



"WHO WILL BE DEAD?"

the stone, if an ordinary substance, must have fallen off. It still clung to the wound, and the doctor muttered, "That is very strange."

Half an hour passed, and not a word was uttered. "It is visibly growing greener! Can it possibly be the poison?" said the doctor.

Another half-hour passed, almost in complete silence, when the doctor touched the mad-stone with his finger, and it fell off.

"Very strange indeed! A little milk, if convenient, my friend." The milk was brought, the stone plunged into it, and in five minutes the milk turned green.

"Hef Himml!" cried the doctor: "can there be something in this curious mad-stone, after all? It seems—it must be so. Yes, this wonder exists—seeing is believing. There is the very poison sucked out of your wound, madame. I confess I did not believe it was a real case of hydrophobia. I was wrong. But then you are as good as well, thanks to this wonderful mad-stone."

The doctor examined the arm carefully.

"It is just as well to adopt every precaution," he said. "Some of the virus may still linger in the bottom of the incision, and mingle with the tissues. That is always the danger in cases of rabies. A sac is formed, which months afterward bursts, and discharges the venom into the blood."

"What are you going to do, doctor?" said Mrs. Langley, nervously.

"Oh, don't be afraid; I will only touch the incisions with this stick of nitrate of silver."

But Dr. Wolfgang did not touch them only. He dug down to the very depths with his stick of lunar caustic, turned it about in the incisions, persisted in a thorough operation, and then said: "Now, my friend, offer madame your arm, and escort her to her chamber. She had better lie down. In ten minutes I will mix an opiate, which it would be better for her to take."

Langley put his arm around his wife, and they went out of the room. The doctor fell into a chair.

"Hef Himml!" he muttered; "is she going to die? I don't know, but I have done my best to save her."

Six months after these scenes, Dr. Wolfgang left his friends to return to Europe. The parting was a sad one, for he had greatly endeared himself to both Mr. and Mrs. Langley.

"I am so very sorry!" said the beautiful young woman; "we shall miss you so much!" "You are sure you will not forget me?" said Dr. Wolfgang, trying to smile.

"How could I? You saved my life by bringing the mad-stone so promptly."

Dr. Wolfgang did not smile this time; he chuckled.

"I regret to depart without ever laying my eyes on that wonderful object," he said.

Langley looked at him with some surprise.

"Without laying your eyes upon it, my dear fellow?" he said.

"I have never yet seen it."

"Never seen it?"

"I observe you are very much surprised."

"I certainly am. Assuredly you brought the stone, and it struck, and colored the milk with the green poison—the mad-stone."

"Copperas," said the doctor, with great enjoyment; "gum-arabic and green paint effected the rest."



"DR. WOLFGANG PLACED HIS LIPS ON THE WOUND."



"THE YOUNG LADY UTTERED A CRY OF PAIN."

Langley and his wife looked at the doctor with extreme astonishment.

"What on earth do you mean, my dear Wolfgang?" said his host. "I mean this, my dear friend," said the doctor. "From the moment when madame told me how she had been bitten, I was satisfied that the lap-dog was mad. Unless I acted promptly, her death was as sure as anything earthly could be; so I did not lose time. The first thing was to tranquillize her nerves; nothing is more fatal on such occasions than nervousness. I told her a lie, as all physicians are justified in doing, namely, that the dog was not mad, and there was no danger. Then I went for your mad-stone."

"I thought you said—"

"Listen. I really did go to your friend Mr. Fortescue's house, meaning to procure the stone. Madame believed in it, and that was an important point."

"I understand, of course."

"Mr. Fortescue was absent, and the stone was locked up. But a mad-stone was necessary, so I went on to the village of Tappahannock, where I purchased a lump of copperas, some gum-arabic, green paint, but more important than all, nitrate of silver."

"Then the mad-stone—"

"A few words will finish this interesting narrative," said Dr. Wolfgang, smiling. "I shaped the copperas into the form of the mad-stone with my penknife, smeared one side with the gum, and the other with the paint, and when applied to madame's arm, it naturally adhered to that charming object, and afterward colored the milk a deep green."

"Then, after all—"

"I have never, as I said, seen the famous mad-stone. I really have no curiosity about it, dear Langley. The man Carpenter, whom it cured, you said, died last week, you know, in all the agonies of hydrophobia; and your wife would as surely have died, for she was unquestionably bitten by a mad dog. What cured her was cauterization; it was not the mad-stone. Moral—cauterize! And now, friends, farewell." With which words Dr. Wolfgang departed.



THE GRAND STAND AT THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS, KANSAS CITY, DESTROYED BY FIRE, SEPTEMBER 14TH.