Spring Crops!

In this advertisement we wish to call your attention to the various grades of

FERTILIZERS

we have for Spring Crops. The Fertilizers that we sell are the same brands that we have been selling for so many years and which have proven so satisfactory to all who have tried them. Remember, you are not trying something new when you use our Fertilizer, but you are using that which has been tried and proven to be satisfactory. Another very important item is the prices we intend to sell at. Every dealer will speak of the advance in raw material. Our prices will be the same, as we contracted a year ago for large quantities.

If you want a Fertilizer for Oats use our Royal, $21 per ton.

If you want a Fertilizer for Corn use our Dissolved Bone Phosphate, $23 per ton.

Our High Grade and our No. 1 Animal Bone no dealer can surpass and few will equal.

If you want Fertilizers for Corn, if you want Fertilizers for Oats, if you want Fertilizers for Potatoes, if you want Fertilizers for Spring Crop, call on us. We assure you that no competitor can offer you any inducement that we cannot meet and in the majority of cases surpass.

Also Prime Clover and Timothy Seed.

N. I. GORSUCH & SON.
mr-16-2m

TO THE PEOPLE!

I wish to call your attention to my large stock of

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

—ALSO—

Provisions, Flour, Fruits and Confectioneries.

I would not have you ignorant of the immense and complete stock which I carry, and will try to suit and accommodate my patrons.

MY PRICES

are without a doubt as low as they can possibly be, and will suit everybody. I would like to have you call and be convinced. My line of

Fancy Delicacies is complete.

I HAVE

The Largest Line of Confectioneries in the city.

Fruits of all Kinds, Foreign and Domestic.

My Staple Grocery Department is unsurpassed.

1000 Pounds of Country Lard wanted.
Having a share of your patronage the past year, and hoping, the present year, to receive a continuance of the same, I am,
Very Respectfully,
JOHN D. BOWERS,
jan-12 47 East Main St.

REMOVAL!

U. L. REAVER

HAS REMOVED HIS

BOOT, SHOE, HAT AND CAP STORE

TO THE

Zieber Building,

No. 44 W. MAIN STREET, CORNER MAIN AND JOHN STREETS,

A FULL LINE OF THE

Latest Style Hats and Caps and the Best Shoes

For men, women and children; also

Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Satchels, &c.

Prices as Low as First-Class Goods Will Warrant.

U. L. REAVER,
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AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 57, NO. 14. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1889. ESTABLISHED 1833.

WHY IS IT

The Farmers' Fertilizer Company

OF WESTMINSTER, MD.,

IS ALWAYS ON TOP?

Because only absolutely pure material is used, and the Company, besides, guarantees the same class of goods to stockholders and the trade alike.

The Company carries the largest and best assorted stock of

BONE AND CHEMICALS

In the State, outside the city of Baltimore.

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DO NOT GET IT, BUT THEY

DO THE PAPER-HANGING

OF WESTMINSTER.

They have just received

10,000 PIECES

OF

The Finest Wall Papers

of every description. They are the cheapest workmen, as they are both practical men. Their stock is direct from the factory and their work guarantees itself. Try them, to be convinced and know their prices, which beat all others. Their place is headquarters for

[redacted]

Manufacture and keep constantly on hand

FLOUR, FEED, HOMINY, MEAL

—AND—

CHOP OF ALL KINDS.

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Grain. Longberry a Specialty.

DAVID ROOP & SON.
no 14-tf

Select Poetry.

A DUTCH LULLABY.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe;
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe.
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in the beautiful sea;
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeard are we,"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam;
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they dreamed,
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

—CHICAGO NEWS.

Select Story.

THE STILETTO.

A Peculiar Case in Surgery.

BY W. C. MORROW.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO ARGONAUT.

Looking at my friend as he lay upon my bed, with the jewelled 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, hare-brained, darling, 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 answered.

The physician started out, beckoning me to follow.

"Stop!" said Arnold. We obeyed. "Do you wish to speak of me?" he asked.

"Yes," replied 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 he had faced death, which had no terrors for him.

"Thank you," he said, smiling faintly through his pain; "my friend 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 speciality 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. Dr. Raoul Entrefort was the newcomer's name. He was a Creole, small and dark, and he had traveled and studied in Europe.

"Speak freely," gasped Arnold, after Dr. Entrefort had made an examination.

"What think you, doctor?" asked Entrefort of the older man.

"I think," was the reply, "that the the knife-blade has penetrated the ascending aotra, 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."

Meanwhile, Entrefort was deftly cutting away the white shirt and the undershirt, and soon had the breast exposed. He examined the gem-studded hilt with the keenest interest.

"You are proceeding on the assumption, doctor," he said, "that this weapon is a knife."

"Certainly," answered Dr. Rowell, smiling; "what else can it be?"

"It is a knife," faintly interposed Arnold.

"Did you see the blade?" Entrefort asked him, quickly.

"I did—for a moment."

Entrefort shot a quick look at Dr. Rowell and whispered: "Then it is not suicide." Dr. Rowell nodded.

"I must disagree with you, gentlemen," quickly remarked Entrefort; "this is not a knife." He examined the handle very narrowly. Not only was the blade entirely concealed from view within Arnold's body, but the blow had been so strongly delivered that the skin was depressed by the guard. "The fact that it is not a knife presents a very curious series of facts and contingencies," pursued Entrefort, with amazing coolness, "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 Dr. Rowell's face.

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

"A stiletto."

Arnold started. Dr. Rowell appeared confused. "I must confess," he said, "my ignorance of the differences among these penetrating weapons, whether dirks, daggers, stiletto, or bowie-knives."

"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, and tapers to a sharp point. It penetrates solely by pushing the tissues aside in all directions. You will understand the importance of that point."

Dr. Rowell nodded, more deeply interested than ever.

"How do you know it is a stiletto, Dr. 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 it 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! Dr. 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 a sound man, and a constant and terrible danger will always be present."

"Well."

Entrefort wrote a note and sent it away in haste by a bell-boy.

"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 Dr. 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.

Dr. Rowell, evidently bewildered by his cyclonic young associate, wrote a prescription, which I sent by a boy to be filled. With unwise zeal I asked Entrefort:

"Is there not danger of lockjaw?"

"No," he replied; "there is not a sufficiently extensive injury to peripheral nerves to induce traumatic tetanus."

I subsided. The man's coolness and promptness were amazing.

Dr. Rowell's 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.

Dr. 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 skillful 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.

"I have to make some preparations before you may begin, Hippolyte, and I want you to observe me, that you may become used, not only to the sight of fresh blood, but also, what is more trying, the odor of it."

Hippolyte shivered. Entrefort opened a case of surgical instruments.

"Now, doctor, the chloroform," he said to Dr. 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 now to spare. We will try it without chloroform, however. It will be better if you can do without. Try your best to lie still while I cut."

"What are you going to do?" asked Arnold.

"Save your life, if possible."

"How? Tell me all about it."

"Must you know?"

"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. If the weapon had been a knife, the parted tissue would have yielded and the blood would have been forced out on either side of the blade, and would have caused death. As it is, not a drop of blood has escaped from the aorta into the thoracic cavity. 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 Dr. 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," both Arnold and I started violently, and 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 painful," Entrefort said.

"It is 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, even though it miss the sternum by a hair-breadth and slip between the ribs, for the muscles here are hard and the intercostal spaces narrow. 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. First, however, I must congratulate you on the fact, that, as the weapon may not be withdrawn, it did not enter the heart instead of the aorta, for if left in the heart inflammation of the tissues would follow and produce death. The danger exists even as it is. There will undoubtedly be inflammation of the aorta, which if it persists, will cause a fatal aneurism by the breaking down of the aortal walls; but we hope, with the help of your youth and health, to check it.

"Another serious difficulty is this: With every inhalation the entire thorax (or bony structure of the chest) considerably expands. The aorta remains stationary. You will see, therefore, that as your aorta and your breast are now held in relation to each other by the rigid stiletto, the chest, with every inhalation, pulls the aorta forward out of place about half an inch. I am certain that it is doing this, because there is no indication of an escape of arterial blood into the thoracic cavity; in other words, the mouths of the two aortal wounds have seized upon the blade with a firm hold, and thus prevent it from slipping in and out. This is a very fortunate occurrence, but one which will cause pain for some time. The aorta, you may understand, pulls the heart backward and forward with every breath you take, but that organ, though now undoubtedly much surprised, will accustom itself to its new condition.

"What I fear, however, is the formation of a clot around the blade. You see, the presence of the blade in the aorta has already reduced the blood-carrying capacity of that vessel; a clot, therefore, need not be very large to stop up the aorta, and of course if that should occur death would ensue. But the clot, if one form, may be dislodged by the heart and driven forward, in which event it may lodge in any one of the numerous branches from the aorta and produce results more or less serious, possibly fatal. If, for instance, it should choke either the right or left carotid there would ensue atrophy of one side of the brain, and consequently, paralysis of half the entire body; but it is possible that in time there would come about a secondary circulation from the other side of the brain, and thus restore a healthy condition. Or the clot, which in passing always from larger arteries to smaller, must unavoidably find one not large enough to carry it, and must lodge somewhere, may either necessitate amputation of one of the four limbs or lodge itself so deep within the body that it cannot be reached with the knife. You are beginning to realize some of the dangers which await you."

Arnold smiled faintly.

"But we shall do our best to prevent the formation of a clot," continued Entrefort; "there are drugs which may be used with effect."

"Are there more dangers?"

"Many more; some of the more serious have not been mentioned. One of these is the liability of the aortal tissues pressing upon the weapon to relax their hold and allow the blade to slip. That would let out the blood and cause death. I am uncertain 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. Any unusual exercise or excitement 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 and 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.

"Dr. Entrefort," he said.

"Well?"

"You are the devil."

Bowing proundly, 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.

"Proceed with your work," he said to Entrefort.

"Come closer, Hippolyte," said Entrefort, "and observe narrowly. Will you kindly help me, Dr. Rowell?" The latter had sat helpless, wondering.

Entrefort's hand was quick and sure, and he used the knife with marvelous dexterity. First he made four equidistant incisions outward from the guard and just through the skin. Arnold winced and held his breath at the first cut, but soon regained command of himself. Each incision was about two inches long. Hippolyte shuddered and turned aside his head. Entrefort, whom nothing escaped, said:

"Steady, Hippolyte! Watch."

Quickly was the skin peeled back to the limit of the incisions. This was excruciatingly painful. Arnold groaned, and his hands became moist and cold. Down went the knife into the flesh, and blood flowed freely. Dr. Rowell sponged it off.

The swift knife went again at work. Arnold's marvelous nerve was breaking down. He clutched my hands with unconscious strength. His eyes danced. His mind was weakening. Almost in a moment the flesh had been cut away and removed down to the bones, which were exposed—two ribs and the sternum. A few quick cuts cleared the blade of the weapon between the guard and the ribs.

"To work, Hippolyte—be quick!"

He had evidently been coached. With slender long-fingered hands, which trembled at first, he selected certain tools with nice precision, made some quick measurements of the weapon and of the cleared space around it, and began to adjust the parts of a queer little machine.

"What——" Arnold started to say, but a deeper pallor settled on his face, his hands relaxed, his voice was hushed, and his eyes closed.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Entrefort; "he has fainted. He can't stop us now. Quick, Hippolyte!"

The machinist attached the queer little machine to the handle of the weapon, grasped the handle with his left hand, and with his right began a series of short, sharp, quick motions backward and forward.

"Hurry, Hippolyte!" cried Entrefort.

"The metal is very hard."

"Does it cut?"

"I can't see for the blood."

In a moment more something snapped. Hippolyte started—he was very nervous. He removed the little machine.

"It is very hard," he said; "it breaks the saws."

He adjusted another saw and went to work. In a little while he picked up the handle of the stiletto and laid it on the table. He had cut it off, leaving the blade inside.

"Good, Hippolyte!" exclaimed Entrefort. Almost in a minute the bright end of the cut metal was closed from view by the skin flaps, and these sewed together and the blood wiped away.

Arnold returned to consciousness and glanced down at his breast. He looked puzzled.

"Where is the thing?" he asked.

"Here is part of it," exclaimed 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 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 it contains muriatic acid."

"I may explain ten years from now."

"If I live."

"If you live."

Arnold pulled me down to him and 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.

"Dr. 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, hair-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 not 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 a cold, now a cringing, cowering man of twenty-eight, nursing his life with pitiful 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.

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

Then he introduced us. To my unspeakable relief she recognized neither my name nor my face. I must have appeared a peculiar person to her, but it was impossible to be perfectly nonchalant. We went to Arnold's rooms, I with painful fear. I left her in the reception-room and took Entrefort within. Arnold was too greatly absorbed with his own troubles to be dangerously excited by meeting Entrefort, whom he greeted with indifferent courtesy.

"But I heard a woman's voice," he said, and before I could move he had gone to the reception-room, and he stood face to face with the beautiful adventuress who, wickedly desperate, had driven a stiletto into his vitals in a hotel seven years before because he refused to marry her. They recognized each other. Both started and turned pale; but she, quicker witted, recovered her composure at once and advanced toward him with a smile and an extended hand. He staggered back, his face ghastly with fear.

"Oh!" he cried out, "the blade has slipped out—I felt it fall—the blood is pouring out—it burns—I am dying!" and he fell into my arms and instantly expired.

The autopsy revealed the astonishing fact that there was no blade in him at all. It had been gradually consumed by the muriatic acid which Entrefort had prescribed for that purpose, and with which Arnold had kept his system constantly filled, and the wounds in the aorta had closed in steadily with the wasting blade and were perfectly healed. All his vital organs were sound. My poor friend, once so reckless and brave, had died simply of a childish, groundless fear of a woman; and she unwittingly had accomplished her revenge.

NITROGEN.

There is a substance which is invisible, which has neither odor nor taste, and in fact possesses no qualities of matter except weight and bulk, says the *Journal of Chemistry*. This is the gas nitrogen, which constitutes four-fifths of the atmosphere which surrounds us. It is apparently a dead and inert form of manifestation of matter, and yet it is perhaps one of the most important and useful of the elements, and if it should vanish from the universe, life would cease to exist. This apparent paradox is explained by the fact that by its combination with other elements the remarkable characteristics of nitrogen are awakened into action. The gas is neither poisonous, corrosive, explosive, nutritious, nor medicinal; but combined with carbon and hydrogen it forms the deadly prussic acid; with oxygen and hydrogen, the strong corrosive nitric acid; with hydrogen alone, the strongly basic alkali ammonia; with carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, the terrible explosive nitro-glycerine; and with the same elements in varying proportions, it forms the albuminoids, the gelatines, the glutens, and other strength-giving elements of our food, or the indispensable medicinal agents quinine, morphine, atropine, strychnine, veratrine, cocaine, and many others.

Although nitrogen is tasteless, it forms an indispensable part of the flavors of the peach, plum, apricot, and other delicious fruits, as well as coffee, tea, chocolate, and tobacco. Without smell, it is found in many of the most powerful and delicious perfumes, as well as in the nauseating odors of putrefaction. Present in immense quantities in the air, it furnishes little or no support to vegetation, but combined with other elements the amount present in the soil determines its fertility and the amount of crops that may be raised upon it. Colorless and invisible, nearly every dyestuff or coloring matter known contains it in a greater or less proportion. Harmless and powerless by itself, when combined with another non-explosive gas, chloride, it forms the most powerful explosive known, of which a ray of sunlight is sufficient to arouse the terribly destructive power.

And yet notwithstanding the preeminent importance of this element in the affairs of life, there are but few of its combinations which we can form directly. Millions of tons of nitrogen are all about us, but not a grain of morphine or thein, galetine or albumen, aniline or naphthaline, can we make from it. Only the mysterious vital force working in the natural laboratory of the vegetable and animal organism can build up most of these molecules from their ultimate elements, and place the atoms of nitrogen in their proper position like the beams or stones of a building. Our wonder at the marvelous powers displayed by these organisms is none the less when we see what simple, common, and uncharacteristic elements are used by them in making up their wonderful products, and we can only say that it is a part of the great and unsoluble mystery of life.

Neither can we explain satisfactorily from a chemical standpoint the properties and reaction of this strange element. By itself it is nothing, but united with other elements, some almost equally inactive, the combinations thus produced manifest the most powerful and positive chemical and physical properties. It is like the springing into life of dead matter, but there is no system of chemical philosophy which can give a reason why it is so. It is the part of the chemist to observe and record the facts connected with the properties of different forms of matter, and in time we may from these facts construct a rational theory, but we are still a long way from a clear comprehension of the phenomena of the universe. There are about as many things in heaven and earth still undreamt of in our philosophy as there were in Shakespeare's time, and the further we advance toward the end, the more the field widens and appears to be of illimitable extent.

Those fruit growers who have firm faith in the efficiency of whitewashing the trunks of trees to discourage insects and remove the growth of lichens, etc., are advised that the wash will be equally beneficial if diluted until it will hardly whiten the bark, and the trees will not look so ghostly after its application, either. When the wash is thick it forms a scaly crust more likely to do harm than good.

Selfishness is that detestable vice which no one will forgive in others, and no one is without himself.

It is success that colors all in life; success makes fools admired, makes villains honest.

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