

"You have now the satisfaction of knowing that you are as safe and as sound as ever you were. At the same time we assure you that you really showed all the symptoms of a man bleeding to death, a proof that the body can sometimes suffer from the most absurd unreality that the mind can imagine."

"Astonishment, joy and doubt at finding myself neither dead nor dying struggled within me, and then the rage of having been subjected to such an awful and heartless experiment by the two doctors overcame me. I was quickly interrupted by Dr. Engler, however, on trying to give free scope to my indignation."

"We had not exactly any right to undertake such an experiment with you," he said, "but we thought you would pardon us if we delivered you from a certain punishment instead of having to undergo a painful trial and a long imprisonment for burglarly. You are certainly at liberty to complain about us, but consider, my good fellow, if such a step is in your interests? I do not think so. On the other hand, we are quite willing to make you a fitting compensation for all the agony you have suffered."

"Under the circumstances," continued George Martin, "I considered it wise to accept their proposal, although I have not to this day forgiven the two men for so treating me."

"The doctors kept their promise. They made me a very handsome present and troubled themselves about me in other ways, so that since that time I have been a more fortunate and, I hope, a better man. Still, I have never forgotten the hour when I lay on the dissecting table—the unexpected victim of a terrible experiment—in the interests of science, as Dr. Engler explained."

Such was the strange story of my friend. His death, which recently took place, released me from my promise of secrecy given to him

about an event which he could never recall, even after a lapse of thirty years, without a feeling of unabated horror.—*The Strand Magazine.*

Unguarded Gates.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
Named of the four winds, North, South,
East and West;

Potals that lead to an enchanted land
Of cities, forests, fields of living gold,
Vast prairies, lordly summits touched with
snow,

Majestic rivers sweeping proudly past,
The Arab's date-palm and the Norseman's
pine,

A realm wherein are fruits of every zone,
Airs of all climes, for lo! throughout the
year

The red rose blossoms somewhere—a rich
land,

A later Eden planted in the wilds,
With not an inch of earth within its bound
But if a slave's foot press it sets him free!
Here, it is written, Toil shall have its wage,
And Honor honor, and the humblest man
Stand level with the highest in the law.

Of such a land have men in dungeons
dreamed,

And with the vision brightening in their
eyes

Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them presses a wild motley
throng;

Men from the Volga and the Tartar steepes,
Featureless, figures of the Hoang-Ho,
Malayan, Scythian, Teutod, Kelt and Slav,
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;
These bringing with them unknown gods
and rites,

Those tiger passions, here to stretch their
claws.

In street and alley what strange tongues
are these,

Accents of menace alien to our air,
Voices that once the tower of Babel knew?
O Liberty, white Goddess is it well
To leave the gates unguarded! On thy
breast

Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of
fate,

Lift the down-trodden, but with the hand of
steel

Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be
torn

And trampled in the dust. For so of old
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled
Rome,

And where the temple of the Caesars stood
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich in the Atlantic.*