

KOSMYS. MAGICIAN.



How very interesting!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Eyck. "Be, I call it creepy," said her husband. "Amanda was always fond of out-of-the-way sensations to enliven her house parties," said the beautiful Mrs. Lloyd. "I notice that Carroll did not say much," put in Batcheller.

"No; but he looked hard enough at the performer and his pretty daughter, especially the latter."

"Mr. Batcheller, help me to serve tea," came the hostess' voice from the other end of the veranda. And the conversation changed over the five o'clock teacups.

That night, after the ladies had retired, Kosmys and Carroll were left alone in the smoking room. The latter had asked various questions as to the former's power or art. As Kosmys answered he shaded his eyes with his long, narrow hand, curved at the tips, "a rapacious, false hand," Carroll said, fancifully to himself. He was not inclined to like the man—he had a distrust of his evasive, veiled eyes. Kosmys was, perhaps, 40. He had a black beard, and his hair was growing thin.

"I must tell you that you are preparing a disappointment for yourself," he remarked at last, composedly, "if you seek to go into these matters too far. The most profound ultimate elucidations are only for those who have gone through a preliminary training—a rare case, as I need not remark."

"I do not understand your daughter's role in all this," Carroll said brusquely. "Would not your magic succeed if exercised on a chance person in your audience?"

"No law of the natural or supernatural sort can operate without the proper conditions," said Kosmys shortly. "The condition here is sympathy."

When Carroll retired he found his mind abnormally active, and, knowing that he could not sleep, raised himself on the pillows, after extinguishing the light. Then there happened to him something forever unexplained. A red gleam, as of coals, shown in one corner of the room. Presently a smoke came, and in it figures began to form—a man and a girl. Carroll's blood was now hammering in his ears and temples. He recognized Kosmys' black beard and shifting eyes, under the overhanging brows. But, more, he recognized the girl; it was the man's daughter, that exquisite, pathetic creature, with the haunting eyes, who had not been out of Carroll's thoughts since the magician had first been invited to entertain Mr. Trevelyan's house party. But no. Suddenly he seemed to feel, distinctly, that she was not the daughter of Kosmys. The two were as strangers to each other, and the man was pursuing the girl with hot passion, cruel and fierce, and she, with despairing prayers and energy, was defending herself.

Carroll sprang up. But the picture in the smoke had changed. What he saw now was the girl alone—the girl, as she had appeared to him the first time, a few days before, with her strange, cowed beauty, and the look of wistful eyes that implored impos-



THE MAN WAS PURSUING THE GIRL. sible help—and she was stretching out her hands to him in supplication; the tortured glance of her eyes was like an audible call.

Carroll was on his feet this time. But before him was only darkness. All had vanished. Alone, as he advanced, he saw the gleam of dying coals. He stooped. A flat pan stood upon the carpet. It had been placed there probably before he went to bed by some hand of solid flesh and blood. Carroll collected his thoughts. Kosmys had spoken of smoke pictures at his first performance. He said that they were now only seen at long intervals in the palaces of Indian rajahs. A few magicians of his kind had the secret of them in the West. But they were impossible save where very peculiar conditions of affinity existed between him who caused and him who saw them. A pan of coals, on which was thrown a certain powder, was a prerequisite.

Had Kosmys, then, placed the pan here, in Carroll's room, to show him the picture so damning to himself? Never! But she whom he called his daughter? Might it be? Had she not the same powers as the man whom she assisted? Had she not deliber-

ately tried to make clear to this stranger some terrible mystery in her existence, to implore his help, his success?

"Then," said Carroll, as the morning broke, "she knows the interest with which, insane as it may appear, she inspired me. If an affinity be necessary for these black arts, the affinity exists between us."

At breakfast the ladies chattered of the coming performance of that evening; the final one before Kosmys departed. The two, by their own wish, ate apart.

Carroll was silent and absorbed, pale and nervous. Carroll asked himself, now, in the broad daylight, whether he were not the victim of hallucination. The pan of coals was certainly in his room; but he might have dreamed the rest. Through the tenseness of his thought he heard Batcheller saying:

"The daughter is going to be put into a trance to-night, and we are to see some wonderful instances of thought-reading on her part. I believe Kosmys says he is keeping the best for the last."

"Yes," said Mrs. Trevelyan. "I have invited two or three dozen people over. Kosmys just now sent me word that his daughter would not appear during the day. They are preparing themselves in quiet, I suppose."

"I wonder if the girl is really the fellow's daughter," observed Mr. Van Eyck, to Batcheller, in a low tone. Batcheller gave a laugh and shrug. "Gad! who knows? With people of that kind," Carroll felt his ears tingle—he could have struck the speaker.

At 4 o'clock of the afternoon he went to his room. Upon his dressing table was a small folded paper. All day he had been ceaselessly restless. He had seemed to himself always to be waiting for something. He knew not what. He read over the following lines:

"Have I erred in thinking that you are a friend? I shall know, if you will go to the small conservatory after the performance to-night. A slave begs this—a bond slave; since the earliest girlhood in the grasp of a terrible power. Help! help! to escape from bondage! I have tried to reach your soul with mine. Did I succeed last night? Have you divined the truth? A horrible fate threatens me. The future will be worse than the past. The future? Who knows if I shall have one? He knows everything, this man. If he learns what I am attempting, he will kill me, for I hold all his secrets in my hand." There was no signature.

"The brute!" cried Carroll to himself. His doubts had vanished. This was a direct appeal. He felt the need of infinite circumspection. He must so act that no suspicion should be aroused. He went to the small conservatory and studied its entrance and exits, and the way by which he could best reach it that night unseen.

By 9 o'clock Mrs. Trevelyan's guests had assembled. Carroll looked narrowly at Kosmys as he entered. "At least," he thought, "he has discovered nothing as yet."

"The daughter looks ill," whispered Mrs. Van Eyck to her neighbor. Carroll overheard, but he avoided looking at the girl, as she, he felt, avoided looking at him.

She was seated in a chair, and then Kosmys, concentrating his gaze upon her, put her to sleep. She appeared to struggle against the influence, and Kosmys, with a gleam in his eye that made Carroll clench his hand against his side, leaned over her, and made passes with his fingers. There was something, to Carroll, evil, furious, in the magician's insistence. At last the trance was complete. The girl, reading the silent thoughts of this guest or that, began interpreting their wishes, lighting a lamp, finding a book, repeating a verse of poetry recalled in Mrs. Trevelyan's mind.

Suddenly she staggered and fell. A score of men sprang forward. Kosmys alone did not move.

There was a physician among the guests invited for that evening. He bent over the girl, and after a moment he said, in a quiet voice:

"She is dead!"

"Murderer! You have killed her!" shouted Carroll, springing toward Kosmys.

Several hands collared him. "Are you mad, man?" cried Batcheller. "Is it likely that the fellow would kill his greatest aid?"

Carroll went abroad. Months passed before any speech came from him as to the happenings at Mrs. Trevelyan's. Then, returning, he met the physician who had been present on that last night, and irresistibly impelled, he unbosomed himself. "Of course I can never explain it. No one can. But I am morally certain that the girl was that fellow's victim, entrapped as a child, trained to aid him in his work, and, finally, having grown to woman's estate, pursued by attentions that were odious to her. She saw that I was interested and strove to reach me, that I might help her. She dreaded him. She thought he would discover her attempt. And he evidently did. He found out that she had written to me and he killed her. Naturally all this is moonshine to you."

The other smoked gravely a moment. "Not necessarily. I am less materialistic than my conferees. I believe in the existence of things beyond my comprehension. Nevertheless, you're doubtless wrong as to the killing. The girl was agitated and the strain upon her was too great. Remember Bishop. He had gone through no end of mind-reading seances. Yet he died suddenly, directly after one. You can't tell when the brain and body will refuse to go farther.

Carroll fell into deep reverie. His face was pale and drawn. "That man was hard hit," said the doctor to himself.

TYPES OF YACHTS.

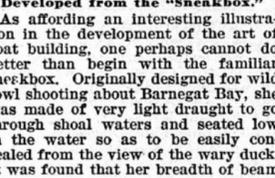
SMALL BOATS SUITABLE FOR PLEASURE SAILING.

Devices for Summer Safety—Canoe Yawls and Little Crafts That Stand All Sorts of Weather—The Cost of Small Yachts.

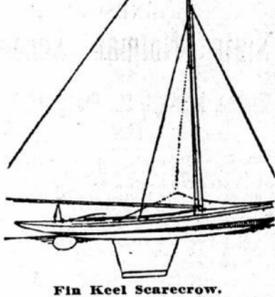
Luckily for the man of small means there is just as much sport, excitement and downright pleasure to be got out of a small yacht as out of a big one.

After racing some of the biggest single stickers afloat many prominent yachtsmen are now turning their attention to the twenty-one footer class. In a big boat it is the hired skipper who runs it, bosses the crew and gives all the necessary orders. The owner is after all little more than a privileged passenger. But in a small single handed yacht—that is, one which can be managed by one man, though its capacity is not necessarily restricted to that limited number—one has an exhilarating sense that everything depends on himself. I wish to give the average man of limited means, who is looking for a boat for cruising rather than for racing purposes, an idea of some of the craft that he can make his selection from.

Developed from the "Sneakbox." As affording an interesting illustration in the development of the art of boat building, one perhaps cannot do better than begin with the familiar sneakbox. Originally designed for wild fowl shooting about Barnegat Bay, she was made of very light draught to go through shoal waters and seated low in the water so as to be easily concealed from the view of the wary duck. It was found that her breadth of beam



Canoe Yawl in a Stiff Breeze.



Fin Keel Scarecrow.

gave her sufficient stability to carry sail well, and by introducing some modifications a boat was produced admirably adapted to the purpose of those who desired something roomier and with greater initial stability than the canoe, while possessing the latter's capacity to go anywhere where there might be enough water to float her under either sail or oars. One of these little fellows not more than 13 feet over all and 9 feet 4 inches on the water line and a beam of 3 feet 8 inches will carry two men comfortably, and with the aid of a hatch tent one can sleep on board of her if he isn't a stickler for luxurious accommodations. One of these boats, built in first class style, provided with sails and oars and all necessary equipments, can be had for \$100.

Built to a larger scale, 18 feet on the water line, 23 feet 6 inches over all, and with a beam of 5 feet, the cost of this type of boat is \$250.

Can't Capsize. A boat that is practically non-capsizable and unsinkable must always possess many elements of attraction, especially for the man who for the first time contemplates buying a boat. These are the qualities which, among many others that make her a speedy and handy cruiser. Mr. Stephens has worked into the boat what has become known as the Scarecrow type, from the name given to the first one of them built. She is fitted with a ballasted fin keel, watertight bulkheads, and the cockpit floor is placed some three inches above the load water line and provided with self-baling pipes and plugs, so that whatever water gets into it escapes through the slot made for the fin keel.

The end in view in the original design was a fairly fast boat, under a moderate sail plan, to carry two men and all cruising duffie, or four or five Kosmys.

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this class of boats I cannot do better than quote from an article by W. Baden-Powell, who has designed several of them:

To be easily propellable with oars or paddles and yet to be a fine sailer under canvas she must be fitted with a center plate and a drop plate rudder. She cannot under these conditions be made absolutely uncapsizable, therefore she must be built unsinkable—that is, she must be fitted with watertight bulkheads, so that even if the main or well compartment gets filled, either by shipping seas or by a capsizing, she will be still afloat and comparatively manageable. She must have sleeping



Canoe Yawl in a Stiff Breeze.

space for two people in the main well, and ample stowage space for water, provisions, stores, clothes and tent. In rig she must be handleable by one man in all ways and weather as to setting, reefing or stowing sails from the well. She should have as much area of sail as she can fairly carry in a moderate fresh under whole sail.

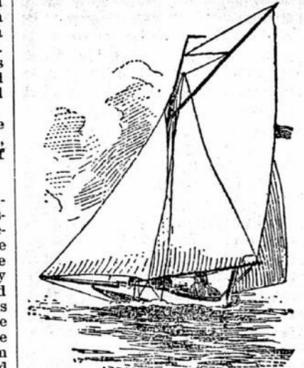
These requirements, according to Mr. Baden-Powell, may be met with by a boat 18 feet over all, 17 feet 6 inches over the water line, 4 feet 6 inches beam and 2 feet deep inside from deck to garboards. She would carry from 120 to 170 feet of canvas and will cost about \$300.

A Good School. Buoyancy is obtained by giving a high freeboard, forming a good body above water which resists all efforts to sink it with the same persistency as a corked bottle.

There is no better school for the sailor than the little single handed cruiser of this sort. Above all, he learns "handiness." He has to do all sorts of things that would never be required of him on larger craft. And it begets in a man a love of blue water and a spirit of adventure that will always save him from being a section of drill monotony.

The minimum of size in a boat of the class I have described has probably been reached in the little yawl rigged cutter Deuce, built several years ago, but which is still cruising around Boston waters. She is 14 feet on the water line, 17 feet over all, 4 feet 10 inches beam, 3 feet 3 inches draught, 4 feet depth of hold, 1 foot 6 inches least freeboard, 3 feet 10 inches head room in cabin. She carries 750 pounds of ballast on her keel and 1,000 pounds inside, with 256 square feet of canvas in her jib, mainsail and mizzen. She cost about \$500.

Seaworthy Cruiser. Of course the accommodations of the



Bouncer Yawl Kite—August, 1893.

Deuce are of necessity much cramped. Most persons would find a craft of the size of the Windward, another yawl rigged cutter, more desirable. She is 22 feet over all, 18 feet on the water line, with 6 feet beam and 4 feet 9 inches depth of hull, and has a draught of 4 feet. The space forward of the combined hatch and skylight has a height of 4 feet 6 inches, allowing a man to sit down completely while cooking over an oil stove.

The windward has been tried in all sorts of weather and has proved a good sea boat. She isn't particularly speedy, because she was built for cruising purposes, with the maximum amount of accommodation that the dimensions admit of. Two men can have a jolly good time in her anywhere while living on board. She carries 450 square feet of sail, but might easily carry more. She cost about \$800.

In these cruising boats the yawl rig is selected because of its handiness and safety. When a sudden squall swoops down on such a craft you simply luff her sharp, let go the main balliards and down comes the biggest sail in the run. Then you up helm and are away on your course, furling sail at convenience. In boxing and tacking through a fleet at anchor the jib and mizzen are enough to take you out into clear water and where more sail can be made. Everybody knows, though, that the yawl rig is not a racing rig.

Exonerated.



"Harry, you have taken the largest peach. You should remember that Diddle is the eldest."

"That's not my fault,"—Judy.

INGENUITY IN BOMBS.

ANARCHISTS REDUCE THEIR MANUFACTURE TO A SCIENCE.

Made Up in Various Styles of Innocent Looking Packages So as to Elude the Vigilance of the Police—Wonderful Contrivances That Have Caused Death.

Never in the history of anarchy has there been such a sequence of dastardly crimes committed in so short a space of time as during the present year. The last and most appalling of them all, the murder of President Carnot, emphasizes the urgent need of immediate action on the part of all governments to take measures that will lead to the swift punishment and extermination of these human wolves who call themselves anarchists.

Though the dagger was used with such terrible effect by Santo, the bomb will nevertheless remain the chosen weapon of anarchy. The knife exposes the murderer to too great risk and is, according to the ethics of reds, not wide enough in its scope. To kill by the score is the greatest glory of these people. The evolution of the modern bomb, as used by anarchists, is an interesting study. In Paris the throwing of bombs has ceased to be a novelty; the people have become accustomed to look upon it as a craze bound to run its course.

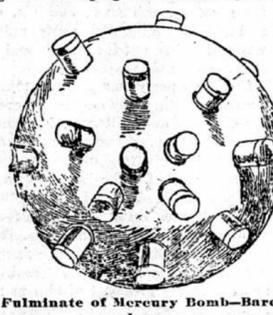
The government has established a special laboratory where bombs, both



Ravachol Kettle Bomb.

unexploded and fragments of exploded ones, are carefully examined to ascertain their composition. To give the public an idea of what devilish ingenuity these fiends use in the manufacture of their infernal machines it needs but a glance at the accompanying cuts in this article.

The word bomb in the general acceptance of the word is a misnomer, at least as far as the French specimens are concerned. Formerly the people always associated a bomb with a sphere or cylinder of cast steel or iron. It was at best a clumsy affair, and not only awkward to handle but also difficult to conceal. The anarchist fin de siècle bomb is a totally different affair. To fully understand the action of these infernal machines it is but necessary to note the great progress made in the manufacture of explosives. There were two recognized methods of killing by explosives in days gone by. It was done either by the instantaneous expansion of deadly permanent gases enveloping and suffocating every



Fulminate of Mercury Bomb—Barcelona.

livingthing within reach, carrying with it, as a rule, a fetid, intolerable stench, or by loading up the regulation cylinder with balls or cartridges. The force and expansion of the ordinary powder were fortunately limited, and the damage from such bombs was relatively small. This was in the infancy of bomb making. The first really important discovery in progressive explosives was made when the fulminate of mercury put in an appearance. It revolutionized the manufacture of arms and gave to the world the percussion cap for guns and pistols instead of the flints used up to that time. Besides being easily exploded, fulminate of mercury has a much greater power of explosion than ordinary powder.

Orsini practiced on Napoleon III, with bombs provided with percussion caps. Alexander II. of Russia fell a victim to a similar projectile. The bomb thrower in the Barcelona opera house used a fulminate of mercury bomb. Two bombs were thrown. One of these exploded, killing twenty-five or thirty people, but the other fell on a woman's dress and rolled under a chair, where it was found intact. As a specimen of bomb making it is a masterpiece and shows the skill of an ex-



Reversible Bomb Used in Rue Des Bon Enfants.

pert mechanic. It is made of fine steel, the halves being fitted together by a nicely finished thread. It is provided with not less than twenty-six percussion caps, making explosion sure when thrown against any solid substance. The catching of this bomb in the soft folds of a woman's dress

is the only thing that prevented its explosion.

The discovery of dynamite was a boon to anarchy, which was not slow to adopt its use for "propaganda of the faith." Ravachol was perhaps the most daring of his set in the use of this explosive. When he decided to blow up the house in the Rue de Clichy he simply filled an iron kettle with dynamite, scarcely taking care to close the lid properly, to this he attached a fuse, lighted it, and the deed was done.

One of the most ingeniously construct-



Vaillant's Lunch Box Bomb.

ed bombs was sent to a government official as a sample of ground coffee. It excited suspicion on account of its weight and was carefully opened. It contained a mixture of dynamite and sulphate of copper. The bomb thrown in the Chamber of Deputies was in the shape of a sardine box, filled with big nails. The explosive it contained is supposed to have been the now famous green powder and picric acid, with prussiate of soda, separated by a pad of cotton, saturated by sulphuric acid. The bomb is considered to have been the most deadly missile ever thrown, and had it not exploded prematurely the loss of life would have been frightful.

Innocent looking cans supposed to contain preserved fruit or vegetables are often found to be infernal machines in disguise. The proprietor of Hotel de Trevise was sent such a one as a sample of canned peas. He became suspicious and sent it to the government laboratory, where it was found to contain a powerful explosive. This bomb belonged to the class called "bombe a renversement," that is a bomb the reversion of which causes an instant explosion. It is fitted out with a straight or curved glass tube connecting the two valves containing the necessary acids, a wad of cotton separates the fluids, and this wad in some



Mathieu's Valise Bomb.

instances serves in place of a time fuse. It was a bomb of this kind which caused the terrible loss of life and destruction of property when the police station in Rue des Bons Enfants was blown up. A handsomely mounted cane sent to a high official was also found to be a bomb, but luckily for the recipient did no damage.

As minor novelties in fancy bombs may be mentioned the cigar-box and book-shaped ones, which, though innocent enough in appearance, are terrific in dealing death when exploded. Then there are the valise and hat-box bombs, which are fitted out with time fuses and left with unsuspecting hotel keepers who have been marked by the anarchists as objects of their revenge.

IS HEIRESS TO MILLIONS.

Miss Hope Goddard Who is Engaged to Wed a Rich New Yorker.

The formal announcement of the engagement of Hope Goddard, the heiress to the Goddard millions, and C. O. Iselin, the New York millionaire and well-known yachting man, was made a day or two ago, says the New York Sun. Mr. Iselin has been paying mark-



Miss Hope Goddard.

ed attention to Miss Goddard ever since he returned from Europe last winter. Miss Goddard will come in for many millions of dollars' worth of manufacturing property all in active operation and among the best paying in the country. She is Colonel Goddard's only daughter, and there are three other children in the whole Goddard family to inherit the vast wealth of Moses B. I. Goddard, Mrs. T. P. I. Goddard, Mrs. Frank W. Goddard, Colonel Robert H. I. Goddard and Colonel only owns manufacturing property worth many millions but blocks of government bonds, stocks in the leading railroad companies, and in electric gas, insurance and banking companies, acres of residential property in this city, and the immense tract of woodland ceded to Brown university by the government after the war and bought by the Goddards, and which has recently been estimated to be worth \$30,000,000. C. Oliver Iselin is the son of a firm Iselin, formerly of the bank of A. Iselin & Sons. He is a well-known clubman and yachtsman, and is prominent in society. He is about 37 years old and a widower.