

finger, and which exerts a pressure of 600,000 kilos. . . . Happily for posterity the operation was completed before the cylinders of the cinematograph were exhausted. Radoyen was first carried to a neighboring table, a compress invented by one of my usual assistants was placed in the wound, and the skin provisionally brought together with toothed forceps, of which I recently published a drawing. Then came the turn of Doyenka. I sutured his abdominal wall, taking care to leave in a small drain of gauze sterilized by my ordinary attendant whom I cannot recommend to my *confrère*. The operation had succeeded. As for Radoyen and Doyenka, I hope they will get over it. An immense concourse of people, which I estimate at seven millions, was waiting at the door of the hospital, and I had to escape from their acclamations. There were also seen under the windows twelve or fifteen hundred automobiles, among which could be recognized those of the King of the Kymris, of the dethroned Emperor of the Aztecs, of the Grand Duke of Ganzeberg, of Lord Untrue, of the Marquis de Las Pesetas ey Cambio, of Jobard Pasha, of the Ambassador of Andorre, of the Fencer Spada-Blanca, of Mademoiselle Suzanne Chaste the exquisite story-teller, in short all Paris, including the private secretary of the Ministry of Submarine Communications, who had come in a cab. The Santos-Dumont No. 17,964 floated above my head, performing a thousand sublime evolutions. The King of the Air was even good enough to ask me to dinner in his boat, but the wind not being particularly favorable, after a masterly descent I decided to go home by the tram."

The self-assertion and eagerness for notoriety which made themselves felt in every line of the original are scarcely exaggerated in this clever skit.—*The Practitioner*.

Pork and Piety.

"They have no sense, men haven't," said Mrs. Hankey; "that's what is the matter with them." "You never spoke a truer word, Mrs. Hankey," replied Mrs. Bateson. "The very best of them don't properly know the difference between their souls and their stomachs, and they fancy they are wrestling with their doubts when it is really their dinners that are wrestling with them. Now, take Bateson himself," continued Mrs. Bateson. "A kinder husband or better Methodist never drew breath, yet so sure as he touches a bit of pork, he begins to worry himself about the doctrine of election till there's no living with him. And then he'll sit in the front parlor and engage in prayers for an hour at a time, till I say to him: 'Bateson,' says I, 'I'd be ashamed to go troubling the Lord with a prayer, when a pinch of carbonate of soda would set things straight again.'"—*The Farringdons*. ❧