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A LIFE SAVER'S WORK

Restoring Drowned Boys to Life.

The place in New York most fatal to the street urchin, beyond a doubt, is the Fulton Ferry slip. Into this slip fleets of fishing smacks are continually bringing their scaly load. There are always a half dozen or more of these tiny but substantial fishing schooners unloading there. Great quantities of cod and mackerel are taken into the fish market to be sold at once. But still greater quantities have to be reserved for sale on some future day, and these for preservation, are put into what are known to the trade as "fish traps." They are eight or ten feet square, about three feet deep, with latticed sides; and they are kept constantly in the water, so that their unfortunate prisoners enjoy every advantage of pure running water, a good circulation and a generally healthy home. There are something less than a hundred of these fish traps constantly floating in the slip immediately behind the fish market and from their wet and slippery tops the small boys who cannot afford more retired bathing places dive into the stream. Occasionally a boy fails to reappear after one of these dives, but this makes little stir. The disappearance of a few dozen boys is not a thing to put a city in mourning, however much sorrow it may bring to a few dozen people in tenement houses. There is generally some effort to recover the body of a drowned boy, but even this is often unsuccessful, and many a sunburned urchin has been anxiously watched and waited for at home, when his poor little body was lying stiff and cold at the bottom of the river.

At almost any hour on a summer's day from fifty to a hundred youngsters can be seen playing in the water off the fish traps, clad in the elaborate suits provided for them by nature, with the addition of a thick coating of dirt and tan. They are not often interfered with by the police, for they are hidden from public view, and the great city wisely does not grudge the unwashed gams the luxury of a bath. When a boy is nearly drowned, and is fished out five or ten minutes after falling in, the fish market men, the fishing sailors and the spectators usually put an end to what little life is left in him, by rolling him on a barrel. A good many street boys have vitality enough to stand ten minutes' deprivation of air, but nothing short of a bronze statue could live through five minutes' rolling over a barrel. Because this silly, barrel-rolling system was the standard cure for drowning, a hundred years ago, we stick to it yet. It is supposed to be the sure way of bringing an almost drowned person back to life and respiration. It is, in reality, the surest method of driving out whatever little life is left, and of sending a boy into the next world with his skin torn full of nail holes. When a drowning person is fished out of the water anywhere about New York, he is sure to be surrounded by a crowd. Half the spectators immediately begin to shout for brandy, and the other half for a barrel. As neither half usually stirs to procure either barrel or brandy, the patient is generally dead before any assistance is given him. If people only knew how easy it is to restore an apparently drowned person who has not been in the water over five minutes, and how often a person may be brought back to life whose lungs have been filled with water for half an hour, we should lose fewer lives by drowning in this island city.

In the vicinity of Fulton Ferry a few days ago, in the company of one of the officers attached to the Life Saving Service. There was a rush of people to the Fulton Market slip, and the officer and the reporter joined the crowd to see the excitement. "It is nothing," said one of the spectators, turning to go away; "only a boy drowned." The life-saving officer, however, seemed to take a different view of the drowning of a boy, and he hurriedly elbowed his way through the crowd till he was at the water's edge with the reporter at his elbow. Three of the fishing schooners were tied up at this part of the pier side by side, and on the deck of the third lay a naked boy, apparently dead. Half a dozen marketmen and fishermen stood by saying that the boy was dead and that's all there was about it. The life-saving officer sprang aboard the nearest schooner, and was immediately stopped by a policeman who was on guard, for the boy had been out of the water for some time. "Stand back!" said the life-saver: "I am a physician," and followed by the reporter, he was soon on the deck on which the drowned boy lay.

The officer-physician felt the boy's skin, felt for his pulse, drew up one of his eyelids, and looked at the pupil; then asked how long the boy had been out of the water. "You can't get no job here, unless you're an undertaker," said one of the men. "He was stuck in the mud more'n ten minutes, and he's been layin' here ten minutes more; so if you fetch him to life it'll be a little resurrection, and don't you forget it." The officer paid no attention to the man's opinions, but devoted his whole time to the boy in a way that seemed to indicate some hope of saving a life that was apparently gone. The boy could not have been colder or more apparently lifeless if he had been dead a week. The officer opened the boy's mouth, an operation that required some force, and found it full of mud. Palling the lower jaw down as far as possible, he introduced one of his fingers, and carefully but quickly cleaned it out. There was enough mud in the mouth to choke the boy if he had not been in the water at all. The officer whisked off his coat, rolled it up into a pillow, and laid it on the deck. With the assistance of two or three of the bystanders, he turned the boy over on his face and laid him so that the coat pillow was directly under his stomach. Taking the boy's two ankles in one of his hands and giving them to one of the men to hold up, so that the patient's feet were several feet higher than his head, the officer pressed carefully but firmly in the region of the small of his back, and immediately a stream of water gushed out of the boy's mouth. It had been in his lungs all this time, waiting only for proper treatment to help it out. The boy was then, after a minute or two of this exercise, turned over on his back again and the officer knelt over him. Putting one hand on the boy's right side, and the other on his left, just over what are known as the "short ribs," the officer gave them a powerful compression and suddenly let go. The instant he took off his hands the ribs sprang back to their natural position, and a draught of air rushed into the lungs. This was repeated a dozen times or more, but still the boy was, to all appearances a corpse.

"Oh, give us a rest on that," cried another of the men. "The boy is dead and that settles it. Can't you let a drowned boy alone?" The assertion that the boy was dead, seemed only too true. He looked like a piece of marble, and the reporter suggested that it was not worth while to make any further efforts. "Why," said the officer, "I have not begun yet. The boy may live and he may not. But he's got to have a fair chance for his life, anyhow. Stand back all of you and give him a little more air." Discontinuing for a moment the artificial breathing process, the officer took one of the boy's hands and slapped it vigorously, at the same time setting three of the bystanders at work on the other hand and on the two feet. The reporter relieved the officer at the slapping business, and the latter resumed the rib squeezing process, compressing the boy's frame till he must have cried for mercy if he had been conscious. With four men slapping his hands and feet, and an expert trying to start his breathing, the boy must have been unreasonably indeed, if he had been dissatisfied. But he still lay as dead as a stick, and happily as unconscious.

After about five minutes of this treatment, very much to the surprise of the marketmen and, greatly to the delight of the life-saving officer, the boy gave a slight gasp for breath. Just at this moment of triumph the policeman on guard called across the decks: "Say, you'd better let that boy alone. He's dead enough." "Never mind what they have to say, they don't know what they are talking about," said the officer. "Get me a glass of brandy." He redoubled his artificial breathing treatment, and one of the fishing sailors went down into the cabin and soon returned with a tumbler nearly full of not very inviting looking brandy. The boy meanwhile gasped again; had twitched a little in the legs; had rolled his head to one side; and at length had drawn a good sized breath. The moment he breathed the officer picked up the glass of brandy and poured the liquid down the boy's throat. "Now get me two or three blankets as quick as you can," said he and at the same time he unrolled his coat and laid it over the boy. The patient continued to show more signs of life. He soon drew short but regular breaths, and raised one hand to his head. Under the influence of the warm brandy in his stomach and the fresh air in his lungs, he opened one of his eyes. "He is all right now, said the officer, getting up with difficulty, and straightening the "kinks" out of his back. Wrap him up well in these blankets and put him in a berth. Be sure you make his hands and feet warm. If you have a couple of empty bottles, fill them with warm water and put them against his feet. In ten or fifteen minutes give him another glass of brandy. He will be able to talk to you inside of an hour and tell you where he lives. But he will probably be too weak to walk home, some of you will have to carry him. Come old fellow, (to the reporter) there is nothing more for us to do." The profound respect by which he was treated by the policeman on guard, and the cheers of the crowd who knew that the boy had been saved from death, only through the knowledge and willingness of the life-saving officer,

were both thrown away upon him. "It's the easiest thing in the world," said he, seated in the cabin of a ferry boat, "if you only go at it right. I did not know how long the boy had been in the water, and was a little afraid he might be dead. If he was really dead, of course that settled it, for nothing human can bring a dead person back to life. But he was only in a state of coma, and it only needed the proper treatment to set him on his pins again. Nine people out of ten who are fished out of the water are not dead. The life is still there but it is dormant. There are just three things to do in such a case: First clean all the sand and mud out of the patient's mouth, so he will not choke to death; second, drain the water out of his lungs, and in that always have his feet higher than his head. Thirdly, start the perspiration: you know how to do all this now. But I might have gone a little farther. If the boy had not begun to show signs of life just when he did, I should have breathed into his lungs to start them up. I should not have given him up at any rate with less than half an hour's treatment. This is the usual method in the life-saving service. It is a valuable thing to know. The boy? Oh, he'll be soon all right, ready to try it over again. But, maybe, some day he'll be saying to himself: 'If only that miserable fellow had minded his own business and let me die when I was so near gone!'"—New York Mail and Express.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Pain in the right side, under edge of ribs, increasing on pressure; sometimes the pain is on the left side; the patient rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder and is sometimes taken for Rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constipated, sometimes alternating with laxity; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough, is sometimes attendant. The patient complains of weakness and debility; he is easily startled; his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickling sensation of the skin; his spirits are low, and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it.

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