

next by Justin H. McCarthy, a lady and a gentleman alternating chapter by chapter in the following order: Mrs. Trollope, Conan Doyle, May Crommelin, F. C. Phillips, "Rita," Joseph Hatton, Mrs. Lovett Cameron, Bram Stoker, Florence Marryatt, Frank Danby, Mrs. Edward Kennard, Richard Dowling, Mrs. Hungerford, Arthur A'Beckett, Mrs. Macquoid, G. Manville Fenn, &c. The novel will be specially illustrated, and the first chapter will be published in the Christmas Number of *The Gentlewoman*, the succeeding chapters appearing week by week.

The Brussels papers are making great fun of that perpetual Continental butt, John Bull. It is stated, but how truly is questionable, that immediately after the news of Boulanger's suicide was published, an English family chartered a brake, and drove post-haste to the Ixelles Cemetery, where they stated that they "had come to see the blood." "Unfortunately," the report adds, "their taste for sanguinary details was not satisfied, for all traces of the crime had just been removed."

I cut from *Harper* the following account of what, if true, must have been as smart an operation as even the United States can produce. Miss Helen H. Gardner tells the story. It seems that the patient was a child of a year old. Like the rest of his countrymen, he was not soft-headed—too little so, in fact, for it appears that while his body grew, his head did not. "It was too hard," says Miss Gardner; "the seams of the skull had grown fast and solid, so that the brain within was cramped and compressed by its unyielding bony covering." The result seems to have been that the child became imbecile, dull, and heavy, and its limbs weak and powerless. A celebrated Surgeon was consulted, and volunteered to try a new operation, warning the parents that it might be fatal, but that *no* operation meant hopeless idiocy. I cannot describe the operation better than by quoting Miss Gardner:—

"The child's skull was laid bare in front. Two tracks were cut from a little above the base (or top) of the nose up and over to the back of the head. One of these tracks was cut on each side, the Surgeon explained, because it would give equal expansion to the two sides of the brain, and because it would cause death to cut through the middle of the top of the head, where lies 'the superior longitudinal sinus.' He left, therefore, the solid track of bone through the middle, and cut two grooves or tracks of bone, one on either side. The trench made displaced or cut away one-quarter of an inch of solid bone, all the way from near the base of the nose to the back part of the head. In the middle of the top of the head on each side a cross-wise cut was made, and one

inch of bone divided. Another cut was made on either side, slanting towards the ears. This was one and a-half inches long. The Surgeon then tenderly inserted his forefingers, pressed the internal mass loose from the bones where it adhered, and pushed the bones wider apart. This process widened the trenches to one inch. The wound was now dressed with the wonderfully effective new aseptics, and the flesh and skin closed over. The operation had taken an hour and a-half. There was little bleeding. The baby was, of course, unconscious during the entire time. Oh, the blessings of anæsthetics! And now comes the wonderful result of this bold and radical, but tender and humane operation.

"The baby rallied well. In three days it showed improved intelligence. In eight days this improvement was marked. From a creature that sat listless, deformed, and unmindful of all about it, it began to 'take notice' like other children. From an 'it' it had been transformed into a 'he.' It had been given personality. It ate and slept fairly well. On the tenth day the wound was exposed and dressed. It had healed, or 'united by first intention,' as the Doctors say; and again one can but exclaim, 'Oh, those wonderful aseptic dressings!' It had united without suppuration. It was a clean wound, cleanly healing. One month after the operation the feet and hands had straightened out, and lost their jerky, aimless movements. The child is now a child. It acts and thinks like other children; laughs and coos and makes glad the hearts of those who love it. Could anything be more wonderful?"

And so, I suppose, "say all of us."

Do you remember "The Dancing Girl?" You will be interested to hear that Drusilla Ives, the beautiful Pagan, and John Christisson, the Quaker engineer, are now man and wife—off the stage. Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Neilson came up from Brighton, where they were on tour with their piece, and were married at a Registrar's Office, in London, on Friday, returning at once to the Theatre Royal, Brighton.

Comedies are in the air. Mr. George Meredith is said to have completed one, and the Poet Laureate has written another, the leading female part being intended for Miss Ada Rehan. Mr. Daly has purchased the exclusive rights for producing the play in England and the States, and will bring it out this winter at his New York Theatre. His tenure of the Lyceum is generally supposed to have been a great financial success, and everyone seems to have been charmed with Miss Rehan in "The Last Word."

Your loving

JEAN.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)