

THE GRIM MONSTER.

A Thrilling Struggle With Death Under the Operator's Knife.

A Hospital Incident.

The writer was one of a small group of spectators some time ago who had one of the most thrilling experiences that ever occur around a surgeon's table. The story has been told once, but it is worth telling again. A man of about 40 years was placed in an operating chair in a hospital amphitheatre. The case was a desperate one, and the surgeon was to operate with a bare chance of success, which the patient had elected to take. It was a choice between a slow, agonizing death and the possibility that he might survive an operation which would probably kill him. A hard, cancerous tumor rather larger than a hen's egg had grown in the tissues on the right side of his neck beneath the ear and the corner of his jawbone. The growth had crowded upon the carotid artery, the larynx, and important nerves, and for days the man had lived

IN CONSTANT AGONY.

There was no possible relief for him except the knife, and the surgeon offered him no encouragement even as the result of his skill. To operate even upon a bare chance of success was the only merciful thing to do.

The neck is a dangerous location for an operation of any kind. It is full of great nerves, arteries, and veins which it is death to touch with a knife. In the present case some of the more important organs were probably directly involved by the tumor. The surgeon explained the situation to the students, and said he should attempt the complete extirpation of the tumor. If the patient survived that radical operation he would probably recover. The patient had borne the etherization well, and the surgeon went to work at once. By a slight incision he laid back the skin and thin tissues beneath covering the tumor. He began to work around it, dissecting the tissues with greatest care. It proved to be an extremely hard growth,

FIRM AND DEEPLY SEATED.

He had worked but a few minutes when the patient began to show signs of collapse. An assistant surgeon quickly injected a strong stimulant by means of a hypodermic syringe. The principal operator kept steadily on, working as rapidly as the delicate nature of the task would admit. But a moment or two later the collapse of the patient became complete. The breath grew fainter, and ceased altogether. The pulse at the wrist disappeared. The heart itself stopped beating. The features took on the strange gray look of death. The man was dead.

Instantly the scene among the doctors changed. There was no excitement. The expected had happened. But the surgeons did not surrender their patient to the grim messenger so easily. The operator withdrew his instruments and abandoned his work. The surgical chair in which the patient was seated was tipped back to a reclining position, and an assistant endeavored to restore breath to the empty lungs by the manipulation resorted to with persons rescued from drowning. Another doctor applied the full current of an electric battery at various points on the man's body. Nothing had any effect, but the efforts were not relaxed for an instant.

The situation was one of awful tense for those who looked on. Every kind of restorative had been applied in vain and it seemed that

NOTHING LESS THAN A MIRACLE

could relight the spark which had utterly gone out. Ten full minutes passed. Finally there came a slight twitching of the muscles of the chest in response to the intense electric current there applied. A little later there was a flutter of breath from the lungs, and slowly the gray look of death merged into a more natural pallor. Other signs of life came back, and finally the patient suffered was called back from a merciful death to another space of pain. Then arose the question whether to pursue further the operation which had been undertaken. The chief surgeon explained that collapse of the patient thus early in the work proved that the tumor penetrated even deeper than he feared, and that it involved the pneumo-gastric nerve. To continue the original operation would result in immediate death, beyond

possibility of reviving. The surgeon said he would content himself therefore with removing some of the outer portion of the tumor in the hope of thus relieving somewhat the pressure upon the vital organs of the neck. This was rapidly done, and the wound was closed up. The patient came back to consciousness, and to a lessened degree of suffering, but he lived only a few weeks.

Neatness in Dress.

The most perfect neatness in dress is that of the demure Quakeress or the gentle Sister of Charity. They have made the cleanliness, next to godliness, possess a certain coquetry that is as attractive as it is quiet. The most beautiful dress in the world becomes, when out of order, unbecomingly. And the finest lace in a ragged condition is on a par with the commonest of cottons that is whole. Neatness is one of the leading feminine virtues, and an untidy girl need never expect to be treated with as much consideration as she who is always just right. Dress undoubtedly has a great influence on the mind, and as the poor little Russian girl wrote in her diary "I cannot understand how a woman who goes about with her hair in papers, cold cream on her face and a dirty gown can expect to keep her husband," so it may be taken for granted that the girl whose skirt is torn, whose untrimmed bodice is hidden under a fancy wrap, whose bonnet is just pinned together and whose ripped gloves are hidden in the muff, can never be quite right at heart. She is a deception in one way and she is very apt to become one in another. It only takes a minute to sew on the loose braid, not all of an hour to mend the bodice, a half an hour to brush the American soil from the skirt, a little time to sew up the gloves and behold a feeling of security comes over your body and extends itself to your manners. No woman can be at her ease mentally whose clothes have reached the rag-tag and bobtail condition. And no woman can wear dirty finery and be self-respecting. Better a thousand times just have the one neat dress, wear it day in and day out, know that it is brushed and in good order and be happy. If I were a man I would pick out for my wife the woman who understood the value of personal neatness, which is personal sweetness.

En Route for the Guillotine.

A never-ending procession of victims passed down the Rue St. Honoré to the place de la Revolution—ci devant Place Louis XV.—where the principal guillotine had been erected. There were guillotines, however, in several other parts of the city, and it was no uncommon matter for a person going out shopping in the morning to meet with three or four processions of unhappy beings proceeding to execution. A well-organized band of furies usually accompanied them, shouting and howling insults and cries of "Death!" Early in 1794 protests were made by residents along the lines of route to the guillotines that sensitive persons were beginning to avoid those streets, and that this did great harm to their commerce. They therefore petitioned that the routes should be at least occasionally changed. Later on another request was made to the National Assembly concerning the unhealthy condition of the Place de la Revolution, literally steeped in blood, which emitted a horrible and dangerous stench.

Strange, however, as it may seem, many of these executions, notably those of important personages, were attended by great numbers of apparently respectable people, and the *Monsieur* contained many advertisements to the effect that "So-and-so hires out chairs to witness the guillotining of, say, Louis XV., or Mme. Roland, or in deed of any conspicuous person, at so much an hour." A contemporary engraving representing the execution of Louis XVI shows us a crowd of well-dressed people, comfortably seated in their chairs, placed on a high and well-built wooden stand, and not a few of them are using their opera glasses. D'Arat is shocked when he records that during the massacres of September "on demand en l'audience." In fact, the gay and volatile nature of the Parisians could not be wholly suppressed, and some by no means badly intentioned people made a sort of fête of the tragic events which were actually occurring. *The Saturday Review*

Dry Rot—The tower's estimate of the situation eloquently.

PERILS OF THE ATLANTIC.

A SINKING BARK ABANDONED AND BURNED.

Desperate Chase of a Small Boat's Crew After a Ship.

The German bark Western Chief was abandoned and set on fire on March 19 about 360 miles northeast of Bahama Islands. The crew left the vessel in two boats, and of which has not since been reported. The remainder of the crew were picked up after having been in an open boat thirty-six hours, and they arrived here yesterday on the brig Pearl, Capt. Knapp, from Ponce.

Chief Officer Herman Kruse, who was in command of the rescued boat's crew, says that the Western Chief left Hamburg for New York with a general cargo on Dec 21, and took the southern passage. Violent westerly gales prevailed steadily for twenty-eight days, and during the greater portion of this time the bark was hove to. She pitched and strained in a violent manner, and finally sprang a dangerous leak. The pumps were manned and were kept going constantly, but the water in the hold gained steadily. During the night of March 18 the leak suddenly increased. In the morning soundings showed that there were five feet of water in the vessel. Capt. Rohling and Officer Kruse held a consultation and decided that as the bark was liable to fill suddenly and sink at any moment it would be advisable to abandon her. They were in the track of vessels bound to and from the West Indies. The weather was fine, and there was a good chance of the crew being picked up. At the worst, the Bahamas were only 360 miles distant.

Food and water for five days were placed in two boats which were launched. Capt. Rohling decided to take charge of the long boat, and selected for his crew the second officer, four seamen, and a boy. To the chief officer was assigned the care of the carpenter, cook, four seamen, and a boy. The latter was Alois Roeder, the son of a wealthy German, who had been sent to sea for his health. Before getting into their boats the crew set fire to the sinking bark, thinking that by so doing they might attract some passing vessel. The two boats left Western Chief about 9 o'clock in the morning, and remained near her all day. At 10 o'clock in the evening the bark sank. Half an hour later Officer Kruse lost sight of the long boat. He has hopes that Capt. Rohling and his men were picked up, or that they succeeded in reaching the Bahamas. At day break next morning Officer Kruse saw the spars of the Pearl, but it was evident that the boat could not be seen from her decks. The Pearl, however, was proceeding slowly. The distressed sailors bent on their oars and drove the boat in the direction of the brig. The latter was heading to the northward before a southerly wind which blew in puffs. The boat would gain upon the brig until her hull would begin to show above the horizon. Then would come a puff of wind in which the boat would heel over in a dangerous manner, while the brig would rush on until only her spars remained above the horizon.

Three men struggled desperately at the oars until long past noon, gaining ground only to lose it again. At length, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the wind shifted to the northward. The brig was no longer able to head her course and stood to the eastward. The shipwrecked men now strained every muscle in a last struggle to come up to the brig. They gained steadily upon her and at length, to their joy, they saw her heave to. Chief Officer Christiansen of the Pearl had seen the boat just as his vessel was about to go upon the other tack. When they came up to the Pearl they were exhausted from the effects of the hours' struggle at the oars. They were now seen at some distance to the westward, and appeared as a small speck on the horizon, but these were not needed, or needed.

paul in order to die in the holy city that gave Rama birth, and which is to the Hindu what Mecca is to the Moslems, and far more than Jerusalem is to Christians. On hearing of his arrival the English magistrate at Fyzabad went to see him, the day before his death, as it proved to be. He found the Rajah lying on a low wooden bedstead, such as is used by the poorest natives, in a bare, mud-plastered little room, having neither window nor a single article of furniture except the bedstead in it, and with his silver dishes and drinking vessels spread about on the mud floor. To English eyes it seemed truly a strange and comfortless deathbed, but such a view of it would not have struck any of the Hindus present; the dying man, they would have said, had all he needed, and God was gracious to have let him live till his journey was accomplished.

I know of no Western parallel to this scene. Princes and nobles in the Middle Ages have doubtless suffered voluntary privation, and courted physical pain by way of an expiatory or at least meritorious act, but we know that they were keenly alive to the full merit of such penances, and did not fail to put them down to the credit side of their account with heaven. But this Indian noble had no such feeling, and would have been genuinely surprised at its being thought that he had done anything worthy of admiration. His wretched and poverty-stricken surroundings were to him a perfectly indifferent accident of this quickly-passing life, and counted as nothing. He had attained his heart's desire and was now happy, waiting for death. — *Temple Bar*

London Bridges.

Including London bridges and Hammer smith bridges, there are fourteen bridges over the Thames within the metropolitan area. London bridge sustains over 30 per cent. of the whole traffic, which averages about 400,000 foot passengers and 80,000 vehicles in every day throughout the year except Sundays, when, of course, there is considerable diminution.

Why is a beehive like a rotten potato? A beehive is a bee-holder and a beholder is a spectator, consequently, a spectator is a rotten potato.

New Goods
TO HAND.

We have received a large stock of new Stamp- ed Goods, which we are selling at the following very low prices:

Stamped Toilet Sets in wood designs, 3c, 4c, 5c, 6c and 20c per set of five pieces.

Comb and Brush Bags, newest designs, 2c, 4c, 5c and \$1 each.

Night Dress Bags, newest designs, 40c, 50c, 60c and \$1 each.

Splashes, 15c and 18c, per pair.

Carrington and Tray Cloths, 5c and 6c each.

Sideboard Scarfs, 15c.

Stamped Laundry Bags, 5c each.

Stamped Umbrella, 5c each.

Stamped Goggles, 5c each.

Stamped Ties, 5c each.

Stamped Handkerchiefs, 5c each.

Stamped Neckties, 5c each.

Stamped Socks, 5c each.

Stamped Shirts, 5c each.

Stamped Collars, 5c each.

Stamped Cuffs, 5c each.

Stamped Stoles, 5c each.

Stamped Scarves, 5c each.

Stamped Handkerchiefs, 5c each.

Stamped Neckties, 5c each.

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