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How It Feels to See the Surgeons Busily at work on you, to watch each move of the knife, to hear all that is said and yet not feel the slightest twinge of pain.

BY JAMES L. MARTIN

Who Was Operated on for Appendicitis Under the Influence of "STOVAINE"

I was already a patient in the hospital, pretty well recovered from a small operation, when the doctors told me I had developed appendicitis, and it would be safer for me to be operated on at once than to let the matter perhaps get worse. Of course I was a good deal upset at this, because I was counting on being out and with my family before Christmas. Still, when the surgeon said that there was nothing to be afraid of if they operated at once before the appendix became actually inflamed, I felt easier.

"This is a good time to have it done" the surgeon said cheerfully, "And really you would be a lot better with the appendix out of you."

So I said, "All right, go ahead When are you going to do it?"

"It had better be done tomorrow, and, by the way," said the surgeon in an off-haud manner, perhaps we can arrange so you can be given stovaine instead of either. Dr. Jonnesco is coming here tomorrow to give us some demonstrations of his new anaesthetic—you are not unconscious at all, but you do not feel anything any more than you do when you take either. It's a wonderful thing."

"Well, I don't know," said I. "I don't like to be experimented on. How do I know that this new stuff is safe to use? Maybe something will go wrong."

"Oh, it's all right," the surgeon said, in a reassuring tone. "I will be there myselt and will see that nothing goes wrong."

I told the surgeon I would think it over and when he came on his evening visit to the ward I had made up my mind to let them try the new anaesthetic on me. One thing that influenced me was the fact that I already had one operation under ether. I have heard many people say, and I really believe it myself that the ether is worse than the operatian. It is bad enough to feel that fainting-away sensation while you are being put under the influence of ether; but the dreadful after effects of the drug, which lasted with me nearly two days, were certainly never to be forgotten. So I reasoned that it really might be a great opportunity for me to have this new operation performed and not be upset for a couple of days by the ether.

But if I was going to take stovaine and would be able to hear everything that was said without feeling any pain I might as well, also, indulge my curiosity by seeing just what the surgeens were doing to me. So it struck me that I might drive a bargain with the surgeon by making him promise to let me see what was going on, provided I would finally consent to let them use the stovaine on me.

Just before being moved into the operating room the next morning, I made a more or less feeble stand against taking the new drug. The surgeon was a good deal disappointed, and taking advantage of this, I made my bargain with him that I should be allowed to have at least an occasional peek at what was going on. He said that Dr. Jonnesco would not consent to this arrangement, because he thought it was better to have the patient's eyes covered while the surgeons were operating. But the hospital surgeon finally agreed to tell the nurse who was to hold the fowel over my eyes to now and then let the corner of it drop so that I might see the progress from time to time of the operation.

THE SCENE IN THE OPERATING ROOM

In the wheel-cot we went along the corridor, into the elevator, up to the top floor, where the operating room is, out of the elevator, and along to the operating table. I shall never forget it. There was a crowd of surgeons, medical students and nurses, and there stood half a dozen operating surgeons dressed like characters at a masquerade ball. The surgeons in charge wore long white dominoes with white hoods that completely masked their faces, except for the little slits which their eyes peeked through.

I was wondering which was Dr. Jonnesco. But I soon found out.

"Sit up," somebody said.

"Now put your legs over the side of the table. Bend your head down as far as you can."

"These directions, I supposed, were coming out from under the mask of Dr. Jonnesco. But I guessed w

A rather handsome pair mask at one side now ap bowed just a little, and alr knew it, I felt a prick of a the middle of my back. Jonnesco with his hypode and before I realized it he to give me a little dose of be had, without much mo than a pin prick, placed ab squarely in the middle of my spinal column.

Of course it was really more than a mere prick of a pin. I felt the needle going on and on through the outside skin, and it seemed to me growing bigger and bigger and that it would certainly soon come out through my stomach. All this was nothing but a little bit of foolish frightened imagination—it really did not hart me any to speak of.

At once I began to wonder how soon the stuff would begin to show its effects. In a few seconds I began to feel a most peculiar tingling sensation in all the muscles and nerves of the stomach and legs. Somebody had put a firm hand on my head to hold me steadily. Now the hand was withdrawn and I was gently laid down on my side.

I began to feel that I was losing the lower part of my body. My feet were gone. A second more and I realized that my knees had taken flight. Another second and both my legs up to the thighs were gone; and now even my stomach seems to have entirely left me.

I winked my eyes—yes, my eyes were all right. I rolled my tongue around in my mouth—yes, that was alright too. I dared not move very much, for I feared the surgeons would not like it. I was curious to see whether I still had control of my arms and hands.

If I could move the tips of my fingers that would show that I still had control of my arms and hands.

If I could move the tips of my fingers that would show that I still had control way out beyond my arms. Could I move my fingers? Cautiously and slyly I tried to move the tips of my fingers of both hands—yes, they responded as usual.

But my attention was diverted from my own thoughts by the gathering of half a dozen masked heads about me and the clatter of operating tools.

"I must see what they are doing," thought I—and just at this moment the nurse, who seemed to divine my thought held the towel over my eyes.

SLIGHT PRESSURE THE ONLY SENSATION

I was perfectly aware that something was going on near my stomach. I could feel a pressure there, which was, perhaps, no more unpleasant than it would have been had somebody laid a book upon me.

Surgeons are quick—astonishing quick and I knew that even after the first few moments the operation must be well under way.

Was the nurse really going to keep the surgeons promise to let me see with my own eyes? I made a little cough, and the nurse peered down under the towel.

I made a face at her which she understood, and, taking quick glance at the surgeons, who were busily engaged she let one corner of the towel fall. But alas! I was lying in such a position that the favor did me little good; I could see very little, and in another moment the towel was in front of my eyes again.

It began to be apparent to me that the hospital surgeon knew perfectly well that the patient would be unable to see much, if any of the details of the operation for appendicitis.

Well, then, if I was to be cheated out of this, I would turn my mind on myself Was I really feeling any pain? No. Here I was, being operated upon for appendicitis was I really what might have been called uncomfortable? Not so far as the operation was concerned.

Was there anything the matter with me? Well, perhaps my mouth was a little dry, and I would not mind having a drop of water. I made a faint sign to draw the attention to the nurse, and whispered to her that I was thirsty.

"He asked for a drink of water explained the nurse, evidently having no idea that such an unheard of request could possibly be granted to a patient on the operating table in the midst of a major operation.

The surgeons raised their heads and looked at Dr. Jonnesco inquiringly.

"Let him have it, a little, said Dr.

s eyes from

little nause- Would this become as f ether? 'I

legs which ur before? returning

ning to get a headache? Yes, my head certainly did ache some. But my nauseau was not a matter of much consequence.

It occurred to me that I would make one more effort to see what the surgeons were doing, so I stirred slightly, caught the attention of the nurse with the towel and once more was allowed to see beyond it.

But I was too late. They had already begun to wrap me with gauze, and I knew that the operation was over.

"Did you suffer any pain," they asked me, and I answered, "No."

It was several hours before my stomach and legs and knees and feet began to slowly come back, one by one, and at last I was able tp move my ankle and toes.

I was certain that I had escaped the very unpleasant after effects of ether.

If your Stomach, Heart, or Kidneys are weak, try at least, a few doses only of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. In five or ten days only, the result will surprise you. A few cents will cover the cost. And here is way help comes so quickly. Dr. Shoop's doesn't drug the stomach, nor stimulate the heart or kidneys. Dr. Shoops Restorative goes directly to the weak and failing nerves. Each organ has its own controlling nerve. When these nerves fail, the depending organs must of necessity falter. This plain yet vital truth, clearly tells why Dr. Shoop's Restorative is so universally successful. Its success is leading druggists everywhere to give it universal preference. A test will surely tell. Sold by all dealers.

Wholeness

We have grown accostomed in these days to hearing "the man with one idea" landed as a very practical person, to one who has but a single purpose and holds steadily to that, and so accomplishes the more. The truth is that one idea is of very little worth unless it is accompanied by two or three others to give it ballast and direction. In nearly every manufactory and every business that employs help, the great mass of the employes are those who are fully occupied with doing the one thing they are engaged to do, the day's work for the day's wage is their limit, and beyond that the place holds for them neither interest nor care. But there are few, the one or two, who are interested in the whole scheme—in what becomes of their work after it leaves their hands, how it fits in with the parts that others are doing, how the whole is managed and carried on, and the knowledge they gain enables them to do their own part better and to be ready for another part when it comes their way. They are not content with knowing only a fraction, they are intelligently eager to understand the whole, and it is these few, not the one-idea majority, who rise in positions of trust and power.

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Too Hoarse to Speak

An American Doctor Tells of the Grand Results Achieved With "Nerviline."

"I had a patient with Quinsy that I found great difficulty in curing," states Dr. Wilson. Every time he caught cold or got chilled he caught he suffered intensely from sore throat, huskiness, throat and chest soreness. After every attack his throat and chest seemed more sensitive. This patient lived in the country, and couldn't come to the city for treatment. I concluded that the best remedy would be an honest liniment, and because of its enormous sale and well-known merit, I advised 'Nerviline.' Morning, noon, and night Nerviline was rubbed over my neck and chest, and once a day diluted with water it was used as a gargle. In a day or two my patient reported, an improvement, and by continuing the treatment with Nerviline he was cured, I can recommend Nerviline for breaking up colds, for chest tightness, throat inflammation, quinsy, tonsilitis and similar conditions."

NERVILINE CURES QUINSY

Not a druggist or doctor who has examined the formula of Nerviline who won't tell you how good it is—why it contains the best medicaments known to science and for general family use has no equal.

Mr. Merriweather's Old Love Laura

why don't you go through this-a-way it's nicer."

With a comical air of proprietorship either in the path or in the man, the little fellow chirped gibly "You see, instead o' goin' an' turnin' in th' road, you cut right across this-a-way, an' come out by Mr. Moore's house then right into the grounds where the Fourth is at."

Surely, yes, Merriweather knew now where he was. In plain view rose the rocks from the spring where he and Laura had sat. On further on the knoll could be seen the Moore outhouses. There were people on foot and horseback cutting off the last stretch of the dusty highway by coming around the house and taking the bridal path, would Laura and her escort think of this advantage.

Ah, they were coming. He stood back amid a clump of bushes to see them pass. Within the cool woodland the young man let his reins drop while he bent toward his companion. Merriweather saw the tenderness in his manner, then, he too, turned his eyes upon Laura's immobile face.

He studied it—the fine turn of the head, deathlike pallor, the sudden grip of her horse's reins as that atrocity, a toy cannon, obeyed the will of a party of of youthful joke perpetrators.

He seemed to be looking on as a spectator even while he shouted soothingly, commandingly, conscious that Roger's frantic horse shot forward, flashing through the trees like a lance of lightning in spite of his rider's utmost efforts.

Laura was clinging desperately, admirably to her seat upon her plunging, rearing steed. He was learning to catch the bridle. He had it; then sense and sound suddenly forsook him.

Becoming slowly conscious, he found himself beside the quiet, prostrate form of Laura, while little Sam's pale lips were stammering. "M-m-mister, air you an' th' la-dy much-hurted? Thet fool horse—he—he keeled over in thet hole, an' he's limpin' yonder, Shell I bring water-er—"

"Water," was the laconic reply, as Merriweather leaned over, chafing her wrists and calling her name in agonized tenderness. In a moment she opened her eyes wonderingly; then as full consciousness returned she made a hasty attempt to arise. He assisted her to a sitting posture, the splints on her maimed finger pressing into his hand. He examined them carefully, slowly, not daring to speak.

As he raised questioning eyes to hers, she returned the look with an amused smile. "It's all right—stood all of this, even," she said.

He still held her hand, "About one fifth of this belongs by rights to me" he said finally. "Is it all I am to have, Laura?"

"It shall be as you say," she answered gently.—Springfield Republican.

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