

BAFFLES DEATH.

COUPLER FOR INTESTINES THE LATEST.

Made of Softest Decalcified Bone and is Very Effective in Delicate Operations—A Chicago Physician's Startling Invention.



FRANK'S coupler may succeed to the renowned Murphy's button as a means of joining together several intestines. It is the invention of Dr. Jacob Frank, surgeon to the St. Elizabeth and German hospitals, in Chicago, and has been tried there with great success.

The delicate operation of joining together the ends of an intestine, where it has divided accidentally, or surgically, was long rendered doubly dangerous by the process of sewing the flesh together. Dr. Murphy invented his metallic button by which the ends were held together, and which passed out after the wound had healed. This proved of great value.

Dr. Frank's coupler consists of two decalcified bone collars, with six needle holes at the apex or shoulder of each, and one piece of ordinary gum tubing, seven-eighths of an inch in length and five-sixteenths of an inch in diameter.

It is prepared for use in the following manner: A collar is slipped over a piece of tubing until the apex is brought to a level with the end of the rubber tubing, when an ordinary medium-sized curved needle, threaded with No. 6 braided silk, is carried through each opening and is tied; this fastens the collar to the tube. The other collar is next fitted snugly to the one already fastened, and is then in like manner sewed to the other end of the tube and placed in absolute alcohol until needed for use.

The bases of the collars, which are formed into a broadened rim, are held firmly in apposition throughout their whole circumference. In coupling a severed intestine the ends are brought over each collar and crowded within the line of junction of the two. This forces the two collars apart, and the rubber tubing to which the collars have been attached draws them together again with sufficient pressure to cause, in medical parlance, "a necrosis of intussusception." Four days after this connection has been made the two ends of the intestine have grown together as naturally and as thoroughly as a piece of rubber tubing could be melted together. At the same time the collar has dissolved, and with the tubing has passed away.

The preparations of the bone collars before they can be used for welding the intestines is interesting. In the first place, the collars are carved out of sound, very compact bone, which is obtained from the lower hind legs of four-year-old oxen. In their primary state they are almost as hard as metal, and would not dissolve much quicker.

HUMAN NATURE.

Some Trait Marks America's Milkman and Spain's Gypsy Milkmaid.

The cave-dwellers about whom so much has been written are supposed to be extinct, but I began to doubt it when I saw the dwellings and habits of the Spanish Gitanos, or gypsies. They are certainly degenerate enough to be literal descendants of the men who scratched rude pictures of the mammoth on the shoulder-blades of the animals upon which they feasted; and they still dwell in caves, for I have seen them, writes a gentleman recently from Spain.

Almost in the shadow of the frowning fortifications of Granada, crouching amid the ruins of a civilization to which their ancestors contributed nothing, a tribe of this worthless race lives to-day in caverns scooped out of the rock. But they are picturesque, even if dirty and ragged; they are quaint, if malodorous.

Perhaps I must modify the statement that the Spanish gypsy does little except beg, borrow or steal, for I have discovered that the maiden who brings around the milk of a morning is of gypsy extraction. The goats of this milkmaid are lactiferous—the source of her merchandise. They are brought up opposite your door, perchance, one of them is called to "attention," and then the small venter produces from the folds of her garment a black and battered tin cup. By milking into this vessel fast and furiously, she contrives to create a froth that more than half fills the cup, which is not considered good value for the purchase money by thrifty housekeepers.

Nor is this her only artifice, for she carries another up her sleeves in the shape of a rubber bulb, filled with water, which she occasionally squeezes, and thus prevents the milk from injuring her customers by its richness. My landlady tells me there is no limit to the cunning of this artful maiden, who invariably cheats her unless she watches incessantly.

A Great Chinese Bridge.

Spanning an inlet of the Yellow sea near Sangang, China, is a bridge five and a quarter miles long, with 300 piers of masonry, and having its roadway 64 feet above the water. This work is said to have been accomplished by Chinese engineers 800 years ago.

One Scale of Fares.

London is agitated over the threatened downfall of a great institution which for years has excited the daily wonder of travelers. The county council proposes to abolish the cab radius, which extends for four miles from Charing Cross, and to have but one scale of fares for the whole county of London.

MONEY FOR CLOTHES.

Why a Man's Wardrobe is Less Expensive than a Woman's.

"I get twice the salary my brother draws, and yet see the difference in our appearance. He is always correctly dressed, while I can never keep up with the style, but am compelled to wear old-fashioned things because I cannot afford to throw them away. It is provoking, I declare!" and she threw down her account book with a bang.

I picked it up and opened it. The first item read: "Hat, \$10." "There," she said, looking over my shoulder, "I bought it at the beginning of the season, and it wasn't nice enough to last long. Before six weeks had gone by it began to look shabby, and I had to get another for best. Yet Arthur buys two hats—one derby for \$1 and a soft hat for the same price. Then he's fitted out for several months, all for \$3. They always look well. But let me buy two four-dollar hats and try to make them do until spring; what a respectable appearance I would present!"

Take the matter of outer garments. A man buys his winter costume—a double-breasted sack suit of handsome cloth, worsted, serge or chevot—for \$30 or \$40. This amount procures one that is well made, fashionably cut and in which he always appears well dressed. Now let the young woman get a gown for the same money. Whether she buys it ready-made or not it will be only fair for the price, and not be first-class. But let her attempt to wear it for street and home for an entire season, as the man will do, excepting only those occasions when evening dress is required. If she takes it to business, don it for the street and for ordinary purposes at home, it will look shabby in no time at all. And who wouldn't tire of the girl in the same frock morning, noon and night? She would, of necessity, be compelled to freshen it at times by fancy waist-coats, silk fronts, lace effects and so on. Even if she did, with great care, succeed in making the dress last, she would never present the correct appearance of the average young man in his plain suit.

It is time, say some, to rebel; time to call for a costume that we can buy ready made, as do the men, for a fair price. Give us the right to make our dress after a becoming, not a fashionable style, and to wear it as long as we please. Then the cry would no longer be raised against this forced extravagance of women.

The other sex, too, may soon raise its objections. The well-dressed young man needs a larger purse than formerly; styles change more rapidly of late, and greater attention is paid to the accessories of his toilet. He finds his laundry bill a considerable item, and he selects his ties with great care. They match either his eyes, his hair or the stripe in his shirt. His link cuff buttons, his pajamas, silk underwear, suspenders, socks, handkerchiefs and gloves must all be of the finest, and he must certainly have a handsome lounge coat and an eider down robe de chambre, to say nothing of canes and small hand bags and a leather case for a full dress suit.

BALL BEARINGS FOR WAGONS.

Investigation Shows That They Are Not Yet Economical.

Ball bearings are successful only when the balls themselves are of the highest quality, hardened and ground to the highest perfection, writes Professor Sweet in the Rural New Yorker. The limit of error in the best does not vary more than one-quarter of one thousandth of an inch, or one-fourth the thickness of tissue paper. Such perfection is very costly, and the least dirt destroys the whole grain, for if the balls be stopped by any impediment they are very soon ruined. Such accurate work is not likely to be properly protected or properly cared for in farm vehicles. Hence it is questionable whether the failures would not more than overbalance the advantages; besides in the cost of drawing a load a part is friction and a part is overcoming the ground resistance, and this has a great bearing on the percentage of advantage, for supposing that, in the case of a trotting sulky, the friction is half the resistance and the ground resistance the other half. Now if we reduce the friction one-half the power required to draw the sulky would be reduced one-quarter, or twenty-five per cent, whereas, in drawing a lumber wagon the friction is ten per cent and the ground resistance ninety per cent—which on a farm and farm roads is about what it amounts to—then by reducing the friction one-half we have reduced the actual power required only five per cent.

The time has not come when it will pay. It will be an infinitely better investment to use the same money to put wide tires on the wheels and cut off the forward axles so as to bring the forward wheels the width of the wheels nearer together than the hind ones.

I have just been over a dirt road where 100 tons of limestone are drawn every day, and the ruts were horrible when only common wagons were used. The road is now splendid, all owing to the use of half the number of wagons built as above described, while the ball bearings could at best reduce the power required to draw farm wagons only from five to ten per cent. The wide tire and short axle wagons would equal the cost of the new wheels and front or back axles.

Political vs. Domestic Economy.

Friend—How is it that you ain't got that position yet? Lost yer pull? Mr. Warder Heeler—Oh, I've got the pull, plenty 'o pull. My application is signed by all the political leaders in th' party.

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IT WAS STEALING A RIDE.

A Deadly Tarantula Captured in a Railway Car.

A young man with much excitement, mingled with big beads of perspiration on his face, came into the smoking car of an Erie railway train as it was getting along toward the meadows of Orange county the other day. He carried a dinner bucket in one hand and pressed its lid down with the other. He was the express messenger, says the New York Sun.

"I've bagged something," he exclaimed. "Can any one tell me what kind of a pup it is?"

A big man with long whiskers and hair and a cowboy's hat, who was smoking strong plug tobacco in a clay pipe, said:

"Lemme see it?"

The young man held the dinner bucket at arms' length and raised the lid. The big man looked into the bucket.

"A trantuly, by cedar!" he said, and took the bucket from the young man.

"A trantuly, as sure as guns!" he continued. "A citizen of Bermudy, this chap is. Got a beauty, too!"

The big man got out of his seat and passed the dinner pail around among the passengers. It was nearly half full of something that seemed to be all hair and claws and eyes. No one seemed pleased with the sight except the hirsute big man. It was a tarantula, sure enough. A unanimous request was made by the rest of the passengers that the hideous spider be pitched out of a window. But the big man gazed at the deadly thing with undisturbed interest.

"Where did you run ag'in him?" he asked the express messenger.

"Came out of a bunch of bananas in my car," replied the young man. "I cornered him, and he jumped into my dinner bucket and I shut him in. What is he good for?"

"He's a first-class benefactor of the coroner when he's to home," said the big man. "If there's any feller citizen of yer'n that you'd like to see have a funeral at his house, jist take this stowaway from Bermuda home with you and turn him in your fellow citizen's garden. If your fellow citizen fools around much in his garden you'll see craps on his door in less than two days. The trantuly is pizen for keeps to them as hain't been vaccinated for trantules. If I was you, young man, I'd take this chap and jett your locomotive run over him. A good strong locomotive is about the only thing that kin tackle one 'o these chaps and make a success of it."

The big man handed the dinner bucket back to its owner, who took it and carried it away. When the train left the next station he came in and said the train had met the tarantula, and that twenty feet of grease spot and a pint or so of legs and hair had indicated that the locomotive had won.

Scared Out of His Wits.

Canon Bowles became very absent-minded and nervous in his later years, and was always singularly alarmed by thunder and lightning. When a widow he was once the guest of Lady Lansdowne, when a terrific storm came on shortly after the guests had retired for the night. Lady Lansdowne was startled by hearing his bell ringing violently while she was undressing, and she at once sent her own maid to see what was wrong. After tapping at the door, the young woman was admitted, and said: "Mr. Bowles, her ladyship has sent me to see what is the matter. Is there anything I can do for you, sir?" "Oh, yes," said the old gentleman, in a state of abject terror; "I'll give you a guinea if you'll stop here and sleep in the room." The maid went back laughing to her mistress, to whom she told what had occurred, and at breakfast the next morning Lady Lansdowne chaffed the good canon unmercifully, to the amusement of every one present—Argonaut.

Albino Bats.

"If you wish to know the most curious thing I saw during my vacation, it was a colony of white bats," said an Arch street artist, just returned with others from a sketching tour along the capes of the Delaware. "One day we found in the woods a deserted old hut with a huge chimney, which we were told had been an illicit whisky still, and we made it our headquarters and slept there one night. Judge of our surprise when at twilight we saw numbers of white objects fluttering in the air over our heads and identified them from their manner of flight as bats. We traced them to their home in the dilapidated chimney. Whether they were natural albinos or artificially bleached by the fumes of the still was a question that puzzled us considerably, but they were out—of that we were certain. One of our party thought they were covered with chimney lime or ashes, but they were too intensely white for that."—Philadelphia Record.

Suicide in Paris.

The official statistics of the number of suicides in Paris during 1893 has just been issued. The number of self-murders was 953. Of the total, 231 drowned themselves, 113 used guns and revolvers, 198 of the shots being in the head; 71 stabbed themselves to death, 62 used poison, 4 asphyxiated and 77 threw themselves from high buildings, monuments, etc. The remainder are put down in a business-like manner as "unclassified."

Political vs. Domestic Economy.

Friend—How is it that you ain't got that position yet? Lost yer pull? Mr. Warder Heeler—Oh, I've got the pull, plenty 'o pull. My application is signed by all the political leaders in th' party.

A HYGIENIC HADES.

Taking the Vapor Baths at Glenwood Springs, Colorado.

A simple-minded old soldier, who served under Fremont, the Pathfinder, returned to his native town in the East a good many years ago, and told a plain unvarnished tale of the wonders he had seen in the Yosemite valley and other wild regions on the Pacific slope. By simply telling the truth this gray old fighting-man earned the reputation of being the biggest liar in all the country around.

Any one who travels through the valley of the Grand river in Western Colorado, and tells of what he saw there, runs the same risk, says Harper's Weekly. What can a man expect who says he took a half-hour's swim in midwinter all unprotected from a howling snow-storm, and afterwards descended into the bowels of the earth and took a vapor bath, the raw (or cooked) materials of which came straight from Tophet, or thereabouts? Yet these are the every-day humdrum incidents in the lives of the people of Grand River valley.

A black and turbid river flows out from between frowning cliffs; through its icy waters bubble springs of water hot from the fires below. Sulphurous fumes are provided for you as you approach the little door in the mountain-side near the river. Is it a trifle disappointing to find the gate-keeper seated on a cane-bottom chair, but after he has told you a few stories you feel that he is the right man in the right place.

He has a tale of a man addicted to the excessive use of tobacco, who went into this hygienic hades clothed only in his vapors, and came out in a full suit of nicotine. Thick doors separate compartments, gradually increasing in temperature, until you are ushered into a cavern filled with a driving vapor that winds about you in steaming folds. As your eyes grow used to the ghostly shifting light you see the forms of half-naked men, some sitting, many lying in hollows of the rocks; they seem to quiver in the winding mists that envelop them like objects in a mirage.

After the visitor becomes parboiled he is permitted to return to the door and cool himself gradually in one compartment after another. Resuming the conventional garb of the tourist, he looks up once more at the stars, and is thankful that he went in at the gate where they charge admission.

A GIANT STATESMAN.

Ex-Premier Dibbs, His Enormous Size and Extraordinary Ways of Life.

"When I was in jail," is the way Sir George Dibbs, ex-premier of New South Wales, occasionally begins a reminiscence. The remark sounds unconventional, but everything that Sir George does is unconventional. He was born in Sydney sixty years ago and for four years attended the Australian college. His schooling was meager, however, for at 14 years of age he went into a merchant's office. He soon branched out in the coasting trade for himself, and in 1851, when the Australian crops failed, he and his brother extended their operations to South America. When Sir George and his family arrived at Concepcion, Chili, there was war between Chili and Peru and Spain and the harbor was blockaded, but Sir George sailed straight into the harbor, despite a hail of shot and shell from the blockading fleet.

Soon thereafter Sir George declined to pay the costs in a libel suit and remained a year in the debtor's department of Darlinghurst jail, where ladies decorated his cell with flowers and 3,500 people visited him. After twelve months of prison life Sir George paid his costs and left the jail.

Sir George is six feet four inches tall and is built in proportion. He has been married thirty-eight years and has fifteen children. In 1874, after having made a fortune in trade, he turned his attention to politics and was elected to the New South Wales legislative assembly. In 1885 he acted as first colonial secretary and premier, and since then he has several times held the premiership. His ministry resigned recently, but Sir George will doubtless be prominently in evidence again before long. He is a very practical man, and enjoys working in his little blacksmith shop as heartily as Gladstone enjoys wood chopping at Hawarden. Sir George is also a carpenter, mason, gardener, and all-round artisan. He was the first native born Australian premier ever presented to Queen Victoria, and when she knighted the tall statesman she was compelled to look up to him, although he was on his knees before her.

Making Artificial Clouds.

Artificial clouds were recently made for the protection of vines from frost at Omelein, on the Swedish-Norwegian frontier. In carrying out this novel innovation, liquid tar was ignited in tin boxes placed along the vine rows, and large sections of solidified petroleum were fired at various places in the vineyard. From these combustible large clouds of smoke arose and thoroughly protected the particular vineyard in which the experiment was being tested, although vines in the immediate neighborhood were badly injured by the frost. One of the European metropolitan weeklies in commenting on the utility of the method, spoke very unfavorably of it, declaring that it could only prove effective in very calm weather. If the editor of that journal will brush up a little on meteorology he will learn that calm weather is about the only time in which killing frosts occur.

At 11:58 P. M.

He—I'm awfully poor you know. She—Well, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I can lend you five cents for car fare if you will only let me.—Life.

Advertisement for Singer pianos, featuring an illustration of a woman playing a piano. Text includes 'THE WONDERFUL SINGER Pianos', 'HONESTLY CONSTRUCTED', 'TONE QUALITY DURABILITY', and 'SINGER PIANO CO. CHICAGO'.

W. A. SAUNDERS.

Attorney, Merchants National Bank.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the district court for Douglas county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will, on the 23rd day of February, A. D. 1894, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day, at the EAST front door of the county court house, in the city of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the property described in said order of sale as follows, to-wit:

Lot 4 in block 16, above described, the sum of \$1,970.00 together with an attorney's fee of \$150.00.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the Douglas county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I have levied upon the following described property of John T. Clarke and Will E. Clarke, defendants, to-wit:

The south twenty-foot (20) of lot twenty-two (22) and all of lot twenty-six (26) in block 10 in Hanscom Place Addition to the city of Omaha, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will, on the 15th day of February, A. D. 1894, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day, at the EAST front door of the county court house, in the city of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the property described in said order of sale as follows, to-wit:

Lot 18 in block 10, above described, the sum of \$1,000.00 together with an attorney's fee of \$100.00.

JAS. W. CARL.

Attorney, 31 Board of Trade Building.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

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Lot 18 in block 10, above described, the sum of \$1,000.00 together with an attorney's fee of \$100.00.

NOTICE.

To Thomas S. Broderick, non-resident defendant: hereby notified that on the 8th day of December, 1893, Mary K. Broderick filed a petition against you in the district court of Douglas county for a divorce from the bonds of matrimony, upon the ground that the defendant has been guilty of extreme cruelty toward plaintiff and is an habitual drunkard. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 14th day of February, 1894.

W. A. SAUNDERS.

Attorney, Merchants National Bank Bldg.

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CHASE ROYS.

631 F Street N. W., Washington, C. D.

Kostello's awful book.

"Convent Horrors and Secrets of the Confessional," 50 cents. We sell it to awaken Protestants, but we hate to deal in such stuff. American Pub. Co., Omaha, Neb.

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W. A. SAUNDERS.

Attorney, Merchants National Bank.

SPECIAL MASTER COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale of decree of foreclosure of mortgage issued out of the district court for Douglas county, state of Nebraska, and to me directed, I will, on the 15th day of February, A. D. 1894, at ten o'clock P. M. of said day, at the EAST front door of the county court house, in the city of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the property described in said order of sale as follows, to-wit:

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