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The Restoration

By Melville F. Ferguson

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"You want a piece for the paper?" The Chronicle reporter, poring over the long list of trivial accident cases on the hospital blotter, turned and found a solemn-visaged orderly at his elbow.

"What's doing, Buckley?" he asked, eagerly. "Murder? Suicide?"

"Murder!" sniffed Buckley. "I got a piece for your paper that would make a murder look like a lacerated thumb. Member the man we put a new ear on?"

The Chronicle man remembered. Columns had been written about Dr. Hoffman's achievement.

"Well," the orderly continued, "we been turnin' out new ears on the average of one a month ever since. Never dreamed there was such a mob o' people without ears. It's as bad as when new noses was the fad. Yes, sir, ears is in great demand, and the price is risin' every day."

"What's this leading up to—an ear trust?" the reporter incautiously inquired.

Buckley transfixed him with a stony glare.

"An' then the whole thing come out. My boy, that feller had a German's ear an' an' Eytalian's ear. He couldn't make out a word o' English. When he was travelin' in Europe, the minute he sets foot in Germany he finds he can understand the lingo of the natives with one ear as if he was born an' bred in the country. It takes him a week to tumble to the truth, an' then he makes a bee-line for Italy an' tries the other ear. It works like a charm—he's as good as a native-born Eytalian. Now he's come back to settle up his affairs on this side, an' then he's goin' over to live in Germany or Italy—he hasn't made up his mind which. Soon as he learns to speak the jargon he can hear he'll be all right."

The Chronicle man, forgetful of the press hour of his paper, heedless of the importance of the story, conscious only of the marvelous genius of Dr. Hoffman—and of Buckley—had long since ceased to take notes, and sat there stupefied. The orderly shook him gently by the shoulder and pointed to the clock.

"My boy," said he, "it's gettin' late—better run along. When you put this piece in the paper, keep me out of it—I might lose my job. Just say you got it from the family of the patient, an' that as they don't like publicity, they asked you not to print his name."



"Back Comes the Man with the New Ears, Kickin' an' Growlin'."

healthy, cleanly men in reduced circumstances, willin' to undergo a sacrifice in return for a comfortable fortune, may hear of something to their advantage by callin' at room 408-B Brown building, Friday afternoon, between one and three. Say! I wish you could have seen the push! Looked like the whole town was in reduced circumstances an' hankerin' to undergo a sacrifice.

"Yet of all that mob there wasn't 30 that was both clean an' healthy lookin', an' when ears was mentioned the whole bunch, was scared to death. But there was two—a German an' a Eytalian—that was willin' to talk business for \$10,000 per ear. The Doc talks Dutch, an' come to terms with the German in ten minutes; but he couldn't buy but one ear off of him. So I got an interpreter, an' him an' the Doc an' the Eytalian jabbered all afternoon. It was five o'clock before the deal was finished. Buckley," says the Doc, "we've got 'em. One off the German an' one off the Eytalian—first-class stock."

"Well, the next day we took an ear off the Eytalian an' put it on the patient. Six weeks later we fitted our feller with the German's ear, an' in another six weeks we discharged him as good as new, only that he was a little lumpy where the ears grewed onto his head, an' one stuck out a trifle more than the other.

"The Doc was so cocky you couldn't get within a mile o' him. But in about a week, back comes the man with the new ears, kickin' an' growlin', said he was stone deaf. Knowed when you was talkin', because he could hear a sort o' jumble o' words, but could only understand what was wrote out a bit o' paper.

"Me an' the Doc was simply knocked silly. Every other man we put a new ear on could hear better than ever, an' we never had no call to exchange the goods. Day after day that feller kept comin' in, an' the Doc pryin' into his ears, but no use.

"By an' by he began to get melancholy, an' we shipped him off. 'If it don't do him any good,' says the Doc, 'at least it'll be good for us. We'll get a rest.' Oh, he was sore!

"First thing when he reached Southampton the man cabled Doc that he wasn't no better. An' every day after that he'd cable twice, askin' what to do, an' threatenin' to come home. Doc used to tear them cablegrams up in little

pieces an' jump on 'em. Fourth day he cabled back: 'Travel. Keep on the move. Make the grand tour'—an' go to Jericho,' he says to me. 'If we keep him busy, maybe he'll have no time to poster us with these fool cables,' says he.

"It was a month ago the Doc sent that cable, an' from that time to this mornin' we never heard a word from his nibs. 'I don't wish him no harm,' the Doc was sayin' to me, 'but if unfortunately he should have died—when in walks the man himself. You'd never knowed it was the same feller but for the funny lookin' ears. He seemed bright an' cheerful, an' stepped like a two-year-old.

"Bless you, doctor," says he, shakin' the Doc by the hand like as if he would wring his arm off. "Bless you! How are you? Is there anybody here that speaks German?"

"Why, yes, I can make a stab at it," says the Doc.

"Hey?" says the patient. "Don't sit there an' mumble. Get somebody that speaks German or Eytalian."

"Doc pulls out a pad an' writes: 'I can talk German. What do you want?'"

"Talk it, then," says the man with the new ears, "an' we'll get along all right."

"Yes?" says the Doc, in Dutch. "Do you mean to say that you can hear an' understand all right when I talk German?"

"That's what I mean, exactly," says he.

"An' then the whole thing come out. My boy, that feller had a German's ear an' an' Eytalian's ear. He couldn't make out a word o' English. When he was travelin' in Europe, the minute he sets foot in Germany he finds he can understand the lingo of the natives with one ear as if he was born an' bred in the country. It takes him a week to tumble to the truth, an' then he makes a bee-line for Italy an' tries the other ear. It works like a charm—he's as good as a native-born Eytalian. Now he's come back to settle up his affairs on this side, an' then he's goin' over to live in Germany or Italy—he hasn't made up his mind which. Soon as he learns to speak the jargon he can hear he'll be all right."

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COCOANUT AS STAFF OF LIFE.

In Many Forms It Is the Mainstay of Inhabitants of the Tropical Islands.

It is more than a coincidence that the tree which furnishes a greater amount of available material to man than any other in the vast kingdom of vegetables is the first to spring up on the bare rocks of the newly arisen coral reef. The coconut, so formed that it may have floated half way across the Pacific, is thus universally distributed throughout tropical islands. It thrives best near the sea, seldom penetrating far into the interior. Its hard shell is a coat of mail for the embryo plant, says the New Age, enabling it to stand hard usage for a protracted period and locking up securely the precious life in miniature.

The fibrous husk which envelops it, and is seldom seen in the market on account of the greatly increased bulk, breaks the jar which would be inevitable should the hard nut fall unprotected from the tall tree to the ground 50 or 90 feet below.

Such a blow would scarcely fall to break the shell, occasioning the loss of the nourishing milk so necessary to the germ. The outer husk not only breaks the jar of a fall, but buoys it up on the water, while the tough outer cuticle is waterproof.

Thus is the tree which offers to man almost in the raw state all his necessities freely scattered where the warm seas and their borders offer a footing; and from it the humble native secures sugar milk, butter, wine, vinegar, oil, candles, soap, cups, ladles, cordage, matting, thatch for roof and material for raiment—combining food, clothing and shelter in a single gift, continually making waste places habitable.

Weather in the Arctic Region.

The idea prevails that the Arctic regions are always in the grip of King Frost. A careful log kept for the Meteorological society for six months, with temperature observations taken at eight a. m.; 12 noon, four p. m. and eight p. m. shows during that period that as far north as 77 degrees north latitude, or about 2,000 miles to the north of Ottawa, the average temperature at noon worked out at 33.85 degrees Fahrenheit. The greatest cold noted was on October 25 at eight a. m., in the seventieth degree of north latitude, 18 degrees Fahrenheit. The greatest heat occurred on September 2 at noon in the same latitude, and was 52 degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature observations were kept from May 1 to October 31.

Penalty for Life-Saving.

There are no half measures about the law. If it means to be absurd, absurd it will be. The Lee coroner was about to hand five shillings to a barge-man for pulling a woman out of the water, when it was pointed out that the woman was alive when rescued. As a result the man got no reward. Had the woman been dead he would have been given five shillings.—London Mail.

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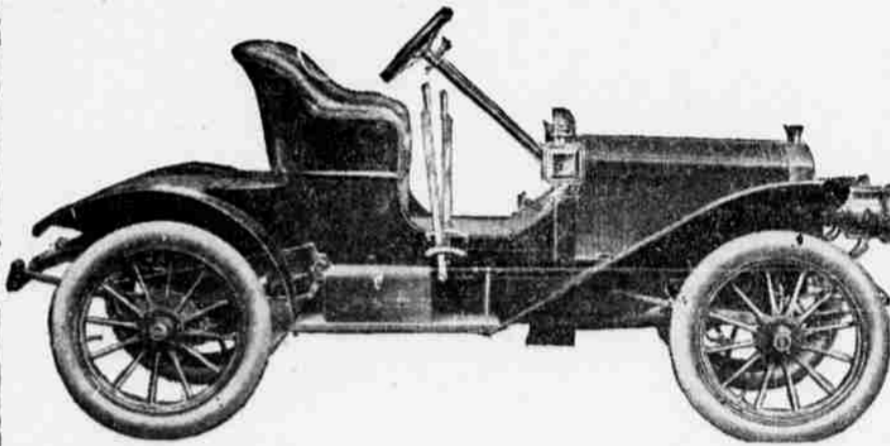
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