

Arnold drew me down to him and whispered, "Tell her to fly at once; this man may make trouble for her."

Was there ever a more generous fellow?

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

"Dr. Entrefort!" I cried.

"Ah!" he said, peering up into my face, and grasping my hand; "I know you now, but you have changed. You remember that I was called away immediately after I had performed that crazy operation on your friend. I have spent the intervening four years in India, China, Tibet, Siberia, the South Seas, and God knows where not. But wasn't that a most absurd, hare-brained experiment that I tried on your friend! Still, it was all that could have been done. I have dropped all that nonsense long ago. It is better, for more reasons than one, to let them die at once. Poor fellow! he bore it so bravely! Did he suffer much afterwards? How long did he live? A week—perhaps a month?"

"He is alive yet."

"What!" exclaimed Entrefort, startled.

"He is indeed, and is in this city."

"Incredible!"

"It is true; you shall see him."

"But tell me about him now!" cried the surgeon, his eager eyes glittering with the peculiar light which I had seen in them on the night of the operation. "Has he taken the medicine which I prescribed?"

"He has. Well, the change in him from what he was before the operation is shocking. Imagine a young dare-devil of twenty-two, who had no greater fear of danger or death than of a cold, now a cringing, cowering fellow, apparently an old man, nursing his life with pitiful tenderness, fearful that at any moment something may happen to break the hold of his aorta-walls on the stiletto-blade; a confirmed hypochondriac, peevish, melancholic, unhappy in the extreme. He keeps himself confined as closely as possible, avoiding all excitement and exercise, and even 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. But has he consulted no physician?"

"None whatever; he has been afraid that he might learn the worst."

"Let us find him at once. Ah, here comes my wife to meet me! She arrived by the other steamer."

I recognised her immediately and was overcome with astonishment.

"Charming woman," said Entrefort; "you'll like her. We were married three years ago, at Bombay. She belongs to a noble Italian family and has travelled a great deal."

He introduced us. To my unspeakable relief she remembered neither my name nor my face. I must have appeared odd to her, but it was impossible for me to be perfectly unconcerned. We went to Arnold's rooms, I with much dread. I left her in the reception-room and took Entrefort within. Arnold was too greatly absorbed in his own troubles to be dangerously excited by meeting Entrefort, whom he greeted with indifferent hospitality.

"But I heard a woman's voice," he said. "It sounds——" He checked himself, and before I could intercept him he had gone to the reception-room; and there he stood face to face with the beautiful adventuress—none other than Entrefort's wife now—who, wickedly desperate, had driven a stiletto into Arnold's vitals in a hotel four years before because he had refused to marry her. They recognised each other instantly, and both grew pale; but she, quicker-witted, recovered her composure at once, and advanced towards him with a smile and an extended hand. He stepped back, his face ghastly with fear.

"Oh!" he gasped; "the excitement, the shock—it has made the blade slip out! The blood is pouring from the opening—it burns—I am dying!" and he fell into my arms and instantly expired.

The autopsy revealed the surprising fact that there was no blade in his thorax at all; it had been gradually consumed by the muriatic acid which Entrefort had prescribed for that very purpose, and the perforations in the aorta had closed up gradually with the wasting of the blade and had been perfectly healed for a long time. All his vital organs were sound. My poor friend, once so reckless and brave, had died simply of a childish and groundless fear, and the woman unwittingly had accomplished her revenge.

THE SURGEON AT THE "ZOO."

Surgical operations on wild beasts are not very often performed; apart from the difficulties and dangers of securing the patient for the actual operation, it is almost impossible to keep dressings and bandages in place afterwards; hence "an ounce of lead" is the medicine usually prescribed for the unfortunate resident in a menagerie which happens to meet with an accident. Such an operation as that performed a week or two ago on Begum, one of the Indian rhinoceroses in the "Zoo," was simple enough in itself: the anterior horn, which had grown in a sharp curve back against its fellow, had to be sawn through: there was no after-treatment. Nevertheless, the proceedings in the Elephant House on the morning of Feb. 24 were distinctly animated. Mr. Bartlett and the head-keeper, with eighteen or twenty men, first set to work to "cast" the patient; this was done by fastening ropes to the fore and hind legs on one side, and pulling these so that the beast fell on her side on a deep bed of straw prepared for her. This is a simple business

with horse or cow, but two tons or more of rhinoceros unaccustomed to handling is another matter altogether, and there was a lively scrimmage before Begum was mastered and secured. When fairly cast and drawn up to the bars of the stall, there was more trouble; the rhinoceros wriggled like a little boy in the dentist's chair, and broke two saws by throwing her head about while the horn was only partially severed; but, after half-an-hour's patient work, the job was completed.

This was a more successful operation than one undertaken by the officials of the Adelaide "Zoo" on a tapir. The beast, a new arrival, was found to be unwell, and the veterinary surgeons determined to "give a dose." Instead of throwing the patient, a much smaller animal than the rhinoceros and very timid and inoffensive, they got eight strong keepers, who tried to corner the tapir against the wall of the enclosure with a plank. The beast, normally mildest of mood, resented the squeezing to which it was subjected, and sent the posse of keepers flying with their plank on top of them; more than this, it actually attacked one of the prostrate men, ripped his clothes off his back, and bit his arm and body severely before his companions could drive it off. The veterinary surgeons sent for reinforcements and succeeded in administering two doses of morphia. They gave the patient more than enough to kill a pig, with the only effect that it grew so frantic with rage and terror as to be uncontrollable. It took two hours and forty minutes to physic that tapir, with what ultimate result history is silent.

A very interesting operation was that of setting the broken leg of a lion; this was performed in New York in the winter of 1893 by Dr. Busener, the chief surgeon to the New York Veterinary College. The patient was one of a "den of lions" belonging to a circus, and was an ill-tempered brute always quarrelling with his companions. He got his thigh badly hurt in course of one fight, and the breakage was the result of another fight a few days later. As the proprietrix of the circus deemed it hopeless to save Nero, he was sentenced to be shot, but fortunately Dr. Busener heard of the accident and undertook to try and effect a cure. Nero was taken in a small cage to the operating-room of the college, and was invited to walk out on to the operating-table, while his keeper stood by with a noose to slip over his head. The lion declined to fall in with this arrangement; he came out of his cage without demur, but, evading the noose, jumped down on the floor. The twenty-five newspaper-men and students who formed the audience hastily retreated through the panels of the door (which had been locked to prevent interruption); but Dr. Busener, his assistant, and the keeper managed to hunt Nero back into his cage. They took the precaution of noosing him through the bars this time, and then, amid a tempest of roaring and struggling, hauled him out upon the operating-table, on which they fastened him down with ropes and chains. It had been intended to dispense with the use of anæsthetics (I believe chloroform is so fatal to the great cats that it is never employed), but the lightest touch on Nero's broken limb caused him to struggle so violently that it was necessary to have recourse to morphia; four grains were injected hypodermically, with immediate effect, and for over an hour the rebellious patient lay practically unconscious while the operation was performed. The injury proved to be an incomplete fracture of the thigh-bone. After clipping away the hair, the doctors set to work to handle the limb, in order to set the bone. Half-an-hour of this treatment wrought the desired result, and then the bandaging was put on: first, a thick layer of cotton batting, then strong linen binders drawn firmly round the leg and sewn in place, then a heavy coating of glue, which stiffened rapidly into an efficacious splint, and over the glue was smeared an evil-smelling mixture to prevent the lion tearing off the dressings with his teeth. The effect of the morphia began to wear off as the doctors finished this troublesome and lengthy operation; the patient was in a shocking temper. The operators fastened a rope round the whole hind-leg, passed it through the open door of the cage and the bars on the opposite side, and, while Nero's fore-quarters and head still remained secured to the table, they brought up the cage and lifted his hinder parts into it; then, as the chains were loosed, the patient was hauled smartly into his cage by the hind-leg.

It sometimes becomes necessary to clip the claws of the larger *felidae*, which from disuse in confinement are apt to grow so long that they wound the owner's toes. A large tiger in the Trevandrum Public Gardens was treated for this misfortune in February 1895 by a method at once simple and ingenious. The keepers induced the beast to enter the "transport cage," a stoutly built structure, six feet long, three feet six inches wide, and four feet high, which had previously been fitted with a false ceiling padded with sacking and straw. Six iron bars were passed over the false ceiling, which was held up by men standing on top of the cage; and when the patient was safely shut in, the false ceiling was drawn down by the bars. By this means the tiger was held in perfect security, while his paws were noosed in turn and lashed to a stout horizontal bar fixed outside; ordinary rose-clippers did the rest.

When a comparatively young man, Sir W. White Cooper created a small sensation by operating for cataract on a young grizzly bear in the "Zoo." He did this twice, and each time successfully. A more sensational achievement was that of a Stuttgart oculist early in 1896. A tiger in the gardens of that city suffered much pain from an incurable disease of one eye, which, it was feared, would affect the other; it was therefore determined to remove it. The patient having been bound and muzzled, cocaine was applied to the eye and the optic successfully removed, to the obvious relief of the poor beast. As soon as the cavity healed they secured him again and furnished him with a glass eye; it improved his appearance, but he could not make it out at all, and for weeks used to sit trying to rub it out, shaking his head and sneezing.—c.