IN DAINTY DISSECTING ROBES.

"I've the Loveliest Brain," Says One Fair Young Lady Student.

WOMEN WHO WIELD THE SCALPEL.

Cadavers Have No Honor for Them and They Excel the Men as Enthusiasts in the Study of Anatomy.

She walked up the street, as dainty a bit of femininity as ever shricked at a From the top of her brown curly head to the toes of her tiny tancolored boots she was as gentle and soft as a kitten. Even the way she swung her ribbon-bedecked handbag was pretty and sweet. She met another young person, and her enthusiasm bubbled over so that what she said was overheard. "O, I've got the loveliest brain that you ever saw," she exclaimed, throwing up her russet-gloved little hands to express her rapture. "Everybody wanted it, but I slipped back to the college afterevery body had gone and took it out myself. Won't they be disappointed to morrow. though? I've got it here"-she gave her handbag a shake-"and if you will come up to my house we'll dissect

This timid, gentle creature had really in her pretty satchel the brain of a fellow creature. More than that, she had gone all alone back to the big, silent, deserted medical college, with its gruesome jars full of sections of fragmentary humanity, and all alone in the gloomy dusk of the tomb-like dissecting room had sawed open the head of one of the silent forms on the slab laid out there in readiness for the next day's scalpel work and triumphantly carried away with her the dead man's brain.

That is the kind of a girl the female medical student is. The man died at the city and county hospital. They knew that he was going to die, and the students, the bright, fairy-like girl in tan, with the others, had watched the progress of his malady to its certain end, and each one of them was burning for the autopsy to demonstrate the cor-rectness of his diagnosis. That is why the pretty girl carried off the dead man's brain. Subsequently, at her home with her fellow student, she divided it and subdivided it and laid bare the affected spot, and almost screamed with delight to find that the long Latin name with which she had characterized the man's disease was the correct one. If anybody had suggested to her that there was anything unfeeling about this sort of thing she would have stared with amazed surprise at the person who could look at things that way.

The first woman to go through the course at a California medical college was Miss L. M. F. Wanzer, who graduated from the Toland college in 1874 and is now one of the most prominent, i not the most prominent, of San Francisco's femate physicians. To her a San Francisco Examiner reporter recently applied for an explanation of the mental process of the young lady medical stud-

ents.
"The dissecting room never had any horrors for me," said the physician. had studied from books and charts, of course, some time before I took up the scalpel. Some of my medical friends had told me of all the fearful things I would have to go through before I became an M. D., and possibly I looked for something so much worse than what found that there was no shock at all. remember the first time I ever went into the room that is regarded with such horror by the outside world. I was the only woman in the class, and everybody watched me to see how I would act. envied my male classmates then for their cigarettes and cigars, which I had be fore that day regarded with disfavor and contempt, but so far from what I saw making me sick or making me faint, it only created the liveliest feeling of in-terest in my mind. When it came to my turn I simply put on a big apron and some sleeves to save my dress, took up my scalpel and went to work without the slightest qualm and with considerable enthusiasm. The cadaver I simply re garded as a piece of worked-out mechanism, from which I could learn what I had to know in order to keep similar mechanism in working order. Once, when I was alone in the college building, I stumbled onto a cadaver in a sack in an unsuspected corner and it startled me, but that was the only time I felt any dismay because of the presence of the dead body. Even then the scare lasted only an instant. As soon as I began to reason with myself my fear vanished, and I went on about my business and passed the cadaver on my way out of the building without a thought.

"Some of the students thought to play a trick on me that had often been tried on new students. When I was busy in the dissecting room. They locked mein all alone, except for the more or less dismembered cadavers, and waited for me to find out the state of affairs and get scared. Finally they went away leaving the door locked. When they came back some hours later and opened the door, they found me still busy with my scalpel. I had hardly noticed that I was alone and it had not even occurred to me to be frightened. Since then I have very frequently been in the dissecting-room with students of both sexes, but I can say that I never yet saw one of the female students weaken. Indeed, as a class, I must say that they stand it bet-ter than the young men. I have known several of the male students to give up the profession because they could not stand the work in the dissecting room. "The hardest thing that I found, and

The misery and suffering that I saw there was almost more than I could bear. But even this became a matter of habit. The young women studnets do not like these trips through the hospitals, but they recognize the fact that in no other way can they learn what they must learn. Then they become interested in individual cases and the unpleasant features are soon lost sight of. After I had been attending the college for a year another girl joined the class. She was the most enthusiastic student I ever met. She used to carry home livers and brains wrapped up in her shawl, and once cre-ated considerable commotion in Kearney street by dropping a man's forearm right

others have told me it was the same with

them, was the visits to the hospitals.

on the street crossing."

The pranks of medical students are proverbial, and it must not be supposed that only the men are concerned in them. In the Toland college two of the female students spent half a night arranging a cords so as to make a cadaver do gymnastics in order to terrify the old janitor. The medical student, both male and female, takes his greatest pleasure in shocking people with his irreverence for the dead. In nearly every student's room there is a skull, and when this grinning relic is not bonneted or given some other coquettish make up there is

something very wrong. One delicate young girl has a skull for an inkwell on her desk. She dips up the writing fluid through the staring, eyeless sockets. There is in the city a bookease made al-most entirely of human bones. It was the design of one of the female medical pupils, who presented it as a birthday gift to her father, a nervous old stock-

Some of the costumes worn by the young ladies while they are cutting up cadavers are really picturesque. At first a big apron and a pair of sleeves were all that was considered necessary Later a coarse, bag-like arrangement came into use, but the prevailing tastes for luxury demanded more than this, ane nun-like costumes and others even more elaborate are worn. They call them dissection robes, and when a number of young women dressed in them are gathered about what is left of somebody, with their knives in their hands, the ef fect is extraordinary.

NOT IM POLITELY DRUNK.

The Limp Youth, the Tricky West-

erner, and the Detective. The young gentleman in faultless evening dress who leaned accross the bar in a fashionable Broadway cafe was thoroughly intoxicated, but he was not offensive. Some one near by remarked to a companion that the youth belonged to one of the "best and oldest families" in America, and suggested that it would be interesting to observe that his gentle, refined instincts prevailed in all his actions even while he was wofully subjected to the influence of liquor. Near by stood a personage whose broad-brimmed slouch hat, flerce moustache, and crude garments indicated that he came from the far west, says the New York Sun. In moving forward to secure his drink the fashionable youth accidentally jostled against the westerner.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said. The westerner looked him over, and smiled derisively toward the bartender, making no response to the apology advanced by the other.

"If I do not make myself too bold,"
went on the youth, "I should like to ask
if you are from the west. Understand
me, it is not idle curiosity that prompts the question. I am thinking of going out there to live, just in order to get away from ruinous existence here in New York. I am very inquisitive on the subject at this time, and so I have dared to hope that you might be willing to tell me something of the country." The westerner seemed stunned by this

long and ornamental speech. He looked hard at the inebriated young man for a moment and then burst out laughing. "Say, I'll tell you what I'll do with you," he said. "I'll play you odd or even on the number of one dollar bills."

The young man instantly took a roll of bills from his pocket and asked the barkeeper to give him ones for a ten. The first bill the westerner called off. Upon examination it was found that the final number on the bank note appeared to be 1, and this made the westerner the Just as the young man was passing his money over a stranger stepped up and asked to look at the bill. The youth gave is to him, and

after a glance at it he said: "The last figure on that bill is eight, and the young fellow wins, The mark after the eight, is not a figure one, but a partially obliterated bracket that occurs on every greenback made. The trick is a very old one. Our friend here with the broad brimmed hat would guess odd all the time, yound man, and you in your generous condition of mind would let

him get all your money away from you. Then turning to the westerner, the stranger, who was in reality the private detective of the place, said, very sternly: Get out of here and stay out, or I'll have you up the river inside of a week. You are a swindler.

"O, my dear sir," intersposed the fashthe detective, "perhaps you do our friend an injustice. At least, if he must go, why (here he hesitated as though in search of some plan by which he might ameliorate the swindler's evident discomfiture), why, at least permit him to join us in a good-night glass of wine."

As the youth hunglimpacross thebar, he gentleman that had observed his entrance a few moments before made further remark to his companion as fol-

"His father was a magnificent soldier his mother a woman among a thousand Even the devil of drink can't rob him of his inheritance from them of invariable gentleness of heart and chivalry of man-

STOLEN FRUITS.

Miss Frostique—"I can't bear the attentions of mere boys." Miss Caustique—"No, I suppose not. You have no time to waste in flirting now."

"That Salite Harkins is the greatest girl for getting bargains at second hand." "Isn't she! I understand she's going to marry a "But why do you want to marry hor!"
Because I love her." "My dear fellow,
that's an excuse—not a reason."

"What are our young men coming to?"
Some one exclaims in pain.
Just keep your eye upon our girls
And you will ascertain.

The students of Lehigh will not be able to boast of their conquests among college widows in their college town. Twenty-eight young ladies have formed a society to discourage the attentions of the college boys, and for the first time in history the attention

No one reads the society news in the weekly papers more realously and eagerly woman who gets her only glimps of society in that way. "Marie is a widow now, isn't she?" "No. Her husband is living. He's lost all his money." "That's what I meant. She mar-married that."

The largest thing you chance to find may not be a great prize; You cannot judge a lover's heart entirely by

"Don't you think you're lacing too tight, dear!" said her wiser mother. "You'll squeeze yourself to death." "O, no, mamma, we girls have come to

Chocolate lovers will learn with interest o the case of a young lady at present under treatment at the Clifton Springs, N. Y., san-itarium, for a malady caused by an uncon-trollable appetite for chocolate. She has eaten so much chocolate sweets that her skin

Dacre-I am so delighted to see you again Miss Rosebud. It seems years since we met. Miss Rosebud—Make it weeks, please, Mr. Dacre. Years are so unpleasant to a de outante.

He-I love you better than anything else on earth. I swear it. She—What do you swear by! He-I swear by you.

Who will venture to say woman is not in finitely the superior of man when it comes to that which, in the vernacular, is familiarly termed "packing a trunk?" As they parted: "A lass," sighed he. "Ah,

When a woman is ready to acknowledge that she has a corn, it is safe to assume that she is either married already or does not ex-Miss Notinit-I detest all sorts of rings.
If I were a man I should keep out of them.
Mr. Slewcome-How about a wedding

ring!
Miss Notinit-Well, you see I am not

"I see," said a man, entering a cateror's establishment, "that you advertise weddings furnished?"

"Yes, sir," replied the cateror briskly.

"I wish you'd send a couple to my house right away. I've two daughters I'd like to get off my hands."

Dr. Birney cures canrrh, Bee bldg.

LAST OF POOR BILL CHICK.

Bill Wyman Did His Best But Was So Drunk He Fell Into the Grave -The Story of a Buryin'.

A Des Moines lady, who is now in Montana, writes for the Iowa State Register the following description of a death and burial in the camp she is visiting.

The silent messenger came to camp last night, and who can tell whether the soul he bore away was not as white as snow? Whether the circumstances of life would not have dragged our own boasted standard of morality into the same depths of forgetfulness and despair? The beginning was made years ago back in the states when Peace left the pretty little fireside and a rival came to sit by his hearthstone and steal, little by little, the joy he had known.

Soon the end came and he wandered alone, drifting from one camp to another until he reached Stlaking-Water gulch, and here he lay down to die. Eighteen years of a storm-tossed soul left little to mourn, and yet there were some who remembered when "Bill" Chick wore a white shirt and would have scorned a patch on his trousers. Now he would have been grateful for even a patch to keep out the cold and make him feel he could at least be respectably He wandered aimlessly into camp late

at night, cold, wet, foot sore and-With the recognition that someway always lives in a miner's heart -that there is a divinity never entirely crushed, no matter however forsaken by the poor wretch himself, they took him into the cabin and cared for him. True, there was only a rough blanket and some pine boughs for a bed; the hinges of the door were loose and creaking; in fact, the whole cabin was a picture of neglect, and possibly, flith. But we could only feel the spirit of human sympathy and charity for a soul about ready to step over into another world, another life, without kith or kin. Homeless, penniless, and worse than all, mad with the delirium of his own sinning. When the last breath was drawn, and dream less sleep had come, and there was noth-ing that their rough hands yet willing hearts might do, then human nature sought a natural outlet, and their pent up emotions loosened all restraints, and the sad commentary before them was no check to their appetites. So a huge jug of "oh-be-joyful" yielded to their greedy thirst. They made a night of it, but Bill slept on, and morning came. Soon the tidings spread throughout the camp and there was an eager interest to join hands and relieve the boys of any suspicion or imputation of heathenism. A generous little rivalry sprang up and helped elaborate the plans for a final scene. One benighted companion of the previous night's revels proudly boasted he had "stept with the corpse and kept off the mice and chipmanks." The pretty and sweet smelling pine of the mountain trees made white smooth boards which were fastened into a casket and one poor woman of the town took a cherished bit of tinseled lace and ened around the edge, and tacked black braid over it to hide the defects and make it a little "softer lookin' like." wreath of the glowing pointed pot flowers was twined around his head, and all the bright flowers of the mountain side contributed to fill up a pillow for his head. When all was ready one of the boys remembered that away back in the long ago his mother had given him a prayer book and so he slowly spelled and blunderingly read the solemn "I am the resurrection and the life"—and they listened with bared heads and a sense of gratified propriety, or curiosity, until the beautiful service was read and then the funeral march began. This part of the final arrangements had taken close management. The only wagon within forty miles had had its green sides draped with dark calico and the blackest colored mules in the valley hitched to the solemn, sombre funeral car. It was "mail day" and the stage was in, so
"Uncle Jakey Redding's" tottering
step found a place and with a steady
arm to hold him in, the order to move was given and two single-seated buckboards were driven up and offered to those who could not walk to the grave yard. It was some place to go and the merry horseback riders cantered, for the distance was considerable and the hour late.

Bill Wyman was chosen to deliver the oration at the grave, for he had once come within "three votes of bein" lected governor of Californy," and the four livng wives were no present drawback to his inspired eloquence. But the driver of the hearse had stopped at too many hostelries on the way up, and Bill was not steady in the knees and his tongue was thick. But he bravely faced the dignity and responsibility of the trust imposed upon him, and, standing above the open grave, began his apostrophe to the Ail-Wise One, explaining how it all happened and why Bill Chick was not with them today. But oratorical pride e'releapt itself, and he tumbled head over heels into the depths of the grave eneath, and, as old Horn Miller ther and there declared, the "game was off," and Bill Chick was lowered into his narrow bed without further formalities, The dirt was piled up high, while the men smoked, swore and planned to "jump" some neighboring claims, and the women declared the new schoolma'am dida't "know nothin'," for she spelt d-org without an "r." However, we walked out next day to see where poor Bill Chick had at last found a home, and some kind hands had built a rude fence about the carefully smoothed bed, and some wild flowers lay at the head smiling welcome to the sun. So Stinking Water Gulch is quiet

today, but enjoys the distinction of a noteworthy incident in its history—they have had a buryin'. Trinidad and the Gulf Ports. Trinidad is the nearest Colorado town of

importance and has the nearest great coal fields to the Texas gulf ports. It is a distributing point for a large territory. For further information address Trinidad Land & Improvement Co., Trinidad, Colo. Shot a Labrador Cormorant. A bird seldom seen in New England, a cormorant from Labrador, was shot by

E. W. Hazard, of Southington, Conn., while hunting along the shore last week. It was sent to Yale college and has been handsomely mounted and placed on ex-

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Dr. Birney cures catarrh. Bee bld.g

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