

Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1892.

Every Northern State west of the Alleghenies has a State university.

London publishers are said not to relish the increasing sale in that city of the American magazines and periodicals.

According to the New York Independent "business is growing more active at nearly every important point, whether in the East, West or South."

A well-informed statistician has stated that more Hebrew synagogues have been set up in this country during the past ten years than in all previous years of American history.

The popular subscription of \$13,000 raised in New York City to provide for sick babies did a great work. Over 116,000 families were visited and over 10,000 sick were prescribed for.

The Kalmucks have an original method of treating cholera. Whenever one of them is attacked by the epidemic he mounts a horse and gallops as long as he has strength to stay on the animal's back. A Russian journalist tried this remedy recently and is said to have found it effectual.

Columbus is everywhere, the New York Journal exclaims, and the very winds seem to shout his name. Even the yacht clubs talk of having lectures on the voyage of Columbus, and before the winter is over some of them may be debating the question "Was Columbus much of a sailor?"

It was lately quoted in British shipping circles as a proof of the depression affecting the shipping trade that a splendid four-masted iron bark of 2000 tons register, owned on the Clyde, came into port from Australia in ballast, was unable to get a cargo, and sailed back for the antipodes again with the same ballast she brought with her.

The railroad building of 1892 in the United States is estimated by the New York Independent at a little less than 4000 miles. This 4000 miles will bring the railroad mileage of the country up to an aggregate of 175,000 miles. Only 10,000 miles of railroad were built from 1830 to 1851; during the next five years as many more were built, and then the increase was greater until 1837, when 12,800 miles were built, the largest number of new mileage recorded in any one year.

Capitalists are preparing to establish a line of steamers between Portland, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands to obtain a share of the trade which San Francisco now monopolizes. The islands last year paid to San Francisco firms \$373,000 for flour and \$465,000 for grain and feed. Portland can supply these staples cheaper than its rival, and in return for them expects to bring bananas, pineapples, mangoes, and other fruits to its own door. As a local merchant puts it: "There is no reason why Portland should pay San Francisco a commission on our fruits, and no reason why the islands should pay San Francisco a commission on Oregon flour and feed. Closer commercial relations must prove profitable both to Portland and the islands, and I see no reason why the enterprise should not be a success."

In an Eastern paper appears a lament over the departure of the typical grandmother. A pretty picture is drawn of the gray haired old lady that is a memory of childhood, with her sweet and patient face and gentle manners. Then it is affirmed that she is no more. In her place has come a woman who uses rouge and has her children's children call her "Aunt." There would be reasons for lamentation had the grandmother really vanished, admits the San Francisco Examiner, but she hasn't. The Eastern writer may have been deprived of one, and may have seen a specimen or two of the bogus aunt. But the grandmother is a fixture. In many a household she is the central object of affection, as sweet and gentle as ever. Manners-of-living change, and not always for the better, but they have never changed so radically and badly as to eliminate the grandmother, and when they do the time will have come to write of her a failure.

THAT IS SO.

It is said that Truth is gold— That is so! That it yields a hundred fold; That its champions win the prize Which endures and never dies— That is so! It is said that Sin brings pain— That is so! That its work is loss, not gain; That it kills the soul and brings Never balm, but many stings— That is so! It is said that Goodness thrives— That is so! That it blesses human lives; That at last, when earth has flown, It shall gain a starry crown— That is so! Life is transient at the best— That is so! But with Goodness for thy guest, Truth shall guide us to the prize That endures and never dies— That is so! —(Caleb Dunn, in the Ledger.)

In the Interests of Science.

THE STORY OF A BURGLARY.

Though I had known George Martin a long time he had only lately initiated me into the mysteries of his life. I knew well that he had been guilty of many kinds of excesses and indiscretions in his youth; nevertheless, I was not a little astonished to hear that he had once sunk so low as burglary. Without further remark here I relate the chief episode out of the remarkable career of this strange man:

"Yes," said he, "I had a hard time of it in those days, and finally I became a burglar. When Robert Schmiedlein proposed to me that we should break in to the somewhat retired house of two doctors, Dr. Engler and Dr. Langner, I thoughtlessly agreed. Both doctors were well known on account of their scientific researches, and one of them especially for his eccentric manner."

"Well, the night fixed for the carrying out of our design arrived and we went to work with the greatest confidence, for all the circumstances were favorable for a burglary. It was pitch dark, neither moon nor stars visible, and in addition a strong west wind was blowing, which was very welcome to us, as it promised to drown every sound, however slight."

"It was toward 2 o'clock in the morning as we, assuming all was safe, began by filing through a chain which fastened a ladder to the wall. The ladder we placed under a window in the first story on the left side of the house. In less than five minutes we had opened the window, and hearing nothing, Schmiedlein climbed through it and I followed him. After carefully reclosing the venetians we ventured to light a lantern and then discovered that we were in a kind of lumber room, the door of which was locked."

"After picking the lock we determined first to explore the rooms on the ground floor, thinking we should run less risk of waking the inhabitants of the house."

"To our no little astonishment we perceived, as we crept down stairs, a light shining under the door of one of the rooms at the back of the building. 'At first we were both for beating a hasty retreat. Schmiedlein soon recovered himself and proposed that we should force our way into the room, bind and gag every occupant and then obtain by threats all desirable information."

"I agreeing, we approached the door. While carefully throwing the light around I noticed, seven feet from the floor, a wire which appeared to pass through the door; we were approaching, and on pointing it out to my companion, he thought it would be connected with some bell."

"I replied in a whisper that we should try and avoid any alarm by cutting the wire, and as I could just reach it with my hands I would hold it firm while Schmiedlein cut it between my hands, and thus prevent it jerking back and ringing the bell."

"Setting the lantern on the floor I seized the wire, while Schmiedlein drew a pair of pincers out of his pocket. But the moment I touched it I felt a frightful shock, which quivered through and through me, so that I fell of a heap, tearing the wire down with me. I remember hearing the loud ringing of a bell, while Schmiedlein—whom, moreover, I have never seen since—disappeared like lightning into the darkness and escaped, very likely by the way we had come."

"On falling down I struck my head violently against the opposite wall and became unconscious, whilst the electric bell—at that time a novelty—rang ceaselessly."

"Regaining my senses I found myself bound and helpless, which, after all, did not surprise me, as I concluded I had been caught where I fell. I struck me, however, that there were some peculiar circumstances connected with my captivity. "I was nearly undressed and lay on a cold slab of slate, which was about the height of a table from the ground, and only a piece of linen protected my body. Straight above me hung a large lamp, whose polished reflector spread a bright light far around, and when I as far as possible looked round I perceived several shelves with bottles, flasks and chemical apparatus of all kinds upon them. In one corner of the room stood a complete human skeleton, and various odds and ends of human bodies hung here and there upon the walls. I then knew I was lying on the operating— or dissecting—table of a doctor, a discovery which naturally troubled me greatly; at the same time I perceived that my mouth also was firmly gagged.

"What did it all mean? Had some accident befallen me so that a surgical operation was necessary for my recovery? But I remembered nothing of the kind, and also felt no pain; nevertheless here I lay, stripped and helpless, on this terrible table gagged and bound, which indicated something extraordinary."

"It established me not a little that there should be such an operation-room in such a house until I remembered that Dr. Langner, as the district physician, had to carry out the post mortem examinations for the circuit, and that in the small provincial town no other room was available for such a purpose. I felt too miserable, however, to think more about it. But I soon noticed, after another vain effort to free myself, that I was not alone in the room, for I heard the rustling of paper, and then some one said in quiet, measured tones:

"Yes, Langner, I am quite convinced that this man is particularly suited for the carrying out of my highly important experiment. How long have I been wishing to make the attempt—at last, to-night, I shall be able to produce the proof of my theory."

"That would, indeed, be a high triumph of human skill," I heard a second voice reply; "but consider, dear doctor, if that man there were to expire under our hands—what then?"

"Impossible!" was the quick reply. "It is bound to succeed, and even if it did not, he will die a glorious death in the interests of science; while, if we were to let him go, he would sooner or later fall into the hands of the hangman."

"I could not even see the two men, yet their conversation was doubtless about me, and, hearing it, I shuddered from head to foot. 'They were proposing some dangerous operation on me, not for my benefit, but in the interest of medical science.'

"At any rate, I thought, 'they won't undertake such a thing without my sanction.' And what, after all, was their intention? It must be something terrible, for they had already mentioned the possibility of my succumbing. I should soon know the fearful truth, for after a short pause they continued:

"It has long been acknowledged that the true source of life lies in the blood. What I wish to prove, dear Langner, is this: Nobody need die from pure loss of blood, and yet such cases occur only too often, while we must all the time be in possession of means to renew this highly important sap of life and thus avoid a fatal result. We read of a few, but only a few, cases of a man who, for some reason or other, has lost so much blood that his death seemed inevitable if some other noble-hearted man had not offered his own blood, in order to let it flow into the veins of the dying man. As you are aware, this proceeding has always had the desired effect. I consider it, however, a great mistake to deprive a fellow-being of necessary blood, for the one thereby only gains life and strength at the cost of another, who offers himself for an always dangerous sacrifice."

"Yes, I do not think that right either," replied Dr. Langner. "And, moreover, how seldom is a man found at the critical moment ready to submit himself at once to such a dangerous loss of blood."

"That is very natural; no one rightly undertakes such a thing," continued the other. "So much greater will be our triumph if the operation succeeds. I hope to show you, dear colleague, that although we are thinking of taking that man's blood, even to the last drop, in a few hours we shall set him on his feet again."

"Just so! I do not see why we should not succeed. At any rate, in the interests of science we should prove in a practical manner the correctness of our theory."

"And this proof, dear friend, we will undertake without delay. Let me just repeat my instructions; for we cannot go to work too carefully to preserve the life of this man. I will open a vein in his thigh and measure exactly the quantity of blood which flows out, at the same time watching the beating of the heart. Under ordinary circumstances nothing could possibly save him; but just before we will insert the warm blood of a living rabbit into his veins, as we have already arranged. If my theory is right, the pulsation of the heart will then gradually increase in strength and rapidly. At the same time it is important to protect his limbs from cold and stiffness, which will naturally take place with the loss of all arterial blood."

"The conversation of the two doctors overwhelmed me with deadly terror. I could scarcely believe I was really awake and not the victim of some cruel nightmare."

"The fact remained, however, that I lay helpless on the dissecting table, that a threatening skeleton stood in the corner of the room and, above all, that terrible conversation which I had to listen to in silence filled me with a fear such as I have never before experienced. Voluntarily the thought forced itself upon me that I was at the mercy of two infatuated doctors, to whose mad theory I should here fall the victim."

"I said to myself that no doctor with a sound mind would propose such a frightful and murderous experiment upon a living man."

"The two doctors now approached the dissecting table and looked calmly into my face; then smiling, took off their coats and tucked up their sleeves. I struggled to get free, as only a desperate man under such extraordinary circumstances could have struggled. In vain, how to render me completely helpless, and to their satisfaction, I could not even make a sound."

thigh, and although I lay bound to the table in such a way that I could not see my limbs, I was able to watch the doctor busied with his preparations."

"Directly after removing the cloth I felt a prick in the side of my leg and at once felt the warm blood rush forth and trickle down my leg. The conviction that he had opened the principal vein would have sufficed to shake the strongest nerves."

"There is no danger," said Dr. Engler, looking into my staring, protruding eyes with terrible calmness. "You will not die, my good man—you have only opened an artery and you will experience all the sensations of bleeding to death. You will get weaker and weaker, and finally, perhaps, lose all consciousness, but we shall not let you die. No, no! You must live and astonish the scientific world through my great discovery!"

"I naturally could say nothing in reply, and no words can adequately express what I felt at that moment. I could in one breath have wept, implored, cursed and raved."

"Meanwhile I felt my life's blood flowing, and could hear it drop into a vessel standing under the end of the table. Every moment the doctor laid his hand on my heart, at the same time making remarks which only increased my horror. 'After he had put his hand on me for at least the twentieth time, and felt the beating of the heart, he said to his assistant:

"Are you ready with your preparations, Langner? He has now lost an enormous quantity of blood, and the pulsation is getting weaker and weaker. See, he is already losing consciousness," and with these words he took the gag out of my mouth."

"A feeling of deadly weakness as well as of infinite misery laid hold of me when the physician uttered these words, and on my attempting to speak, I found that scarcely a whispering murmur passed my lips. Shadowy phantoms and strange colors flitted before my eyes, and I believed myself to be already in a state past all human aid."

"What happened in the next few minutes I do not know, for I had fainted. When I reopened my eyes I noticed I no longer lay on the dissecting table, but was sitting in an armchair in a comfortable room, near which stood the two doctors looking at me."

"Near me was a flask of wine, several smelling salts, a few basins of cold water, some sponges and a galvanic battery. It was now bright daylight and the two doctors smiled as they looked at me."

"When I remembered the terrible experiment, I shuddered with horror, and tried to rise. I felt too weak, however, and sank back helpless into the chair. Then the circuit physician, in a friendly but firm voice, addressed me:

"Compose yourself, young man. You imagined you were slowly bleeding to death; nevertheless, be assured that you have not lost a single drop of blood. You have undergone no operation whatever, but have simply been the victim of your own imagination. We knew very well you heard every word of our conversation, a conversation which was only intended to deceive you as much as possible. What I maintained was that a man's body will always completely lie under the influence of what he himself firmly believes, while my colleague, on the other hand, held the opinion that the body can never be hurt by anything which only exists in the imagination. This has long been an open question between us, which, after your capture, we at once determined to decide. So we surrounded you with objects of a nature to influence your imagination, aided further by our conversation, and finally your conviction that we would really carry out the operation of which you heard us speak, completed the deception."

"You have now the satisfaction of knowing that you are as safe and sound as ever you were. At the same time we assure you that you really showed all the symptoms of a man bleeding to death, a proof that the body can sometimes suffer from the most absurd unbelief that the mind can imagine."

"Astounding, joy and doubt at finding myself neither dead nor dying struggled within me, and then rage at having been subjected to such an awful and heartless experiment by the two doctors overcame me. I was quickly interrupted by Dr. Engler, however, on trying to give free scope to my indignation."

"We had not exactly any right to undertake such an experiment with you," he said; "but we thought you would pardon us if we delivered you from certain punishment instead of having to undergo a painful trial and a long imprisonment for burglary. You are certainly at liberty to complain about us; but consider, my good fellow, if such a step is in your interests? I do not think so. On the other hand, we are quite willing to make you a fitting compensation for all the agony you have suffered."

"Under the circumstances," continued George Martin, "I considered it wise to accept their proposal, although I have not to this day forgiven the two men for so treating me."

"The doctors kept their promise. They made me a very handsome present, and troubled themselves about me in other ways, so that since that time I have been a more fortunate, and I hope a better man. Still I have never forgotten the hour when I lay on the dissecting table—the unexpected victim of a terrible experiment—in the interests of science, as Dr. Engler explained."

"Such was the strangest story of my friend. His death, which recently took place, revealed me from the promise of secrecy given to him about an event which he could never recall, even after a lapse of thirty years, without a feeling of unabated horror.—(Strand Magazine.)

MECCA—HARAM'S FOLLOWERS.

The Court Will Contain 85,000 People.—It is Frequented by Worshippers Day and Night.

The mosque has been so often destroyed and rebuilt and repaired that it contains few traces of remote antiquity. The structure as it stands was mostly built in the seventeenth century, but some parts have been made down to our day. As its object was simply to enclose Kaaba, the size of the court has varied in the successive rebuildings. The mosque has sixteen gates, placed at regular distances, but as some of the gates have three arches, the number of entrances is thirty-nine. The principal of these are the Bab-es Salam (gate of peace), by which every pilgrim makes his first entrance; Bab-el-Nebi, which Mohammed used to enter, and through which the bodies of the dead are carried that prayers may be said over them, and the Bab-el-Omra, through which it is necessary to pass in order to pray before performing the ritual of Omra, or the Little Pilgrimage, to the holy place three miles outside the city. As these gates have no doors, the mosque is open at all times. The exterior is adorned with seven minarets of the common Moslem style. The entrances to these are from the houses, which touch the mosque on all sides, and from some of these houses windows are opened in the wall of enclosure so that pilgrims lodging in them can pray at home in sight of the Kaaba. It is said that the court of the mosque will hold 85,000 people; but it is never full, even in the time of the Hadj, and a belief is current that it never could be filled by any number of pilgrims—either the worshippers would be individually diminished in size or the court would be miraculously enlarged for the occasion. The mosque is never deserted, and day and night presents scenes of animation and picturesqueness. Through its gates citizens, burden-bearers, and traffickers constantly pass from one part of the city to the other. At sunset, one of the hours of prayer, when great numbers assemble, spread their carpets, and perform their devotions, the sight of 7,000 or 8,000 persons bending in joint prostrations in the waning light is awe-inspiring. Later, when the lamps are lighted, the devotees, rank outside of rank circling round the Kaaba, racing, crowding, ejaculating, the metewels loudly reciting the prayers, idlers clamoring and chaffing, and boys running hither and thither and shouting, give the court the appearance of a place of amusement. Every hour of the day people are seen under the colonnades reading the Koran. Indians and negroes spread their mats and pass the whole period of their Mecca visit there, being allowed to bathe, eat, and sleep, but not to cook in the court. Men come there to lounge in the cool shade at noon and to talk business. Poor Hadjis, diseased and deformed, lie about among the pillars in the midst of their miserable baggage. Public schools are held for young children. Learned men deliver lectures, ulemas recite the Koran. At the gates sit scribes with inkstands and paper for writing letters and contracts, and producing amulets and love charms. Wind-up sheets (for many Hadjis buy at Mecca the shrouds in which they wish to be buried) and other lines washed in the holy well Zem-zem hang drying between the pillars. In the square are many small stone basins filled with water for the use of the pigeons which gather there, and by these basins Arab public women sit in order to exhibit themselves and make appointments with visitors, and for a pretence sell corn to feed the birds. Burckhardt says that the holy Kaaba is often the scene of indecencies practised with impunity, and calling forth usually only a laugh from the spectators. At the end of the Hadj the mosque presents a sad appearance; the fatigues of the pilgrimages, the unhealthy lodgings, the bad water and food, cause great mortality, and the court is filled with the bodies of the dead and those in the last stages of emaciation who are borne there in order to be sprinkled, when dying, with the waters of Zem-zem.—[Harper's Magazine.]

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