RARE SKIN GRAFTING.

OVER 1,000 "GRAFTS," TAKEN FROM 100 PEOPLE, WERE USED

Complete Success in a Surgical Case, Though Many Similar Ones, but Nearly as Remarkable, Have Failed—A Man Who Must Feel for His Friends.

A. C. Fulkerson represents probably better than any living man the inventive of the United States. "E Pluribus Unum" should in fact be his motto, for he certainly represents many in one. Fulkerson's legs, or his, perhaps, were used by skin grafting. He carries about his person of the original some forty or fifty inches.

Mr. Fulkerson is the head of the Home Travel company. He suffered a terrible affliction, which nearly cost him his life. It was an accident, and occurred in the Tree industry at 1,310 Main street. He was on the "map" first and accidentally slipped into one of the vats. The boiling water in the vat was thirteen inches deep. His legs went in first, but he pulled them out as quickly as possible. He estimates that in his haste and excitement he took about twelve lashes, but it was long enough to injure him for life and to render him helpless for a long time.

The accident left him long enough, but the body suffered. He right far from the knee to the ankle became absolutely void of skin or flesh. The flesh dropped off the bone in many places, and he was in the hospital. The wounds in the end of each leg were particularly sore.

PROCEEDS IN THE REPORT.

Dr. Lyman A. Dexter was put in charge of the case. He did everything possible to alleviate Fulkerson's suffering. After three weeks of close attention he concluded that there was only one way to effect a cure and that was by skin grafting. As it was apparent from the start that the number of "grafts" required would mean up into the hundreds, the first question he considered was where to get them from. Fulkerson was a member of Ridgely lodge No. 69, I. O. O. F., and also a member of Kansas City lodge, No. 1, Knights of Pythias. Most of his fellow members of those lodges, and also of other lodges of the same orders, quickly offered to help supply the needed skin. Friends, relatives and employes were also found who were willing to do their share to save the man.

After three weeks' suffering and as soon as the patient could be safely begun with any possible chance of success the "grafting" was commenced. It immediately it was succeeded. It was all done in light of Fulkerson, who never flinched. He even refused to take opiates. The endurance he showed was remarkable. He witnessed the cutting out of every piece of skin taken from others for his use. How his heart frequently went forth to the people who helped him as better he imagined them explained. His gratefulness knows no bounds.

As stated, the "grafting" was carried on gradually. Sometimes pieces of skin from half a dozen different persons were attached at the same time. Usually there were two or three at least to contribute. The "grafts" taken were on the average about as large as a drop of water. Whenever there was a chance to put them in on the surface, which was getting dry and on which there was no doubt of their adhering, it was done.

HOW THE GRAFTS WERE CUT OUT.

The "grafts" were nearly all taken from arms and legs. When put on the injured man's legs they were placed about one-eighth of an inch apart. Every "graft" grew in a circle, and in such a way, at present them lapping over they were, therefore, placed so far apart that they would grow together. If placed closer than this they will cause an uneven surface and leave marks as of scars.

Dr. Berger would call to see Fulkerson at any time. He liked to call whenever there was a visitor at the house. He would never miss a chance to obtain some of the needed skin and would always request the visitor for a "graft." Of course he would never be refused. Once he had obtained a "graft," he would get three or four more as a rule from the same person before he would leave him. A lot of those who were willing to contribute was always kept, so that whenever any "grafts" were needed they could be sent for. In this way the physician was able to keep pace with the healing process, and was always prepared to put in "grafts" whenever a tip place appeared for them.

For over two months the "grafting" continued. Finally enough had been secured to bring the legs to their normal size. They were now thin, but when the blood-work was stopped, but had not hardened or settled, and this had been taken into consideration. It was known that they would get smaller as they healed.

About 1,000 different "grafts" were used in the treatment. This is the number given by Dr. Berger. Fulkerson thinks the number would reach upward of 700 more. The greatest care was exercised in procuring the "grafts." They were taken from only those who were found to be sound and healthy in every particular. The number of persons who contributed the "graft" was about 100.

WHO FURNISHED THE "GRAFTS?"

Dr. Berger and other physicians contributed some. Whenever the former had a third person who he expected to get a large number of "grafts" from he would take one out of his own arm to show them how it was done and illustrate that there was no pain attached to it. He would impress the subject fellow that there was not the slightest pain in the operation, leaving it to him to find that there was just a little. The process is something like vaccination, the sensation being the same.

"Many persons fainted when the "grafts" were taken from them as they do when vaccinated. The scar made disappears much easier than that made by vaccination, and most much easier than a scar for the vaccinating of vaccine which does not take effect. Only the outside or outer skin is used in the grafting.

The skin of many well known citizens was used in the treatment of Fulkerson. J. A. Reed, a lawyer, who has an office in the Nelson building, contributed forty-seven "grafts." This is the largest number taken from any person. A few contributed as many as thirty apiece, but the large majority were called on for less than a dozen "grafts" each. Fulkerson's five-year-old boy contributed a good number. He pleaded with the doctor to take some skin from him for papa. Mrs. Fulkerson gave a dozen "grafts" from her arm. Ten students of the university medical college, who watched the case with deep interest, were among the contributors.

Fulkerson is married and is now fifty-three years of age. He is a well proportioned man, of strong system and health. His strong constitution helped to pull him through his affliction. He weighed 204 pounds when the accident occurred, and four months later, when he was able to leave his bed for the first time, he weighed only 130 pounds.—Kansas City Times.

How One Minister Secured a Rest.—It has been the fond exclusivity of Ephraim Judson to use the choir by chanting a long rest for himself. Sometimes, when the heat was oppressive, he would give a long hymn of ten stanzas, and while the choir was performing he would retire to a shaded nook on the lawn of the Reverend and enjoy a summer breeze, resuming his service when the singing was over.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SHIPPING ORANGES IN PARAGUAY

A Few Pictures of a South American Fair Where Women Do the Work.

The two principal ports for shipping oranges are San Lorenzo and San Antonio. We stopped at the latter, a town by spot on the Paraguay river, with a strand of yellow sand, banks fringed with lilies and in the background tropic scene of these forming masses of lilies. The port consists of a square of sand, with the cabin and flag of the custom house, or resguardo, and a short wooden jetty to the right. A roughly traced road leading into the interior, past a sort of store or tavern, and to the left a large tent stretched over palm poles, with a little floor made of bamboo.

This tent was full of oranges, on the sand outside were other mountains of oranges and men and women broken by piles of two or four cows, presided by the driver, wearing a long poncho and carrying a bamboo goad, kept grunting and creaking down the slope, and depositing other golden piles along the beach. Under the shady curtain of trees were sorted groups of men, women and children with swingos, hoes, knives, mandiocs, pieces, blue jars and sombrys, while they hope to sell, but at the same time make no effort to offer their merchandise, preferring to remain calm and indifferent, making note through silver tendrilles.

The transaction is moved alongside, and a lazy gangway of planks is laid on high trestles from the paddle box to the cinder; then, when all is ready, about sixty women and girls and ten men set to work, some to carry baskets full of oranges, others to hand the baskets from bottle the paddle box to the upper deck, others to pass the baskets on from this point to the naval or in chasses that has been built behind the pilot house, and others still to pass down the empty baskets. The carrying is all done by women, who form a procession passing continuously up and down the gangway, and generally at a run.

There are Paraguayos, Guaranis and other Indians and indistinct of various shades, clad in white, rose, scarlet, yellow and other bright colored Manchester cotton stuffs, all are barefooted and most of them are without beauty, but gay and ready to laugh and scream without protest, merely for the sake of being lively and making a noise. They are like birds and monkeys. Hour after hour this operation goes on. Women and young girls alike have cigars in their mouths in the usual Paraguayan fashion.

The rapid movement of brightly clad figures passing in opposite directions, with the glare of the yellow mountains of oranges and of the dazzling white tent on the shore, ends by hypnotizing one, and yet the scene is so original that one continues to watch it in spite of one's self. For that matter, there is nothing else to do. The village, buried in orange trees, is soon visited; to walk for any distance along the river is considered difficult by the overhanging trees, and so one remains leaning over the rail, and watching the women and girls toiling, while the men—husbands, fathers or brothers—loaf on the shore, smoke or play cards, according to the custom of Paraguay, where the women do the work while the men enjoy life.

The steamer was supposed to take 200,000 oranges, but there being means of control it is probable that, order to allow for loss, the shipper put on board at least 300,000. These oranges, of fine flavor and aspect, are worth one Paraguayan dollar a thousand at San Antonio. The women who carry the baskets on their heads are paid eighty centavos a day, and the harvest of the fruit lasts eight months, beginning at the end of May. The freight from Paraguay to Campana, and from Campana by schooner to La Boca, together with the loss from production and rough handling during the journey, brings the retail price of a good orange in Buenos Ayres to about two cents.—Theodore Child in Harper's.

Abusing a Kicker.

It may be true that people have a certain sort of dread of a "kicker," and they may occasionally grant him favors rather than engage in a quarrel, but in the long run the "kicker" is not a successful man. The people finally get even with him. We have noticed that the best business men, and the men who make a great success of anything, are not "kickers." It is not a good business policy to quarrel over everything.

There is fault enough to be found, but it is not good policy to be always grumbling and complaining. There are occasions when it becomes a man's duty to "kick," and "kick" hard, but these are rare. As a rule people are disposed to grant a man his rights. If it would do any good to "kick" for rain during a drought we should believe in it, but the facts seem to be that "kicking" generally gives a man a bad temper and nothing else.—Atchison Globe.

A Queer Suit.

Here is a queer case for an action. A man in Boston and Andrew Jackson threw himself out of the window of the asylum. He made several attempts, and was prevented by the servants. Put in a new apartment he tried it again, jumped out of the window, fell on the lawn, injured himself seriously, but, strange to say, the shock cured his mental disorder. At once he sued the officers of the asylum for negligence. The plaintiff was non-suited. There is a delightful legal quibble about this, for the pros and cons are many.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell a story about a priest, in the olden time who was called to lower the food of a poor farmer prior to the planting. He came, and after surveying the soil, remarked to the agricultural, "Planting seed do here what you want to manure."

Annie B. Sanders keeps a pulse shop in Eighth avenue, New York, and makes a good living at the business. She sitses the colors and silk, looks after the cash and takes orders, employing men to fill them.

The Brave Marquis.

A regiment was marched into Perigueux to raise up quarters there, and the white horse was sent to see the officers enter. The officers marched out into the line of march. "Drive there, back!" commanded the colonel. Most of the officers obeyed, some evidently saw men mounted immediately a great, white haired man, with crossed noses, defiant lights, and a commanding manner in his face. He was the Marquis Marie de Bellet-Marie. A captain, named Boisset, tapped him on the bonnet with the handle of his sword. Marie de Bellet-Marie snatched the sword, snapped it over his knee and threw the bits in Boisset's face. A lunet to court light followed, the next morning he climbed up the chimney of the room in which he was imprisoned, and fell dead, with a pistol bullet in his brain. Boisset's brother, Captain Boisset, succeeded the colonel, and the captain stood before the sergeant, sword in hand. Ten paces from him, the sergeant stood with a loaded pistol, and he still stood motionless, sword in hand. Ten feet line of the regiment was half a few rods away, but the sergeant had not even moved an eyelash. "Do as I do, brother," every fear in his face said. The soldiers hesitated and halted. The marquis drew off his sword, bowed to the sergeant, Captain Boisset" comman