

**WORTH MORE THAN GOLD.**

Seafarers who can pick up a piece of ambergris floating around loose on the sea are no further from fortune. That good-luck has hit him fairly in both pockets and gone considerably out of her way to do it.

Ambergris is a mysterious commodity. It is an accident in creation and very rare.

It is also useful to man.

Altogether these give it a remarkable value.

It is worth more than gold, according to weight—something like \$350 per pound.

Gold at \$16 per ounce is worth \$25 per pound, averdupois.

Frank Norris, in his novel, "Moran of the Lady Letty," availed himself of the romantic aspect of ambergris and made it the feature of the book, so far as treasure went—and treasure played an important part therein, as it invariably must in every well regulated story of adventure on sea or land.

But such strokes of fortune do not belong altogether to fiction.

A San Francisco bark, the Morgan has just come in with a lump of ambergris worth \$21,000, which was picked up quite accidentally one day as it floated along on the surface of the sea near the coast of Japan.

The finding of it hasn't caused any one's death yet, nor is it at all likely to, but it has made the finders mark of distinction in the treasure world, and illustrated strikingly how fortune may at any moment alight upon a child of circumstance in dimensions hardly larger than a flea bite nor prettier than a splash of mud.

Ambergris, this precious substance that outvalues gold and comes only by the luckiest chance (generally to those who are not looking for it), is an abnormal growth due to the stomach trouble of an occasional sperm whale.

When a sperm whale has indigestion or some such ailment, a strange growth develops in his intestines.

It was Dr. Swedlar, in a communication to the Royal Society of London who first established correctly the origin of the rare substance. He had discovered this ambergris frequently contained the mandibles or beaks of the squid, on which sperm whales are known to feed and this fact, taken in conjunction with the finding of ambergris in the intestines of that variety of whale only was conclusive evidence that it was a production of that creature, and not extraneous fungi.

It was only a small, dirty gray lump of fat in appearance, that the Morgan's crew picked up. It weighed sixty-five pounds.

Ross Wilbur and Moran, in Norris' novel, found a larger chunk than that. But it wasn't floating on the surface of the ocean.

They were becalmed in Magdalena bay, off Lower California. Wilbur and the royal sea maiden, Moran, had been deserted by their Chinese crew.

A junk manned by another gang of coolies and commanded by a scoundrel of the same ilk comes on the scene and compels Wilbur to lend the schooner to the operating of handling a whale which the junk men have found.

The whale is hoisted alongside the schooner and emptied of its oil and blubber, which the captain divides into four parts, keeping three for his crew and giving one to Wilbur and Moran.

Then the junk sails away, leaving Wilbur to cut the schooner loose from the riddled carcass as best he may.

In doing this he chops into the monster's back and lays bare a growth of ambergris.

He does not realize what it is, but Moran does. A dainty perfume, peculiar to the strange secretion, reveals the nature of it to her.

They drag the stuff aboard the schooner and try to hide it from the suspicious eyes of the coolies on the junk, but the avaricious pirate commanding them guesses what the white folk have found and leads an assault on them, which ends in a transfer of the treasure to the junk.

Another fight restores it to Wilbur. A final tragedy, in which Moran is killed, gives it back to the coolie captain, who disappears with it in San Francisco's Chinatown.

Such an occurrence in real life of the seventeenth century might have given rise to a belief that ambergris possessed an evil charm, making it dangerous for people to handle.

That would have added just the proper element of devilry to it to make it a subject for dark whisperings in the chimney corner or hair-flipping nursery rhymes for the terrified young.

The ambergris fished out of the Japan current by the Morgan will yield a tidy little side sum for the crew—a tit of dessert, as it were.

The Morgan's specialty is whale oil. Ambergris does not figure in her calculations, and has never before been known to obstruct her pathway in the search for oil.

She cleared port November 26, 1898, and is still out. News of her extraordinary find was brought in by another vessel.

**APHASIA AFFLICTS THE CEAR**

The ear of Russia is suffering from aphasia. There is not one chance in a hundred that he can be cured. Physicians have hitherto looked upon aphasia as a mental malady, incurable save by a severe surgical operation, and that is effective only in rare cases.

Aphasia is the Greek word for speechlessness.

Technically it is defined as the impairment or abolition of the faculty of using and understanding language written or spoken independently of any failure of the intellectual process or any disease or paralysis of the vocal organs.

The trouble is all in the brain itself. Sometimes the aphasia is complete, sometimes only partial. Physicians group its different forms under different heads.

Thus sensory aphasia is the name they give to its severer aspect, when the patient can neither read nor speak intelligently. He is then said to be both word blind and word deaf. He is not deaf to sounds, he is not blind to written characters, but he no longer associates them with the ideas that underlies them. The casual observer might imagine that he was an idiot; the doctor sees that he preserves his intelligence, reason and perceives surrounding objects, but is unable to communicate with others; he can no longer speak or understand the words addressed to him; he cannot write or read; sometimes even the language of gesture is lost to him.

When the patient is merely word blind his case is described as motor aphasia. He picks up a book or newspaper, and it says nothing to him. He hears, understands and speaks; he can even write, but he cannot read. As a rule his writing looks like it was done in the dark, guided by the muscle feelings of the hand alone. He cannot read what he has just written, nor can he write from copy. His own name, that has been well impressed upon his motor centers, he usually writes very well, but he cannot read it. The disease here, then, is in the loss of the memory for the visual word signs; the patient is not blind, but word blind.

The exact converse of this condition is known as agraphia. Here the patient can speak, can read manuscript or print, but he cannot write. He takes the pen in hand to write a word, knows what he ought to write, how it would look if written, but he cannot write it. He has lost the memory of the movements necessary to form the letters. The association between the movements made in writing and the word has been lost. He is not word blind or word deaf, but the motor word sense is defective.

The patient who is word deaf, or who, in technical language, suffers from verbal aphasia, can read and write and hear. He can even hear the sounds of the human voice. But he attaches no meaning to them. Inferring that he is spoken to, he may attempt to answer, but will say something entirely irrelevant. Gradually appreciating that he is not speaking to the point, he may with some impatience ask why he cannot understand what you say.

Ataxic aphasia is the term used to denote the inability to express ideas in spoken words. The loss here is the link between the idea and the appropriate movements of tongue, etc., necessary to make the sounds of words. Often the patient retains a few phrases used on all occasions. The power of hearing is intact, and understanding is retained, writing and reading are intact, and speaking alone has dropped out.

The mildest of all forms of aphasia is a modification of the latter, and is known as amnesic aphasia. Here the patient is unable to recall the word he wants, though able to speak it when found.

That no man is wholly sane is a saying so old as to be commonplace. In the same way no man is without some touch of aphasia of the amnesic variety. You who read must have experienced occasional difficulties in bringing to the surface a particular word at the moment you wished to use it. In vain you summon it from the vasty deep of your memory. You know that your consciousness, by a daring metaphor you pry impatiently that it is at the very tip of your tongue, but you cannot, memory cannot seize it nor can tongue utter it. You find yourself verbally incoherent, not from want of ideas, but because the assets are not immediately available.

Inasmuch as every other man suffers at intervals from the difficulty you rightly consider yourself in a normal condition. Let this difficulty, however, be only slightly aggravated, and you have the rudimentary form of disease arising from an abnormal cerebral condition; in other words, you are suffering from aphasia.

An eminent French jurist, on consulting his physician, exhibits the following mental peculiarities: In the middle of a conversation he would find himself at a loss for the word he wanted, and at times substituted a strange one for it. On other occasions he would say to his wife, "Give me my—your name—you know," and he would point to his head.

"Your hat?"

"Oh, yes; my umbrella."

Patients of this sort often exercise great ingenuity in avoiding during conversation or writing the names of the things they cannot recall. By means of oddly constructed sentences they often hide this defect in speech from strangers.

One man, who could never remember the word "aunt," was in the habit of denominating that lady "the nearest relative by my mother's side."

Sometimes the word substituted is neither of the nature of a synonym or a periphrasis, but bears only an arbitrary, and sometimes a whimsical, relation to that missing word. One old man, who had forgotten the names of his servants, was accustomed to call his footman by the name of "Young Water;" his butler, "Old WWater;" his medical attendant he knew by the not very complimentary title of "Young Knock-Him-Down."

People of rank whose names he had forgotten were styled such names as "the king," "the queen," "the grand vister." Occasionally, to mark more clearly the person to whom he referred, he had recourse to mimicking characteristic traits of manner, or showing off qualities of personal appearance, such as describing with his fingers the capacity of an abdomen.

On one occasion he put an almanac into the hands of his medical attendant and asked what o'clock it was—meaning the day of the month.

**SCIENCE HAS PROOF.**

Bullfrog farming is becoming a recognized industry in Indiana. Within the last few weeks the new branch of culture has been established in many sections of the state of Indiana on most extensive basis. Farmers have found that while crops are finding low and poor markets, the frog is commanding a ready market and brings prices that cause the old farmer to open his eyes.

Frog farming is being reduced to a scientific basis. The farmers have already found that not every frog that croaks during the hours of the night has a commercial value. It is only the American bullfrog, whose croak comes at long-measured intervals and sounds like a grand "amen" above all of the other croakings, that has a commercial value.

The new farmer has also acquired scientific knowledge on bagging his crop. Any man who has attempted to catch a frog knows that it is not the easiest thing in the world. Science, however, has solved the problem and the farmer goes up and picks his frog off his perch just as though he was an ear of corn on a stalk.

The growing demand in cities for frog hams has created this industry in a marvelous short time. In all first-class restaurants in cities frog hams have become as fixed a delicacy for the menu as any other of the food stuffs. For a long time this demand was filled by boys and young men, who went out and gathered the frogs, toads and everything they could get hold of. Now there are many frog farms scattered over Indiana. Farmers have found that their swamp lands, which have been considered worthless, have great value if they are sown in bullfrogs in the fall. Streams running through their lands are even better for the cultivation of the frog, and if that stream has marshes on each side and reeds and a mill dam and some picturesque points it seems to have a decided additional value.

Frogs of the best grade—big American bullfrogs—now command all the way from 50 cents to \$1 a dozen, according to the market where they are offered for sale. The frog farmer should be able to catch all the way from 100 to 200 a night, or 1,000 a week, and put them in the market. There are some Indiana farms turning out such crops this year. This represents a big amount of money. The farmer is at practically no expense after he gets his farm well stocked.

The scientific method of bagging the crop is the result of an Indiana man's ingenuity. He is Thomas Farrer of Shelbyville, who perhaps knows more on the subject of practical frogology than does any other man in the Mississippi valley. For some years Farrer was in the habit of going to the wilds of Arkansas annually on hunting and fishing expeditions. He discovered while out at night carrying a blazing spear, but what he saw was entirely irrelevant. Gradually appreciating that he is not speaking to the point, he may with some impatience ask why he cannot understand what you say.

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**HOW A SHOT FEELS.**

A man in New York set out after the recent war to find soldiers who had been wounded in action. He wanted to ask them about their wounds, to know how they acted when hurt, and especially what was their first conscious thought—the psychological effect, in short.

The investigation was attended with certain difficulties. In the first place, a surprisingly small percentage of the men of the invading army had been wounded. Soldiers had suffered all sorts of other things, from sunstroke to yellow fever, but few had been shot. The search went on. Even after the investigator corralled some men who had been shot, he had trouble in making them tell about it—a whole lot of trouble in fact. Many of them were like the old sergeant who they'd found standing by a fence. They'd done a job, and that was all that mattered to them. "I was shot in the leg, sorr. Of tumbled down, sorr. I felt like hell, sorr." There is a tradition that men shall not have feelings when they are under fire. When they tell of their feelings at all it comes in the nature of a confession—something to be ashamed of. That is the drill and training are for as much as anything else—to create a habit that will be strong enough to resist nature. Consequently it was among the volunteers, who had not prepared themselves so thoroughly as the regulars for this kind of crisis, that most of the interesting and unusual phenomena occurred.

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**OMAHA COMMERCIAL COLLEGE**

FALL TERM opens Monday morning, Sept. 28. WORK AND BOARD. We furnish all students with a place to work for their board. You can attend this college for one-half the money required to go elsewhere. Send us 25 cents and address of young people interested in a business education, and we will send you our catalog free. Our new catalogue free to anyone. Address, ROHRBOUGH BROS., Omaha, Neb.

**MALARIA AND FEVER.**

At this season of the year the atmosphere teems with malaria. The germs that cause typhoid and malarial fever are not only in the air but in the water you drink. The weak and debilitated become an easy prey to these germs, as they have not the vitality to resist them. Now is the time to fortify yourself against these diseases. The following symptoms are Nature's danger signals: tired and weak, no ambition, loss of appetite, coated tongue, headache, indigestion, constipation, do not get restful sleep, and general run-down feeling. If you have any of these symptoms, beware! Do not delay, but attend to your case at once, before malaria or fever have fastened their grip upon you. Thousands have prevented a fever by timely assistance with Dr. Kay's Renovator, thoroughly cleansing their sluggish system from germs of disease and impure matter, and avoided large doctor's bills. Quinine will not cure you, nor prevent a fever. Dr. Kay's Renovator will, as it renovates the entire system. It eliminates all malarial poison. By its process the blood becomes purified and every organ is toned up to a healthy and vigorous action. If taken now, it may prevent months of illness. You'll think how much this means to you! Dr. Kay's Renovator is sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents, 1.00, or 2.00, by Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Send symptoms for free advice and free illustrated book.

**THE PARIS FIGARO IS NAMED IN HONOR OF THE TYPICAL GOSPELING BARBER.**

The Paris Figaro is named in honor of the typical gossipping barber. Petit Journal means "little journal," and has no connection with Le Journal. The Gaulois is the "Gaul." Libre Parole means "free speech." L'Intransigeant, Henri Rochefort's paper, is "the irreconcilable."

**IN RUSSIA A SENTENCE NOT EXCEEDING ONE MONTH'S ARREST OR PAYMENT UP TO 100 ROUBLES WILL BE IMPOSED UPON THOSE WHO SELL, PREPARE, OR STORE FLAX FOR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES WHICH MAY CONTAIN FOREIGN MATTERS AND A FINE NOT EXCEEDING 100 ROUBLES WILL BE IMPOSED ON SUCH AS CONTRAVENE THE OTHER RULES AND REGULATIONS.**

**THE CHICAGO MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY CO.**

IN GOING TO POINTS EAST or south of Chicago or Milwaukee, ask your local ticket agent to route you between Omaha and Chicago via the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY.