

smile like the Spartan youth, with the fox gnawing at them underneath the cloak. It is not, I fancy, that they are hard or cold, but more self-reliant, and consider some feelings too sacred to be exposed outside a certain sanctuary. How was it that Dugdale had acquired such an influence over the fashionable New York beauty? She knew scores who were more polished in their manners, better looking and better dressed. She had been courted and sought after by numbers in every way his superior, from a worldly or a social point of view. Wealth, and even titles, had been offered at her shrine, yet the heart of the reigning belle of the Empire City had never been touched until this rugged engineer had knocked for admittance. How well she now recalled the few words he had said the last time she saw him, when he alluded to his two ventures! She felt, she knew, he had loved her, and she had admired the modesty which had withheld his open declaration for a time, being himself bound, but too generous to bind her in return. And this was the end—death, with a slur cast upon his name! She did not believe in the latter, but what did it signify? What did anything signify? She could not help thinking that life was one grand mistake, as others have done before her, poor girl, and will do again. In former pages I passed a sneer upon the constancy of men's affections—that is of course for the first, second or sixth time they take the disease, but I believe my gallantry, or what not, made an exception in favor of the fair sex saying they were always faithful. Yes, they have fewer distractions than we have, or at least those distractions are more frivolous and less engrossing than ours, so that though I laughed at Guy for the ease with which he recovered from, and transferred, his love, I have nought but pity for Madeline, because cupid's dart has struck much deeper with her, and it is certainly not with a smile that I watch her taking her solitary walk along the beach that day.

When she returned to the house she was outwardly quite composed, and Annette knew her well enough by this time not to harp upon a subject which could not be otherwise than painful.

To be continued.

### Medicine in Fiction.

Even the Best of Authors Display a Curious Ignorance of Scientific Facts.

We laughed when Mark Twain proposed to deliver a course of lectures upon chemistry before the Royal Society, adding that he was "in a position to do this with greater freedom because he knew nothing whatever about the science," but the public do not laugh at, but take in all seriousness the medical incidents and opinions scattered up and down the pages of the novels and poems which so com-

monly deal with medical matters. One of the strange medical things in "Monte Cristo" is the way in which the old revolutionist Noirtier manages to live on, paralyzed in every part of his body except his eyelids, which he winks freely. Yet the old fellow reasons acutely, and finds no difficulty whatever in swallowing food or drink. Dumas seemed absolutely unaware that such a paralytic condition as he describes in Noirtier's case involved of necessity brain damage of the most serious kind. Elsewhere Dumas made a guillotined head speak and weep. In one of his tales in the volume "Les mille et un Fantomes" there is a story of a man engaged in making experiments on heads fresh from the guillotine in the reign of Terror. Then there was Krook, the Lord Chancellor in "Bleak House," who went off the earthly stage by spontaneous combustion. Dickens might well be excused for falling into an error which was at that time commonly believed in by people who ought to have known better. Bulwer Lytton went in for medical wonders in "Zanoni," but as he was a student of mystic lore, and actually learned magic from a professed thaumaturgist, the Abbe Constant, his wonders were attributable not so much to his ignorance of medical science as to his belief in the elixir of life and the transmutation of metals. It is not surprising that even George Eliot, with all her knowledge of the innermost workings of the human mind, should have lost her way when dealing with the morbid changes of mind and brain. Tito's father, Baldassare, had been a great scholar, but after a long illness his memory upon recovery became a perfect blank; he could recall nothing of his scholarship, though he had not forgotten who he was. With all this, Baldassare is not represented as having lost his reason; he remembers his past life, but he can no longer read or write or recall any of his scholarship for which he had been so distinguished. It was not amnesia nor agraphia with which he was afflicted; it was a form of cerebral disease known only to the eminent novelist.

Wilkie Collins made a specialty of his medical knowledge, and it was upon this account that he was induced to undertake an anti-vivisection novel, which he published under the name of "Heart and Science." The work was equally unsatisfactory both to the persons who inspired it and to the general public. Wilkie Collins's effort in this direction was a complete failure, and his medical men and his wonderful drugs could never have existed outside his own imagination. In Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," where Sydney Carton substitutes himself for the condemned Evremonde, we have premonitions of the chloroform which was to be discovered fifty years later—the chloroform of popular imagination, however, and by

no means the *CHC* of the 'Pharmacopoeia.' The poets are, if possible, even worse offenders in the matter of their death-scenes than the novelists. A man pulls a two-drachm vial of some poison from his breast, swallows the contents, proceeds to make a 200-line speech without a pang or gasp, staggers gracefully backwards to a conveniently placed seat, drops upon it, clasps the region of the heart with both hands, and dies after a little convulsive movement of the legs. Heart disease, too, carries off heroines in a fashion quite unknown to doctors, and, although it is of the variety known as "broken heart," has characteristics which must not be generally associated with fracture of so important an organ.—From the British Medical Journal.

### Chinese Dentistry.

"Chinese practise dentistry to a considerable extent and with remarkable success in Chinatown, San Francisco," said G. C. Cochrane, of that city, at the *Leland* yesterday. "There is one of the tooth-pulling craft among them who has a string attached to the upper window of his house and reaching to the lower, in which is set an array of white teeth, with a notice to the effect that they have all been extracted in a certain space of time. The Celestials claim that they have in their own country a powder a pinch of which will cause an attack of sneezing, during which the aching tooth will drop out. A voyage across the ocean, they say, destroys its effect. But they have introduced something in this country which rots away the tissue of the gum and causes swelling, supuration and eventual destruction of the tooth. Arsenic for one thing will do it, but it is exceedingly dangerous. It is curious that the Chinese, who lack sensibility, should dread an operation which the white man undergoes without any fear.—From the *Chicago Herald*.

The crown of England is studded with jewels whose value amounts to nearly half a million of dollars. Around the circle there are twenty diamonds worth \$7,500 each, making \$150,000, two large centre diamonds worth \$20,000, fifty-four smaller diamonds, placed at the angle of the former, each \$500; four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds, \$60,000; four large diamonds on the top of the crosses, \$20,000; twelve diamonds, contained in the fleur-de-lis, \$50,000; eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same, \$10,000; pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones upon the arches and crosses, \$50,000; also one hundred and forty-one other small diamonds, \$25,000; twenty-six diamonds in the upper cross, \$15,500; two circles of pearls about the rim, \$15,000. The crown of England is evidently worth inheriting.