

Eugene City Guard.

CAMPBELL BROTHERS PUBLISHERS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1880.

BY MAIL AND TELEGRAPH.

Garfield Nominated for the Senate.

COLUMBUS, (O.) Jan. 6.—A republican senatorial caucus was held to-night, and General James A. Garfield nominated for United States senator by acclamation. Major Town send of Athens presented Garfield's name, which was seconded by Peter Stryker of Cincinnati, who withdrew the name of Stanley Matthews in favor of Garfield. Benjamin Eggleston of Cincinnati withdrew the name of Alphonso Taft, and ex Governor William Dennison sent a note to the caucus withdrawing his own name. General Garfield is in Cleveland.

Two More Victims of the New York Fire.

NEWARK, (N. J.) Jan. 6.—Horace O. Pierce and Edward Bloom, injured by the celluloid works fire yesterday, have died. Insurance on building and contents, \$7000.

Funeral of Bishop Haven, at Boston.

BOSTON, Jan. 6.—The funeral of Bishop Haven took place to-day. Nearly every minister of the Methodist denomination in New England was present. The services were very impressive.

River and Harbor Improvements in Oregon.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—Senator Slater to-day introduced bills proposing appropriations for river and harbor improvements in Oregon as follows: For the Columbia river canal at the Cascades \$500,000; Coos bay, \$200,000; Coquille river, \$50,000; Yaquina bay, \$100,000.

Also, bills authorizing the Astoria and Winnemucca railroad company to construct bridges across Young's bay and Lewis and Clark's rivers, and appropriating \$5,000 to pay for losses of private property of officers and enlisted men and landowners of the 2d regiment, artillery, by the wreck of the government transport *Turret*, at Cook's inlet, Alaska, in 1868.

An English Criticism of Parnell's Scheme.

New York, Jan. 6.—The *Telegraph* has a live column letter by cable from Earl Dunraven on Parnell and his mission, from which the following extracts are taken: "Of all the quack cures for hard times the 'patent Parnell pill' is the simplest and most deleterious in its consequences. It consists of the maxims, 'When hard up, don't pay your debts'; 'Pay your rent when it's convenient to do so; if it's inconvenient to pay it, do not'; 'Write and you can't be called to pay, neither can you be turned out.' Robbery organized on such a scheme would, of course, be hard to deal with, and there would be some sense in the idea of Irish tenant farmers were devoid of all moral feelings. But they are not. It is obvious that if tenant farmers paid in rent they would be better off for a little time, in the same way that they would be better off if they did not pay for their clothes and for the provisions they purchase. The proceedings of the Parnellites are peculiar. They assert farmers cannot pay their rent in bad times. As a remedy they propose that the people should pay rent, and a large sum in addition, to the government, for a term of thirty-five years. As they claim that there will not come bad harvests in that period? Do they think the government would make statements or trouble their heads about the condition of their tenants? The Parnellites recommend the people that which is illegal, but beg them to keep within the limits of the law. They urge them to keep possession of the property, money or land, belonging to them, and excite them to expressions of sentiments which imply a determination to cheat one class of creditors rather than pay debts due them, and are apparently fall to see that they are recommending theft and condoning murder. They claim to have the welfare of the Irish people at heart, and endeavor to prevent them from bettering their condition by emigration. If a company can only be formed successfully in large holdings, you cannot alter circumstances by changing the tenure of land. Emigration is powerless to deal with immediate need, and relief must be obtained from other sources. The government appears to have wisely decided against granting state aid to Ireland at present. State interference in such matters is usually injudicious. It is essential that private charities should be carefully administered, and the money judiciously employed. If large sums are subscribed, the money, after the present pressing necessities of the country have been relieved, can be spent with certainty of profit in one way, and that is by helping and encouraging emigration. An experiment in the way of peasant proprietorship might be tried. It is hard to theorize in such as this. In very exceptional cases it might prove a success—an unusually prudent man might succeed in getting and keeping his freedom, and where a farm contained large proportions of unimproved but improvable land, its yield might keep pace for a time with the increasing number of human beings to be supported by it. I fear, however, that the experiment would invariably prove a lamentable failure. Ireland ought to be fairly prosperous. One such period of agitation, however, by disturbing men's minds, by inducing them to indulge in foolish dreams, by reducing values and destroying credit, by alienating English capital and producing in the English mind a feeling of disgust in everything Irish—sets the country back years and years. Feeling this strongly as I do, and seeing that Mr. Parnell proposes to devote the funds he may obtain in America to loament and keep up a state of things fatal to the country, I do most sincerely hope that his success may be small. No man would more heartily wish success to his mission than I. Were this money to be applied in any practical manner that could benefit the people."

An Invitation to Parnell.

OMAHA, Jan. 6.—An invitation has been sent to Parnell to make Omaha a visit on his way to California. In case he accepts he will be given a big reception by Irish citizens, who meet to-morrow to make preliminary arrangements.

HEREDITARY CRIME.—An account was recently published of a Jukes family in New York State, which, beginning with a vagrant woman nearly one hundred years ago, has supplied a vast number of criminals of every degree of guilt to the jails and prisons. Another instance of hereditary crime has just come to light in New Bedford, Mass. Charles Phillips, a young man of eighteen years, and crippled in the right arm, has been convicted of burglary. He is a great grandson of the same Briggs, who was in the State prison one time with seven of his sons. More than 100 years this branch of the Phillips family has furnished in every generation criminals whose names may be found on the court records and the rolls of penitentiary institutions. The ancestry of Malbone Briggs can be traced back in a direct line to a noted pirate in the time of Earl Belamont.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

When a good house wife of Kirkaldy went for a ham that had hung from the rafters, it had a fair exterior, but it was a perfect shell, skin and bone only remaining to show its form, while the rest, after living so sumptuously, had built a nest in the center, and was easily captured

BURGLARIOUSLY AND FELONIOUSLY.

We had just locked up the safe and I had put the key in my pocket—I am the accountant of the North and South of England Bank, and its Paisley branch, W. R. Yorks. I had got my hat on and had taken up my umbrella, when a man came running into the bank with a bag of money in his hand.

"Am I in time?" he cried. I shook my head. "Dence take it," I said; "but we can't take the money."

"Well, then, what is to be done? Here's £22,000 in this bag, and those drafts of mine come due in a couple of days. Well, you'll have to take 'em up," he said. "I can't, unless you take the money in to-night."

I knew that those drafts were coming due, and that our manager was a little anxious about them, for they were rather heavy, and the other names on them were not very good. Black, too—that was the man with the money bag—was a capital customer; and not only a good customer himself, but he brought good accounts with him, and we were a young branch and on our mettle.

Well, here was the money to meet the drafts, anyhow, and I should have been a great fool to send it away because it was after hours. So I counted it all over; there was about £19,000 in checks and notes and £3000 in gold.

"Come and have a glass of beer with me," said Black, on the way to the station.

I put the bag of money in my desk and locked it up. I would come back presently and have it put in the safe. I walked to the station with Black; we had some beer together, and then he went off towards the Victoria. You see I was rather in the habit of calling for a glass of beer as I went home, and then going on, and consequently, from the force of habit, I'd almost got home before I remembered the bag of money. It was vexing, too, because we had a tea-party that night, the first since our marriage, and it began at 5 o'clock, and I'd promised to be home an hour earlier to draw the corks and help get things ready. And here it was 6 o'clock, and I had to go back to the bank.

All the way back I went as hard as I could get.

However, the money was all right in my desk, and now I'd put it in the safe. "Tell Mr. Cousins"—our manager, you know—I said to the servant who had led me in, "that I want the key of the safe." But you had it in your pocket, you say, which shows that you are not acquainted with the rules and regulations of the North and South of England Bank, which say that the accountant or chief cashier shall be responsible for the due custody of the cash while it is in his possession in the daytime, and at night all moneys and securities shall be carefully secured within the office safe, which shall be secured by two keys, one of which shall be in the custody of the manager, and the second in that of the accountant or cashier. But you say again, as long as you had one key, what did you want of two? There, I own, the regulations are obscure. They were drawn up by somebody without any literary skill; if they'd consulted me about them, I could have suggested a good many improvements. What they meant to say was that the safe was secured by two locks, and that a key of each, not interchangeable the one with the other, was to be in the custody, etc. Now you understand why I wanted Mr. Cousins's key.

"Eh, my!" said the servant, opening her mouth wide, "and what might you want Mr. Cousins's key for?"

Just as stupid as you, you see. I was mad with the girl. I own I always get out of temper with those Yorkshire people. If you ask them the simplest question, first they open their mouth and gape at you. When you've repeated the question twice they shut their mouth and think a bit. Then the idea seems to reach the thing that does duty with 'em for brains, and excites a sort of reflex action, for, by jingo! instead of answering your question they go and ask you one. And that makes me so mad! Oh, they're a very dense race, those Yorkshire people.

"Why, to open the safe, you stupid," said I. "Where is he?"

"Don't you know?" says she.

"Know!" I cried in a rage; "what should I ask you for if I did know?"

"Didn't you know he was at your house?"

Ab, so he was. I'd nearly forgotten that he was one of the guests at my wife's party. Clearly, I couldn't get the safe open, and I didn't like to leave the money in my desk, so I put it in my pocket and took it home, thinking I'd give it to Cousins with my key, to put it in the safe when he returned.

A nice mess I got into when I got home, for you see it had been arranged that I was to go up stairs and dress before anybody came; and that then the room was to be made ready for the ladies to take their bonnets off—for they were not all carriage people. Well, you never saw such a thing! When I got home and crept up stairs to dress, the people had all come so the servant said—there were six muffs, and four bonnets, and five pork-pie hats, and a

half dozen shawls on the beds, and one lady had left her every-day curls hanging over the looking glass. Upon my word, I didn't like to perform my toilet among all these feminine gear; and there was no lock to the door; and my dress clothes were all smothered up among these muffs and things. But I got through pretty well, and had just got one of my legs into my trousers, when bang, atrop-dop-dop! such a rattle at the knocker, and I heard my wife scuttling away into the hall.

They were the Markbys our trump card, who kept their own carriage, and everything of grand.

"So kind of you, my dear," said my wife, kissing Mrs. Markby most affectionately. I could hear the report where I stood.

"So delighted! Really, how nicely, how beautifully you arrange everything. I can't have things arranged, with all my servants, and—" "Run up stairs, dear, do," said my wife. "You know the room—my room, right hand, at the top of the stairs."

I heard the flutter of female wings on the stairs. What was I to do? If I could have managed the other leg, I wouldn't have minded, but I couldn't. I hadn't worn these dress things for a good while, and I don't grow any thinner as I grow older. No, for the life of me I could not dispossess of that other leg at such short notice. What could I do? I could only rush to the door and set my back against it. Did I tell you that this was our housewarming party? Did I tell you our landlord had altered the house for us, making our bedroom larger by adding a slip that had formed a separated room? I think not. And yet I ought to have told you all these circumstances to enable you to understand the catastrophe that followed. In a word the door opened outward. I'd forgotten that peculiarity, never having had a room so constituted before, and never will again. The door went open with a crash, and I bounded backward into Mrs. Markby's arms. Smelling salts and sal volatile! was there ever such an untoward affair?

The music struck up for the dance as I hopped back into my room. I hid my head among the bolsters and muffs and almost cried, for I am such a delicate-minded man. Yes, it hurt me a great deal more than it did Mrs. Markby, for, would you believe it?—she told the whole story down below, to the whole company, with pantomimic action, and, when I showed myself at the door of the drawing room, I was received with shouts of inextinguishable laughter.

I think I called the Yorkshire people dense just now, didn't I? Well, I'll add another epithet—coarse—dense and coarse. I told 'em so, and they laughed the more.

The guests were gone, the lights were out, slumber had just visited my eyes, when right into my brain, starting me up as if I had been shot, came a noise. I wasn't really certain at first whether I heard a noise or was only dreaming. Was it only my pulse thumping into my ears, or were those regular beats the tramping of somebody's muffled feet? Then I heard an unmistakable sound—creak, creak, creak—a door opened slowly and cautiously. All in a moment the idea flashed into my head £22,000. You see, all this dancing and junketing, and laughing and chaffing had completely driven out of my mind all thought of the large sum I had in my possession. I had left it in a great coat pocket, which was hanging up in the hall down stairs.

Puff, a gust of wind came through the house, rattling the doors and windows, and then I heard a door slam, and a footstep outside of some one cautiously stealing away.

Away down stairs I went like a madman, my one thought to put my hand on that great coat, with long tails, and two pockets behind, and a little cash pocket on the left-hand side in front, and this breast pocket in which I had put the bag of money. This pocket wasn't as usual, on the left-hand side, but on the right. There was no other coat hanging on those rails, only my wife's waterproof. What a swoop I made to get hold of that coat! Great heavens, it was gone!

I had carefully barred and chained the front door before I went to bed—now it was unfastened. I ran out into the street, and looked up and down, hopeless and bewildered. It was a damp, dark night; the lamp at the corner threw a long, silky ray down the streaming pavement, but there wasn't a soul to be seen. Everything was still and cold and dark.

The money was clean gone—yes, it was gone. I repeated those words mechanically to myself as I crawled up stairs. All the results of this loss pictured themselves before me—dismissal from the bank, ruin of all my prospects—utter ruin, in fact. What could I do? To what turn? The blow that had fallen upon me was so heavy and sudden that it had benumbed my faculties. My chief desire was to crawl into bed and fall asleep, hoping never to wake. But morning would come surely enough—morning and its attendant miseries. Then the thought came to me:

Should I go to bed and say nothing at all about it? No one knew of my having received that money; not a soul but Black, the man who had deposited it. I had given him

no receipt for it, no acknowledgment. Black had gone to America—a hundred things might happen—he might never return; at all events there was respite, immediate relief. I could go to the bank next morning, hang up my hat as usual, and everything would go on as before. If Black returned, my word was as good as his. The notes and checks would never be traced home. But I don't think I retained this thought long. Did you ever consider how much resolution and force of will it takes to initiate a course of crime and deception? I had neither the one nor the other. I should have broken down at once. I couldn't have that fellow's eye on me and tell him I had never had his money.

I woke my wife; she had slept through all the trouble. "Marty," I said, "we're ruined; there's been a robbery."

"A robbery," she cried, clasping her hands; "and are the men gone?"

"Yes," I said.

"Oh, thank heaven!" she said, "then we're safe. Never mind the rest, Jack, as long as our lives are safe. But there's my waterproof, Jack—oh, do run and see if they have taken that."

Then I told her the story of the £22,000. She wouldn't believe me at first, but when she heard the whole story she was frightened enough. Yet she had wits about her more than I had.

"You must run off to the town hall, Jack," she said, "and set the police to work. They must telegraph to all the stations—to London and everywhere. Oh, do go at once, Jack—this very moment! Every second lost may be ruin to us!"

Away I went to the town hall. This was a large classic edifice, with an immense portico and a huge flight of steps; but you didn't go into the portico to get into the police office, but to the side which wasn't classical at all, but of the rudimentary style of architecture, and you went along a number of echoing stone passages before you reached the Superintendent's office.

When I told the Superintendent the story—"Ah," he said, "I think I know who did that job."

"Oh," said I, "how thankful I am! Then you can put your hands on him and get back the money. I want the money back, Mr. Superintendent, never mind him. I wouldn't mind, indeed, rewarding him for his trouble if I could only get the money back."

"Sir," said the Superintendent, severely, "the police ain't sent into the world to get people's money back—nothing of the sort. We aren't going to encourage composition of felony; and for putting our hands on Flashy Joe—for he did the job, mark you—well, what do you think the liberty of the subject is for? Where's your evidence?"

I was obliged to confess I hadn't any, whereas the Superintendent looked at me contemptuously.

"Now, let's see into the matter," he said, after he'd made some notes on a bit of paper. "How came they to know you'd got the money in your coat?"

I said I didn't know.

"Ah, but I know," said the Superintendent, "you went to get a glass of ale after you left the bank, young man?"

I was obliged to confess I had done so.

"That's how property gets stolen," said he, looking at me severely. "And what's more, you had a glass with a friend. Ah, I knew you had. And perhaps you got talking to this friend of yours?"

"Yes, indeed, I had."

"Very well; and you mentioned about the money you'd just took?"

"Very likely."

"Then this Joe, depend up it, was in the crib at the time and he heard you, and he followed you back to the bank; and you haven't got blinds, but a wire netting over the window, and anybody outside can see you counting out the gold and silver."

"That's true," I said.

"Yes, I see it all," said the Superintendent; "just as Joe saw it. He follows you up here to yonder, and he sees you put your money in your coat pocket, and then he follows you home, and when all's quiet he cracks the crib. Oh, it's all in a nut-shell, and that's how property goes. And then you come to the police."

"But if you know it's Joe, why don't you send after him and catch him?"

"Oh, we know our own business, sir; you leave it all to us; we shall have Joe tight enough, if not for this job, anyhow for the next. We'll give him a bit of rope, like."

I couldn't put any fire into the man, do what I could; he was civil, that is, for a Yorkshireman; impassive, he'd do what was right; I'd given the information very well; all the rest was his business.

So I came home miserably, despairing. It was just daylight by this time, and as I opened the shutters the debris of our feast was revealed; the leas of the lobster salad, the picked bones of the chickens, the melted residuum of the jellies; while about everything hung the faint smile of sour wine. I sat down amid all this wretchedness and leaned my head on my arms in dull, miserable lethargy. Then I sprang up, and as I did so, I caught sight of myself in the looking-glass. Good heavens! Was this wretched, hang-dog looking

fellow myself? Did a few hours' misery change a man like this? Why, I was a very felon in appearance, and so I should be thought to be. Who would believe this story of a robbery? Why the police didn't believe in it, else they'd had taken a different tone. No, I should be looked upon as a thief by all the world.

Then my wife came down stairs, and with a few touches restored a little order and sanity, both to outward matters and to my mind. She brought me some coffee and an egg and some bread and butter, and after I had eaten and drank I didn't feel quite so bad.

"Jack," she said, "you must go to London at once and see the directors. Have the first word and tell them all about it—all the particulars. It was only a little bit of carelessness after all, and perhaps they'll look over it."

"Yes, that's all very well," I said. "But how am I to get there? I've got no money. This wretched party has cleared us right out."

"Borrow some of Cousins."

"He asked me to lend him a sovereign last night, and I couldn't."

"Now, you'll say, 'Here's a man without resource. Why didn't he pawn his watch?' To tell the truth, that's what I did the week before, and the money was all gone. 'Then, under the circumstances,' you'll add, 'it was immoral to give a party.' But, you'll bear in mind, the invitations have been out for a fortnight, and we were then in funds."

"Well, Jack," said my wife, "you must get the man—the P. B.—to give you some more money on the watch. Sell it to him right out. It must at least be worth ten pounds, for it cost thirty, and you've only had five upon it. Sell the ticket."

"Yes; but where was the ticket?"

Why, in the little cash pocket of my brown great coat. Still, I had heard that if you'd lost a ticket you could make the man give you another, and Brooks, the pawnbroker, was a respectable fellow, who, perhaps, would help me out of my difficulty. I went to him, anyhow, on my way to the station. I felt like a ticket-of-leave man as I went into his shop. But I put a good face upon it.

"Brooks," I said, "that watch—you know the ticket—it's stolen."

Brooks gave a most portentous wink. He was a slow speeched man, with a red face and a tremendous corporation.

"Nay," he says, "my lad, thou'rt wrong there."

"What do you mean?" I said, coloring furiously. Every one suspected me, it seemed.

"Whoa, it might ha' been stolen once, but it aren't no; ave got it here. This is how it were. A cadging sort o' chap comes in, and he says, 'Master, what'll you give me for this ticket?' Now, you know the haet don't allow us to give nought in that kind of way, but I say to the chap, let's have a look at it; and then I saw it was yours, and I said to the man: 'My lad, you aren't come honest by this.'

"And you gave him into custody; he's in prison? Old Brooks, what a capital fellow you are!"

"Nay," he said; "I knowed better nor that. Do you think I'd hexpose a customer? I know you gents don't care about these little matters getting abroad; and so I slaps my fist on the counter, and I says, 'Hook it!' just like that. And away he went like a lamplighter."

I sank down on the counter, overpowered with emotion.

"And what's more," went on Brooks, "he never took up the money I'd lent him for the coat."

"What coat?" he cried.

"A very nice brown coat he put up with me. About fit you, I should think. See, here it is."

It was my identical brown great coat, wrapped up in a bundle, and tied round with my own handkerchief. I made a dart at it, opened it, plunged my hand into the breast pocket—there was the roll of money, there were the £22,000.

How did I go to the bank that morning—on legs or wings? And how did I get home, as soon as I had put the money safe away? Mary knew by my face that it was all right; and didn't we have a dance of joy all round the house!

My burglar had been only a sort of sneak after all, who had got in at an open window, and bolted with the spoils of the hall; but if he had taken the pains to look into the pockets of the coat, he'd have been a rich—though miserable and insecure—man, and I should have been utterly and deservedly ruined.

BARBOT, A CURIOUS MARINE INSECT.—A terrible accident has just taken place at Biarritz, says Gallignani's *Messenger* of a late date. Miss Gordon, who had passed a winter in Paris, was drowned while out on an excursion. She attempted, without a guide, to go along the cliffs far beyond the point marked by the authorities as the limit for the public to go safely. She reached a place known as the *Plaine de la Mort*, and in stooping to pick a flower, her foot slipped and she was precipitated into a hole known as the *Barbots*, a spot said to have the peculiarity that at the end of 48 hours nothing more than the skeleton remains of any being that ever falls into it. It contains millions of small insects which devour the body, and which are called by the inhabitants of the district *barbots*, and which are by them held in especial horror. The Duke of Frias met his death under similar circumstances a few years ago.

The Chinese believe that cats go to heaven and howl around the same as on earth.

Wonderful Surgery.

The San Antonio correspondent of the *Galveston News* tells the following story of a wonderful surgical operation recently performed in the former city. Dr. F. Herff has long been a resident of San Antonio, and is justly considered one of the best physicians and surgeons in Texas. San Antonio contains a wonder, the like of which cannot be found in the United States. It is nothing more nor less than a child, seven years old, that, instead of masticating and swallowing its food in the usual manner, is fed through an aperture in the stomach made for that purpose. The child is gaining strength, can walk and play, and bids fair to soon be as stout and healthy as any other child. On Saturday last I determined to go and see the child for myself. The facts are as follows:

About two years ago Mr. S. T. Lumley, at that time living in Pennsylvania, had the misfortune to have his little daughter Jessie drink a solution of lye, which a negro woman had carelessly left on the table. A large quantity of the corrosive liquid was swallowed. Death is the certain result in such cases. There have been quite a number of cases in San Antonio, where children drank concentrated lye, and none have survived except in this instance. The lye destroyed the mucous membrane, and a stricture of the esophagus is formed, which means that the throat, or, at least, the channel through which the food goes into the stomach, is drawn together or contracted to such a degree that only liquids, and not much of them can pass through. If the child does not die at once, it lingers for a year or so, and then goes into a consumptive condition and perishes of slow starvation. It is impossible for a human being to live exclusively on liquid nourishment; but where concentrated lye has been taken there are times, particularly in cold damp weather, when the sufferer cannot even swallow milk. All attempts to open the closed up esophagus are futile, hence the sufferer slowly starves to death.

Such was the condition of the little girl, Jessie Lumley, when she was brought to San Antonio for treatment. The child was very much emaciated, and could not swallow even liquid food for days at a time. As it was the only possible chance she had for life, her parents consented that the operation of making an opening in the stomach should be attempted. The operation has been performed in England, but this is believed to be the first time it has ever been attempted in the United States. Your correspondent cannot give the technical terms, but can make the *modus operandi* intelligible to the general reader. An incision four inches long was made a few inches to the left of the pit of the stomach, at the beginning of the short ribs, much stitching being required. Through this incision the stomach is reached. The next part of the operation requires the most delicate handling imaginable. It consists in sewing the stomach to the walls of the abdomen, but the greatest care has to be taken not to penetrate the stomach itself. The needle and stitches only penetrate the skin of the stomach. The result is that the stomach, as the wound gradually heals, grows to the walls of the abdomen.

The patient was put under the influence of chloroform, and the operation successfully performed by Dr. F. Herff, assisted by his son, Dr. John Herff, and Dr. Amos Graves, all of this city. Unfortunately the child had an attack of the chills and fever, which had to be cured, which gave it a set back. The operation described took place three weeks ago. The stomach had grown on to the sides of the abdomen, and eight days ago the final operation of making a small incision into the stomach, through which the food was to pass, was performed, and twice a day during the past week a beefsteak, cut up fine, has been passed with the forceps into the stomach, and the child is steadily gaining strength.

On Saturday last I visited the child, in company with Dr. Herff, and saw it fed. We halted in front of a one story house, which we entered. A little girl with light hair and blue eyes, was sitting up in bed, surrounded by playthings. Her mother, a young woman of about thirty years of age, was busy in the room.

"Don't you want your supper, Jessie?" said the doctor.

"I want steak. I don't want any bread, 'cos it hurts," said the little girl, whose thin features and pale complexion showed the result of her long fast.

The mother brought in a rare beefsteak, which the doctor proceeded to cut up in small pieces, crumbling up some bread at the same time. The food being prepared, the child lay back on the bed and the opening in the side was exposed. It was only an inch in length, and presented the appearance of a badly healed cut. It was a little inflamed. I stood by and saw the doctor take one piece after another and carefully introduce it with the forceps into the stomach, until the plate was nearly empty. The child complained a little at times, but did not appear to suffer any. She finally said, "My stomach is full," and as there was no more cotton was placed in the opening, a bandage put on, and she sat up and was soon fondling her playthings.

The following additional facts may be of interest to the medical fraternity and others interested. No particle of solid food has passed through the child's throat since the accident. A grain of rice nearly strangles her. Milk is also injected into the stomach through the opening. The only possible danger is from the wound closing up, hence it is kept open with cotton. At first a plug of expansive cotton was used. There is no reason why the child should not become stout and healthy. The food digests readily, just the same as if chewed and swallowed. To the inquiry if this mode of taking nourishment would have to be kept up through life, no definite answer was given, as it depends on the possibility of reducing the stricture of the throat. Dr. Herff proposes to have, as soon as the opening heals up completely, an instrument introduced into the stomach.

At Priest's Hotel, on the road from Calaveras Grove to the Yosemite, is a dog who one hour before the arrival of the stage, goes leisurely down the road to meet it, then bounds back to the poultry yard, catches chickens, bites their heads off, and takes them to the cook. He takes one chicken for each gentleman in the stage, never making a mistake.

An expert in antique coins in Paris is a poodle. The money being placed upon a table, the dog is introduced, and after nosing among them will knock off the table all the bad pieces with his paw. After acquiring great fame it was found the whole thing was a trick. His master took care to handle only the bogus coins, and the poodle's decisions were arrived at by faculty or scent.