

DEADLY DOPE FOR MICROBES

Peaky Froy of Humankind Furnish Their Own Destruction. SURE SUBSTITUTE FOR ANIMAL SERUM

A Medical Agent as Potent as Anti-Toxin Manufactured Without the Aid of Dumb Beasts—Details of the Discovery.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24.—(Correspondence of The Bee.)—Lately for me, it was not Dr. Oscar Loew's horse serum that I called at his laboratory to learn the full details of his discovery of an enzyme, just announced. According to many bacteriologists, enzyme has come to altogether displace the popular serum treatment of the terrible diphtheria which is the germ of which the relentless microbes are parasites.

Suicidal Tendencies of Germs.

"Tell me some interesting details as to your discovery," said I. "Well, it is known for a long time that certain bacterial germs in the animal body and in men will reach a point where they will cease, as if of their own accord. In such cases the disease seems to run its full course, and then entirely die out of the system. According to previous theories this was due to the fact that the germs themselves were stimulated by the animal organisms to produce a bacteria-killing product. It was never noted that in such cases the whole bacillus growth became completely dissolved by the time the course of the disease had been thus run. When I observed this about a year and a half ago, I concluded that the germs which became thus dissolved had themselves produced the material which accomplished their dissolution. I communicated my theory to my friend, Dr. Rudolf Emmerich, bacteriologist, of Munich. We at once experimented on a large scale and the enzyme was produced. Our first enzyme was produced by bacilli taken from ulcers formed in the disease known as pyocyanus. A concentrated solution measuring one cubic centimeter in from several hours to several days made millions of bacilli of the same animal. This enzyme, diphtheria and others. Thus you see the pyocyanus bacilli formed an enzyme fatal not to themselves, but to the germs of all these other diseases, and doubtless to many more, which future work will determine.

"We next experimented on animals. A large dose of bacilli causing anthrax, that dread disease, fatal to brutes and often to man, was injected into a rabbit. The dose was sufficient to kill rapidly in from one to three days. Soon afterward from two to five cubic centimeters of the enzyme solution were injected into the same animal. This treatment was repeated five or six times. More animals were similarly used, and all were cured of anthrax and became healthy again. One or two were then painlessly killed and dissected. It was discovered upon microscopic examination that the anthrax bacilli had multiplied so rapidly in the beginning that they had reached as far as the liver and spleen. But the enzyme injected into the blood had reached even these. It had destroyed and almost dissolved them. The enzyme had thus acted in the animal body just as it had in the glass flask of the laboratory. Experiments with other disease germs showed results equally gratifying.

Depends on the Disease.

"But how will physicians apply the enzyme in the cure of all these diseases? Will they inject it into the blood as they do the anti-toxin?" "That will depend upon the disease. Experiments so far indicate that in the treatment of diphtheria it will be applied first upon the diphtheric membranes of the glands directly. There it should be sufficient to dissolve all the bacteria causing the disease. If not, we will inject more into the blood.

Our first practical work will then be done directly with anthrax. We will then take up

If all young women could have the right sort of motherly advice much of the unhappiness of the world would be avoided.

There are two troubles in the way. The girls hesitate to consult the mothers and the mothers really know only a little more than the girls. Counsel of the best sort is at the command of every young woman and if she will promptly avail herself of it she will soon be relieved of her troubles. Thousands of women, every year, write to Dr. R. V. Pierce telling their symptoms and asking his advice, which is freely given without cost.

For over thirty years Dr. Pierce has been and is to-day chief consulting physician of the Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. He is a specialist in the diseases of women and his "Favorite Prescription" has had the greatest sale of all medicines ever devised for the cure of the troubles peculiarly feminine.

Every letter addressed to Dr. Pierce is held sacredly confidential and has the most careful attention.

No testimonial letter is ever published until the written consent of its author has been given.

Mrs. Mary E. Lewis, of Tanner, Gilmer Co., Va., writes: "For fifteen years I suffered untold misery. I had given up all hope of ever getting well. I could not sleep, and everything I ate would almost cramp me to death. Was very nervous and could hardly walk across the room. I only weighed ninety pounds when I commenced taking these medicines. I now weigh one hundred and forty pounds and am having better health than ever before. I have taken the 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the 'Pellea's' I take great pleasure in recommending your medicines to the friends of my friends who are not for them I would not have been living today. I am very thankful to God, who put the great power in your medicines that cured me."

Giant Crops of Giant Fruit

Fascinating Romances of Fruit Growing in the Watermelon Belt. PROFITS AHEAD OF ALL OTHER CROPS

Some Prize Melons Weighing Over One Hundred Pounds—A Record-Breaking Year for the Growers.

This is the reigning year of the melon. Although the season is still young, more antelopes and watermelons have reached the northern markets ever before in the history of the commission men. In the last week of July carloads of melons were to be had for the asking in Jersey City. Other carloads at Washington stood open to the longing of the passing darkey-boy. The melon belt, which reaches from Otero county in Colorado to a broad band extending somewhat southward and finally touching the southern Atlantic coast, has borne fruitfully throughout its entire length. This year the acreage, for two reasons, has been vastly increased. During the winter of 1898 and 1899 from 60 to 70 per cent of the peach trees of Georgia, Alabama and, indeed, of the entire gulf region, with the exception of Texas, were killed by the frost. In Florida a considerable proportion of the orange trees, which had not suffered on previous winters, are thereby throwing a large number of fruit growers out of their regular lines of planting. As a result thousands of acres formerly devoted to peach and orange growing were planted to canteloupes and watermelons. In most sections of the south the season was favorable for melon growth and the result was a great overstocking of the market. And yet the experienced grower, with the wisdom which comes of many plantings, has not been so seriously injured by overproduction as many of the newer melon men. He understood the science of securing an early crop and of rushing it through well established channels into the markets of the north.

As a result, the first carloads of canteloupes to reach New York weighed 1,450 to 1,500 a crate. That means \$1,100 and \$1,500 for a single carload of from 7,000 to 15,000 melons. It is not at all unusual to raise in parts of Georgia and Alabama from two to three carloads to the acre. This year the money yield of from \$2,200 to \$4,500 to the acre, provided the melons could all be harvested early in the season. When this is compared to the yield to the acre of wheat or almost any other known crop the profits would appear enormous. Certain it is that a number of the most advanced growers have been astonishingly successful with their ventures in the south. Watermelons have been only a step behind the canteloupes in the size and marketing success of the crop. About 1,000 melons are considered a good crop. During the last two or three years these melons have averaged a full thirty pounds weight and some of them have gone beyond sixty pounds, while a few prize melons weighing 100 pounds and over have crept into the shipping markets. The earliest watermelons bring all manner of fancy prices. By the 1st of August the price has usually dropped from \$200 to \$350 per carload. That would mean a cost of from 2 to 3.5 cents for a thirty-pound melon—about as cheap as corn for the market. The earliest watermelons have been added, as the average American family could desire. As the season advances the price decreases still further until it frequently happens that the shipper is willing to give his product to anyone who will take it for enough to pay the freight. The earlier melons nearly all come by express and spend from two to three days on the road; from Colorado the earliest product requires nearly three days, or from four to five days by freight; New York melons come from some from twenty to forty carloads every day.

Growers Work Like a Team.

One curious development of the melon crop, chiefly during the present season, is the growing of small canteloupes in the market by name. A few years ago a muskmelon was a muskmelon. The only difference of designation was the elementary designations—"good" and "bad." I asked W. A. Taylor, assistant pomologist of the United States Agricultural Experiment Station, how the muskmelon happened to become the canteloupe. "In the north," he said, "the muskmelon is still the muskmelon; canteloupe is a southern name and from the fact that the canteloupe supply comes largely from Otero county, Colorado, the name has gradually invaded northern markets until at present the ordinary city man would not think for a moment of asking for a muskmelon when he goes to a restaurant."

RELIGIOUS.

The Lutheran church in Iceland numbers about 72,000 baptized members, which is about the total population. Rev. D. D. during his pastorate of the Temple church, Philadelphia, has baptized 3,785 converts. In America there are seventy Primitive Methodist stations, with the same number of ministers and about 7,000 members. The Methodist and Presbyterian churches of Canada each propose to raise \$1,000,000 to commemorate the opening of the new century.

In ninety-one years of missionary work in China 3,000 missionaries have been engaged and about 100,000 conversions reported.

As a result of work begun fifteen years ago, the Congregational Home Missionary society has established 117 churches in fifteen states.

Methodism in England has 4,730 Bands of Hope, with a membership of 439,819, and the temperance societies of the church number 1,564, with 90,676 members.

The unusual sight of a bishop addressing a congregation of vicarials was witnessed at Dover, England, last week, when the bishop of that see preached to vicarials from all the country round.

The Independent says: "When it comes to the religious orders in this country the Catholic bishops seem to have scarcely more influence than Abraham Lincoln once jokingly said he had in his administration."

The Woman's Foreign Missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal church has upon its rolls 700 native bible women, who go from home to home in the cities and villages reading the bible and teaching Christ.

The number of baptisms last year in the Presbyterian church were fewer in number than for some years. There were 17,882 baptisms in 1898, 21,574 in the preceding year, and 24,998 infant baptisms to 27,768 the year previous.

A preacher in Minneapolis Sunday told of the Church of England for months past, baptismal offerings and pew rents are estimated at from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000. This gives a total income of \$3,500,000 every year as the sum of religious properties of Great England. A large part of this colossal revenue is expended in increasing the value of benefices in religious properties, of which there are 18,970 in England.

The will of Joseph Bonora of Kansas City, who died recently, proves to be a most remarkable document. Although he was an Italian he had put \$4,000 of his fortune of \$150,000 to religious and charitable organizations. The Christian Brothers' college of St. Louis is the principal legatee, getting about \$80,000.

Mr. Bonora's half brother almost nothing. He was reared a Catholic and it was while keeping a store at Baxter Springs, Kan., that he lost his faith in religious creeds. He began the study of Thomas Paine's writings and soon became an enthusiastic admirer of the Christian era.

Mr. Bonora had not attended church for twenty-five years prior to his death. His change of religion did not cause him to lose faith in humanity in charitable work. He told his friends that his new religion was good to all, to relieve suffering and to make all his friends happy.

THE PATRIOTIC MUSE

Welcome the First Nebraska. Come all and give a welcome. To the boys so brave and true—The boys of the First Nebraska. Who eagerly donned the blue, And gallantly followed "Old Glory" Through many a bloody fray, With the Spaniards and Filipinos, In Luzon, far away.

Ring the glad bells in welcome! Ring! ring! ring! To the boys of the First Nebraska. Who bravely followed the flag, And gallantly followed "Old Glory" Through many a bloody fray, With the Spaniards and Filipinos, In Luzon, far away.

Spread them a feast; there is nothing so good as a soldier's dinner. Hunger and thirst without murmuring; Wounded and sick and sore Through the swamps, swam rivers, Were pierced by thorns in the brush, But when trenches were charged, our Nebraska boys were the first in the rush.

Greet them as victors returning. Crown them with laurels of fame. Through long, weary months of peril They have won our nation's name. And proved to every country Through many a bloody fray, That the greatest nation of all the free Is the land of their native birth.

Then welcome our patriot soldiers, Who have always upheld the right, And are the glory of our nation's might. Are the strength of our nation's might. Then wish them health, and wish them peace. Give three cheers and a tiger, too, For the boys of the First Nebraska, For whom our nation's due.

LIZZIE V. VAN SANT.

The Unretiring.

Amidst the plaudits for these heroes come to the boys of the First Nebraska. A sign of those who fell—the unretiring brave. Upon a faded garland, drop a tear, for they Who sleep in distant islands, dead in alien graves.

Amidst this glory and this high acclaim, Let not a note of sorrow in a plaintive minor strain. One note of dirge-like music in the paean of praise. For those whose names are numbered with the noble slain.

For them the lights are out, the rattling drums are still, No reveille can ever reach their dust-strewn graves. Their hero hearts are pulseless and their feet are bound. Their shining halberds, for all the future years.

But though their hearts are dust and silence seals their lips, Their deeds will live, for soldier valor does not die. Their illustrious names are writ on Fame's scroll, and their names are on our nation's shield.

Then 'midst the folds of yonder flag they loved so well, Enroll a sable cord, in memory of the dead, And as the living heroes tread the soil of home, For those who march unseen, make bare and bow the head.

W. R. DUNROY.

The First Shot.

Guard well the city round, And keep the city clear, No hostile hordes shall swarm within Our walls, nor shall our flag be torn. The flag that floats above us, The flag we brought from home, 'Tis ours to guard and cherish, On Manilla's proudest dome.

Out where the First Nebraskans Lie asleep on the ground; The sentries firm, unyielding, Their eyes on the foe's banner, The rickety team with natives, Full well equipped for war, And with a single star.

And in the distant jungles glow, Where sullen watch fires glow, And the sentries stand on guard, Who wait to strike a blow. Their guns gleam in the twilight, And their eyes ring with the air, And mocking taunt and laughter, Assault our sentries there.

Oh, well the poet named them, "Half dead and half a child," Their sentry-savage antics, Their war songs wild and wild, Their eyes on the foe's banner, And of the wasted years Of Spain's unjust oppression That brought but blood and tears.

They're crowding close the cordon That girds the city round, Their foremost men are standing Upon forbidden ground. Halt! Advance and give the sign; You must not trifle here; Go back and get your orders, For there is no weakness here!

"Corral the guard number nine," Was heard a sentry's cry, "Oh, let your gun be silent, 'Till the judgment falls on you," Now falling in each effort To rouse the sentry's ire, They crowd around him closer 'Till he is forced to fire.

The shot that broke the tension Performed its piston well, Fronted the Filipino foe, Burst forth a dying yell. Now to your posts, O buglers, These are the bugle alarms, Let every brazen trumpet Sound forth the call "To Arms."

DAVID RITNER.

To the First Nebraska.

Gladly we welcome you, Gallant First! Pride of Nebraska, her loyal sons; Strength of our land and flower of our state. No braver soldiers ever shouldered guns.

Gladly we welcome you, Gallant First! Nebraska receives you with outstretched arms. Home again, close in her fond embrace, You will soon recover from war's alarms.

Gladly we welcome you, Gallant First! Nebraska's proud and noble sons; Her mother heart for you opens wide; Her blinding tears come now to rejoice.

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STORIES ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

"Thirty years ago," says George G. Rockwood, the veteran New York photographer, to a reporter, "my studio was at Thirteenth street and Broadway, then a residence section. At that time, I remember, there was the old Roosevelt mansion where Governor Theodore Roosevelt spent his boyhood.

"Several years ago when the governor was then the growing boy, I personally superintended posing him. After I had fixed him in the chair and asked him to 'look pleasant, please,' I said, carelessly: 'I wonder whether you are the little fat boy who used to throw stones at my skylight in Thirteenth street about thirty years ago?'"

"Mr. Roosevelt's eyes twinkled. 'That's a long time ago, Mr. Rockwood,' he said. 'It's pretty nearly outlawed by this time. But I have the police on my side now and I'm not afraid of being arrested. I admit that I was the boy. But don't let that make you spoil this picture.'"

"It didn't, for it was the best likeness that had ever been taken of Mr. Roosevelt up to that time. In fact, it was the only one that didn't make him look severe."

General Benjamin F. Tracy, former secretary of the navy, and who is at present an associate of General Benjamin Harrison in representing the navy in the present case of the Venezuelan boundary dispute, finds the keenest enjoyment in smoking. The general was nearly 60 years old before he acquired the taste for tobacco. Previous to that time smoking made him ill.

During the early '70s, relative to the Philadelphia Post, he was engaged as counsel in a celebrated case, and was compelled to devote not only the day but the greater part of the night to his task. Once when he was thoroughly fatigued, an associate suggested that a cigar with a coffee might have a soothing effect. General Tracy succumbed to the temptation, and before he was aware of it had finished his third cigar. They seemed to quiet his nerves, and he was able to work over his papers the whole of the night. The next morning, however, of gratitude for the effect of those three cigars, General Tracy has been a smoker.

Robert Smalls, the colored politician and ex-congressman of South Carolina, calls on praying and blessing the negro politicians who want to divide the negro vote.

"It always reminds me," he said to a Chicago Record correspondent, "of a man called Captain Jack, who used to run a flat-boat on the river down in my country and was one of the smartest men I ever knew."

"Captain Jack was going down the river one Sunday and his boat got stuck on a sandbar right opposite a colored Methodist church. He tried every way he could to get her out, but she wouldn't budge. He had no way to get off except by sinking the stern until the bow was free, and then shoving her around into the current. The minute Captain Jack heard the singing and praying up at the meeting house he saw a way to get out of his scrap. He lit up a cigar and made a noise that he had come to Jesus and wanted to hold a prayer meeting on his boat. All the darkies from the church came down, and Captain Jack meantime got seals fixed for them in the stern. They crowded back there singing and praying and blessing the negro politicians who want to divide the negro vote."

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Ring the glad bells in welcome! Ring! ring! ring! To the boys of the First Nebraska. Who bravely followed the flag, And gallantly followed "Old Glory" Through many a bloody fray, With the Spaniards and Filipinos, In Luzon, far away.

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Oh, well the poet named them, "Half dead and half a child," Their sentry-savage antics, Their war songs wild and wild, Their eyes on the foe's banner, And of the wasted years Of Spain's unjust oppression That brought but blood and tears.

They're crowding close the cordon That girds the city round, Their foremost men are standing Upon forbidden ground. Halt! Advance and give the sign; You must not trifle here; Go back and get your orders, For there is no weakness here!

"Corral the guard number nine," Was heard a sentry's cry, "Oh, let your gun be silent, 'Till the judgment falls on you," Now falling in each effort To rouse the sentry's ire, They crowd around him closer 'Till he is forced to fire.

The shot that broke the tension Performed its piston well, Fronted the Filipino foe, Burst forth a dying yell. Now to your posts, O buglers, These are the bugle alarms, Let every brazen trumpet Sound forth the call "To Arms."

DAVID RITNER.

To the First Nebraska.

Gladly we welcome you, Gallant First! Pride of Nebraska, her loyal sons; Strength of our land and flower of our state. No braver soldiers ever shouldered guns.

Gladly we welcome you, Gallant First! Nebraska receives you with outstretched arms. Home again, close in her fond embrace, You will soon recover from war's alarms.

Gladly we welcome you, Gallant First! Nebraska's proud and noble sons; Her mother heart for you opens wide; Her blinding tears come now to rejoice.