difference is of very recent discovery, and is not even generally known among the medical profession. Dr. Clado, a French surgeon and investigator, sought an explanation of the comparative immunity of the female sex from the malady, and discovered that the appendix in woman has an extra blood vessel that does not exist in man. This discovery was hailed with delight by the surgical world. It was not only a bit of new knowledge of infinite value, but was an additional proof of the theory that the collapse of the appendix is always due to its want of vital resistance.—New York Journal.

**Cold Cures.**

A plan is being recommended by French physicians to cure colds by applying ice to the spine. Indeed, now the curative value of cold is being highly spoken of, and the inflammatory sore throat which used to be treated by poultices and warmth is now said to be easily and quickly cured by packing ice and keeping the patient in a low temperature.

**Dialy.**

"Your daughter has had a great many adventures!"

"Oh, yes! She puts nearly all her window curtains on the fire with her old engagement rings!"—Chips

## WHO KNOWS?

As when the yellow autumn days are here,  
Each tree and shrub, and bush and vine,  
Put forth new buds whose buds have the winter  
year  
Has not the power into full leaf to bring—  
So we who may have lived in youth and joy,  
Chill blooded, feeble huddled and bent and  
grey?  
Put forth, white painted, each his bud of hope  
That we may come again to youth and joy.  
And hark! The robin sings, the stream  
boils off the frosty rivers it has won.  
The buds, awaiting from their frighting dream,  
Droop the while in a young dawn  
And probably they'll get a good  
No spring may come again to us. Who knows?  
—J. L. Weston in "The Quelling Bee."

## THE PAPER'S VALEDICTORY.

**A "Forward" Issue That Read Like an Oracle to Survivors.**

Several years ago I was the Omaha Republican's correspondent in Lincoln, Neb., the state capital, when the paper had changed hands. The new proprietor had a policy in two words, "Reduce salaries!" In a few months he was himself reduced to the point where he couldn't pay any salary. He asked me to come to Omaha and take the editorship at the salary I was receiving as a reporter. He would cut my salary in two if I remained in Lincoln. I accepted reluctantly. It was only a question of a few weeks when the paper would have to suspend, and there was little hope or profit in guiding the wreck.

For three weeks we managed to get along somehow, and then the proprietor went into retirement. The Republican had the Associated Press franchise and had a good circulation, and I had about \$8,000 paid subscribers. I had tried to get somebody to buy it, and in the hope that somebody would, we continued to get the paper out. At last the printers announced that they would not work any longer. I prevailed upon them to work the next day, and they agreed to do so, but on one condition, that I should get out of town in a hurry. It was a unique specimen. For weeks Mr. Roosevelt, the proprietor of The Bee, and Mr. Hitchcock, the proprietor of The World-Herald, had been waiting for the Republican's demise with eager expectation. They knew we had been endeavoring to sell the paper to outside parties, and I determined to give them a scare.

In an editorial recounting the vicissitudes through which the Republican had passed I said that at last the paper's troubles had come to an end, and they had. For some weeks, the editorial went on to say, the future of the Republican had been problematic, but now the business was over. We knew exactly what was in store for the paper, and we did. For our contemporaries there might be rivalries and annoyances, but for the Republican all that was past, and it was.

I learned afterward that there was consternation in The Bee and World-Herald offices the next day and that it was not until the second night, when everybody knew the old Republican had gone under, that our contemporaries were reassured.—New York Mail and Express.

**Simple Remedies.**

For a cold in the face apply to the nose a piece of cotton wet with a mixture of lavender and camphor, using two parts lavender to one part camphor.

For threatened inflammation of the stomach take half a loaf of stale bread, wet with hot water, and sprinkle thickly with ground ginger. Apply to the stomach while waiting for the doctor's visit.

**For a cold on the chest there is no better specific for most persons than well boiled or roasted onions, both for a cough and for the clogging of the bronchial tubes, which is usually the cause of the cough. If taken freely at the onset of a cold, they will break up even a serious attack.**

How to breathe.—All children should be taught to breathe through the nose and to keep the mouth tightly closed. Many disease germs enter through the mouth, while, if the mouth is kept closed, the air becomes purified while passing through the long, moist passage and tempered for the lungs.—Philadelphia Record.

**Wife of the Colonel.**

William E. Curtis, the newspaper correspondent, tells the following story of a Washington colonel's wife. "The wife of a noted officer in this city, whose husband has just returned from a long tour, is lying up her home here and said her late arrival to a colored woman to be 'done up.' The 'washday' returned them on the day agreed upon, but apologized because they were so 'sloppy' and offered to do them over again if she were allowed a few days more. 'I had 'em jus' as stiff as my own hide, honey,' she remarked to the naval officer's wife, 'but my husband's slice by his first wife did jus' at the time I got 'em ironed, and nuthin''ll take the starch out of things so much as a corpse in a house.' Another trial was given her.

**A Wonderful Mathematician.**

Zerah Colburn, born in 1804, was the most remarkable natural mathematician every known. He was able to raise 8 to the sixteenth power, this comprising 18 figures, and was right in every particular. Once he was requested to name the factors which produced the number 447,458 and immediately gave the correct answer. He was asked the square root of 106,929, and before the figures could be written down he gave the answer.

## SUBMARINE CABLES.

The difficulties encountered in laying transatlantic cables are now being met by length and at comparatively small cost, great difficulties are still encountered in sending messages at a commercially profitable speed, and these difficulties increase with the length of the line. In long cables there is a troublesome retardation of the electric current, due to the fact that the insulating cover of the copper strands becomes itself electrified, and this surface charge delays messages by preventing the current at the beginning of any signal from rising rapidly to its maximum and again from rapidly dying out. The consequence of this is that while from 400 to 500 words a minute can be sent on an Atlantic cable in maximum speed of 32 words a minute. Before the "siphon recorder" and Lord Kelvin's "curb sender" were invented, the maximum speed was eight or ten words per minute. Curious! enough, the most perfect of the siphon recorder, and slight leaks in the cable's insulation may do the greater part of this retardation, and slight leaks in the time the line's working capacity. The corrosive action of the salt water is active at such points, however, and will soon cause a break in the cable.

Professor Silvanus P. Thompson of the Royal Society of England has invented a system of construction by which he expects not only to increase the capacity of the present lines, but to make practicable the covering of the 3,600 miles which separate Hawaii from North America. His plan is to make a cable with two separate conductors in closed in the same armor, so as to form a complete circuit, and every 150 miles will introduce stretches of cable with three such conductors, the third being a wire of high resistance, the purpose of which is to act as a sort of artificial and protected lead. One end of this third wire will be connected with the positive conductor and the other with the negative one. By this device the static charge on one wire will neutralize that on the other, and all retardation will be avoided. The expectation is to multiply four or five times the number of words now sent over Atlantic cables, to increase to 70 or 80 the 12 words per minute that could be sent over a single cable to Hawaii, and to raise from 10 to 15 the words sent from London to Cape Town.—New York Times.

## NO BLOOD SPILLED.

But the deal was fought, and everybody was satisfied.

Every one who knows anything about Major Winston knows that he is without a spark of physical cowardice. That is the reason that he incurred no risk in telling the story that follows:

"Right after the war I went to Texas and formed a business partnership with a rough but brave and big bodied man. We found and stocked an abandoned ranch, hired our cowboys and established a little community of our own. My partner superintended affairs at the ranch while I did the dealing, the purchase of supplies included. This took me to the nearest market, and as it was too soon for the prejudices between the two great sections of the country to be entirely allayed, I was very careful to take up no business.

"But one day in the hotel an ex-colonel had taken on extra steam at the bar so persistently attacked my political principles and so clearly aimed his generalities at me that I retired angrily. This was what he wanted. He needed me, his card, and with me had an hour and a half to wait on me, pursuant to the code of laws. To gain time I referred them to my partner and hurried back to the ranch. He was delighted at the prospect. It would be a great piece of advertising to bowl the colonel over, and at the same time it would leave me again in a favorable position for the future. But by principle and conscience I was not nervously committed against the deal.

"It was difficult for me to make my partner comprehend my such moral bias, especially as we had fought of cattle thieves together, and he knew that I had nerve and was a dead shot. He himself, when accepted, was recognized as one of the most dangerous men in the southwest. His ultimatum was that we must meet, but with it was a positive assurance that no one should be hurt. The affair came off, and after three exchanges honor was satisfied without a drop of blood. My partner had simply told the colonel's account that they met with blank cartridges in the fight with him. He hastened to choose the blank alternative, and in time the colonel and I became fast friends. He confidentially admitted to me afterward that he reckoned he'd lost his shooting eye, and must keep out of trouble."—Detroit Free Press.

**Realism in Literature.**

"The movement for realism in literature has given to the best current fiction a verity and value as a reflection of the times that the novels of no other era possess," writes Druce in The Ladies Home Journal. "This is not saying, by any means, that our novelists are greater than any of previous epochs. But never before could a reader of fiction accumulate a vivid, true and varied picture of so many sides of human nature, so many conditions of actual life. It therefore broadens the way that the tedious reader in a way that books of travel never did. It ought to be often done to broaden the sympathies of the reader so that the prejudices of class and nationality are broken down, and there is a more charitable judgment of human nature which can't help being 'different.'"

**Why His Hat Stuck.**

Tommy (inquiringly)—Mamma, is this hair oil in this bottle?

Mamma—No, that's glue.

Tommy (sullenly)—Then I suspect that's why I can't get my hat off.

Chicago Record.

## CREDO.

Beyond the curtains of the grave  
That shall befall us none may know  
Save this: A nasty death and hours,  
True to a friend, fair to a foe,  
Think, passing, leaves a record clear,  
May face the world without a fear.

And not by beauty, hot blooded;  
By slight life, not hot blooded;  
By grace and worth, not garb or creed—  
The honest man, who's so he be,  
Is never of beauty's wiles and leeches  
Beyond the grave, if heaven be there.  
—J. L. Weston in "The Quelling Bee."

## WARNED OF DANGER.

Apparition That Saved a Woman From Being Struck by a Cobweb.

The following remarkable occurrence, an absolute fact, was related by a lady visiting friends in Hartford as it was told her by her cousin in Meirat, northern India. It took place in the house of the sister of the narrator. Of its absolute accuracy there can be no question. The two sisters in India are connected with families of repute and with officers in the British army in India. She is a devout member of the Episcopal church and is incapable of misrepresenting in the slightest particular.

Her cousin, in whose house the occurrence took place, was seated at a lighted table engaged in reading, when, thinking it about time to retire, and happening to lift her eyes from the book, she was astonished to see seated in a chair before her, and between herself and the door to the bathroom, a man, a stranger to her, who calmly regarded her. It was too great a surprise for her to speak and demand who was thus intruding unbidden upon her privacy and what was his errand. She remained for a moment in silent amazement.

Then it gradually dawned upon her that the figure was probably not that of a person of real flesh and blood, but a visitor from the unseen world of life. She remembered having once, as a child, seen a similar figure, under circumstances which seemed to preclude the idea that it was any person still in the body, and in later years, in reviewing those circumstances, she had remembered how the apparition had after a little while faded away into invisibility. Concluding that this new visitor also was not a person of flesh and blood, she sat silently gazing at the silent object, while the stranger, whoever or whatever he was, sat in silence, steadily regarding her. Just how long this state of things lasted she did not accurately know, but it was probably very long, when the mysterious stranger began to vanish into a thinner and thinner form, and in a moment of personal presence, and in a moment or two he had vanished quite away.

It was the lady's hour for her evening bath, but she thought she would first let her two pet dogs from their confinement in another room. They came barking furiously and running directly toward the bath room. There, through the open door, the lady was horrified to see the dog which she was certain and sure she had just seen, springing forward to save her dogs, the quickly shut the door, but not so instantaneously as to prevent her seeing the reptile turning and escaping down through a hole in the floor where the drain pipes of bath and sink were, and which she had been very carefully left unguarded, and which she had never seen directly to the bathroom, as she would have done but for the intervention of her mysterious visitor, her life would undoubtedly have been sacrificed in the act.—Hartford Times.

**The Sketch Club.**

The work of the Sketch club, a distinctive display in the recent exhibit at the Pittsburg School of Design, attracted its own share of attention. The work was divided into two parts, the sketching and the drawing. The sketching was the work done by the club and is entirely independent of the club work done in the school. The club meets each Friday afternoon during the winter in one of the studios of the school and is composed of the members of the club whose efforts during the summer the club enjoys recognition in the suburbs of the city and makes studies of landscapes and outdoor life. For the indoor sketching each member pledges herself to sit once as a model for the club. The club has been in existence for several years. The present officers are Mrs. Annie R. Mahood, president; Mrs. Mynia G. Robinson, secretary; and Miss Jenny Jenkins, treasurer. Each year the quality of the work grows in importance, while as an incentive to industry the worth of the club is fully established.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Water and the Indian Chief.**

The Prince of Wales receives many peculiar, humorous and pathetic letters of appeal. One of the oldest of these appeals came from the Wabigoon Lake Indian reserve, in Canada, some years ago, when, the regulations being less strict than now, a party of white men, experts in the art of trapping, were poaching upon the preserves of the Indians.

The red manresented this, and the chief dispatched the following cable message:  
To the Prince of Wales, London, England:  
White men cutting timber on Eagle Mountain, you kindly carry and settle matter! This was given to us. Please advise.  
Kas Kewasak, Chief.  
Wabigoon Lake.

There is no record of the prince's reply to this simple appeal by the red men to their future sovereign.—Pearson's Weekly.

The parish church of Grove, on the borders of Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire, but situated in the latter county, is said to be the smallest and most curious church in England. The parish contains under 30 inhabitants, and the church is comfortably sat a few more than that number.

The first submarine telegraph wire was laid in 1850 from England to France. Two years later Scotland and Iceland were connected.

## THE WHITE HOUSE.

### ARRANGEMENT OF THE OFFICIAL QUARTERS OF THE EXECUTIVE.

Views From the Windows of the East Room—The "Hall of the Disappointed," Telephone Is Almost the Only Modern Improvement in the Building.

Mr. C. C. Buel writes a paper for The Century as "Our Fellow Citizen of the White House," devoted to the official cares and duties of the president, in the course of which he says:

At 10 o'clock a hardly discernible sign against the glass of the barrier announces to the citizen who has arrived under the grand portal that the executive mansion is "open" to visitors. At 3 o'clock the sign is changed to "closed" to everybody. Within, the large vestibule nothing is seen which indicates the arrangement and purposes of the different parts of the mansion. It was not always so, for originally the now concealed corridor, or middle hall, with the staircase on the right, was a part of the entrance hall. Now the spaces between the middle columns are closed with colored glass partitions, and the vestibule is simply a large, square room pleasant to get out of.

No way appears to open to the state apartments in the center or to the west wing, which is devoted to the private apartments. Yet glass doors are there, though as imperceptible to the stranger as a swinging panel. To the left there is a door which is always open. It admits to a small hall, across which a similar door is the side entrance to the great east room. About this splendid room, comprising the whole east end of the mansion, the visitor may wander at will before the portraits or enjoy from the windows the beauty of the treasury building to the east or the impressive landscape to the south, including the towering shaft of the Washington monument and beyond the ever charming Potomac, spreading with enlarging curves toward Mount Vernon, and in the private garden under the windows he may chance to see a merry band of little ones.

From the small hall between the vestibule and the east room a stairway ascends toward the medial line of the building to a wide middle hall, on each side of which are the offices of the president. The arrangement is simple, and in the floor plan covers the space occupied by the east rooms and the green room, the latter being the counterpart of the small hall with the public stairway just mentioned. At the head of these stairs, over the green room, is the cabinet room, which is the first apartment in the south side of the hall, a job of two steps, at the private door into the president's room, marking the end of the official offices of the president. During his first term Mr. Cleveland preserved the same arrangement. But General Harrison went back to the office hallowed by Lincoln's occupancy, and Mr. Cleveland, on his return, found the arrangement so satisfactory that he continued it.

Beyond the president's large, square office is the corner room where Private Secretary Thurber is always either wrestling with the details of executive business or standing with his shoulder braced against the crowd struggling to see the president. It is a narrow apartment and might be called appropriately the "hall of the disappointed," the name being emphasized by certain of the greatest presidential aspirants, Clay and Webster, to which Mr. Thurber added, as his private property, an engraving of the closest contestant for the office, Governor Tilden.

On the north side of the hall there are two rooms which correspond to them on the south side just described, the small one being occupied by Mr. O. L. Prudden, the assistant secretary since General Grant's time and the custodian of the office books as well as of the traditional routine of the executive mansion. In his room sit the telegraph, which at his instrument, and by the window is a telephone, which serves a great amount of messenger service between the president and the departments. Occasionally a congressman, with less courtesy than discretion, attempts to get an appointment with the ear of the president over the telephone, and there is a record of a stage catastrophe produced in the private secretary's room by a furious congressman who found the telephone ineffective and his Olympian style even less so. Notwithstanding that it is almost the sole modern improvement in the White House, President Cleveland has seen at the telephone but once, and then, needless to say, not on call.

**Society In Society.**

A worldly father, after the style of Lord Chesterfield, was giving good advice to his son, who was about to make his entrance into society.

"And, above all, avoid flirtations; but, if you must flirt or fall in love, sir, be sure it is with a pretty woman. It is always safer."

"Why?" asked the young man.

"Because some other fellow will be sure to be attracted and cut you out before any harm has been done."—London Telegraph.

Arcturus is not less than 70 and is probably more than 100 light years distant from us. This star certainly surpasses the sun in volume many thousand times.

The British government still employs foreign mercenaries in its army. The Gurkhas, fine soldiers of Nepal, are employed in British India.

## SHE'S WELL EDUCATED.

**A Woman Who Has Learned Thoroughly to Read.**

The wonderful development of certain faculties in the case of persons who have lost the use of some of their natural functions, or of others whose faculties have not been fully developed, has long been a matter of remark, but it is not alone the outside observers who appreciate the provisions of nature for the benefit of the unfortunate. The sufferer themselves often appreciate this fully, and in some instances, after years, grow to depend so much upon their acquired faculties as to be afraid of a change, even if they have the chance of one.

As illustration of this is given by a woman in Brooklyn who never has learned to read or write. In no way could she discover this except by her own admission or by putting her to a direct test, for she is one of the best educated women in the country, conversant with languages, art, literature and all the current topics of the day. She is rich, too, and could afford all the services of the best teachers if she but chose to learn to read, but she refuses to do so.

When this woman was a child, her parents lived far from school, so she had no chance then to learn to read or write. As a mere child she began to earn her own living, and again she was obliged for schooling slipped away. Then she married and the care of a family took up her time. By the time the babies were off her hands, her husband had grown rich, and then she began her real education, and now, as a widow, she continues it. Her companion stand to her still with her about all the topics which interest her. Years of such work have stored her mind with a rich treasure of knowledge, and there is not a page of a book that has been read to her that she is not familiar with. Her store of knowledge are at her instant command. Why will she not learn to read? Because, she says, she fears that this wonderful memory, which is now such a treasure house to her, might be impaired if she were to do anything to weaken the demands upon it.

What such a memory can do is well illustrated in the case of a tailor of this city who cannot read or write. He is probably the most widely known man in his business here, as for many years he has done business with New York's dressers and policemen. Almost every man of these two bodies has dealings with this tailor, and each month he visits every station house and engine and truck house in this city to collect his dues. He has acquired considerable wealth, and it is said that in all the years he has dealt with the dressers and policemen he never was known to make a mistake of a cent in any man's account, although all his records of transactions have been kept in his head.—New York Sun.

## WHEN GRANT WAS POOR.

**A Time In His Career When He Needed the Whorehouse.**

General W. H. L. Barnes, one of the leaders of the San Francisco bar, at a meeting of the California commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, told the following story about General Grant. It was told you ago by General Barnes to Captain Richard L. Ogden, who was a clerk in the office of the United States quartermaster at San Francisco, and General Barnes recently copied it from Captain Ogden's diary.

It was that when Grant resigned his commission as captain, at the age of 33, being then in Oregon, he went to San Francisco on his way home and presented to Captain Ogden a certificate of pardon service on a court martial amounting to about \$40. The certificate was incorrectly drawn, and Grant with a look of despair asked Captain Ogden's permission to sleep on the lounge in the latter's office, saying he had not a cent to his name. He slept on the richly upholstered lounge, and Ogden agreed to cash the certificate personally and to send it back to Oregon for correction. Grant had expected to buy passage for himself to New York in the steamer, but Ogden went with him to the Pacific. He had a steamship office and presented for him a cabin passage pass, or what was the correct name, for Grant had to pay his railroad fare across the isthmus. This, however, left him \$15, and Grant was very grateful.

The diary quotes him as saying to Captain Ogden: "Thank you very much and what I did not expect, and I can't debate you for it. The prospect of ever being able to redempt is certainly remote, but strange things happen in this world, and there is no knowing."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Now of the Congressional Library.**

Founded in the year 1800 by the modest appropriation of \$5,000 "for the purchase of such books as may be necessary for the use of congress as the said city of Washington," this collection has grown, notwithstanding the ravages of two fires, to the present aggregate of 740,000 volumes. The acquisition of the Jefferson library in 1815, the Furze historical library in 1867, and the Tenth collection in 1883, all constituted specially important and valuable accessions to its stores. And by the enactment of the copyright law of 1870, followed by the international copyright act of 1891, this library became entitled to receive two copies of all books, periodicals and other publications claiming the protection of copyright in the United States.

—A. R. Spofford in Century.

**Deserved Credit.**

"I may lead a wild life," said Jiggins, "but I'll tell you one thing—I take care about the people my boys associate with."

"I know," said Hawkins. "I've observed that you spend very little time with 'em—nurse, old man, and I know you for 'em."—Harper's Bazar.

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