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BACK TO LIFE AGAIN.

MEDICAL SCIENCE PRODUCES WONDERFUL RESULTS.

The Resuscitator the Name of a New Invention That Can Be Applied After Life Is Extinct—Death by Accident Cured.

THE IDEA OF THE prolongation of life has dominated mankind ever since the first dawning of a consciousness of being. It has been the dream of the alchemist, student and scientist, and to-day the question is still paramount, science investigating and fate eluding. It has been reserved for one of our own period to solve a part of the riddle which the sphinx so relentlessly guards.

According to the New York Herald William F. Desant of New York city has invented an apparatus by which the grim destroyer can be deprived of a great portion of his prey. His invention is a resuscitator, in which he has copied nature in her action of breathing and has actually produced a pair of lungs made of brass.

The machine consists of two air cylinders, the capacity of which equals that of the human lungs—thirty cubic inches. The valves also resemble those of the human being as closely as they could be made to do so. A lever connected with the piston rod causes a pressure and suction corresponding to the inspiration and expiration of the human lungs.

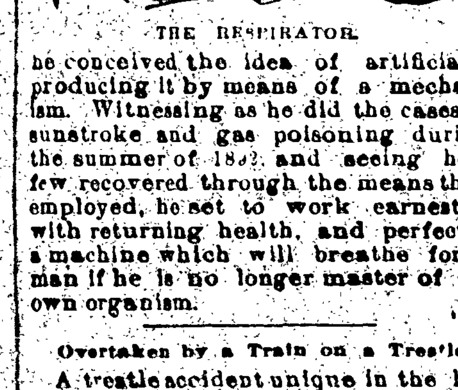
In cases of apparent death from drowning, gas or morphine poisoning the action of the tubes restores respiration by removing all foul air or poisonous gas from the lungs with the first movement of the lever. Another movement and the cavities are filled with pure air, thus restoring the lungs to their normal functions, inducing natural breathing without the effort of the patient.

Where gas poisoning has occurred all physicians agree that the blood becomes impregnated with gas and the necessity for the removal of the gas from the blood is as great as the evacuation of the lungs to complete a speedy recovery. With the mode used in the past of causing respiration this has been impossible, for the very small amount of air that is drawn into the lungs by moving the arms does not expel the air before it becomes impregnated with gas, and the patient being unable to throw it off the result is frequently fatal.

In cases of drowning the machine when applied will draw off the water and force pure air into the lungs. With the old method the patient could not begin breathing until all water had been removed from the lungs, whereas by use of the resuscitator the first action draws out water, the next forces air into the cavity thus freed, and as fast as the water disappears fresh air replaces it, setting up immediate relief.

In cases of gas poisoning the same process follows, the gas being replaced by the air. Both the amount of air and the number of respirations per minute can be regulated by the lever. The usefulness is increased by the fact that air can be expelled and introduced into the lungs without the volition of the patient, especially in cases of advanced phthisis, emphysema and asthma, where the effort of breathing proves a great source of waste and exhaustion. Had the resuscitator been known and applied in time there never would have resounded throughout the country the awful story of the tragic death of Helen Potts, says Mr. Desant. Mr. Desant was taken dangerously ill with pneumo hydro-thorax, and all hope being abandoned by his physician he resolved as a last resort to go to Bellevue hospital, where through the skill of Drs. Janeway and W. J. Pulley he recovered, but not until ten weary suffering months had intervened.

It was thought this long confinement and consequent close connection with the workings of the hospital, observing the slow, tortuous processes by which respiration was induced in patients suffering from asphyxia, that



THE RESPIRATOR.

he conceived the idea of artificially producing it by means of a mechanism. Witnessing as he did the cases of sunstroke and gas poisoning during the summer of 1892 and seeing how few recovered through the means then employed, he set to work earnestly, with returning health, and perfected a machine which will breathe for a man if he is no longer master of his own organism.

Overtaken by a Train on a Trestle.

A trestle accident unique in the history of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad is reported from Shamokin, Pa. Across a gorge near Shamokin is a long trestle. Mrs. Miranda Anderson, who lives near Shamokin, was crossing the trestle the other morning and when she reached a point near the middle she heard the rumble of the Reading express train approaching from behind her. It was useless to try to run across the open structure. She therefore leaped for her life, but as she jumped one of her feet caught between the outer rail and the guard rail and held her fast, head downward, twenty feet above the gorge. The train came on with a rush. It passed over and cut off her foot and she dropped headforemost to the brook under the trestle. It is believed she [illegible] recover.

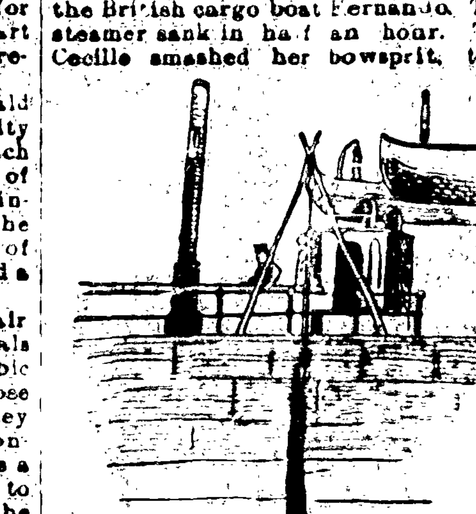
Suicidal Epidemic.

The suicidal mania was prevalent in Cooper county, Mo., the other day. A. Dohney, a citizen of Boonville, shot himself through the body with a gun. J. D. Hearst, a well-known farmer, committed suicide because he had lost money on the races. An unknown woman drowned herself at Lamine, in the Lamine river near Boonville.

RAM IN WARFARE.

Ships of Ordinary Build an Easy Prey for It.

It will be remembered that a steamer named the Kirkly was recently accidentally rammed by her Majesty's cruiser Forth. The collision took place in thick weather in the English channel at the close of the manœuvres. The Forth was going at very low speed, but even then, as will be seen by the accompanying sketch, her ram made a clean cut from just below the gunwale to the bottom of the side of the Kirkly, which was only saved from foundering by her water tight bulkheads. One bulkhead is immediately at the right side of the gash and had the Forth struck a couple of inches more to the right she would probably have knocked two compartments into one. At full speed there is not a doubt but that the Forth would have cut the Kirkly in halves. A very similar accident occurred during the recent French manœuvres, when the French war vessel Cecille ran down the British cargo boat Fernando. The steamer sank in half an hour. The Cecille smashed her bowsprit, tele-



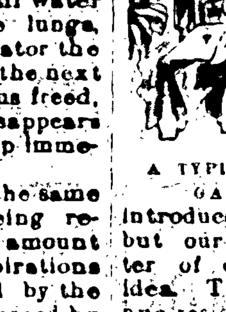
AFTER BEING RAMMED.

scoped her bows, had her ram badly twisted to port, and lost an anchor.

GOTHAM'S ROOF GARDENS.

One of the Latest Crazes in the American Metropolis.

This seems an unseasonable time of year to set about the cultivation of roof gardens, but no less than six such parterres are now blooming in New York. The idea is borrowed from the aerial hothouse plan of the Marquis d'Haussonville. That literary Parisian is passionately fond of flowers, and spends much time, even during the winter, in their cultivation. Land being as expensive in the French capital as it is in other centers of population the Marquis had constructed a dainty hot house on the roof of his city residence, says the New York Press in a recent issue. A well-known New Yorker introduced the fad into New York, but our plutocrats have, as a matter of course, improved upon the idea. This is why so many Fifth avenue residences are capped by a series of plants and vines which dangle from the roof. Apart from the expense of such things, they are not healthy. The artificial heat required to maintain this vegetation and the lack of drainage facilities on the average New York roof militate against these floral nightmares. In Berlin the maintenance of masses of half dying vegetation on the roofs of elegant private residences during the winter months once developed into a public nuisance. There is as yet no indication that this New York craze is endangering the public health, but it might do so were the fad to spread. It is stated that one Gothamite, living opposite Central park, now expends $100 monthly upon his roof garden.



A TYPICAL ROOF GARDEN.

Saved from the Flames.

A recent fire in New York city almost killed three women. As it is, Annie Tracey, aged 40 years, is in St. Vincent's hospital in a very bad condition. She may die. The house is a rear tenement. Annie Tracey lighted a lamp and attempted to carry it across the room. The lamp chimney toppled over, and as she placed the lamp on the stove it exploded and scattered the burning oil all over her clothes. Maggie Tracey, aged 35 years, tried to save her sister. Her clothes caught fire. Then another sister, Johanna, aged 60, took a hand in putting out the fire, and her clothes took fire.

The three sisters then made a dash for the street and some one sent in an alarm.

The fire engines arrived promptly. So did the ambulance, and for a time the excitement ran high. Everybody took a hand in extinguishing the flames about the three women, who were shrieking with pain. Maggie and Johanna were cared for by friends, while Annie was removed to the hospital.

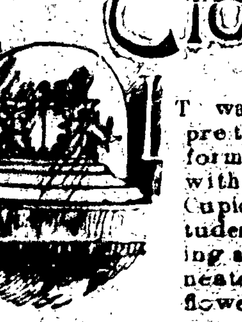
Poor Emille Loisset.

The fate of poor Emille Loisset, the equestrienne who might have been a duchess if she had not been unfortunate enough to try the subjugation of a new and unruly horse on the day before that set for her marriage, was recalled by the Baroness Van Rahden incident, and now all the European society journals are republishing her picture. Here it is, in her habit as she lived and rode. A sweet, sad face, in which a fortune teller pretended to have seen the shadow of early death, and by telling her of it to have cast a mournful spell over her brief existence.

EMILLE LOISSET.

A little girl had been rummaging in her mother's trunk. There she found a "church letter" which her mother had neglected to present to the church into whose neighborhood she had moved. The little explorer rushed into her mother's presence, shouting, "O, mother! I've found your religion in your trunk."

That Clock.



IT was a rarely pretty thing, formed of bronze, with a couple of Cupids in attitudes of charming abandon, the neatest of carved flowers and various other decorations, all calculated to attract attention and please the eye.

It stood under a glass globe in a conspicuous position in the show window of a well-known Broadway jeweler, and as pretty Mrs. Mayblossom, the wife of a month, passing by with her young husband, caught sight of it she abruptly paused and gushingly exclaimed:

"Oh, George, what a lovely clock!"

"Yes, Annie dear," replied he, "it is really beautiful."

"How I wish," said she wistfully, "that you could afford to buy it. It would make such a splendid ornament for the parlor mantle-piece."

"I would be only too happy to do so, but you know Annie, I'm a young merchant and whatever resources I have must be strictly devoted to business."

She gave a little sigh of regret, but urged the purchase no further, and the newly married couple, shortly afterward arriving at Mr. Mayblossom's place of business, he after a tender parting from his wife, entered his store, while she continued on her way to buy some few necessary things for their recently established household.

In spite of his economic resolutions the young husband felt strongly inclined to gratify his pretty wife's wish, and when, therefore, he found lying on his desk a letter containing a sum of money and was informed by the writer that it was the repayment of a loan which Mr. Mayblossom had made to a friend in his bachelor days, and long looked upon as hopeless, he determined to invest the money, which was as good as found, to the purchase of that clock.

It did not take him long to return to the jeweler's to strike a bargain, the money he had so opportunely received being just a little more than the price asked, and the clock and globe were carefully done up in a parcel.

"To what address shall I send it?" asked the polite storekeeper.

"There is my card," replied Mr. Mayblossom, taking the bit of pasteboard out of his card case. "I wish you would send it at once, as my wife is out and I desire to surprise her by having her see the clock on her return home."

"I WANT NO EXPLANATIONS FROM YOU SIR."

"I am sorry that it is impossible for me to do so. My delivery clerk is absent and will not return for an hour or so."

"No matter, then. Give me the parcel."

He took the clock, and having reached the sidewalk, hailed a commissionaire who happened to pass by.

"You will take this clock to this address," he said, handing him the parcel and a card from the cardcase which he still held in his hand, "and there's the money for your service. Now be off and see that you execute your errand promptly and don't dare to demand any pay from the lady."

"All right, sir," said the commissionaire, "I'll do the job in a jiffy."

Mr. Mayblossom returned to his store in a very blissful state of mind, while the man glanced at the card for the direction.

"Hello, what's this?" exclaimed he in some surprise, reading the address. "Miss Priscilla Dusenbury, dressmaker, 340 —— street." Well, now, who'd think that such a fine gentleman would be sending clocks to dressmakers? No matter, that's none of my business. I've got my pay in advance and I'll take her the clock."

Now, Miss Priscilla was a charming, red-cheeked, blue-eyed damsel of 18 or 19 years of age, possessed a fair patronage, good health and a beau who gloried in the name of Augustus Tompkins, and was indeed a clerk in the identical jewelry store where the clock had been bought.

She was sitting stitching a robe, humming a song, and with her thoughts centered on her devoted Augustus, speculating whether he would make his customary noonday visit, when a knock sounded on the door, and opening it she saw the commissionaire with his parcel.

"A present for you, miss," said he, placing the clock on the table before the astonished girl. "And such a fine gentleman, too. He's paid me already. I congratulate you, miss. Good morning."

And before she could even say "thank you" he was gone.

In great surprise Priscilla untied the parcel, and an exclamation of joy escaped her lips when she beheld its contents.

"The very clock I was speaking to Augustus about. The dear, delightful fellow has bought it from his employer and sent it to me. Oh, don't I wish he'd come to-day, so that I could tell him how much obliged I am to him for his splendid gift."

She arranged the clock on her tiny mantel-piece, and had hardly finished doing so when there was a second knock on the door, and in answer to the "Come in" in stalked Mrs. Mayblossom.

She was one of Priscilla's customers and had come to see about a dress upon which the latter was just then engaged.

Her first glance naturally took in the clock.

"Oh, Mrs. Mayblossom," exclaimed Priscilla, noting the direction of her eyes, "isn't it lovely? And it was just sent to me as a present by a gentleman who loves me ever so much."

"Oh, he loves you, does he?" said the young wife in tones so cold and metallic that Priscilla looked at her in surprise.

"Of course he does," said she, "and I'm devoted to him. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, no matter," replied Mrs. Mayblossom, too proud to reveal to her dressmaker the doubts and suspicions which had entered her mind from the moment she beheld the clock; "but you will please return my dress in its unfinished state. I shall require your services no longer."

With which words she flounced out of the little room, leaving Priscilla more than ever astonished and mystified.

"What can have been the matter with her?" thought the dressmaker. "Can she know my Augustus, and could he have been paying her any addresses? I must ask him when he comes."

It was already near noon, and but a short time elapsed before Mrs. Mayblossom's departure after the fascinating Augustus put in an appearance.

He, too, caught sight of the clock, and his manner, which had been ardent and loving at his entrance, suddenly changed to one of fierce rage and wild jealousy.

"False, fickle woman!" cried he, in a melodramatic air. "Is it thus you betray the fond faith which my too trusting heart has reposed in you?"

"Augustus," exclaimed she, terrified at his excited manner and tragic tones, "what do you mean?"

"That clock," cried he, pointing to the innocent cause of all these complications.

"Why—why," stammered she. "Did you not send me that?"

"I send you a hundred dollar clock!" exclaimed he in tones of bitter scorn. "I, with a salary of $15 a week! You cannot deceive me. You know that Mr. Mayblossom bought that clock at our store this morning. You know that he sent it to you, and you received it. You took this costly present from a married man. Oh, Priscilla, I thought more of you, but now all is over with us. My love is dead, and I live but for revenge."

He clapped his hat over his eyes and rushed out of the room, leaving Priscilla nearly frantic with fear and grief.

Meanwhile Mr. Mayblossom had quietly spent the morning attending to his business and now, during the noonday recess, was slowly wending his way home, full of blissful anticipations of a loving welcome from his wife and utterly unconscious of the storm that was gathering on his domestic horizon.

He reached home and was greatly astonished to learn from the cook that, though dinner was ready, there was no wife in the house to share it with him. She had come home in a terrible rage, had gone directly to her room, remained there a few minutes and then left the house.

What could it mean. He went to his wife's room. It was empty. There was no clock on the mantelpiece. Ah, what was that? A letter addressed to him and in his wife's handwriting. He hastily opened it and read:

Forever farewell. By the time you read this letter I shall have returned to my parents. Your deceit is discovered. I have learned all. First I went to the dressmaker's and saw the clock there, and then I went to the jeweler's and made sure that you bought it and sent it to her. Do not seek me for I am forever lost to you.
Your heartbroken ANNIE.

Sensible, good-natured George burst into a fit of merry laughter as he read this epistle.

"Here's a fine mix-up," muttered he, "and all because my wife happened to place her dressmaker's card among mine when she was arranging my card case yesterday. Well, I suppose I'll have to go after her and explain."

He went into the library below preparatory to leaving the house and discovered, lying on the table, another letter addressed to him.

"Hello!" exclaimed he as he opened and glanced at the epistle. "More complications, and all on account of that clock. Let me see."

Mr. George Mayblossom—I need only state that Miss Priscilla Dusenbury is, or rather was, my affianced wife to prove my right to call you to account for your infamous conduct of to-day. No man, and a married man at that, shall give presents to one I love, or rather have loved, and deny me the satisfaction due to a gentleman. By designating a gentleman to confer with Mr. Clark, a friend of mine, in regard to the necessary arrangements, you will confer a favor on yours, etc., AUGUSTUS TOMPKINS.

"Hoity, toity," cried Mr. Mayblossom, fairly convulsed with laughter. "A duel, as I live! Hang that clock, anyway! I wonder what will turn up next?"

"I will," exclaimed a voice melodramatically.

He looked up from the challenge he was reading and beheld Priscilla standing before him, wrathful as a Nemesis and holding the unlucky clock in a threatening attitude.

"Mr. Mayblossom," said she, "I have come here to tell you I want none of your presents. If I had known that you had sent me that clock I wouldn't have received it. It has already robbed me of my lover, and you can take your infamous gift back again."

With that she hurled the poor clock to the floor and the glass globe was shattered into a thousand fragments, the pretty cupids lost their arms and heads, the carved flowers were broken and nothing remained of the beautiful but unlucky timepiece save a mass of ruins.

"You giddy, headstrong girl!" exclaimed he angrily. "Now you've done the damage without listening to a word of explanation."

"I want no explanations from you sir," retorted she, haughtily, leaving the room.

As she descended the staircase she encountered Mrs. Mayblossom with her mother, a sensible, practical woman, who had induced her daughter to return and seek an explanation of the apparently suspicious circumstances from Mr. Mayblossom.

A fistic encounter between the wife and the dressmaker seemed imminent when the front door opened and Augustus entered.

The young man had tracked his sweetheart to the very house and had come to drag her away by force if necessary.

Fortunately at this moment Mr. Mayblossom descended from the room above, and after some difficulty managed to give the necessary explanation. The result of all was a repentant wife, two contrite and crestfallen lovers and—a ruined clock.

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