

THE INSTITUTE PASTEUR.

But One Per Cent. of Its Patients Have Succumbed to Hydrophobia.

Many years of labor proved to Pasteur that by inoculation he could give the disease, or cure it, in a dog; but it was not until July, 1885, that the experiment was tried on a human being. The first patient, a small lad, having been severely bitten in some dozen places on the hands, arms and legs, his mother, a simple peasant, brought him from Alsace and asked M. Pasteur to do the same to her son she heard he "did to dogs to prevent their getting hydrophobia." Pasteur hesitated; but having procured medical advice, all of which concurred as to the impossibility of the child's recovery, he (not being himself a doctor) let his surgeons inoculate the boy, which operation was repeated fourteen times—on two occasions twice in twenty-four hours to accomplish the task as quickly as possible. The child has not only never showed symptoms of hydrophobia, though it is now over four years since he was treated, but is fast growing to manhood. During the four years that have elapsed since M. Pasteur inoculated his first patient no fewer than 7,000 persons have been treated in the Paris institution alone, of whom 73 have died—that is to say about 1 per cent.—while before he commenced his inoculation treatment from 15 to 20 per cent. invariably succumbed. Pasteur has now made the interesting discovery that the nearer the part bitten is to the brain the shorter is the period of incubation and the more virulent the attack of the disease produced. While the ordinary mortality in such cases is eighty per cent., M. Pasteur by his treatment has reduced it to four per cent. Surely these facts speak for themselves. I will now give a short description of the medium operandi of the inoculation itself as I saw it. The large outer hall of the institution by eleven o'clock contained eighty-nine persons, composed of all classes, all nationalities and all ages, who had come to be inoculated (free of charge), having previously had the misfortune to have been bitten by some rabid animal. On the right hand of the hall is a regular office, in which every case, with all particulars, is most carefully registered. After the patient has furnished every possible particular he crosses the passage to a small room on the left, where the inoculation is performed. There sits the operator, who is assisted by a doctor, a nurse and a clerk, furnished with full particulars and the number of each case. The process is a remarkably simple one. A small hypodermic syringe filled with the preparation is injected under the skin, the point of the instrument being no bigger than a wool needle; the operation is as trifling as it is painless, and occupies about five seconds. It is repeated on fourteen successive days, the dose being made slightly stronger each time.—Murray's Magazine.

FEEDING OYSTERS.

How Lean Bivalves Are Fattened by Dealers in Eastern Cities.

The big oyster on the top of the barrel opened its jaws warily and closed them with a snap, as if in response to a scarcely audible gurgle from the bottom of the keg.

"He's dry and hungry, too, I guess," said the dealer, in explanation. "It's about time to give him and the other fellows some dinner," and he poured over the oysters a bucketful of salt and water.

"Do you call that dinner?" asked the reporter.

"More after the style of a lunch," was the reply. "You see, sir, it isn't possible, for some unknown reason, to feed oysters in Washington as they do in the North. Up there a man will buy a barrel of lean oysters, without any flesh at all on their bones, as you might say, and feed them three square meals a day of corn meal and salt water, poured over them, and at the end of a month they will be as fat as butter. But oysters won't take hearty grub like that down here, and two weeks is as long as they can be kept alive and in good condition on salt and water plain. It's a funny thing that if one hundred bushels of real salt oysters are put on top of one hundred bushels of fresh oysters for four or five days, so that the drainage from the salt oysters will drip down over the fresh ones, at the end of that time the fresh oysters—supposing them thin at the beginning—will be as plump as possible and properly salt, while the salt oysters remain pretty much as before.

Of course, salt water must have been thrown over the whole stack daily. But on the other hand, if the fresh oysters are put on top of the salt ones, every thing else being as in the other case, both the salt oysters and the fresh oysters will lose and become thin. When you see oysters on top of a pile opening their mouths, it is because they are thirsty, the water having drained off them. Oysters, by the way, will keep longer and better in a dry cellar than in a wet or damp one; they want an equable temperature neither too high nor too low; an oyster that freezes is a dead oyster. Listen to those oysters in the barrel now—you can hear their jaws go as they eat."—Washington Star.

—The Vatican is said to be preparing a new catechism for universal use.

—The Christian college at Lucknow, India, has 11,507 pupils enrolled, of whom 5,927 are Christians.—Spirit of Missions.

—A popular edition of the Bible in Portuguese is to be issued in numbers, on the same plan that has been so successful in Italy.

A Trapper's Trick.

There were thirty of us in camp on a spur of the Black Hills mining for gold, when one afternoon we looked down upon the level plain and saw four mounted Redskins chasing a white man on a mule. He was making for us, but they were rapidly overhauling him, and it was plain enough that we could render no assistance. The foremost Indian fired a shot, and man and mule fell in a heap. The Indians pressed forward, yelling and exulting, but the faint reports of a revolver reached our ears, and we saw Redskins and ponies tumbling over at every report. Some of our men slid down the steep mountain side to take a hand in, but it was not needed. When they reached the man he sat on the ground laughing as if he would split.

"To think!" he shouted, as soon as he could control his voice, "that these 'ere Sioux, who are rated sharp as razors, could be fooled by that old trick—ha! ha! ha!" And he laughed until he had wiped away the tears. On the ground near by were three dead Indians, and another about to die, while two of the ponies were dead and the other two badly wounded. It had all been done with an old-fashioned Colt's revolver, loaded with powder and ball, and carrying a percussion cap, but the work had been rapid and sure. The Indians had closed in on him, supposing him to be dead or badly wounded, while neither man nor mule had been touched. After a bit the man, who was an old trapper, went over to the wounded warrior, and said to him in the Sioux dialect, and chuckling between his words:

"Say, did any of you fellows ever see a white man before?"

"Many of them," gasped the warrior.

"Didn't you ever hear of that old trick before?"

"Isn't the white man wounded?"

"Not by a dozen Nancy Janes! That bullet didn't come within a rod of me. I gave my old mule the signal to squat, and down he tumbled to draw you on. The other three are dead, and you are about to go. Say, I don't want to hurt a dying Indian's feelings, but—ha! ha! ha!—but it was 'nuff to kill a fellow to see how you four opened your—ha! ha! ha!—eyes when I began to pop! Funniest thing I have seen in a year! Durn it, I won't need any quinine for a month. I'm just sweating the chills off with laughing!"

The Indian gazed at him in a troubled way for a moment, seemed to realize that he had been duped, and he closed his eyes and died without ever raising the lids again.—New York Sun.

The English Red Coats.

When, in 1801, the Duke of Wellington asked Lord Stanhope, then war minister, as to when the English army first wore red, he was told that the custom dated from the time of Charles II. The duke thought it was earlier, and Lord Macartney said that he was right, and that the Commonwealth army wore red. This was, however, not exactly the case, and the statement was wrong in more than one respect. Maj. Hon. Harold Dillon, in an article in Colburn's United Service Magazine, shows when this color was first adopted.

As early as the campaign in Spain, in 1367, in support of Peter the Cruel, and also in the following reign of Richard II, the English soldier appears to have been in white with a red cross of St. George on his breast and back. At Agincourt, in 1415, the English archers are mentioned as mostly wearing no armor and some only doublets, and with their hose loose, evidently to give them greater freedom of action. Caps of boiled leather and of wicker work crossed with bands of iron constituted their best head pieces. It was only after a long campaign, or series of campaigns, that the ordinary soldier could provide himself with portions of defensive armor.

During the Wars of the Roses the badges of the respective leaders would be the chief distinctions in the armies, all speaking one tongue and being of one race. However, in 1401, there is evidence of red being adopted, for a small number of men at least, when a contingent for the army of the king maker, the Earl of Warwick, was sent from Rye dressed in red coats. In 1470 a detachment of fifteen men sent from Canterbury for the Calais garrison, and others for London, were supplied with red "jakettis" of cloth at three shillings a yard, having on them "rosses of white kersey" as badges. Henry VII, in 1485, instituted the Yeomen of the Guard as a kind of body guard, and they may be taken as the nucleus of the present standing army of England. They consisted of picked men, and were armed one-half with bows, the other half with hand guns. Their dress, as it still continues, was red.—Montreal Star.

The Newsboy.

A business man of Detroit, whose office is on Woodward avenue, relates this singular experience in The Free Press:

"I wanted a \$10 bill changed, and as I was alone I stepped to the door and called a little newsboy whom I had frequently employed to run on errands, and told him to carry it to the nearest store and get it changed. I then went inside and waited. My partner came in and ridiculed me for what I had done.

"You will never see the boy or the change again," he said.

"I must say his prophecy looked possible when the hours went by the boy did not return; still I trusted him. I could easily believe that he had been run over or made away with than that he had stolen the money.

"I did not change my mind when a week had passed. I did not know where he lived or who his associates were, and no newsboy seemed to be missing. The second week was nearly gone, when a woman came into my office one day. She was crying.

"Are you Mr. —?" she asked.

"I am, madam. What can I do for you?"

"Then she told me that her little boy was dying; that he had been ill nearly two weeks, and kept constantly calling my name. I went with her and found my missing newsboy. As soon as he saw me he began to rave.

"I lost it! I lost it!" was the burden of his cry, but I alone knew what he referred to. He had lost the \$10 note, and it had preyed on his mind, causing brain fever. He died in my arms, unconscious that I had trusted him from the very first, and that I would have done anything to save his life. I have not a doubt that he either lost it or had it snatched from him, and his sensitive nature kept him from telling the truth, and he gave his life up in the struggle."

—A large part of the work of life consists in overcoming hostile dispositions. Each time we have conquered some resentment or prejudice we have made a distinct gain in the way to a well-regulated behavior.—United Presbyterian.

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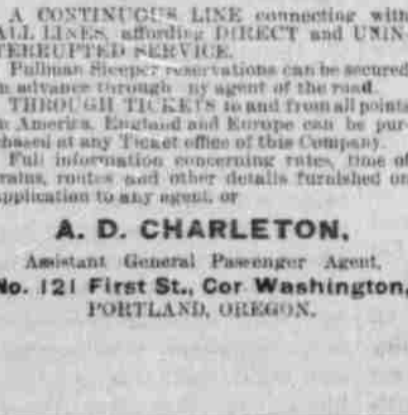
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12:10 p.m. Silverton	12:10 a.m.
2:45 p.m. West Sals	10:30 a.m.
3:45 p.m. Spicer	9:02 a.m.
6:30 p.m. Brownsville	7:42 a.m.
6:30 p.m. Coquim	6:30 a.m.

BETWEEN PORTLAND AND ARLICK, 90 MILES.
Foot of F Street.

7:30 a.m. Lv. Portland (P. & W. V.) ar. Arlick.	6:20 p.m.
9:22 p.m. Lafayette	9:22 a.m.
12:10 p.m. Sheridan	2:15 p.m.
2:11 p.m. Dallas	12:37 p.m.
2:20 p.m. Monmouth	11:23 a.m.
5:20 p.m. Arlick	10:30 a.m.

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