

LIFE'S DAY.

When the day is young and fair,
Birds sing in the dewy air,
Glistening sunlight everywhere.

Bunny hours have climbed to noon,
Chiming one by one their tune,
All the ways of life are strewn.

With its hopes; alas, so soon,
They have withered, could not bloom
In the sultry heat of noon.

But the evening comes apace,
With its soft illumined face,
Bringing peace to hearts of grace.

Hearts that through the dizzy race,
Kept on with a steady pace—
Hearts of truth, God's hearts of grace.

—Sidney McLean, in The Current.

A Grandfather For Sale.

"It's all very well for you, Cabot, to
quote that trite remark about rank be-
ing only the guinea's stamp. You
know as well as I do that the social
guinea—here in Boston, of all places—
must be stamped before it will go into
circulation. Society strongly resembles
retail trade in this one particular. Let
me offer a lump of the purest gold to
any small dealer as payment for the
goods I have bought of him, and he
would at once say he'd rather have the
dirtiest bank-note in town than my un-
stamped metal; wouldn't he?"

"Well, I suppose he would. If we
were in a more primitive state of ex-
istence the yellow metal, as it came from
mother earth, would satisfy our greed.
Now it has to be vouched for as gold
before it can take its proper position
among the other circulating mediums."

"Exactly so! And as we are not in
a primitive state, but a very 'highly
cultured' one, I, for example, need to
have a stamp before I can pass muster.
All the wealth my Midas of a father
left to me will not take me more than
just so far; yet I dress according to the
laws of to-day, I don't eat with my
knife, I know how to raise my hat to a
lady, in short, I flatter myself that I
make a fairly good appearance. But I
have no grandfather worth speaking of."

"And though there was a nock
path in his tone, Maxwell Jennings
meant more of what he said than he
would have been willing his companion
should suspect.
Edgar Cabot glanced at him a little
contemptuously; then he allowed his
eyes to wander curiously around the
luxurious appointments of Maxwell's
rooms. Everything bespoke an abund-
ance of both money and taste on the
part of the one who resided there. A
casual observer would never have sup-
posed that a man who could appreciate
the engravings and books which crowd-
ed the walls and tables was a mush-
room of an hour, the son of a man who
had amassed a large fortune by the
manufacture of rum, and judicious specu-
lations in stocks and mines. The mo-
ment that Tom Jennings' business and
all other possessions fell into his son's
hands, that young man sold the obnoxious
distilleries and went abroad for
three years to finish the studies his father
had sent him there to begin. Old
Tom Jennings had the sense to know
that he could never aspire to any higher
position in life than the one he was born
into; but he was determined to "make
Max a gentleman," and so far as cultiva-
tion and study could do it, he suc-
ceeded."

"By Jupiter, Jennings, if I had a
tittle of your money I wouldn't care a
penny if I hadn't a grandfather!" sighed
Cabot, whose bank account was as short
as his pedigree was long.
"Ah! Cabot, would you give a hundred
thousand dollars this minute if I had
one of your dignified ancestors?" Jen-
nings answered earnestly. "Yes, I'd
give it gladly if I in any way could
claim a great-uncle or grandfather of
note!"

"A fellow has a perfect right to sell
what is indubitably his own, hasn't he?"
asked Cabot, thoughtfully.

"Of course he has."

"As everyone knows, am the last
of my line of the Cabots. The births
in my family this last hundred years
have been in inverse proportion to the
deaths. There has been a frightful
mortality among us. If I die childless,
as now seems probable—my divorced
wife being a singularly robust health—
there will be no one to pride himself
on the dead-and-gone Cabots, so, Jen-
nings, I've a mind to sell them out to
you. I am badly in want of money;
you take yourself—or, to be more ex-
act, Dr. and Mrs. Randall think con-
sistently in want of ancestors. What
will you give me for, say old Colonel
Cabot? The one, you know, who was
killed in King Philip's war."

"What an absurd deal!" exclaimed
Jennings, with a laugh.
"Not at all absurd. The old codger
is now my great-uncle; if I sell him to
you, why, of course, he'll be yours.
Dr. if you don't like him, there's my
grandfather, Judge Cabot—how will
he fill your bill? Now, Jennings, don't
look so amused. I assure you I am in
dead earnest. I am so hard up I'd sell
my soul—much more such a trifle as a
grandfather—for a hundred thousand
dollars."

Jennings knew that Cabot spoke the
truth about his financial condition, and,
being a good-natured fellow, who was
grateful to Cabot for several introduc-
tions which he valued very highly,
especially the one to the aforementioned
Randalls, determined to help Cabot
out of his pecuniary quagmire by hu-
moring him in his ridiculous proposi-
tion.

"I declare, Cabot, if the thing were
feasible I'd accept your offer with im-
mense gratitude. But suppose I should
tell any one that Judge Cabot, belonged
to me, who would he give me?"

"If you were to buy him of me you'd
give me a receipt for him, I suppose?
Just as I would give you a receipt for
the money you paid to me for him."

"Certainly I should," answered Jen-
nings, laughing at the idea of giving
a receipt for an ancestor.

"Then you could truthfully say that
you had documentary evidence that
Judge Cabot was an ancestor of yours,
and that would settle it, as I

would be careful to say so, too, for
people rarely insist upon one's proving
that So-and-so is his 'kin'; and if any
body was still dubious you could be
justly indignant because your word was
doubted."

"I think if I buy one of them I
would like to have the other to keep
him company; he might feel lonesome
so entirely out of his element. What
will you take for the two?" asked Jen-
nings, sermily.

Cabot looked fixedly at him for an
instant; then, seeing that he was in
earnest, answered:

"Oh, I'll not jew you in this trade.
I'll be grateful if you will give me a
hundred thousand for the two of 'em—the
old Colonel and the Judge."

"Are you sure that will satisfy you?
Suppose I say a hundred and twenty-
five for the two?"

"That will suit me still better, of
course," said Cabot, aloud. To him-
self he added: "The fellow is a bigger
muff than I thought. However, he is a
good fellow, and I will help him swear
that they are his kinsmen, just to see
how many gullible fools there are in the
world."

"How will you have the money? In
bonds or real estate?" asked Jennings,
"or a happy combination of both?"

"If you are really in earnest, I would
prefer a little of both."

"Meet me at the Suffolk Bank to-
morrow, at ten, and I will turn the 'tin
over to you. It is an hour that will
suit you, I suppose, as you are a man
of leisure?"

The hour and the whole tenor of the
proposition suited Cabot to a nicety; so
the next day the transfer was made,
Jennings receiving, in lieu of a given
sum of money, a receipt for "all right
and title to the possession of the late
Colonel Henry Cabot and the late
Judge Frederic Cabot formerly the
possession of Edgar Cabot, and to all
honors, rank, glory, etc., which may
accrue from the ownership of the same."

A few days later Cabot proposed the
name of Maxwell as a member of the
very exclusive West End club to which
he belonged. At this proposition there
was some demur, and Cabot quietly said
to one of the objectors:

"I know what you fellows are think-
ing of. You fancy that Max has nothing
but his money to back him for ad-
mittance here, but you are mistaken. I
happen to know—know, mind you—that
he can claim lawful ownership in his
excellency, the late Judge Cabot. He
has papers in his possession which
prove it."

"Are you sure?" was the amazed in-
quiry.

"I am. I have seen the document to
which I refer."

"It must have been on his mother's
side if there was such relationship."

"Did you ever hear of my aunt,
Letitia, who disappeared so mysteriously?"

"I thought she committed suicide?"

"Some of us Cabots are such lunatics
that we think suicide preferable to a
mesalliance," replied Cabot, signifi-
cantly.

So the story went around that Max
Jennings had just discovered that he
was a descendant of the old Cabot fam-
ily, and when his name was proposed
for election there was not a single black
ball against him. He was accordingly
notified that he was duly elected a
member of the Miles Standish Club.

As soon as Jennings received this
notification he hastened to the Reception
Committee of said club, and explained
the whole matter to them. Whereat,
pleased with his frankness, and highly
amused at the absurdity of the transac-
tion, the club, at its last meeting, un-
animously elected him a member "on his
own merits, and not those of his sup-
posititious ancestors;" and also, equally
unanimously, dropped from its roll the
name of Edgar Cabot. "A man who
could sell his grandfather not being
worthy of the noble name of a Miles
Standish Brother," was the verdict.

Dr. Randall, in common with most
of the sons of the first settlers, was a
member of this same club, so he natu-
rally told his wife about the transaction
between Cabot and Jennings. She
answered:

"I am sure it evinces a very proper
feeling on Mr. Jennings' part to want
a grandfather; but surely he must have
known such a sale was impossible.
What better off is he for the nominal
ownership of Judge Cabot?" Does it
give him any of the Cabot virtues?"

"Has the actual ownership of such a
grandfather given Edgar Cabot any of
those virtues? Do you think the Judge
has much to be proud of in such an
heritage?" asked her husband.

"You know, my dear, I never had
any love for Edgar Cabot, and I have
still less for him now. Do you suppose
that Mr. Jennings had any idea that
this purchase would enhance his value
in our eyes? He has certainly been
very attentive to Olive lately, and I
have feared that she liked him too
well."

"That will never do!" exclaimed the
doctor, emphatically. "I cannot have
one of my girls marry the son of that
old Tom Jennings, a most disreputable
old creature who possessed but one
virtue, that of generosity, so far as can
be heard. No, no; that must not be!
I have nothing against Max Jennings
himself, but, 'blood will tell,' you
know."

"As it has done in the case of Ed-
gar Cabot," said Mrs. Randall, dry-
ly. She liked Max, and she more than
suspected that Olive returned the love
which Max so evidently felt for her,
and she did wish that there could be
some way devised by which he could be
transformed into a suitable husband for
her. And then his wealth, too! Poor
Olive had not all the pretty things which
girls of her age ought to have, the
mother felt.

"There are exceptions to all rules,"
said the doctor, concisely, "and Edgar
Cabot is the exception to this one."

"May not Max Jennings be also an
exception?" suggested Mrs. Randall,
but her husband made no reply, only
became suddenly very much interested
in the evening paper.

A little later, in all about two months
after the purchase of his ancestor, Jen-
nings called on Dr. Randall's family
one evening, and Olive's younger sister,
named Pauline, said to him, somewhat ab-
ruptly:

"Oh, Mr. Jennings, is it true that

you have bought Mr. Cabot's grand-
father?"

"It is true that Judge Cabot now be-
longs to me—that he is my grand-
father," was Max's answer.

"Since Pauline has broached the sub-
ject, Mr. Jennings," said Mrs. Randall,
"I must own that I am a little curious
to know what gave rise to this remark-
able story which is going around about
you and Edgar Cabot."

"Oh, it is very simple. Cabot was
hard up, and I traded off a few dollars
for an ancestor or two," replied Max,
lightly.

"Do you really mean to claim those
dead Cabots for your own?" asked Dr.
Randall, a little testily.

"I do. Why not?" was Max's query.
"Is not what you pay for your own?"

Dr. Randall could neither say yes nor
no. While he was hesitating for a
suitable answer which should cover the
whole ground and yet not hurt Max's
feelings, Max continued:

"You know, sir, that you value dis-
sent above money. Let us suppose a
case: If a man had a daughter, and
two men were to present themselves as
suitors, the one with a good name but
a poor purse, the other in exactly the
reverse condition, to which would you
advise her to give an affirmative answer?"

Dr. Randall appreciated the full
meaning of this question, which was
even harder than the previous one to
be answered. He could not collect his
thoughts as quickly as his older daugh-
ter did, however. Before her father could
frame a reply, Olive said, deter-
minedly:

"I think it would be well to let the
girl have some voice in such a matter.
I think that the characters of the two
men ought to be taken into considera-
tion. I don't believe any girl would
want a man who could sell his grand-
father. She'd be more apt to see
worthy qualities in the one who didn't
consider money the only thing worth
having."

There was no mistaking the signifi-
cance of Olive's tones, or of her flush-
ed face. Dr. Randall loved his daugh-
ter, so, saying to himself: "Max is at
heart a gentleman, in spite of his ex-
traction; perhaps there was good on his
mother's side," he pretended to make
a jest of the whole matter, and an-
swered:

"Ah, Max, you see what a minority
I am in! My wife always agrees with
Olive, and even Pauline echoes her, so
I dare not dispute a word she says."

Max looked pleased, and Mrs. Ran-
dall positively beamed on her husband.
But fancy the feelings of all when Max
said:

"The most singular part of the whole
affair is this: One of my—of old Tom
Jennings' friends heard of this bargain
between Cabot and me, and put me in
the way of proving that Tom Jennings
adopted me in my earliest infancy out
of an orphan asylum, where I had been
placed by mother just before her death.
She was in consumption, and as her
last hours drew near she made a con-
fident of Tom Jennings' wife, and told
her that she had been deceived by a
false marriage between herself and the
father of this Edgar Cabot. As the
years passed, and Tom found that the
Cabots were not, as a rule, dissolute
men, he thought he would investigate
the so-called false marriage. He did
so, and found that it was a genuine one;
that my father, Edward Cabot, had had
no intention of deceiving my mother,
but having died suddenly before my
birth, had kept the marriage secret on-
ly for fear of his father's wrath, for my
mother was a plain farmer's daughter,
poor but honest, as the phrase is. Old
Tom had become fond of me, and know-
ing that the Cabots had nothing to be-
qu沿海 me except the name, he legally
adopted me as his son. So you see, I
purchased my ancestors of my older half-
brother, Edgar Cabot. I came here to-
night, Dr. Randall, to tell you this story;
to-morrow—"

"Max, was your mother's name Ra-
chel?" Dr. Randall asked, abruptly.

"Yes, Rachel Dennison, of Weston
Mills."

"I was present at your birth, boy,
and your mother told me this story. I
investigated it for herself, and found it
true, your father having been a widow
before her mother's death. When I next
saw her she met your mother, and the
whole thing went out of my mind until this
moment." Here the doctor had to pause
to rub his spectacles, and Pauline took
advantage of the brief silence to say:

"Now that you've got a grandfather
of your own, I suppose you and Olive
will be getting married, and then you'll
be my brother Max, will you not?"—
Francis E. Wadleigh, in The Current.

An Ingenious Brute.

No reasonable being can doubt that
if cruelty to animals is to be effectually
checked, some stronger corrective must
be employed than anything which the
law at present provides. Take, for in-
stance the case of Robert Gallen, who
was prosecuted at Crediton last week.
Gallen was trying to get a mare with
a heavy load of coals up a steep hill ren-
dered slippery by frost. The mare
came to a standstill, and finding that
a severe thrashing did not supply the
necessary stimulus, Gallen hit upon the
ingenious idea of collecting a quantity
of turpentine and lighting a fire under
the poor beast, whose stomach was shown
to have been burned severely. For this
Gallen was fined 10 shillings. I do not
so much blame the magistrates for this
contemptible sentence, seeing that the
costs came to four times the penalty,
which makes a pretty heavy fine for
a poor carter. But I contend most stren-
uously, that in order to appeal to the
feelings of a brute like Gallen, some-
thing more efficacious than a pecuniary
penalty is needed.—London Truth.

Effects of a Long Reign.

A French firm has received an order
from London for 2,800,000 handker-
chiefs with Queen Victoria's picture on
them, in anticipation of her majesty's
"golden jubilee." This seems to indi-
cate that Victoria's long reign has
given all her subjects colds in the head.—
Philadelphia Inquirer.

Cutting down appropriations—Putting a
watch on the bar-keeper.—New Orleans Picayune.

TRANSPLANTING AN EYE.

An Optic Removed and That of a
Rabbit Substituted.

Among the feats illustrating the won-
derful progress of modern surgery is
the transplantation of eyes, says The
New York World. Upon rabbits trans-
plantation has proven eminently suc-
cessful, but upon man it has never been
given a fair trial until the beginning of
this month. The experiment was then
tried in this city and, so far as trans-
plantation is concerned, was a perfect
success. The eye of a live rabbit was
placed in the empty conjunctival sac of
man, the muscles, nerves and tissues
united, and the eye actually became a
part of the human organism. How-
ever, as a whole, the experiment was
a failure, arising from the difficulty en-
countered during the healing period. The
difficulty is attributed to the insuffi-
cient vitality of the rabbit's eye. As
the muscular power of man is greater
than that of the rabbit, so the muscular
action of the eye is greater, and this
action the transplanted eye was unable
to withstand.

One naturally inquires why the rab-
bit's eye was used. Because the rabbit's
eye, although somewhat smaller, comes
nearer in resemblance to the human
eye than that of any other animal. The
arrangement of muscles and blood-ves-
sels in the rabbit is identical with that
of the human eye. This is the first
time the experiment was ever tried un-
der favorable conditions, and the fact
that it will probably never be attempted
again makes the case a remarkable one.
Of course, if the eyes of man could be
transplanted it would be within bounds
to anticipate successful results, but as
there might be objections to this, the
feasibility of transplantation in man
may be regarded as practically and
finally settled.

The experimental operation was per-
formed upon Mr. Charles Alfred Wil-
liams, City Editor of the Minneapolis
Tribune, by Dr. Charles H. May, in-
structor in ophthalmology at the New
York Polytechnic and clinical assistant
in the same department at the New
York College of Physicians and Sur-
geons. He was assisted by Dr. E.
Graening, also a prominent oculist of
this city, and Dr. Wilmer, of Mt. Sinai
Hospital, in the presence of a half-dozen
students of the institutions named, at
No. 119 East Fifty-ninth street.

The operation was originated and
first attempted by the eminent French
oculist, Dr. Chibret, of Paris, on May
4, 1885, and first recorded in the Paris-
ian General Review of Ophthalmology
on the 31st of the same month. In re-
viewing the operation, Chibret strongly
argued against further attempts upon
human beings, until the success of
the operation had been proven by re-
peated trials upon the rabbit. How-
ever, his advice was not closely follow-
ed, and no less than four failures were
recorded within five months following
the report of the first case. Success in
any of these cases would have been
considered a miracle, for in no instance
had any previous experiments been at-
tempted. In one case a dog's eye was
used.

Quite naturally these experiments
and the subsequent re-
views in the medical journals at-
tracted much attention. If the eye
of a rabbit could be used to replace a
defective eye in man, it would estab-
lish a new era in ophthalmology. The
French artificial, or glass, eye would
be laid aside. Instead of being bother-
ed by them the unfortunate could be
supplied with a living eye, operated by
the same muscles and moving in unison
with his uninjured eye, and so nearly
alike in size and color that only the
most experienced oculist could distin-
guish the difference. Sight alone could
not be transferred. The importance
of the operation if successful, is thus
made manifest, without even consider-
ing the expense attached to replacing
glass eyes.

It remained for a New York oculist
to carry out the suggestions of Dr. Chi-
bret. Dr. Chas. H. May determined to
thoroughly test transplantation upon
rabbits. He began his experiments
Jan. 30, 1886, and during the next two
or three months operated upon no less
than twenty-four rabbits. Notwith-
standing the trouble encountered in
keeping the bandages upon the animals,
the results obtained under favorable
circumstances were carefully noted, the
favorable condition were taken advan-
tage of, and his skill in the manipula-
tion of the instruments increasing as
the experiments progressed, success
was at last attained. Having now ac-
quired the knowledge of what was nec-
essary and almost absolute accuracy in
technique, the transplantation of the
eye of one rabbit to the head of another
was successful in four other cases. The
rabbits lived, and, although blind in
one eye, this defect could only be dis-
covered by shaking something before
the transplanted orb and observing that
it did not move.

The New York Medical Record of
May 29, 1886, contained the review of
these experiments. In this Dr. May
said: "The results of the operations cer-
tainly justified trials upon the eyes of
man—at least the transplantation of
the rabbit's globe into the human con-
junctival sac," and added in conclu-
sion, that "in no case was there any
rise of temperature or any apparent
interference with the general health,
or the slightest implication of the
sound eye," and that in case of failure
a glass eye could be easily substituted. The experiments had now been
carried so far that the day was eagerly
looked forward to when the feasibility
of the operation could be tested upon
man, and the success or failure estab-
lished under such conditions as would
forever settle the question.

The opportunities for making the
decisive trial were not great. There
were any number of one-eye men will-
ing to try it if assured of positive suc-
cess, but to submit to an experiment,
and a delicate and difficult one at that,
was an entirely different thing. In
consequence the brightness of the pros-
pect for making the test began to grow
decidedly dim. About this time a re-
view of the article in the Medical Re-
cord chanced to fall under the eye
of Mr. Williams. He had lost the sight
of his right eye when a lad of thirteen
in a patriotic outburst of youthful en-

thusiasm attendant upon the celebra-
tion of the Fourth of July. Mr. Wil-
liams is a young man under thirty
with the excellent physique, good
habits and abnormal nerve that usual-
ly distinguish newspaper men among the
ordinary mortals they are compelled
to mingle with. He at once concluded
to give the rabbit a chance. He noti-
fied the New York physicians of his
desire to assist the cause of science
and arrive in this city on the 27th of
January last. His eye was carefully
examined and it was found that the
conditions were favorable for making a
test case.

The two days prior to the arrival of
the patient had been occupied in at-
tempting to secure a rabbit with large
eyes and of the largest size. A fine
specimen of the variety known as the
Belgian hare was finally selected. The
eyes were just a shade darker and only
two-twenty-fifths of an inch smaller
than the uninjured one of the patient.
The time of the operation was fixed for
2 o'clock on the afternoon of Feb. 1.
Every precaution had been taken to in-
sure success if it was possible. The
physicians had even tested their knowl-
edge and skill upon as many fresh
cadavers as could be procured at the
college dissecting-room. The opera-
tion was performed without a slip, with
the result already made known.

The rabbit was placed upon a small
table and the patient upon a lounge a
few feet distant. The former was sub-
jected to the influence of ether, five
ounces of the drug and ten minutes
time being required to effect the result.
The ether was then administered to Mr.
Williams. While this was taking effect
the right eye of the rabbit was being
operated upon. The globe of the eye
was rapidly and carefully separated
from the conjunctiva, or sac holding it,
the muscles severed and the eye left in
the conjunctival sac only attached to
the optic nerve. This was done to keep
the eye alive until the instant of trans-
plantation. The surgeons next turned
their attention to the patient. A spring
speculum was introduced under the lid
of the right eye to give perfect freedom
for the operation. The globe was sep-
arated from the conjunctiva and black
silk sutures or sutures were carefully
passed through either side. As the
muscles were severed the four principal
or superior ones were also held by the
silk sutures. The optic nerve was now
the only connecting link. The crisis
was now at hand. Owing to the fact
that the optic nerve extends directly
from the rear of the eyeball it is im-
possible to see or get hold of the
nerve remains in the conjunctival envelope.
To overcome this difficulty Dr. May had
invented a combination forceps and
needle especially for the occasion, with
an internal concave circumference cor-
responding to the size of the optic
nerve, fitted with fine teeth, with an
opening one-eighth of an inch above
the point of the needle, this latter being
delicately rounded, curved almost at
right angles, the point flattened from
side to side and provided with a fine
opening. With the special forceps the
optic nerve was grasped close to the
eyeball and held while it was transfix-
ed by the needle passing through it with
a catgut suture. The edges of the con-
junctival, the four principal muscles
and the optic nerve were now held in
place by the ends of these sutures or
threads, while the eyeball was quickly
removed.

The optic nerve of the rabbit's eye
was now severed, a catgut suture pass-
ed through the portion attached to the
eyeball and the eye transferred to its
new home in the vacant conjunctival
sac of the patient. One minute's time
was occupied in the transfer. The two
optic nerves were drawn closely togeth-
er by means of the catgut sutures, then
firmly tied. The silk sutures holding
the muscles were treated in a similar
manner, then the conjunctiva was
drawn around the rabbit's eye and
stitched to the margin of the conjunc-
tiva left surrounding the transplanted
globe. Ten stitches were used in the
operation, all of black silk thread ex-
cepting those passing through the optic
nerve, and these being of catgut be-
cause they were to be absorbed by the
nerve, while the silk would have to be
removed.

After the operation both eyes were
closed, the lids of each covered with
white vaseline, compresses of cotton
placed upon them and then tightly
bandaged. The patient was then placed
in bed, and applications of hot water
placed upon the transplanted eye every
few minutes, for the purpose of a ding
by heat and moisture the adhesion of
the several parts. It was nearly dark
when the patient recovered from the
influence of the ether, having remained
unconscious over two hours. Beyond
a dull ache and soreness about the
right side of the head he had no per-
sonal knowledge of what had taken
place. Everything worked like a
charm. There had not been a displace-
ment or a slip. The operation occupied
one hour and a quarter. On the second
day the cornea or surface of the trans-
planted eye showed a slight haziness,
much less than had been anticipated,
and this continued throughout the ex-
periment. On the fourth day, on the
removal of the bandages—which, by
the way, were changed three times a
day—it was discovered, by moving the
uninjured eye, that the severed parts
had grown together, and that the
rabbit's eye was actually a part of the
human being. The silk sutures were
thereupon removed. The union was
complete, the transplantation an ac-
complished fact.

The eyelids were considerably
swollen, and the eye still sore. To
allay the swelling, remove the sore-
ness and restore the eye to its normal
condition was now the object. The
improvement was steady and encourag-
ing. On the sixth day the uninjured
eye was relieved of the bandage and
the room darkened. On the morning
of the eighth day the prospects of suc-
cess were still bright, but on the evening
of the same day there was a change.
A slight abrasion at the lower edge of
the cornea was observed.

The following morning the patient
remarked that the eye "felt as though
it had got loose from the dock and was
floating around in midstream." The re-
moval of the bandage revealed that
during the night the greater part of
the iris, or coloring matter of the eye,

had escaped through the opening in
the cornea. The experiment, so far as
the retention of the perfect rabbit's
eye was concerned, was a failure. The
eye, however, remained, but in a color-
less condition. The question of
healing the abrasion or removing the
eye was now considered. It was
found that to do the first would further
disfigure the eye by leaving an irregu-
lar scar across the surface of the eye,
so it was decided to remove the rab-
bit's eye and prepare for the insertion
of a glass eye.

The second operation was submitted
to on the afternoon of the ninth day
without the use of ether, cocaine being
used as a local anesthetic. This lasted
twenty minutes. All the muscles
were found perfectly united, and the
optic nerve had grown together and
completely absorbed the catgut sutures.
The conjunctival sac was next drawn
over the optic nerve, sutured thereto,
the bandage again put in place after
the use of more vaseline, and the pa-
tient permitted to leave his bed and
room during the process of healing,
which must take place before the inser-
tion of the artificial eye. The rabbit,
not having to undergo the transplan-
tation, quickly recovered from the
operation, and is now in perfect con-
dition for the reception of his glass eye.

This ended the first and only test
case of this kind. The operation has
been considered of less consequence
than its importance merited through
having been confounded with the
transplantation of the globe of a
rabbit's eye to the globe of the human
being. This latter operation has been
known for thirty years, holds a place
in the text books, and has been suc-
cessfully performed quite a number of
times, notably in Berlin and Vienna.
But it is a very simple operat on when
compared with the one described in the
foregoing article.

A BLOW AT ORGANIZED LABOR.

The Introduction of Seab Monkeys
Into This Country from Africa.

Loyal Knights of Labor should view
with alarm and resist with clubs the
movement to introduce imported mon-
key labor in this republic. The move-
ment, to be sure, is as yet in its begin-
ning. Only one American citizen is
thus far reported as an employer of
monkeys. The man who has aimed
this dastardly blow at organized labor
is J. B. Parkes, of Kingstone, Ky., who
"has successfully trained seven large
monkeys to work in his hemp field and
to prepare the hemp for market."
The animals not only do the work to
the perfect satisfaction of their shame-
less employer, but at about one-fourth
the cost of negro labor. This is a small
beginning, but it is fraught with all
the perils of a crevasse in a Mississippi
levee. The cruel laws of political
economy will favor the extension of the
plan, for the cheapness of monkey
labor as compared with human labor
must weigh powerfully in favor of the
former. Already this Parkes has sent
to his brother in south Africa for ten
more large monkeys. If this thing is
not stopped we shall soon have millions
of pauper monkeys in this country,
working merely for their board and
lodgings and excluding an equal or
greater number of Italians and Irish-
men from gainful occupations. This
must not be; the S'mian must go.

All the objections that the swift
reasoning powers and instincts of the
hooligan have discovered and urged
against cheap Chinese labor apply with
tenfold force to the case of the monkey.
And there are other grounds of objec-
tion on which are peculiar to and so
to speak, inherent in monkeys. The
monkey is apt to be a scab, hopeless
and irremediable. He can not be
"organized." He can not be "called
out." He can not be made to boycott
Ehret's beer. He is incapable of culti-
vating a dislike for non-union cocco-
nuts. He is too profoundly selfish to
recognize the principle that "the in-
jury of one is the concern of all. He
wears nothing but his hair, and is only
in the slightest degree a consumer of
the products of the toil of wage earners.
He can not be made to talk or to vote
against the capitalist skinflints. And,
finally, he is a quadrumanous beast,
capable in some occupations of working
at the same time with all four of his
hands to take the bread from the
mouths of honest laborers.

It is needless to point out the use-
lessness of monkeys to the politicians
and demagogues, though it is conceivable
that in a close precinct the electorate
might be enlarged to the desired ex-
tent by S'mian personators at the polls,
the facial appearances of a good-sized
south African monkey being sufficiently
like that of the human beings usually
imported and used for this purpose to
deceive even a lynx-eyed inspector. But
the monkey in politics would be infre-
quent and sporadic. In labor he will
be multitudinous and crushingly competi-
tive. He must go.

A delegation of Knights of Labor
should proceed at once to Kingstone,
where they should hang these seven
scab monkeys in their own hemp,
out the miserable Parkes under the ban
of a perpetual boycott, and send such
a letter of warning to his collusive
brother in south Africa as would cause
him to abandon forthwith his abhorrent
industry as a monkey purveyor.—New
York Times.

Bangs That Caught On.

It isn't every girl who will tell on
herself, but one did. She came to the
store and returned a fine pair of bangs
she had bought the day previously.
"Can you not sell me some that will
not come off?"
"Come off! Why these will stay with
very little care."
"Oh, they are horrid. They catch on
collar buttons and pull off."
The proprietress fainted, the assist-
ant fell on the chair and screamed
"Whut!" while the young lady depart-
ed bangless and without her change.—
Pittsburg Dispatch.

At a Norristown execution the other day
the condemned man was allowed to talk for half
an hour on the gallows. He probably would
have talked longer if he had not been choked
off.—New York Graphic.