

HIS SILVER ABDOMEN.

Hurt Many Times Worse Than the President, Yet Lived.
Discussing the non-recovery of President McKinley from the wound in his stomach, says the Baltimore Sun, has recalled to many Baltimoreans the desperate wound received by Col. R. Snowden Andrews of the confederate artillery service, now living at No. 107 West North avenue.

Col. Andrews was riding on his horse at the battle of Cedar Run, when a shell struck him on the right side, completely tearing away the abdominal wall, crushing the bones of the hip and narrowly missing the intestines as it passed out.
Col. Andrews was placed by the roadside by some friends. Messengers were sent for a surgeon, but none could be found. The colonel lay by the roadside from noon until night, when an ambulance picked him up. All that time he had been suffering, fully conscious, without any relief whatever, and no dressing to his wound. In falling from his horse and afterward as he lay prostrate much dirt and other foreign substance entered the wound.

After being jolted over the rough ground for eight miles he was deposited in a farmhouse, still alive, much to the amazement of the driver, and all that were aware of the case. When told of the wound the army surgeon who had been unable to respond had declared that his services would have availed nothing. At the house the inmates thought he was about to die at any minute and said it was useless to send for a doctor, but the colonel insisted that he was going to get well and to satisfy him a country doctor who was passing by was called in. This physician also said it was useless to do anything, especially as he had no instruments with him save such as were carried in the usual assortment of country physicians. Colonel Andrews declared that he was not going to die without a strong fight for life and ordered the doctor to proceed.

Acting under these positive instructions the doctor pulled out the intestines with his bare hands, the colonel, who was under no anaesthetic, bearing the suffering in a stoical manner. Pure spring water was used to wash the intestines, after which the doctor replaced them as carefully as he could and sewed up the wound. He then set the injured leg.

It was a slim array of instruments with which the feat was accomplished and even they were not of the best, for some of them were so rusty from long lack of use that the operation had to be stopped while they were sharpened and cleaned on an emery stone. That the wound in itself did not kill the colonel is a wonder but that he did not die anyhow of blood poisoning is something that has never been understood.

When the doctor had finished his work the soldier was laid flat on his back in bed and left to be treated by his orderly, assisted by the occasional visits of the surgeon of the battalion. They were absolutely without medical appliances of any kind, medicines being scarce in the south in those days, and all they could do was to bathe the wound every half hour with cold water. This they did, with the remarkable result that no fever developed and in six weeks the patient had recovered his strength to such an extent that he was able to be carried to Richmond on a train, partially supporting himself on crutches. At Richmond he remained as a convalescent for several months and then returned to active duty in the field. But the actual work of soldiering was too much for even his wonderful strength and constitution at that time, so he was withdrawn and was sent abroad in the interest of the confederacy, serving there for many months, but was not able to again take his command.

When Col. Andrews reached Richmond the best doctors in the confederacy took charge of his case, and he was fitted out with a silver plate to wear across his abdomen, and he has worn it ever since. After the war he became almost as strong as he was before the wound and frequently went fox hunting. It is related that one day he rode 50 miles on business and pleasure combined without feeling any serious effects from the unusual exertion.

A Remarkable Pear.

Quite as curious phenomena may be found in the vegetable as in the animal world. To two such phenomena M. Henri Gourdin, a French naturalist, now draws attention.
"There was," he says, "in my garden until recently a pear growing on a tree the branches of which had trained to run along an iron netting. This pear, as it developed, passed through one of the openings in the network, and then it grew to a great size on each side of it, the result being that when the time came for removing the fruit I had to cut away the network by which it was held captive."
"I recently noticed a similar phenomenon in my kitchen garden. A potato of quite a large size had grown around a copper ring, which was buried in the ground. The metallic belt encircled the potato and did not add anything to its beauty."

She Couldn't.

Father—Then I have but one more question to put to you. Have you seen my daughter play golf?
Lover—I have sir; but I love her still.—Brooklyn Life.

The Why.

Willie—Pa, why do they call our language the mother tongue?
Pa—Sh! It's because your father never gets a chance to use it.—Tit-Bits.

Baseball English.
A nester article of the national had never been put up on the home grounds, and when the visitors picked up the stick in the final with the tally standing 2 to 2, everybody from the oldest fan to the youngest paper seller was standing on his seat and yelling to the local slab artist to serve up his choicest assortment of round-house benders, and keep whatever guy was handling the ash pivoting at delusions. The twirler was up to business and laid 'em over so fast that the receiving end of the battery, who wears a bird cage and liver pad, looked as if he were shelling peas.
The first two victims only tore rents in the atmosphere, but the third guy connected and laid off a flaming grouser which would have made a projectile from a 13-inch gun look like a bean bag tossed from one baby to another. The man on the difficult corner was right there, though, and flagged the horse-hide pill with his sinister talon, assisting it over to the initial baseock in such short order that someone yelled derisively, "That fellow runs like an Orange street automobile."
The home aggregation came to the bat. Every one was confident that they were going to pound the sphere around the lot, but the opposing team ran in a new guy with a slow show wing, and before they had expected there were two men down and two strikes on the next guy. But, oh, Hoehel! on the next delivery he became the father of a bouncing swat which landed in the last row of potatoes in the outer garden and enabled him to press down three buttons and scratch the rubber. "Did the crowd go wild?" "Say, did you ever see a game of ball?"—Yale Record.

Bachelors Run the Farm.
The Virginia constitutional convention has more bachelors in its membership than any similar body that ever assembled in the Old Dominion or elsewhere. One of the most prominent members is Charles E. Miller of Pittsylvania county. Mr. Miller is the present owner of a 1500 acre farm, situated one mile from Mount Airy, which has the distinction of having been owned by bachelors for a couple of centuries. No married couple has ever lived in the house. In speaking of the old place Mr. Miller said:
"The property descended to me from my uncle, who died at the age of nearly eighty. Like myself he was a bachelor. My uncle was Crenshaw Miller and the property was left to him by a bachelor uncle. For more than 200 years no man and wife has ever lived in the house."
"There was never any obligation, contract, or understanding that the heir or owners should never marry. It just happened that my uncle nor my great uncle ever married. That's all there is to it. In fact, prior to my uncle's death, he constantly urged me to marry, but up to this time I have not complied with his request."
"The farm has never passed out of the family since it was originally granted, and it has never had a lien or mortgage on it nor has it ever been delinquent for taxes."
While a confirmed bachelor Mr. Miller is fond of society and entertains many parties at his home.—Chicago Chronicle.

Discovered by Accident.
All forms of bituminous pavements, whether manufactured from natural or artificial asphalt, are in fact artificial stone pavements. The industry started with the use of the natural rock asphalt from the mines in the Val de Travers, Canton Neuchatel, Switzerland. The mines were discovered in 1721, but it was in 1849 that its utility as a road covering was first noticed. The rock was then being mined for the purpose of extracting the bitumen contained in it for its use in medicine and the arts. It is a limestone found impregnated with bitumen, of which it yields, on analysis, from 8 to 14 percent.
It was observed that pieces of rock which fell from a wagon were crushed by the wheels, and under the combined influence of the traffic and heat of the sun a good road surface was produced. A macadam road of asphalt rock was then made, which gave very good results; and finally, in 1854, a portion of the Rue Bergere was laid in Paris of compressed asphalt on a concrete foundation. In 1858 a still larger sample was laid, and from that time it has been laid year by year in London, being laid on Threadneedle street in 1869, and Cheapside in 1870, and in successive years in other streets.—Municipal Journal and Engineer.

The Magnet in Surgery.
Dr. Garel of Lyons has drawn a French nail about two inches long from the bronchial tube of a boy of 18 months from Buenos Ayres. The nail had been there for some time, causing the child to cough much. Rontgen rays showed the position of it, and an electro-magnet drew it out. Another successful operation of the same kind has been performed by Dr. Piechaud of Bordeaux, on a child of 3 years. In this case the trachea was opened to get a projection from the pole of the magnet near the nail. These experiments are well worth the attention of surgeons everywhere.—London Globe.

Indirect Classification.
"New York," he remarked, "has a social innovation called the dog luncheon. Every one invited must bring a poodle or a puppy of some kind. That must be jolly fun, don't you think?"
"A poodle or a puppy," she repeated, reflectively; "if that idea ever becomes popular in the west I shall be glad to take you when I go to it."—Chicago Post.

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