

Mr. Casey's Negotiable Stomach.

BY COLIN KIRKWOOD CROSS.

How two men made a trade of an important organ, and the unexpected snags that cropped up after what was considered to be the worst was over.

MR. PERCY ARLINGTON was a bachelor of thirty-five and a great *bon vivant*. He was president of a New York club, every member of which prided himself on his epicurean tastes, but all deferred to Mr. Arlington in matters pertaining to the higher branches of gastronomy.

His life had been devoted to the pleasures of the table, and he was never so happy as when presiding at a banquet, the bewildering *menu* of which was an artistic creation of his own.

He had never been known to partake of a dish the ingredients of which were not so disguised by elaborate French cookery as to make them unrecognizable, and only wines of the choicest vintage ever moistened his lips.

For some years everything went smoothly, and Mr. Arlington was a contented man. Then a misfortune befell him.

His stomach began to be troublesome. At first it was nothing serious; only an occasional fit of indigestion, with loss of appetite, and the doctors soon put him right again.

As time went on, however, his symptoms became more alarming. The gastric disturbances recurred with annoying frequency, and what had been at the outset only a slight indisposition was gradually developing into a grave disorder.

His physicians gave him medicine and counseled abstinence, but while he took their drugs, he ignored their advice. This course could only result in disaster, and in a very few months Mr. Percy Arlington found himself in rather a precarious condition.

His stomach had rebelled so forcibly against the treatment to which he subjected it that he was confined to his room on a diet of gruel and water, and the doctor asserted confidently that his days of banqueting were over.

To say that Mr. Arlington was miserable would be putting it lightly. But he refused to accept the medical verdict as absolutely as his stomach had refused to accept the French entrées which were the cause of his downfall, and declared that he would again feast and revel as of old.

The doctors did not argue the point and left him to his own reflections. These were not pleasant, for he made no attempt to reconcile himself to the situation, nor had he the remotest idea of how he was to make good his boast that he would again live the life of a sybarite.

It seemed hard that while all his other internal organs were in good working order, the one which he needed most should refuse to perform its duty.

He stubbornly insisted in his own mind that it should be compelled to serve him as of yore, and while he was trying to devise some way of rejuvenating a worn-out stomach the nurse handed him the morning paper.

He lay looking listlessly over the headings for a few minutes, and then became absorbed in one of the articles. As he read, his face brightened, and presently he laid the paper down and ordered the nurse to send at once for the physician who had charge of his case.

The man obeyed in some surprise, and a couple of hours later the doctor made his appearance. Requesting him to be seated, Mr. Arlington sent the nurse from the room, and then informed the other why he had been summoned.

"Doctor," he said, "I want you to change my stomach for another one."

The doctor looked into his eyes and made a move to feel of his pulse.

"Keep your seat, doctor," he said. "I know what I'm talking about, and I mean what I say. In the morning

paper I read an account of several successful operations for the removal of diseased stomachs. Now, if a person who is much reduced in vitality by lingering sickness can survive the loss of this organ with nothing to replace it, I could surely have my stomach taken out and another one immediately put in with very little danger of fatal results."

"Pooh, pooh! Ridiculous! You're talking nonsense, sir," said the old doctor contemptuously.

"I'm not talking nonsense," rejoined Mr. Arlington. "It's a sound, sensible proposition that I make, although it may never have occurred to any one else. Now stop and consider for a minute, doctor. Then perhaps it won't strike you as being so absurd."

"But, my dear sir, what you propose is impossible," said the doctor, looking a little uneasy. "Even allowing, for the sake of argument, that such a surgical feat was possible, there are a hundred reasons why it could never be actually performed. One is sufficient, however, to dispose of the matter for good—where would you get the sound stomach to take the place of yours?"

"Out of a sound, healthy man, of course," replied Mr. Arlington.

"And where would you find the man?"

"That I don't know yet, but nevertheless I shall find him."

The doctor smiled incredulously and made no reply.

"Will you undertake the operation of transferring the stomachs if I find a man who is willing to exchange his for mine?" asked Mr. Arlington.

"No, sir—certainly not. Quite irregular—not to be thought of for a moment," rejoined the doctor.

"Don't be too hasty in your decision," said Mr. Arlington. "You know that I'm a rich man, and you *should* know that I'm an obstinate one. I've fully made up my mind to have that operation performed, even if it costs half my fortune to bring it about, and I should much prefer to put myself in your hands: but if you absolutely refuse to do as I wish, I must look elsewhere for a surgeon to give me a new stomach. There are plenty of young

men in the profession who would jump at the chance I offer you."

"Yes," said the doctor testily, "there are plenty of young fools who would undertake to change heads for you if you wanted them to, but it doesn't follow that they'd make a success of the operation."

"I shall not take your refusal as final," went on Mr. Arlington. "Wait till I find a man who will part with his stomach, and then you may conclude to save us both from the possible dangers of unskilful surgery."

The doctor had no idea that such a man could be found, and after giving his patient a sedative, left him for the day.

For the next week Mr. Arlington was in a fever of anxiety. He wrote to a friend who did business near the waterfront, asking him to send a few able-bodied workmen to his rooms at different times, but giving no reason for making the request.

In the course of four or five days more than a dozen rugged-looking fellows called on the sick man, and he tried his best to induce them to exchange stomachs. Naturally he expected to pay something for the accommodation, and he offered quite extravagant sums if they would comply with his wishes, but none of them showed any disposition to consider the matter.

While he never wavered in his determination, Mr. Arlington became convinced that even poor men attached considerable value to their own internal organs, and their persistent refusal to exchange them for damaged ones caused him much uneasiness.

One morning he was sitting up in an armchair and listening absently to the doctor's instructions regarding his diet, when a servant announced the presence of another visitor in the anteroom. By Mr. Arlington's order, he was ushered in at once, and proved to be a stout, healthy-looking Irishman of about his own age.

"Oi was sint here, sor, by a gintleman on th' front soide," he said, looking about him in an uncertain way.

"Yes, that's quite right. And what is your name, my good man?" Mr. Arlington asked.

"Moiles Casey, sor," was the reply.

"Take a chair, Mr. Casey. I sent for you on a matter of some importance, and I'll come to the point at once. Will you, for a liberal money consideration, consent to exchange stomachs with me?"

"Indade Oi will, poor sowl," said Miles soothingly; "an' yez can have me liver an' kidneys as well, av they'll comfort yez any."

Both Mr. Arlington and the doctor were forced to smile.

"Oh, I'm not insane, Mr. Casey, as this gentleman, who is my physician, will tell you," said Arlington. Then, turning to the doctor, he added: "I wish you'd explain the matter to him so that he'll understand it."

"I don't wish to have anything to do with such a nonsensical piece of business," said the doctor.

"But I only ask you to state the case to him, fully and fairly, and that won't bind you to take part in any subsequent proceedings, unless you wish to."

"Very well," said the doctor dryly, "I'll state the case, fully and fairly. Mr. Casey," he continued, addressing Miles, "this gentleman's stomach is a little out of repair, and he would like to exchange it for yours, which is presumably a sound one."

Miles rose solemnly from his chair and started toward the door.

"Wait, sir!" cried Arlington apprehensively. "Pray be seated and hear what the doctor has to say."

"Me poor craytures, Oi cud do yez no good by shtayin' here," murmured the Irishman, with a look of commiseration. "Oi've me work to do, an' av Oi'd knowed it was an asoylum Oi was comin' to, Oi cud a saved mesilf th' throuble."

"Mr. Casey," said the doctor gravely, "I don't wonder that you think us crazy, for I should have thought the same myself of any man who made such a proposition a few months ago. But we're both as sane as you are yourself, and if you'll listen for a minute I think I can convince you that, while I don't approve of it, Mr. Arlington's idea is not the delusion of a madman."

"You shall lose nothing by coming

here, anyway," said Mr. Arlington, noticing that Miles seemed little disposed to prolong the interview. "Here," he continued, taking a ten dollar gold piece from his pocket and holding it out, "you shall have this to pay for your trouble, and now I hope you'll spare us a little more of your time."

Miles took the money and resumed his seat, evidently in doubt as to whether the two men were *compos mentis* or not, but he listened attentively to the doctor's words.

"Probably," he said, "you've heard something of the wonderful advances in surgery during the last few years; but what most nearly concerns us is an operation for the removal of the human stomach, which has several times been successfully performed. When a European surgeon first demonstrated the possibility of safely removing what had hitherto been supposed to be a vital organ, the medical fraternity was more surprised than any one else. So, of course, it's not strange, Mr. Casey, that you thought we were suggesting an impossibility. As it is, however, such a transfer of stomachs as Mr. Arlington proposes might, under favorable circumstances, be made with a reasonable degree of safety. Understand, though, I am not advising that it should be attempted, and I only inform you of the facts and probabilities concerning it at Mr. Arlington's particular request."

"Are you satisfied now, Mr. Casey? Do you believe that my stomach could be replaced by another without much danger?" Arlington asked.

"Oi suppose so," said Miles a little doubtfully. "Oi belave now that yez both be in your roight sines, an' yoursilf wud be takin' th' same chances as th' other man, av yez iver found wan that wud thrade insides wid yez."

"That's a very sensible way to look at the matter. I see you're nobody's fool, Mr. Casey," said Arlington.

Miles grinned.

"Thank yez, sor," he replied. "Yez may be sure Oi'm not fool enough to give a good shtomach for a bad wan."

"I didn't mean that," rejoined Arlington hastily. "You'd be doing a very good stroke of business if you accepted my offer."

"An' what is your offer?" asked Miles carelessly.

"It's this," said Arlington: "if you'll exchange your stomach for mine, I'll pay all expenses of the operation and for whatever time you may have to remain under the doctor's care, and when you're able to go about your business I'll give you five thousand dollars."

"Howly St. Patrick, but that's a great dale of money!" exclaimed Miles in amazement.

"Yes, it's more than you could ever get together by doing hard work," said Mr. Arlington, eying him keenly.

"Oi cud live like a lord all me days, cudn't Oi?"

"You could if you took care of it and didn't live too long," replied Arlington, smiling to himself as he thought what a very little while that amount would last him if he could only gain possession of Mr. Casey's stomach.

Miles rubbed his chin and seemed much perplexed.

"Well," said Arlington after a pause, "are you going to earn the five thousand dollars, Mr. Casey?"

"Lave me think a minute," answered Miles. "Foive thousand dollars! An' as foine a shtomach as iver a man had for an ould, worn-out wan. Is it no good at all?" he asked. "Cud it be patched up a bit whin we changed th' two about?"

"The doctor can tell you about what condition my stomach is in," replied Arlington.

"It's in a very bad condition at present," said the doctor, "and is never likely to improve much, although if it belonged to a man who was content to live on plain food, and eat two meals a day instead of four, it would perform its duty fairly well, and be getting better all the time."

"Thin, by Hivins, Oi'll make th' dale!" exclaimed Miles.

"I must go now," said the doctor; "and remember, both of you, that if you persist in carrying out your intentions it's against my advice, and I doubt very much whether you'll find physicians of good standing to take part in such an unheard of proceeding."

When the doctor had gone Mr. Arlington talked over a few details with

Miles, and it was agreed that they should submit themselves to the knives of the surgeons as soon as all the necessary arrangements could be made.

When he found that the operation was actually going to be performed, the old doctor could not resist the inclination to be present, and Mr. Arlington finally induced him to conduct it himself.

The utmost care was taken in preparing for this unprecedented piece of surgery, and when the two men were put under the influence of anesthetics and laid upon the operating table, all that science could do had been done to make the coming operation a success.

In less than ten minutes the two stomachs were transferred, a Murphy button was put over the union of the ducts leading in and out of them, and the incisions in the abdomens were closed.

The patients were then conveyed to beds in the private hospital where the operation took place, and for the next two or three days some of the physicians watched them constantly. No unfavorable symptoms appeared in either case, and at the end of a month they were both pronounced as well as ever.

Mr. Arlington gave Miles a check for five thousand dollars, and they went their respective ways.

The satisfaction which Mr. Arlington felt at having a new lease of life, as it were, was mingled with a sense of triumph to think that he had defied nature as well as the doctor, and made good his assertion that he would again eat, drink, and be merry.

He entered the club dining-room with a light heart, and was welcomed cordially by his friends. They all knew that he had been indisposed for several weeks, but supposed his disorder to be nothing out of the common.

It was the lunch hour, and, seating himself at a table with two or three others, he ordered an elaborate meal. He was hungry, and looked forward with joyful anticipation to feasting upon the viands that he loved so well.

The chef prepared his order with his own hands, and when the luncheon was served Mr. Arlington felt that he was indeed a happy man. With a stomach

that was as healthy as a child's, what long years of gastronomic delight were now before him!

He helped himself liberally from the beautifully arranged dishes before him and began to eat. Then he hesitated, took another mouthful, tasted of one or two other things, and sat back in his chair with a puzzled look upon his face.

"Grayson," he said to the man sitting opposite, "have we got a new chef?"

"No, there have been no changes in the kitchen since you were last here," was the reply.

"It's strange," continued Arlington; "I never knew him to make a mistake before, but he seems to have everything wrong to-day."

"I haven't noticed anything out of the way," said Grayson.

"My ragout is not what it should be at all, and the salmi is a failure," returned Arlington.

"I've tried both, and I thought them perfect," said Grayson, looking somewhat surprised.

Arlington made no reply, but he felt rather uncomfortable, and after vainly trying to relish some of the food before him, he rose from the table and left the room. What little he had eaten did not go far toward appeasing his hunger, and at six o'clock he was ravenous.

He returned to the club, and, seating himself at a small table by himself, called for a dinner which he thought would atone for his unpalatable luncheon. When he found that nothing tasted any better than it had at noon, and also that his stomach still craved food of some kind, he became quite alarmed.

Finally he ordered a carriage and was driven to the doctor's residence.

After he had described his distaste for food, while yet remaining hungry, the doctor said that it was more a matter of imagination than anything else, and resulted from nervousness. He advised him to go to bed and get a good night's sleep, after which his food would probably taste as it should.

But the next day things were no better, and so it went on for some little time.

He was obliged to eat to sustain himself, but instead of being an exquisite pleasure, his meals were rather a disagreeable necessity. He had not bargained for this, and although he hoped that time would restore his old appetite, Mr. Arlington was feeling much depressed.

At the end of a week he started out one morning to see if a long walk would not help matters some.

At noon he was passing through one of the side streets leading from the down-town water-front to Broadway, when he involuntarily halted in front of an inferior-looking restaurant.

It was the smell of corned beef and cabbage that had arrested his steps, and why it should do so seemed to him unaccountable. It also struck him as very strange that instead of being offensive to his nostrils, the plebeian odor was decidedly pleasant.

He went on a short distance, stopped irresolutely for a moment, and, turning about, again walked by the open doorway from which the unmistakable aroma came. Mr. Arlington repeated this maneuver several times, and manifested an ever-increasing disposition to linger near the center of attraction.

At last he glanced up and down the street hastily, and without more ado bolted into the place. As he skulked into a seat at one of the tables a waiter approached to take his order.

"State yer case," he said bruskiy.

"I want some corned beef and cabbage," replied Mr. Arlington, with the look of a detected pickpocket.

"Mahogany an' cow's delight!" screamed the waiter.

While waiting for his repast to be brought, Mr. Arlington noticed that the man opposite was eating boiled potatoes, and he at once felt an uncontrollable desire to do likewise. He must have the potatoes, but he would order a bottle of wine, and even though he did not drink any, it would look a little more respectable to have it before him.

He had just come to this conclusion when the corned beef and cabbage was slammed down on the table with a crash, and the waiter whirled around to serve another customer.

"Wait a moment!" cried Mr. Ar-

lington; "I want some boiled potatoes and a pint of claret, if you have it."

"Irish lemons an' Dago wrath!" shouted the waiter.

Mr. Arlington ate his dinner with the appetite of a man who had been half starved for a week, and, being unable to drink the wine, called for a cup of coffee with cream.

"Tip th' can an' milk th' goat!" yelled the waiter.

When he was ready to leave, the man gave him a bit of brown pasteboard with twenty-nine cents marked on it.

"Isn't this a mistake?" asked Mr. Arlington in astonishment.

"No, that's dead right," was the reply. "Eight cents for corn' beef an' cabbage, three for spuds, three for coffee, an' fifteen for wine. The wine's what made it set you back so hard."

Mr. Arlington handed the waiter a dollar for himself, as a slight relief to his own feelings, and, after paying his twenty-nine cents at the counter, left the place.

The twenty-nine cents seemed almost too much for him to bear. If they had charged him anything like what the poorest, most miserable kind of a dinner ought to cost he would not have felt so thoroughly debased.

But twenty-nine cents! Mr. Percy Arlington had wined and dined for twenty-nine cents!

He knew now what the trouble was, and what it had been all along. It was the stomach! The low-bred, vulgar stomach!

But it should never degrade him again. He must be patient, and now that he knew where the difficulty lay, it could not take very long to accustom the stomach to his way of living and make it turn against corned beef as scornfully as his old stomach would have done.

That evening at the club he was very thoughtful, and made but a feeble attempt to dine. He could not help comparing the elegantly appointed tables with the oilcloth covered boards and the battered stone-china at the riverside restaurant. Then he noted the noiseless, deferential way in which the well-bred servant at his elbow did his bidding, and remembered with a shud-

der the servitor who had ministered to his wants at midday.

He glanced at the long array of French and Italian dishes on the *menu* card, and thought of the orders which the waiter had shouted back into the kitchen. And then the twenty-nine cents!

For several days Mr. Arlington never stepped outside of the club rooms, and he tried to make himself believe that the stomach was taking more kindly to his way of living. The fact remained, however, that he could eat but very little, and was getting exceedingly hungry.

At the end of another week he was almost famished, and then the stomach conspired with his legs to such effect that they marched him off to the corned beef restaurant, and he fell another notch in his own estimation.

This performance was repeated weekly for a month; then semi-weekly, tri-weekly, and as the year rolled round Mr. Arlington admitted himself to be beaten by the stomach and dined at the obscure eating-house daily.

He might have eaten the same food in more congenial company, but only at the expense of his reputation as a *gourmet*; for in any well-kept place he would be almost certain to meet friends who could not help observing the dishes of which he partook.

At last something happened which shocked him greatly, and compelled him to seek another cheap restaurant. He had dined and was just stepping out upon the walk one day when he found himself face to face with Grayson of the club, who stood looking at the building.

"What in the world were you doing in there?" Grayson asked in evident surprise.

For a few moments Arlington was speechless with dismay, and then a happy idea struck him.

"I just called to see about some repairs that are wanted," he said coolly. "I own the building, you know, and my agent is too unwell to attend to business."

Grayson looked at him in a very peculiar way.

"Arlington," he said, "you're not

feeling right. I don't think you realize how unwell you are, and I don't believe your doctors understand the case. Take my advice and let some of the great specialists examine you."

"Why, I'm not a sick man," replied Arlington.

"You think you're not, but unfortunately you're very much mistaken. You've not been yourself since the sickness that you had a year ago. You know you never recovered your appetite, and I don't believe you've eaten a full meal since you came back to the club."

"Nonsense!" said Arlington uneasily. "I'm well enough. My appetite has been a little poor, but it's improving and will be as good as ever soon."

"You'd better do as I suggest, and find out what really ails you," persisted Grayson. "You don't know what may happen if you go on as you are doing."

The two men parted, and Arlington felt very uncomfortable. Grayson's words did not trouble him so much as the curious way in which the other looked at him, and then it seemed as though he meant more than he said. He appeared to be holding something back.

That night at the club, Arlington several times caught men glancing at him furtively, and they quickly averted their eyes. Those to whom he spoke seemed constrained in their manner, and, while perfectly civil, they manifested no disposition to converse with him.

A few days later he was sitting in his restaurant at noon when he saw Grayson enter the room and step up to the counter, where he stood talking with the proprietor.

Arlington was horrified. He believed that he was lost. Grayson was suspicious, and had come to inquire whether he really owned the building. He had only to describe him, and the next moment the restaurant man would point him out.

He hung his head and waited for what was to come.

Presently, however, Grayson left the place without ever glancing his way, and the proprietor went on attending to his business. There was nothing to

indicate that he had been the subject of their conversation.

But what could Grayson have had to say to the man who was conducting such a very common eating-house? Arlington resolved to find out if possible, and when he paid for his dinner he lingered at the desk a moment.

"Did you know that gentleman who was talking to you a few minutes ago?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the restaurant man.

"I thought it was a Mr. Grayson, with whom I'm acquainted, but being near-sighted, I couldn't feel sure," continued Arlington.

"You were right—his name is Grayson."

"I was rather surprised to see him here," Arlington went on, with an inquiring look.

"He doesn't come very often," was the reply; "but, you see, he owns the building, and he was here to see about some repairs I want made in the rear."

As Arlington passed on into the street, a cold perspiration broke out all over him. He understood now why Grayson had looked at him in such a peculiar way, and why the men at the club had behaved so oddly toward him.

Grayson had told of his claiming to own the building which belonged to himself, and they all believed that he was losing his mind. And the wretched stomach was responsible for it all!

The next day he started out to find another restaurant, for he dared not continue to visit the one where Grayson was liable to appear at any time. He had been through two or three streets leading to the river without fixing on a place to dine when he saw an old acquaintance coming toward him.

He felt in no mood to enjoy a pleasant chat, and perhaps he dragged off to lunch, and he dodged into the nearest beer-saloon to wait until his friend had passed.

Looking about him, he saw a number of workmen sitting at small tables and eating what appeared to be some kind of a stew. Each man had a mug of beer at his elbow, and the mugs were large enough to suggest glass kegs with handles on them.

The beer looked good, and the stew smelt very appetizing. Mr. Arlington waited until he felt sure that the man whom he wished to avoid had passed, and then he waited a little longer.

The longer he waited, the longer he wanted to wait, and finally he seated himself at a table with almost a groan, and concluded to let the stomach have its own way.

An attendant brought him one of the immense mugs filled with beer, and a large dish of the savory stew. He ate and drank with gusto, and called for more. Another plate of stew was eaten, but he could only manage the one glass of beer.

Then he stepped to the bar and took out his purse.

"What do I owe?" he asked.

"Foive cints, sor," was the reply.

"What?" he gasped.

"Foive cints," repeated the bartender.

"But I had two plates of stew, besides the beer," he said.

"It wud make no diff'rence av yez had twinty. It's free-lunch that we be havin' iv'ry day, an' whoile there's a dhrop left in th' wash-boiler you bes welcome to it. Oi'm glad, sor, that yez loike th' good ould Oirish stew."

Mr. Arlington paid the bill, and, resisting an inclination to dash his hat upon the floor and tear his hair, left the saloon.

Perhaps, though, what had just occurred was a thing to be thankful for. If his descent had been more gradual, the stomach might have led him on until he got to picking up apple-cores and orange-peel and melon-rinds out of the gutter.

But the ominous warning he had just received was not to be disregarded, and an idea which had intruded itself into his mind several times of late now became a fixed resolve. He proceeded directly to his room at the club and sent a message to Mr. Miles Casey, requesting that the latter would call on him at the earliest possible moment.

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While Mr. Casey's stomach was disturbing Mr. Arlington's peace of mind so grievously, his stomach was making Mr. Casey's life a burden to him.

The rest and simple diet which the epicurean stomach was forced to take while in the hospital gave it quite a healthy tone. Consequently, when Mr. Miles Casey found himself again on the street, with a good appetite and five thousand dollars in his pocket, he felt that he had made an excellent bargain.

He went directly to a restaurant of the same class as that which Mr. Arlington frequented later on, and ordered a bountiful meal. When it was set before him he found that his appetite had vanished, and what little he managed to eat had a tendency to nauseate him.

This was annoying, but he believed, as Mr. Arlington did, that the strange stomach would soon reconcile itself to its surroundings and cause him little or no discomfort.

He soon found, however, that nothing which he had been accustomed to eat or drink suited the stomach at all. Then he tried restaurants of a higher grade, for before a week had passed he was very hungry.

But he only ordered the same plain dishes, and the fact of their being cooked and served in better style made them little more acceptable to the stomach.

He went from one place to another in the endeavor to find something of which the stomach would allow him to eat his fill. This state of affairs continued for over two months, and Miles was becoming a very miserable man.

He could no longer associate closely with his old companions, because he felt only disgust for the food and drink on which they subsisted.

One evening the stomach was clamoring more loudly than usual for food of some kind, but what it was poor Miles had no idea. He began to fear that it was an unnatural stomach, with a hunger which nothing could appease, and that was why Mr. Arlington had wished to get rid of it.

Even if this were the case, he must continue to eat what little he could, and entering the first restaurant he came to, he seated himself wearily at a table.

It was a much more elegant dining-room than any he had been in before, and the table service was in keeping

with the decorations. Miles thought to himself that prices must be high, but unless things changed for the better, his money would last much longer than he did, and his bill could not be very large any way.

A waiter in full dress brought him a bill-of-fare, but the dishes all had foreign names, and he was unable to read a word of it.

"Bring me somethin' to ate that'll taste good, av yez have it," he said.

"Won't you make a selection from the bill-of-fare, sir?" the waiter asked.

"Oi will not," said Miles. "Oi'm nayther a Dago or a Frinchman, or a furriner uv any kind, as yez moight guess, an' your bill-of-fare bes no use to me."

"Do you wish me to serve a full dinner, sir?"

"Uv coorse Oi do," replied Miles fretfully.

The waiter disappeared and returned shortly with a plate of soup and a small bottle of Sauterne. Miles eyed the soup disdainfully, but when he took a spoonful of it, he was surprised to find that it suited his palate better than anything had before since he left the hospital.

It was the same with what followed, and as course after course was served, his spirits rose and he enjoyed his dinner thoroughly.

When he had finished his desert and drunk a glass of green chartreuse, he rose from the table in a very happy frame of mind and went to the cashier to pay his bill.

"It's a great dinner Oi had, an' what'll it be?" he asked.

"Seventeen dollars and a half," said the cashier.

"Siventeen dollars an' a half!" exclaimed Miles. "Oi didn't think Oi was atin' th' worth uv that—but niver moind—Oi'll take a tooth-pick an' make it aven money," he said, throwing down a twenty dollar bill.

He was turning to walk away, but the cashier called him back.

"Here's your change—two dollars and a half," he said.

"Oi thought th' tooth-pick wud be that much," said Miles as he took the money and left the place.

But although he tried to make light

of it, Miles could not help feeling that he had paid exorbitantly for the only meal that the stomach had relished.

"Oi'll not be caught in' that thrap again," he said to himself when he was out on the street. "Oi see now why he wanted to be shut uv th' sthomach. He cudn't afford to kape it. It'll be a long whoile, though, before Oi put siven-teen dollars an' a half in it ag'in, an' it'll have many a free-lunch to take care of for th' way it's sarved me now."

Miles held to his resolution and lived on his old fare for a few days, and then hunger drove him back to the French restaurant. This time he ate his meal in gloomy silence, paid his bill without a word, and again promised himself that the stomach should have no more French dinners.

But in spite of all that he could do, the stomach finally gained the upper hand, as his had done with Mr. Arlington, and in the course of a few weeks Miles gave up the battle.

He dined at the restaurant regularly every night, and ate nothing else to speak of during the twenty-four hours. His money could not last long when it cost fifteen or twenty dollars a day for his dinner, and he had not the heart to go to work when it would take him two weeks to earn one meal.

There was not a more unhappy man in New York than Miles while the stomach was consuming his little fortune.

Every time he settled for his dinner he felt as if he had burned up so much money, and when, at the end of a year, he paid for the last dinner he could pay for, it was almost a relief to him. He had seven or eight dollars left, and that would last some time to live in the old way.

A week passed, and the stomach was becoming very troublesome, but Miles had no money to buy what it wanted, and it must perforce go without.

"It's a hard dale Oi've had," he said, as he sat one afternoon in his little lodging room. "Me money's gone an' me shtomach's gone, an' Oi'm fearin' Oi'll niver prosper ag'in. Av Oi ownly had me own shtomach back, there wudn't be a happier man in th' city uv New York."

While he sat musing sadly over his misfortunes, the messenger whom Mr. Arlington had sent appeared and requested him to call upon that gentleman at once if possible.

"What shall I tell him?" the boy asked.

"Yez can tell 'im that it may be Oi'll come, an' it may be Oi won't," replied Miles gloomily.

Then, as the boy left him, he said to himself: "He wants me liver now, Oi suppose, but divil another bit uv me he'll get. Oi belave, though, Oi'll go to 'im, for he moight be givin' me a tin dollar piece, as he did whin Oi'd th' bad luck to mate 'im first."

Miles put on his coat and went directly to the club. Mr. Arlington was much relieved to see him so soon after receiving his unsatisfactory message, and informed him at once why he had been summoned.

"Mr. Casey," he said, "after a year's trial, I've come to the conclusion that your stomach doesn't suit me as well as my own, and I want to exchange again as soon as possible."

Miles could hardly conceal his joy at this announcement, but remained silent, as he believed that by acting shrewdly he might get a goodly sum of money for complying with Mr. Arlington's wishes.

"What do you say, Mr. Casey?" Arlington went on. "I suppose you'd be willing to submit to another operation for the sake of having your own stomach back, would you not?"

"No, sor, Oi wud not," said Miles.

"Why not? Isn't it a much better stomach than the one you have now?" asked Arlington, looking slightly annoyed.

"No, sor, it is not," replied Miles.

"Isn't the stomach weak?"

"No, sor, it's far from bein' wake. Av yez cud fale th' appetoite uv it right now, yez wouldn't call it wake."

"Doesn't food distress it?"

"Only whin it's out uv its r'ach, sor," replied Miles.

"Well, to settle the matter at once, I'll give you the same amount that I did before to transfer the stomachs. That's satisfactory, is it not?"

"It is not, sor," said Miles. "Th'

shtomach that's in me now is a foine, gentlemanly wan, an' Oi have great toimes wid it—'atin' what me own shtomach wudn't know was good."

"I'll give you ten thousand," said Arlington eagerly. "You'll take that, won't you?"

"No, sor, Oi woudn't loike to let it go, an' av yez'll excuse me Oi'll be off to a foine dinner that Oi've orthered for th' day."

Miles had made a pretty close guess at the situation, and concluded that he was mistaken in thinking Mr. Arlington parted with his stomach because it was too expensive. When he spoke of dinner, an idea struck Arlington, as Miles had hoped it would, and he resolved to see how his old stomach worked at the present time.

"You shall have dinner here with me," he said. "A better dinner, I'll warrant, than the stomach has ever had since it came into your possession."

"It must be an' illegant wan thin," said Miles; "for th' shtomach's makin' a gentleman uv me fast, an' Oi'm gettin' to know what good livin' bes loike, an' what Oi lost whin Oi had that ould scut uv a shtomach that you do be troubled wid now."

Mr. Arlington rang for a waiter, who set a table for two in his private parlor, and a dinner was served which far exceeded any of which Miles had hitherto partaken. Being desperately hungry, he did full justice to it, while his host looked on in amazement.

When the table was cleared and they lighted cigars, Mr. Arlington was ready to give half of his fortune, if need be, to recover the stomach which he had been equally anxious to part with.

"Mr. Casey," he said, "will you name the amount that will induce you to return my stomach and take your own back?"

"Oi'll take twinty thousand dollars, sor, an' divil a cint less," answered Miles, who believed this to be as much money as he could ever take care of or have any possible use for.

"You shall have it, sir, and we'll go to the hospital to-morrow," said Arlington, with a look of relief upon his face.

The novel operation was again successfully performed, and in due time

both men left the hospital in possession of the stomachs with which nature had endowed them; and Miles also had twenty thousand dollars of Mr. Arlington's money.

He soon invested it in a small tenement-house, and there was not a happier Irishman in the country.

His stomach had learned no bad habits while in Mr. Arlington's care, and fifteen-cent dinners and free-lunches tasted as well as they had ever done. At the end of a year he found that, while denying himself nothing which he really wanted, he had been unable to spend half of his income.

And Mr. Miles Casey was fond of cakes and ale, too, but with him cakes and ale did not mean champagne and truffles.

While Miles thus prospered and took his ease, Mr. Arlington was enjoying life to the utmost, for a while. When he went back to the club and announced that his health was fully restored, his stomach seemed in better condition than it had ever been.

He at once inaugurated a season of feasting and reveling such as even the club had never before known, and for a while all went well.

In the course of three or four months, however, he began to feel some of his old symptoms. The stomach had been able to take care of one meal a day without overtaxing its energies, even though that meal was not a very digestible one; but when it came to four of the same kind, it weakened, and after enduring a great deal of abuse, absolutely refused to do its duty.

So at the end of a year Mr. Arlington found himself in much the same condition as he had been just before exchanging stomachs with Miles the first time.

In fact, he was in a rather worse plight, for now some of the other organs in sympathy with the stomach were also affected. He saw plainly this time that his race as a *bon vivant* was

run, and but one thing remained for him to do—once more obtain Mr. Casey's stomach, to use for the balance of his life, and thereby secure at least good health.

He anticipated little difficulty in inducing Miles again to take possession of the stomach which he had praised so highly, and when his mind was fully made up he notified him that he was wanted.

Miles was somewhat curious to know why he had been sent for, and he soon appeared at the invalid's bedside.

"How should you like to have my stomach again to keep as long as you live, Mr. Casey?" Arlington asked.

"Oi shudn't loike it at all," said Miles.

"Do you mean to say that you won't exchange yours for the stomach that you were so well pleased with?"

"Indade Oi will not," replied Miles. "A burnt choild dhreads th' foir. Oi've me good, owld Oirish shtomach back, an' it'll be a cowl'd day whin Oi part wid it ag'in."

"But I thought you were delighted with my stomach," said Arlington.

"Oi know yez did," replied Miles. "Oi meant that yez shud, an' Oi didn't tell yez how Oi was ruined intoirely an' me heart near broke wid that extravagant divil uv a shtomach that you do be fadin' now. Oi've enough to keep two such shtomachs as moine on th' fat uv th' land, wid lashin's uv beer as well, an' it's not loike Oi'd part wid th' ould friend that's made a rich man uv me an' thin come back to share me good fortune."

Mr. Arlington argued and pleaded, and offered immense sums of money, but Miles was immovable in his determination to allow no more tampering with his internal organs. He returned to his tenement-house, and is at present taking the most solid kind of comfort, while the man who made his fortune is vainly seeking for somebody else who will exchange stomachs.