

Under the Rose.  
"He meant not a word of all he said. He has not called in a week to-day. And worse—in the twilight yesterday I met him walking with Gertrude Gray. I know a nook in the garden old. A secret nook where nobody goes. I'll take the letters he wrote to me. And bury them under the damask rose.

The winds of the morning dried her tears. And tossed and tangled her curls of gold. She knelt and hallowed a tiny grave. The grave of love—in the dusky mold. As she laid the letters therein, she heard The wicket click in the garden close. A sweet good-morning to you, my love; And what do you bury under the rose?"

"Oh! Dick, the canary, died last night." "But I heard him singing as I came by." "Twas Trix, the tortois, passed away." "An hour ago," with a gentle sigh. "Ah, nay, my dear, in the hedge beyond I see the tip of a wee black nose. They are letters bound with a silken cord And silver crested under the rose."

She bit her lip, and she pulled her curls. She blushed and fluttered, and hung her head. But he drew her close in his strong young arms. "You were jealous of Gertrude Gray," he said.

"Forgive me, darling, but you were cold. And you coquetted with rival beaux. And here they kissed, and he crowned her locks With the dewy buds of the damask rose."

—[Waverly Magazine]

### THE STILETTO.

Looking at my friend as he lay upon my bed, with the jeweled knife handle protruding from his breast, I believed that he was dying. Would the physician never come? "Pull it out, old fellow," begged the sufferer through white, drawn lips, his gasping voice being hardly less distressing than the unearthly look in his eyes.

"No, Arnold," said I, as I held his hand and gently stroked his forehead. "It may have been instinct, it may have been a certain knowledge of anatomy that made me refuse."

"Why not? It hurts," he gasped. "It was pitiful to see him suffer, this strong, healthy, hair-brained, daring, reckless young fellow."

The resident physician walked in—a tall, grave man, with gray hair. He went to the bed, and I pointed to the knife handle, with its great bold ruby in the end and its diamonds and emeralds alternating in quaint designs in the sides. The physician started. He felt Arnold's pulse and looked puzzled.

"When was this done?" he asked. "About twenty minutes ago," I replied. "The physician started out, beckoning me to follow."

"Stop!" said Arnold. We obeyed. "Do you wish to speak of me?" he asked. "Yes," answered the physician, hesitating.

"Speak in my presence, then," said my friend; "I fear nothing."

It was said in his old imperious way, although his suffering must have been great. "If you insist—"

"I do."

"Then," said the physician, "if you have any—any matters to—adjust, they should be attended to at once. I can do nothing for you."

There was a little unsteadiness in his voice. "How long can I live?" asked Arnold.

The physician thoughtfully stroked his gray beard. "It depends," he finally said; "if the knife be withdrawn, you may live three minutes; if it be allowed to remain, you may possibly live an hour or two—not longer."

Arnold never flinched. It was not the first time that he had faced death, which had no terrors for him.

"Thank you," he said, smiling faintly through his pain; "my friends will pay you. I have some things to do. Let the knife remain." He turned his eyes to mine, and, pressing my hand, said affectionately, "And I thank you, too, old fellow, for not pulling it out."

The physician, moved by a sense of delicacy, left the room, saying— "Ring if there is a change. I will be in the hotel office."

He had not gone far when he turned and came back. "Pardon me," said he, "but there is a young surgeon in the hotel who is said to be a very skillful man. My specialty is not surgery, but medicine. May I call him?"

"Yes," said I, eagerly; but Arnold smiled and shook his head.

"I fear there will not be time," he said. But I refused to heed him, and directed that the surgeon be called immediately. I was writing at Arnold's dictation when the two men entered the room.

There was something of nerve and assurance in the young surgeon that struck my attention. His manner, though quiet, was bold and straightforward and his movements sure and quick. These are general peculiarities of highly educated young surgeons. This young man had already distinguished himself in the performance of some difficult hospital laparotomies, and he was at that sanguine age when ambition looks through the spectacles of experiment. And then, zeal and ambition are often identical. Doctor Raoul Entrefort was the newcomer's name. He was a Creole, small and dark, and he had travelled and studied in Europe.

"Speak freely," gasped Arnold, after Doctor Entrefort had made an examination. "What think you, doctor?" asked Entrefort of the older man.

"I think," was the reply, "that the knife blade has penetrated the ascending aorta, about two inches above the heart. As long as the blade remains in the wound the escape of blood is comparatively small, though certain; were the blade withdrawn, the heart would almost instantly empty itself through the aortal wound."

ness, "some of which are, so far as I am informed, entirely novel in the history of surgery."

A quizzical expression, faintly amused and manifestly interested, was upon Doctor Rowell's face.

"What is the weapon, doctor?" he asked. "A stiletto."

Arnold started. Doctor Rowell appeared confused. "I must confess," he said, "my ignorance of the differences among these penetrating weapons."

"With the exception of the stiletto," explained Entrefort, "all the weapons you mention have one or two edges, so that in penetrating they cut their way. A stiletto is round, is ordinarily about half an inch or less in diameter at the guard, but tapers to a sharp point. It penetrates solely by pushing the tissues aside in all directions. You will understand the importance of that point."

Doctor Rowell nodded, more deeply interested than ever. "How do you know it is a stiletto, Doctor Entrefort?" I asked.

"The cutting of these stones is the work of Italian lapidaries," he said, "and they were set in Genoa. Notice, too, the guard. It is much broader and shorter than the guard of an edged weapon; in fact it is nearly round. This weapon is about four hundred years old, and would be cheap at twenty thousand florins. Observe, also, the darkening color of your friend's breast in the immediate vicinity of the guard; this indicates that the tissues have been bruised by the crowding of the 'blade,' if I may use the term."

"What has all this to do with me?" asked the dying man. "Perhaps a great deal, perhaps nothing. It brings a single ray of hope into your desperate condition."

"Arnold's eyes sparkled and he caught his breath. A tremor passed all through him, and I felt in the hand I was holding. Life was sweet to him, then, after all—sweet to this wild dare-devil who had just faced death with such calmness! Doctor Rowell, though showing no sign of jealousy, could not conceal a look of incredulity and also of pain that Entrefort should offer any hope to the sufferer."

"With your permission," said Entrefort, addressing Arnold, "I will do what I can to save your life."

"You may," said the poor boy. "But I shall have to hurt you."

"Well."

"Perhaps very much."

"Well."

"And even if I succeed (the chance is one in a thousand) you will never be sound man again, and a constant and terrible danger will always be present."

"Well."

"I wrote a note and sent it away in haste."

"Meanwhile," he resumed, "your life is in imminent danger from shock, and the end may come in a few minutes or hours from that cause. Attend without delay to whatever matters may require settling, and Doctor Rowell, glancing at that gentleman, 'will give you something to brace you up. I speak frankly, for I see that you are a man of extraordinary nerve. Am I right?'"

"Be perfectly candid," said Arnold. Doctor Rowell, evidently bewildered by his cyclonic young associate, wrote a prescription, which I sent by a boy to be filled. The medicine came and I administered a dose. The physician and the surgeon then retired. The poor sufferer straightened up his business. When it was done he asked me—

"What is that crazy Frenchman going to do to me?"

"I have no idea; be patient."

In less than an hour they returned, bringing with them a keen-eyed, tall young man, who had a number of tools wrapped in an apron. Evidently he was unused to such scenes, for he became deathly pale upon seeing the ghastly spectacle on my bed. With staring eyes and open mouth he began to retreat toward the door, stammering—

"I—I can't do it."

"Nonsense, Hippolyte! Don't be a baby! Why, man, it is a case of life and death."

"But—look at his eyes! He is dying."

Arnold smiled.

"I am not dead, though," he gasped. "I—I beg your pardon," said Hippolyte. Doctor Entrefort gave the nervous man a drink of brandy, and then said—

"No more nonsense, my boy; it must be done. Gentlemen, allow me to introduce Mr. Hippolyte, one of the most original, ingenious and skilful machinists in the country."

Hippolyte, being modest, blushed as he bowed. In order to conceal his confusion, he unrolled his apron on the table with considerable noise of rattling tools.

Doctor Entrefort opened a case of surgical instruments. "Now, doctor, the chloroform," he said to Doctor Rowell.

"I will not take it," promptly interposed the sufferer; "I want to know when I die."

"Very well," said Entrefort; "but you have little nerve to spare. We will try it without chloroform, however. It will be better if you can do without. Try your best to lie very still while I cut."

"What are you going to do?" asked Arnold. "Save your life, if possible."

"How? Tell me all about it."

"Yes."

"Very well, then. The point of the stiletto has passed entirely through the aorta, which is the great vessel rising out of the heart and carrying the aerated blood to the arteries. If I should withdraw the weapon the blood would rush from the two holes in the aorta, and you would soon be dead. All that is left for us to do, then, is to allow the stiletto to remain permanently in the aorta. Many difficulties at once present themselves, and I do not wonder at Doctor Rowell's look of surprise and incredulity."

That gentleman smiled, and shook his head. "It is a desperate chance," continued Entrefort, "and is a novel case in surgery, but it is the only chance. The fact that the weapon is a stiletto is the important point—a stupid weapon, but a blessing to us now. If the assassin had known more she would have used—"

Upon his employment of the noun "assassin" and the feminine pronoun "she," I cried out to the man to stop.

"Let him proceed," said Arnold, who, by a remarkable effort, had calmed himself. "Not if the subject is a painful one," Entrefort said.

"I'll not," protested Arnold. "Why do you think the blow was struck by a woman?"

"Because, first, no man capable of being an assassin would carry so gaudy and valuable a weapon; second, no man would be stupid enough to carry so antiquated and inadequate a thing as a stiletto, when that most murderous and satisfactory of all penetrating and cutting weapons, the bowie-knife, is happily available. She was a strong woman, too, for it requires a good hand to drive a stiletto to the guard. She was not only a strong woman, but a desperate one also."

"That will do," said Arnold. He beckoned me to bend closer. "You must watch this man he is dangerous."

"Then," resumed Entrefort, "I shall tell you what I intend to do, and the dangers accompanying it."

This he did at some length, stating that though the blade was now firmly held in place, many things might conspire to displace it before the various muscles and spaces became accustomed to the new condition of things.

"I am uncertain," he said, "whether the hold is now maintained by the pressure of the tissues or the adhesive quality of the serum which was set free by the puncture. I am convinced, though, that in either event the hold is easily broken, and that it may give way at any moment, for it is under several kinds of strains. Every time the heart contracts and crowds the blood into the aorta, the latter expands a little, and then contracts when the pressure is removed. An unusual excitement or exercise produces stronger and quicker heart beats and increases the strain on the adhesion of the aorta to the weapon. A fall, a jump, a blow on the chest—any of these might so jar the heart and aorta as to break the hold."

Entrefort stopped. "Is that all?" asked Arnold. "No; but is not that enough?"

"More than enough," said Arnold, with a sudden, dangerous sparkle in his eyes.

Before any of us could think, the desperate fellow had seized the handle of the stiletto with both hands in a determined effort to withdraw it and die. I had had no time to order my faculties to the movement of a muscle, when Entrefort, with incredible alertness and swiftness, had Arnold's wrists. Slowly Arnold relaxed his hold.

"There, now!" said Entrefort, soothingly; "that was a careless act and might have broken the adhesion. You'll have to be careful."

Arnold looked at him with a curious combination of facial expressions.

"Doctor Entrefort," he said. "Well?"

"You are the devil."

Bowing profoundly, Entrefort replied,—"You give me too great honor." Then he whispered hurriedly to Arnold: "If you do that—with a motion toward the hilt—I will have her hanged for murder."

Arnold, almost choking, and with a look of horror, withdrew his hands, took one of mine in both of his, and placed them on the pillow above his head.

"Now proceed with your work," he said to Entrefort.

The doctor's hand was quick and sure, but hardly had the operation begun when Arnold fainted away.

"Good!" cried Entrefort. "We can work better now."

When he returned to consciousness he glanced down at his breast. He looked puzzled.

"Where is the thing?" he asked. "Here is part of it," explained Entrefort, holding up the handle.

"And the blade?"

"Is an irremovable part of your internal machinery."

Arnold was silent.

"It had to be cut off," resumed Entrefort, "not only because it would be troublesome and an undesirable ornament, but also because it was very necessary to remove any possibility of withdrawing it."

Arnold said nothing.

"Here is a prescription," said Entrefort; "take the medicine as directed for the next ten years, without fail."

"What for? I see that it contains muriatic acid."

"I may explain ten years from now."

"If I live."

"If you live."

Arnold pulled me down to him and faintly whispered—

"Tell her to fly at once."

Noble, generous boy!

I thought I recognized a thin, pale, bright face among the passengers who were leaving an Australian steamer which had just arrived at San Francisco.

"Doctor Entrefort!" I called. "Ah!" he said, peering up into my face; "I know you now, but you have changed. You remember I was called away immediately after I performed that crazy operation on your friend, and have spent the intervening seven years in India, China, Siberia, the South Seas, and God knows where not. I am glad to set foot on my native soil again, for I am tired. But wasn't that the most absurd, hare-brained experiment that I tried on your friend? I dropped all that kind of nonsense long ago. Poor fellow, he bore it so bravely! Did he suffer much? How long did he live? A week?"

"Seven years."

"What?" exclaimed Entrefort, startled. "He is alive now, and in this city."

The man staggered.

"Incredible!" he said. "It is true; you shall see him."

"Tell me about him," he asked eagerly, his eyes glittering with the peculiar light which I noticed on the night of the operation."

"Well, the change in him is shocking. Imagine a young dare-devil of twenty-one, who had no greater fear of danger and death than of cold, now a cringing, cowering man of twenty-eight, nursing his life with piffling tenderness, fearful that at any moment something may happen to break the hold of his aorta on the stiletto blade, a confirmed hypochondriac, peevish, melancholy, unhappy in the extreme. He keeps himself confined as closely as possible, avoiding all excitement and exercise, for fear they will produce disastrous results, and reads nothing exciting. The constant danger has worn out the last shred of his manhood and left him a pitiful wreck. Can nothing be done for him?"

"Possibly. Let us find him. Ah, there comes my wife to meet me! She arrived on the other steamer."

I recognized her instantly, and was overcome with astonishment, and was over-

come with admiration, and was over-

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### LATE BRITISH NEWS

Queer Effect of La Grippe.

THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION START IN 1891.

The Salmon Catch in English Waters.

A NEW CRIME DISCOVERED IN CHESTER.

Typhoid fever in India is becoming widespread that it is as much feared as cholera, and a Government commission has been appointed to investigate it.

The Birmingham Post alleges that mummified cats from the Egyptian manufacture of fertilizers.

The record of salmon catching in English waters the past season shows a falling size and number from previous years. There were many catches, however, of fish weighing from forty to sixty pounds.

In the British navy, in 1888, the sailing included 987 men out of every thousand in the service, and that was the best the navy had made since 1866. The rate was 5.71 to the thousand.

The English Government is transferring young trees by the wholesale from the Isle of Man, where Great Man is being thickly planted with them, to experiment with practical forestry on a large scale.

The grip had a queer effect on James a Portsmouth cabman, who became delirious while suffering from an attack of it, and out into the street, and after running a mile dropped dead, the sudden occurrence being acute pneumonia.

"Very well," replied the operator in attendance. "There are some blanks, and of course the briefer it is the less it will cost to send it."

"Oh, I know that," she replied, and then she wrote: "DEAR GEORGE—I've something too dreadful to tell you, but please don't get excited, for it can't be helped now, and baby and I are perfectly safe. I don't know and cook says she don't know, and none of us can account for it, but the house caught fire last night and burned to the ground. Just think of it! Did you ever hear of anything so perfectly dreadful in all your life? I am half wild over it. But please keep calm, dear. Baby and I are safe and most of the things are saved, and you mustn't think of anything but how much worse it might have been. What if baby had been burned! Oh, George! don't it make you shudder to think of it? But the dear little darling is perfectly safe, and of course we went right straight to mamma's and you can't think how frightened she was until she knew we were safe. And I know just how shocked you'll be, you poor, dear boy, but as baby and I are safe you oughtn't to mind anything else. I can't imagine how the fire started. Can you? Do you suppose some one set the house on fire? Oh, it's too dreadful to think of. Come right home. MAMIE."

P. S.—Remember that baby and I are safe. M.

"There," she said, as she handed the seven blanks she had written to the operator. "I suppose it might be condensed a little."

"Yes, I think it might," he replied, as he took a fresh blank and wrote: "Our house burned to the ground last night. All safe. Come home. MAMIE."

He Came Out a Winner.

A couple of old salts met after a long absence and the following animated conversation ensued:

A—"Well, old man, how are you getting on?"

B—"First rate; I have taken a wife."

A—"A very sensible idea."

B—"Not a bit of it; she's a regular Tartar!"

A—"Then I'm sorry for you, mate."

B—"There's no need; she brought me a large vessel as her marriage portion."

A—"Then you made a good bargain after all!"

B—"Nothing to boast of, I can tell you; the ship turned out a worthless old tinder box."

A—"Then I'm sorry I spoke."

B—"Bah! you can speak as much as you like! The old tub was well insured and went down on her first voyage."

A—"So you got the pull there, anyhow?"

B—"Not so much, mate; I only got five thousand dollars out of the job as my share."

A—"That was too bad!"

B—"Too bad? Nothing of the sort! Wife was on board and went down with the rest."

Cost Of Mental Delusions.

Mind-Cure Doctor—The prisoner, your Honor, ordered me out of the house, and because I did not go quickly enough to suit him, he kicked me, inflicting upon me excruciating pain.

His Honor—Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say in your defence?

Prisoner—Yes, your Honor; didn't kick him. I merely pointed with my foot the way I wanted him to go. The pain he speaks of was all imaginary. Indeed, the complainant told my wife that very day that what we call pain is a mental delusion.

His Honor—And you believe him?

Prisoner—Yes, your Honor.

His Honor—Very well, then, you can pay into the county treasury fifty dollars. You won't mind it. The pain of parting with one's money is only a matter of imagination, you know.

Mind-Cure Doctor—But I am to get nothing?

His Honor—Oh, you have the pleasure of imagining that the fifty dollars comes to you. Pleasure as well as pain, I presume, is merely a delusion.

Her Heart Troubles.

Birdie McGinnis—"So he has proposed at last?"

Emerelda Longo—"Yes, indeed."

"Did you sustain your presence of mind?"

"No, I didn't. I got so scared and my heart palpitated so loud that twice he stopped in the middle of his declaration, and, looking at the door, said, 'Come in.' He thought somebody had knocked."

YOUNG FOLK  
WHEN I WAS A  
The Old School  
The most interesting  
tion, at least to me,  
where I lived. It was  
not more than thr  
Far enough when the  
ered the fences on eit  
and the thermometer  
ward, or the mercury  
could not hide itself in  
then we did prett  
school, but to come ho  
the wind as it came  
th Pole, with no flar  
not, was not all fun,  
of a Fourth of July p  
still for a little fellow I  
with one or two other b  
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cousin, whose ample  
almost frozen noses fro  
ch from Jack Frost.  
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school so far from home  
to be expected to go home  
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two or three of bread and  
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the schoolhouse, as I re  
built for ornament. Ec  
ered both a virtue and a  
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might interfere with the  
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tributed most to my comf  
estimate is upon the prim  
is that handsome does.  
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this seat of learning. The  
ate, for there was hard e  
there, and good foundati  
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I do not say that more a  
ight not have been done w  
the tools and the time we  
most of. I know of o  
so was often up by four o  
mornings, studying by the d  
candle, or by freight.  
But it was not all dull v  
body. We had our fun, and  
I cannot speak for the  
ey must have had dull tim  
and not remain in the house  
to see what they did.  
Our sports were of the kin  
rd-work boys enjoy aft  
rd benches for three hours.  
There was a great deal of  
resting, and jumping and  
and sometimes, would you  
perceived our lungs, and ma  
But isn't it queer? One  
ought about it, could have  
in who were to grow fru  
at is, one might have judg  
kind of men the boys wa  
All enjoyed the sports, but  
good, honest application  
y who would cheat in his re  
certainly was not cultura  
it. If afterwards, as a b  
as honest, his practice of ch  
not make it easier to do j  
or store.  
The best time for a tree to  
right trunk is when it is s  
I can look back, and in m  
dignity of my classmate,  
and the faithful applicat  
ring of the editor to be, a  
leadership in the character  
the prophecy of future cultu  
in the gentle, diligent  
was character which told  
talent. Yes, there is a dis  
well as in boys.  
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great, or wise, or skilled,  
were not strictly conscien  
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help, if he himself was fa  
I should like to tell you of  
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of fifty or more. I thin  
be a teacher, for while he  
learning he had good learn  
ent.  
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He understood boys; kne  
the work out of them in  
ed to help them to have a  
on intermission.  
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to a snowdrift during the  
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ve tested his right to comm  
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respected him. After all,  
e of the number who really  
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ard pray.  
He would join us freely in  
the thickest of the num  
something in his eye wh  
better than the look of a  
position of power. It seem  
heart, and say, "I am you  
and want to help you all  
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I tried to please him. Yes  
for we were thoughtful  
and regrets; but some way  
and boys' hearts, and to un  
spoken.  
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