

SMALL BLIND TUBE

Veriform Appendix and Its Probable Function.

PROBLEM OF APPENDICITIS.

Causes of the Disease and the Methods of Fighting It—The Way the Operation of Removal is Performed—Disease as Old as Mankind.

Appendicitis is not a disease of modern times, though its nature and methods of treatment are the result of careful observation by one of our well known modern surgeons while engaged in post-mortem work.

It may be safe to say that appendicitis is as old as mankind, for in dying very old histories wherein given the diagnoses of the physicians we read of cases of inflammation of the bowels, intestinal disorders and like ailments the symptoms of which prove that they must have been appendicitis.

Appendicitis is inflammation of the vermiform appendix, a small blind sac, averaging two and a half inches in length and a quarter of an inch in diameter, attached to the caecum at its inner and posterior part. It is made of a very sensitive mucous membrane containing several glands.

The appendix is part of the digestive tract, its function, it is believed, being to lubricate that part of the intestines, though as yet there is no absolute proof of this. Careful study of a child in whom the colon has been removed until he reaches the age of childhood has revealed no irregularities of any nature.

The causes of this disease may be grouped under four heads—stenosis, which means closing up; impaction, entrance of foreign bodies, not necessarily seeds; exposure and injury. Fighting this disease nature takes various methods of disposing of the toxic materials—discharging them into the peritoneal cavity, sending them into the bowels and discharging them through an external wound. In the case of the peritonitis it is taking them nature again makes an effort to rid the threatened danger by discharging the poisonous matter in, thus relieving them and so aiding the physician or surgeon in his work. If, however, the discharge be sudden, as the case when the mass bursts, the role of the peritoneum becomes involved, which is called septic peritonitis, and this is generally fatal.

After the diagnosis has revealed the cause the doctor decides whether there is to be one for medicine or external treatment or for separation. In the case the greatest of care is demanded, as sometimes an immediate operation is necessary, while at other times it must be delayed, often for days, until the condition of the patient has been brought to that point at which the surgeon can feel it is safe to operate.

The operation determined upon, the most careful arrangements to secure perfect antisepsis are made, and the patient is placed in a full state of anesthesia. The operating surgeon then draws an imaginary line from the navel to the anterior superior spine of the right iliac fossa, dividing that line into three equal parts. Under the inner side of the middle third the appendix is normally found, though in rare cases it will be found on the left side or at extremely rare cases otherwise placed.

Having ascertained himself of the exact position under which it will be found, an incision from two to five inches long is made in the skin. (Some of the best surgeons pride themselves on the skillfulness of their incisions in this operation.) The fatty tissues are then removed, and the small blood vessels secured, and then the muscular layers of the abdomen are separated, exposing into view the peritoneum. In a few cases a serous lining composed of two layers. On cutting through the edges of both layers the surgeon is enabled to see the vermiform appendix when the operation is completed.

The vermiform appendix is now visible, and the incision is very tenderly torn through the opening, where the vermiform appendix and the vermiform artery and vein are exposed. Hot towels moistened with salt water are kept applied to the incision while it is exposed. The "ready" characterizes the skill of this operation, as the surgeon must be more than careful to prevent rupture of the appendix, for should it happen while he is operating the vermiform appendix will be quickly taken up by the vermiform artery and other mucous membranes, and the resulting complications will make the outcome very uncertain.

When a large vessel adjoining the vermiform appendix is next ligated, and the vermiform appendix is cut away, the vermiform appendix is cut away. The vermiform appendix is cut away. The vermiform appendix is cut away.

the majority of cases, no commoner than the patient is ready to undergo in two weeks.—James M. M. M., New York World.

THE GHOST AT THE FEAST.

What the Ensign Saw and What Happened After Dinner.

In "The Story of My Life," by Mr. Augustus Hare, is told the following creepy story:

A regiment was passing through Derbyshire on its way to fresh quarters in the north. The colonel, as they stayed for the night in one of the country towns, was invited to dine at a country house in the neighborhood and to bring any one he liked with him. Consequently he took with him a young ensign for whom he had a great fancy. They arrived, and it was a large party, but the lady of the house did not appear till just as they were going in to dinner and when she appeared was so strangely distraught and preoccupied that she scarcely attended to anything that was said to her.

At dinner the colonel observed that his young companion scarcely ever took his eyes off the lady of the house, staring at her in a way which seemed at once rude and unaccountable. It made him observe the lady herself, and he saw that she seemed scarcely to attend to anything said by her neighbors on either side of her, but rather seemed, in a manner quite unaccountable, to be listening to some one or something behind her.

As soon as dinner was over the young ensign came to the colonel and said: "Oh, do take me away! I entreat you to take me away from this place!"

The colonel said: "Indeed, your conduct is so very extraordinary and unpleasant that I quite agree with you that the best thing we can do is to go away." And he made the excuse of his young friend being ill and ordered their carriage.

When they had driven some distance the colonel asked the ensign for an explanation of his conduct. He said that he could not help it. During the whole of dinner he had seen a terrible black, shadowy figure standing behind the chair of the lady of the house, and it had seemed to whisper to her and she to listen to it. He had scarcely told this when a man on horseback rode rapidly past the carriage, and the colonel, recognizing one of the servants of the house they had just left, called out to know if anything was the matter.

"Oh, don't stop me, sir!" he shouted. "I am going for the doctor! My lady has just cut her throat!"

HIS HOLLOW KEY.

He Lent It, but Had Occasion to Grave its Return.

"They hiss in the French theaters with the help of a hollow key," related Richard Harding Davis. "Paul Bourget once told me an odd incident upon this custom."

"A playwright—call him Duval—had the unhappiness one fine night to sit through a most successful production of his latest play. The house responded with jeers and hisses, and a young man, turning to Duval, said:

"By Jove, how I'd roast this miserable piece if I only had a hollow key!" "My dear boy," said Duval, "I am happy to be able to accommodate you."

"And he handed a hollow key to the young man, who at once set up a fierce and continuous hissing. Just then a critic appeared.

"Duval," he said to the playwright, "I am sorry for you. Poor fellow, you don't deserve this."

"The young man with the key looked amazed and ashamed.

"What! Are you M. Duval? I beg your pardon a thousand times," he cried.

"You owe me no apology," said Duval. "Lunch with me tomorrow."

"The young man accepted the invitation, and at the end of the luncheon next day, when the coffee and cigarettes were brought in, he drew a bulky manuscript from his pocket and begged leave to read a comedy to M. Duval, for he was a playwright too."

"Duval consented and listened attentively to the reading. At the end the young man said:

"Well, monsieur, what do you think of it?" "Duval smiled as he replied: "Could you oblige me by returning my hollow key?"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Coloring of the Clouds. The gorgeous coloring of the clouds, especially those of sunset, is due to the circumstance that the yellow and red rays of light have a much greater penetrative momentum than the blue. They make their way through stretches of the atmosphere which entirely arrest and turn back the blue, and they do this the more markedly if the air is at the time laden with extraneous particles that augment the aerial opacity.—New York American.

A Hairbreadth Escape. A certain comedian is bald except for a rim of hair a few inches above his collar line.

"I'm in an awful hurry," he said one day to the Lams club barber. "Can you cut my hair with my collar on?"

"Sure," replied the barber. "I can cut it with your hat on."—Success Magazine.

Poetic License. Sporting Editor—Just what do you understand by the term "poetic license?" Literary Editor—Broadly speaking, it is that singular provision in the constitution of the universe under which poets are permitted to exist.—Chicago Tribune.

Proposals. "Has he proposed yet?" "Not in so many words." "That's no answer. Proposals never do come in words. They consist of sighs, hems, haws and gurgles."—Cleveland Leader.

Cruelly Frank. "He—How is it you are always out when I call? She—Just luck.—Life.

WIND AND WAVES.

A Gale's Action Upon Water, Desert Sand and Prairie Snow.

There are wind waves in the water, sand and snow. The great sea waves are produced at that part of a cyclone where the direction of the wind coincides with the direction of advance of the depression. Along this line of advance the waves in their progress are accompanied by a strong wind blowing across their ridges as long as the atmospheric depression is maintained. So the waves are developed until they become steep. The average height in feet is about half the velocity of the wind in miles.

A wind of fifty-two miles an hour gives waves of an average height of twenty-six feet, although individual waves will attain a height of forty feet. The prevailing wind in all longitudes is westerly, so wherever a westerly wind springs up it finds a long westerly swell, the effect of a previous wind still running, and the principal effect of the newly born wind is to increase the steepness of the already running long swell so as to form majestic storm waves, which sometimes attain a length of 1200 feet from crest to crest. The longest swells due to wind are almost invisible during storms, for they are masked by the shorter and steeper waves, but they emerge into view after or beyond the storm.

The action of the wind to drift dry sand in a procession of waves is seen in the deserts. As the sand waves cannot travel by gravitation, their movements are entirely controlled by the wind, and they are therefore much simpler and more regular in form and movement than ocean waves. In their greatest heights of several hundred feet the former become more complex owing to the partial consolidation of the lower layers of sand by pressure, but they still have the characteristic wave features.

In the Winnipeg prairies of Canada freshly fallen snow is drifted by wind in a procession of regular waves, progressing with a visible and ghostlike motion. They are similar to desert sand waves, but less than half as steep, the wave length being fifty times as great as the height. The fatness of the wind formed snow waves affords a valuable indication of the great distance to which hills shelter from the wind.—Chicago Tribune.

TOO GOOD TO BE WELL.

A London Hospital Doctor's Hurry Patient From the Outside.

The accident bell at the door of the hospital clangs, and the next moment an agitated parent is seen running down the passage with a child tucked under the arm, its bare legs streaming behind it in the wind of its mother's rapidity.

"What's the matter, missis? Has she swallowed some poison?" "No, sir; it ain't that," she pants, "but I'm that scared I don't know 'ardly which way to turn."

"Well, but what's happened? Has she hurt herself?" "No, sir, and 'er father 'e's that upset 'e couldn't do nothink, else I ain't used to running like that, and 'e'd 'ave brought 'er up, but 'e says as 'ow 'e daren't touch 'er, and I've run all the way, and me 'eart!"

"Come, now, missis, just tell me quietly what's the matter with the child."

The patient, a pretty little thing of four, looks inquiringly at her alarmed parent. There seems to be little the matter with her.

"It's all very well yer a-sittin' there and a-tellin' of me to be quiet," cries the mother. "If yer 'ad children of yer own yer wouldn't like ter see 'em die afore yer eyes. Oh, dear; oh, dear, and there ain't only two more and the baby!"

The doctor in despair examines the little girl, but fails to discover anything wrong. "Now, look here," says he firmly, "I can't find anything the matter with your child, so you'll have to go away unless you tell me why you brought her up to the hospital."

"Well, doctor, we was all a-havin' our tea a minute ago as it might be, and 'er father was eatin' a nice bit of tripe as was over from dinner when Susy, this one I 'ave with me, says as 'ow she loved God and was goin' to 'eavin' when he died. What! in tones of horror. 'Ain't yer going to give 'er no medicine?'—Cornhill Magazine.

His Lucky Coin. In one of his Hibbert lectures Max Muller said to the students: "Many of you, I suspect, carry a halfpenny with a hole in it for luck. I am not ashamed to own that I have done so myself for many years." The case was cited by him in his lecture as an illustration of "survivals" from primeval fetishism, but on his own account Max Muller confessed that when sometimes he had left home without this halfpenny talisman he felt "very uncomfortable" until his safe return.

Woman the Waitress. "A woman," remarked the wise widow, "is always waiting for a husband."

"How do you figure that out?" queried the interested spinster. "If she isn't married," answered the w. w., "she is waiting to get one, and if she is she's waiting for him to come home."—Chicago News.

His Finish. "Did you ever complete your education?" "No; my wife did."—Houston Post.

Cruelly Frank. He—How is it you are always out when I call? She—Just luck.—Life.

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