

HOW I FOUGHT A WILD CAT.

"I have heard a great deal about cats and tigers, their similarity of species, their insatiable desire for blood. But I used to think that cats were made to suffer for the sins of their relative tigers. It was difficult for me to imagine how such a domestic, friendly, cooling creature as the cat usually is could turn out to be a blood-seeking beast.

Ordinarily the cat rubs against one, seeks friendship, loves to be stroked and asks to be petted. But the horrible beast which attacked me has upset all my preconceived ideas about cats, says Yvette Guilbert in the New York Journal. Perhaps that cat was an exception. Upon inquiry, however, I find the exceptions rather numerous. The horrible beast flew at me without provocation.

I was alone. As ill-luck would have it, no one was within call.

The cat's eyes glared like fiery balls. It showed its tiger-like teeth. It hissed forth sounds such as are heard when one throws water upon the fire.

It wagged its tail with feline delight. Then followed a terrific spring, the brute evidently intending to land upon my throat.

Nature has endowed me with very long arms.

The gestures occasioned by my calling have strengthened these arms.

I had no weapon of defence. With my arms I struck out against the cat.

Fortunately I did not lose my head. The great thing was to prevent the cat from getting a grip on me. This I knew.

I struck with all my might. No prize fighter ever mustered up all his force with more energy than I. Prize fighters usually contend for a championship. I thought I was fighting for my life.

The policeman who fought two cats recently in Paris was armed with a sword. He lunged and parried as though he were fighting a duel. He pierced their bodies with his sabre. But swordless as I was, what could I do? Merely keep up the fight as long as the strength of my great arms lasted. I cannot describe the fight by rounds, for there was no respite. It was a case of continuous action. Every second I hoped would bring some one to my assistance. Alas, no one came! Even my maid, who rarely leaves me, was not within the sound of my voice. On this occasion every one seemed to have deserted me. I began to think what an awful fate was about to befall me.

An artist of my standing to be killed by a cat! Perish the thought!

I struck the brute a terrific blow. It staggered; it ralled. It made one supreme jump at my throat. Instead of

landing upon the desired spot, it succeeded in sticking its fangs into my arm.

The pain was intense, and the cat was furious to the last degree. I now suffered a twofold torture—one physical, the other mental. The latter was the worse. I feared that hydrophobia was before me—that I should go mad. The thought occurred to me that it were better to die bravely fighting even a cat than to be locked up forever in a madhouse.

With my unemployed hand I grasped the animal's throat.

I got my thumb on the apple.

I squeezed and squeezed as never woman squeezed before.

The ferocious light of the cat's eyes was soon replaced by a glassy stare.

It loosed its hold.

I flung the brute from me, rushed to the door, slammed it, and I, Yvette Guilbert, was safe.

That feline fight was the most terrible I have ever had in my life. I have had many struggles. I used to suffer keenly when I knew I had talent and people would not listen because I was not pretty. Still I fought my way without fear. I cannot say such was the case in my fight with the cat; for I was very much afraid, although my presence of mind did not desert me even for an instant, and this proved to be my salvation.

It is said that women and cats do not like each other. I can well believe it after the attack which the cat made upon me.

We frequently hear the expression "Worse than the furies is a woman scorned." I can only say that I did not scorn the cat which attacked me, yet it was more than any furies which the human mind can conjure up. Hence I infer that an infuriated cat is more spiteful than a scorned woman.

Cross-tempered women are called cats although my unhappy experience goes to show that feminine passion combined with feline rage is not even as moonlight upon sunlight.

A cat has thirty teeth.

It has six incisors above and six below.

It has four molars above and four below.

I felt as though the whole thirty were stuck in me. The physicians will not admit this, but, no matter, I am speaking of my feelings and not of the mere dental marks.

It was fortunate for me that there is a Pasteur institute in Paris. Otherwise I might now be foaming at the mouth or in a madhouse or in the grave. However, I am here, safe and sound, firmly resolved to avoid the ire of cats for the future and to advise my friends to do likewise.

BROKEN SWORD OF DREYFUS.

The death of Guillaume Gambler revives interest in what was perhaps the most tragic incident of the Dreyfus affair. Gambler was a non-commissioned officer of the French dragoons—a blond, soldierly looking giant; an honest and earnest soul.

It was he who broke over his knee the sword of Dreyfus, a part of which has recently, by a curious chance, found its way to America, and tore from his uniform all insignia of rank when, in 1895, the unfortunate officer was degraded in public.

At that memorable moment the great helmeted dragoon, powerful and stern as the law, looked the very symbol of justice.

Yet in his heart that man was tortured by doubt—or rather by the conviction that he was made the instrument for a ghastly mistake.

He firmly believed in the innocence of Dreyfus, and though he was a tactician and spoke little, no fear ever kept him from expressing his belief in plain words when the occasion arose.

In a letter which he addressed to his old mother immediately after the degradation, Gambler gave an excellent description of the dramatic ceremonies and spoke of the harrowing struggle which took place within him when he was ordered to do his part of the work. The letter has lately been published. The following extract from it is intensely interesting:

"No guilty man would have acted as he did through that awful ordeal. His eyes were brave and frank. The agony in his voice, on his face, was the genuine despair of a man condemned unjustly and unable to understand why everybody was so fiercely unwilling to hear him.

"Mother" Dreyfus cried, and then he cried to the yelling, mad multitude: "I am innocent. I swear before God that I am innocent." He cried that out to them in a despairing appeal, yet dignified—as I would have said it, and they vociferated curses at the poor fellow.

Only those who were present can form any conception of the tense excitement of it all. The companies with shining bayonets were lined up at the four sides of the square. Behind those walls the teeming black crowds, a sea of enraged wild animals. And in the immediate open space just the little group of us—the general and his staff on horseback, myself standing four paces before the general, and Dreyfus, between four artillerymen, facing us.

"While the decree of degradation was being read, Dreyfus kept his eyes steadily upon the general.

"The very silence of death had suddenly descended from that vast plaza,

reading seemed lost and distant, and in the open air the voice that was

"Suddenly it ceased, and the sharp order to do my part of the business came to me. In one wild whirl my mind contemplated a lot of desperate things. Do I obey, do I refuse?"

"Then the habit of moving forward at the command of a superior pushed me forward toward the captain. I began. I tore the epaulets and flung them down at his feet. I tore the braids from the cap, from the breast the sleeves. All that had been partially unsewed beforehand to make the task easier.

"The last thing was to pull Dreyfus sword from the scabbard at his side. I did that with one sweep of my arm and broke the beautiful bright blade on my bent knee. It snapped like glass and the two pieces fell over all the things I had torn from the uniform. As I was unbuckling his sword belt—

"I am innocent!" cried Dreyfus over my shoulder. He wanted to say more but the drums rolled and the guards were ordered forward to parade him before the troops and the people.

"It was only faintly that I heard the great din of execration that rose from the mob everywhere as he passed. I had withdrawn to my place, and I remember one thought kept coming back to me as in a dream—'What a pity I am a soldier! Why should have fate selected me for this? What a pity it was!'"

Despite these unwelcome opinions of the affair, Gambler was such a favorite among his men, comrades and superiors that he never was molested in any way.

He followed the Rennes trial with intense interest, fully expecting to see his beloved army set right what he believed to have been an awful mistake. When the second verdict confirmed the first Gambler was much affected. He never afterward opened his mouth on the subject.

A few days ago he died in the military hospital of Luneville, where his regiment had long before been transferred from Paris. Pneumonia carried away that powerful and kind giant in less than a week. His second term in the army was soon to expire, and he had decided not to re-enlist.

Of the two broken parts of Dreyfus sword, one (the handle piece) is still kept among the celebrated criminal relics in the prefecture of police. The pointed half was picked up from where it had fallen. It was given to the general who had presided at the degradation. The general kept it on his desk as a memento till Matthew Dreyfus, who learned of it, wrote the general, questioning his right to display this constant pretext of conversation on a subject definitely settled.

UNQUIET GRAVE OF LINCOLN.

All that remains of the earthly body of Abraham Lincoln is at present lying in a metallic casket in a crude wooden box in a temporary vault in Oak Ridge cemetery, Springfield, Ill. The only preparation which had been made for the removal of the body from the bed of cement in which it had rested for thirteen years, was the preparation of the vault so that it might be robbed.

The removal of the body was made necessary by the fact that the monument, which it took fifteen years to build, and which was completed only seventeen years ago, had to be torn down because of the shifting of the base of the knoll on which the great shaft rested.

When the casket was taken from the cement the outer wooden box was, as might have been expected, badly decayed. No other box had been prepared, and the wooden box in which the body of the great emancipator is now resting was made with a hatchet, a saw, a few nails and some unplanned boards. It was constructed upon the ground within a few feet of the tomb, as were five similar boxes in which were placed the decayed caskets containing the remains of Mrs. Lincoln, the three sons and the grandson. The matter of providing at least a respectable wooden box, with which to encase the Lincoln coffin, was of so little consequence that the matter was not even thought of.

The body and that of the other members of the family will remain in the temporary vault about a year, by which time it is expected the monument will be rebuilt. In order that it may never tumble down again, the foundations will be laid on bedrock, which it is believed will be found at a depth of about thirty-five feet. The new monument will be just as near a counterpart of the one now being removed as possible, except that it will be fifteen feet higher.

This is the seventh spot on which Lincoln's remains have rested since they were brought to Springfield after his assassination on April 14, 1865. Upon their arrival there they were taken from the C. & A. depot to the hall of representatives, in the state house, and there remained in state for several days. From representative hall they were taken to Oak Ridge cemetery and placed in the temporary receiving vault of the cemetery, where they were under a guard of soldiers for a long time. The body was next removed to a temporary vault on the side of a hill.

Next all that was mortal of Lincoln

was taken to the sarcophagus inside the north part of the Lincoln monument, this constituting the third removal.

While here an attempt was made to steal the casket. After this the remains were secretly carried to the south side of the monument, conveyed through Memorial hall, and three well known gentlemen were selected from the Lincoln guard of honor to secrete the casket. These three eprons took the body into the superstructure of the monument and hid it in a narrow passage between two brick walls, which formed a part of the foundation of the monument; this constituted the fourth removal. The remains were removed a fifth time thirteen years ago, when they were taken from between the walls and placed in Memorial hall. Here the casket was opened for the purpose of identification. The sixth removal occurred when the casket was placed in the bed of cement, from which it was removed Saturday a week ago. Mrs. Lincoln was also buried in the cement beside the grave of her husband. When the remains are again placed in the monument they will have been disturbed from seven resting places since coming to Springfield.

Several persons declare that Lincoln's remains were once placed in a vault on the ground now occupied by the state capitol building, but this is untrue. Just after the assassination a temporary vault was erected there, but Mrs. Lincoln preferred that the interment be in Oak Ridge cemetery, and her wishes were respected.

Great disintegration and decay has taken place in the caskets and contents during the past few years. For a week workmen dug a bed of solid concrete, in an endeavor to locate the remains of the Great Emancipator and his wife. For days the odor was so bad that the workmen could remain in the excavation they were making but a few minutes at a time, when they would be forced to come out for fresh air. That this came from the two bodies buried in the cement there is no doubt. The moisture had soaked through the cement and had forced a rot, possibly an inch thick, around the casket in which Lincoln was buried. This moisture is undoubtedly responsible for the advanced state of decay in which the cedar casket was found. Fortunately, Lincoln's body was buried in a metallic coffin made of lead and copper, and were it not for this fact, the probabilities are that the remains could not have been transferred to a temporary resting place intact.

LOST TRIBE IN THE FAR NORTH.

Thomas Campbell's vision of "The Lost Man" came near being realized in the history of the tribe of Eskimo recently discovered by Captain Cromer, commander of an Arctic whaling vessel, on Southampton Island, in the north end of Hudson bay. These people are less than 100 in number, and they believed that they were the only human beings on the earth. For more than 400 years they had been shut up in that lonely retreat, which is about the size of the state of Maine, living in the most primitive style. Incredible as it may seem, not a single article introduced on the American continent since its discovery by Columbus was found on this island.

Captain Cromer obtained a large collection of the weapons and household effects used by this strange tribe. This collection has been secured by the American Museum of Natural History of New York, and it will soon be placed on exhibition in the east wing of that great institution.

These Eskimo speak a language different from that employed by the Eskimo of the far North, and different from any other language known, but their size, color and habits proclaim them undoubtedly members of the same general family. The men and women are clothed alike, in jackets and trousers of deer and sealskin. The jacket is hooded, with openings for the face and hands. The women fashion the skin into clothing and footwear. Sewing is done with bone needles and thread of sinew from the seal.

Among their hunting weapons the bow and arrow plays an important part in shooting land animals. The bow is of wood, wrapped with twisted sinews; the arrows are pointed with chipped flint. Bow and arrows are carried in a bow case and quiver that is slung on the back.

In stature they are of medium height and robust and muscular, but the women are much shorter than the men, occasionally almost dwarfish.

Much of their food is eaten raw, but they cook it when convenient. They will split and devour the back, fat and flesh from the body of a deer killed in the chase and while the fibers are yet quivering.

Seal's fat and seal's blood are put into a dish and stewed. This oily liquid is used like butter. Lean meat is dipped into it to make it more palatable.

Kaiaiks or skin canoes are the water craft of these people. They are from 18 to 30 feet in length. In the middle is a hole for the body, the rest being entirely decked over. The chief outfit of the kaiaik is a harpoon and spear, which are used in the hunt for whales and seals. These are from six to eight

feet long, having sharp points of ivory which become detached when the game is pierced. The long line attached gives ample scope for play until the animal is exhausted.

On land the sled drawn by a dog team of from seven to ten animals is the only means of travel. The harness consists of two large nooses, placed one above the other and joined by two perpendicular straps four or five inches in length, so placed as to allow the heads of the dogs to pass through, so that one noose will lie along the back and the other between the legs.

The body harness is made of undressed sealskin, which does not chafe. The whips are of plaited thongs of sealskin some twenty-five to thirty feet long, and the natives possess a surprising dexterity in the use of these whips, being able to flick the ear of a particular sluggish dog the full distance of the length of the lash.

The huts or houses of the Eskimo are made by putting together the great jawbones of right whales, which are covered with skins and seem more fitting for the lairs of animals than for the homes of human beings. There are no windows in the houses, only a small opening about two and a half feet high serving for a door. Each building is occupied by several families.

Walrus and seal meat is stored away in caves excavated in the snow. As the temperature never rises above the freezing point, the meat soon freezes solid and keeps indefinitely. They have no furniture; the sole effects used in housekeeping are a limestone lamp for cooking, a dish made of the same material to hang above the lamp, and a few cups made of whalebone.

The most indispensable of these utensils is the lamp, the only source of heat and light. One of the chief duties of the women is to prevent the lamp from going out. The lamp is utilized for cooking and drying clothes, skins, boots and mittens, which are hung around on a rack of bones.

Cooking is done in an oblong dish or pot suspended above the flame. In this their meal of blubber and fat and whalemeat is always kept slowly simmering. The people are obliged to make their cooking vessels and lamps out of slabs of limestone, glued together with a mixture of grease and deer blood. The lamps are burned by means of wicks of moss arranged around the edge.

At a meeting of the Baptist Social union in Boston last week an announcement was made formally of an offer of John D. Rockefeller to give \$150,000 to Newton Theological seminary, provided a like sum be raised by the institution.

SURGERY ON THE HIGH SEAS.

Philadelphia, Pa.—(Special.)—One of the most remarkable surgical operations ever undertaken was witnessed by a Philadelphian recently on board the steamer Ethelwolf, bound for Vancouver, B. C. The Ethelwolf is a "tramp" freight steamer engaged in the East Indian and China trades, and the substance of the story was included in a letter, written to his family in this city, by the steward, T. J. Crowley, formerly of Nicetown, who was present at the operation.

The Ethelwolf had taken on a mixed cargo at Hong Kong that taxed but two-thirds of her capacity, and she steamed for Canton, trusting in the season, it being a good one for exports, to fill out her holds. Twelve hours out from Hong Kong a blow was encountered, and a sudden lurch of the vessel threw Andrew Dawson, a stoker, down the narrow, precipitous iron steps leading to the fireroom, breaking his leg.

There was no doctor on board, but the injured man was made as comfortable as possible by his mates; and when port was reached a surgeon was called on board and the limb was set. It was at once advised that Dawson be sent to the English hospital at Canton, but the man begged so hard that this was not done; and when the ship sailed, Dawson was still in his cot in the steward's cabin, his injured leg in a plaster cast.

All was well for a time, but suddenly alarming symptoms were exhibited. The man began to suffer excruciating pains in the locality of the fracture. Then the limb began to swell, necessitating the removal of the cast. Then it was found that the leg was mottled with deep purple spots; and this, together with the swelling, could not be mistaken. Gangrene had set in, and it was felt that, under the circumstances, death would positively follow.

The officers held a consultation; amputation was the only hope, but in the absence of a surgeon that was held to be impossible. But Dawson was a man not only of strong constitution, but of strong character as well; and when the serious nature of his condition was imparted to him, he pleaded that the operation be undertaken by some man of steady nerve among the ship's company. It was death anyhow, he insisted, and he might as well die under the knife as give up without a struggle.

An assistant engineer, named Carter, volunteered to do the work. In the Ethelwolf's library was an old Scotch medical work called "Carbin on Surgery." Carter hunted this up and began a hunt for a case similar to Dawson's, but the book, with its tech-

nical terms, did little good; if anything it shook his nerve and he threw it aside, determined to go it blind, rather than bewilder himself with half-understood instructions.

Dawson was stretched out upon a table; a full-page colored plate, ripped from "Carbin on Surgery" was tacked upon the wall; this was an illustration of a leg which had been amputated above the knee, and gave the positions of the main and lesser arteries. Sailor-like, this was to serve as a chart, and the most dangerous points, as referred to in the text, were checked off with a pencil.

Dawson grew pale as death from loss of blood, but continued to encourage Carter. As each artery was reached it was tied up like the first, but before the leg was severed, and at last the bone was reached. Dawson fainted at this stage, and when he came to, the saw had done its office, and Carter, faithfully following the chart upon the wall, was finishing his work. Then the stump was bound up tightly and the patient put back in his cot.

The loss of blood had been considerable, but not at all alarming. Dawson seemed weakened, but full of pluck and it was felt that, should blood poisoning not set in, he would recover. And this proved to be the case. No bad results followed and the patient grew in strength rapidly. Upon reaching Vancouver he was taken to a hospital, but the leg was all but healed and the doctors pronounced the case entirely out of danger, and said that it was as extraordinary an exhibition of nerve and vitality as ever came under their notice.

Whisked at lightning speed through two two-foot holes in the floor, and an unknown number of times around a nine-foot flywheel, and finally hurled through the air twenty feet against the far end of the engine room in Milwaukee, Fred Tiede is still alive. More than that, he escaped without a broken bone, and the doctors say he will be able to go to work in a few days. Tiede is an engineer at the quarry of the Wauwatosa Stone company, west of Milwaukee, and was working in the engine room alone. No one witnessed the awful spectacle. George H. Sylvester, foreman at the quarry, entered the engine room, and falling to find Tiede at his post began an investigation. At the farther end of the engine room he noticed the apparently lifeless form of the engineer, fully twenty-five feet from the whirling wheel.

Mrs. Grant Allen, widow of the novelist, is about to open a bookshop in the London West End.

MAN WHO HAS NO THROAT.

Unable to breathe through his mouth or nose, which have lost their respiratory functions; bereft of his throat, which was recently removed during a surgical operation, and capable with the use of a mirror of seeing his food pass from his mouth toward his stomach, August Ecklon, of No. 75 Clifton avenue, Chicago, is alive and enjoying better health than he has for the past ten years.

Born in Germany thirty-nine years ago and coming to this country when he was only a few years old, Ecklon developed into a fine specimen of physical manhood, and it was only his rugged constitution and splendid nerve that made it possible for him to withstand the numerous operations and treatments to which he has submitted since he became affected with tumor of the larynx ten years ago.

It is stated by reliable physicians that Ecklon's case is the only instance of recovery where the throat trouble was so aggravated. Of the minor throat troubles only 10 per cent live for three or four years after the operation; but heretofore extreme cases such as Ecklon's have not survived the operation.

He has no sufficiently recovered to perform light work around his house, such as paperhanging, and expects in a short time to be able to resume his duties at his meat market. He takes a walk every day, and, attired in his ordinary street costume, there is nothing in his appearance to indicate that he is such a living phenomenon.

Ecklon has never used alcohol or tobacco to excess, and his health up to 1899 was perfect. In that year he was troubled with pneumonia and with attendant hoarseness, which prevented him from speaking aloud. He was sent to Hot Springs, Ark., but the baths weakened him. On his return, in 1893, he experienced a difficulty in breathing and an opening was made in his windpipe and a tube inserted. In February, 1894, a cork was placed in the tube and the patient was allowed to breathe through his mouth and nose. His voice at this time was just above a whisper. In July the tube was removed and the opening was allowed to close. In February, 1895, his lungs again pained him and he found it difficult to breathe until July of the same year, when the tube was replaced, and it has never been received since. Dr. Jacob Frank, of the German hospital, Chicago, took up Ecklon's case in 1896, when the indications were those of stomach trouble and throat complications.

Ecklon began to experience serious trouble, owing to a large swelling on the left side of his neck, in February, 1899. Dr. Frank operated upon him June 26, 1899, when a large mass was encountered firmly matted to the important vessels and nerves of that side,

necessitating a tedious dissection and removal of part of the internal jugular vein. A pathological examination of the tissue removed was made, and a diagnosis given of cancer. A rapid recurrence followed the operation, and on September 19, 1899, a large mass was again removed, involving the nerves and vessels of that region, as before. The condition of the throat was so bad that a complete removal of the larynx was advised.

The operation was performed before the members of the Mississippi Valley Medical association, who were holding a convention in Chicago in September last. Ecklon was placed on the operating table of the German hospital and Chief Surgeon Frank, assisted by Drs. Klein, Fleberger and Storm, began the gruesome work. On account of being unable to breathe through the mouth, chloroform was administered by a specially devised apparatus through the opening in Ecklon's windpipe. An incision was then made from the top of the Adam's apple to the opening in the windpipe, three inches long and three inches across. The two triangular flaps of skin thus formed were thrown back and the upward portion of the windpipe cut across and divided. Before separating the windpipe from oesophagus a hard tube was passed into the latter to serve as a guide. A portion of the oesophagus had to be removed also, on account of complications. It was subsequently sewed up, but the thread sloughed away and left an opening at the upper end of the oesophagus, which still remains, and communicates with the outside.

At present Ecklon's neck looks like a map of the Amazon river, with its tributaries. The scars remain to testify to the work of the surgical knife, but he is happy in his recovery and exhibits the wounds with the pride of a veteran warrior. The results in Ecklon's case are most peculiar; one of them refutes the theory that the vocal cords are necessary to articulation. Ecklon has no vocal cords, as they were removed in the operation, yet nature, in leaving the fistula in his oesophagus, has tried to provide a substitute for them in the two flaps which were formed when the threads relaxed during the operation. These flaps regulate the pitch of his voice, relaxing and contracting the same as the vocal cords. Ecklon has not breathed through his mouth or nose since 1895—in fact, his mouth is practically at the top of his breast bone, so far as his respiratory powers are concerned. When he coughs he does so through this tube, and he extinguishes a match placed in front of it with the same ease that an ordinary person would blow it out with his mouth.

Chicago News: Caution is the foundation of prudence.