POWER OF PERSONAL MAGNETISM

Startling Secrets Laid Bare by an Adept in This Mystic Art.

How Men and Women Are Fascinated and Held Spell-Bound by This Strange, Mysterious Force.

The Long-Lost Secrets of the Magic Power of the Wise Men of Old Fully and Completely Revealed at Last.

Prof. Robertson, President of the Columbia Scientific Academy of the city of New York, is an adept in the science of personal magnetism. He probably knows more about the subtle art of personal influence than any living man. He has just written a new book, entitled the "Secret of Power," the copyright of which he has given away on condition that 25,000 copies of the first edition be distributed to the public absolutely free of charge. Within recent years hundreds of persons have purchased advertised courses in hypnotism for the purpose of learning how to influence others and get along in life. Hypnotism is not personal magnetism. Prof. Robertson has determined to put a stop to what he considers a gross imposition on the public, by having his new book distributed throughout the country absolutely free of charge, thus giving all persons who really want to master the real secrets of personal magnetism an opportunity to do so.

Prof. Robertson's book covers the fascination, magnetic powerv emfwyp fascination, magnetic healing, the wonders of scientific character reading from the hand, face, head and handwriting, scientific second sight, the development of the mysterious X-Ray faculty, and Prof. Robertson's original secret method of quick physical development. It is the most comprehensive and exhaustive work on personal influence that has ever been published. It is the only book that we have ever seen that really starts the student out on a scientific basis, that puts him on the right road. Prof. Robertson's methods require no subjects on which to practice, no long, weary hours of study in which to learn. The moment you read his instructions you can apply them, you can wield a wonderful influence over a man even a thousand miles away. This may seem incredible, but we have tested it for ourselves and can vouch for its truthfulness. You can read the secret natures of people at a glance; you can cure diseases and bad habits without drugs or medicines; you win and hold friends as if by some magic, irresistible force; gain the love and affections of others; become a great social or business leader; you can acquire wealth and influence if you will but develop your hidden powers and master nature's secret laws. But do not confound Prof. Robertson's great work with advertised courses on hypnotism. Prof. Robertson can tell you all about hypnotic power. He knows it from A to Z. But what you want is something that you can use without the knowledge of anyone else, something that you can learn without a lot of subjects on which to practice; something that will develop in you that subtle, unseen force that controls, charms and fascinates, that makes you supreme master of every situation. Prof. Robertson's free book describes your wants better than you know them yourself. It is highly endorsed by prominent ministers of the gospel, lawyers and business men. It is intensely interesting from start to finish.

If you want a copy, write at once to the Columbia Scientific Academy, Dept. 625W, 1031 Broadway, New York. The books are going very rapidly. A cablegram has just been received from Russia asking for one of these great works; so highly are they prized by scientists all over the world.

DOING GREAT WORK AT LAUREL STREET

Dr. Henry E. Johnson's Ministry There Crowned With Great Success.

Under the ministry of the Rev. Henry E. Johnson, D. D., the Laurel-Street Methodist Church is to-day in a condition more flourishing perhaps than at any previous period in its history. Things are moving steadily and well again and the congregation, particularly among the younger element, are rejoicing in their great good fortune in their pastor.

The little ripple which disturbed the peace of Laurel-Street a short while ago has entirely disappeared from the surface and there is no indication that it exists below. The great body of the congregation is solidly rallied around the pastor and under his leadership is making steady and progressive strides.

It is just becoming generally recognized outside of Methodist circles in the city that the pastor of Laurel-Street is one of the strongest and ables pastors in Virginia to-day. Among the Methodist ministers of Richmond he ranks with the very first. In the pulpit and in the gatherings of his brother ministers he is a potent factor.

Dr. Johnson is serving his second year here. He is a native of Ireland and is now about sixty-five years of age. When he was three years old his parents came to Virginia and he grew up on his farm. His sole education was received from his mother, the only teacher he ever had. He was, at the age of seventeen, converted in the old Clay-Street Chapel in this city, and in 1857 he entered the Virginia Conference. From that time he has been steadily in the service of the Church. He went to different conferences, but finally came back to Virginia and was stationed at Cumberland-Street in Norfolk. Then he came to Richmond.

In the course of his long ministerial career Dr. Johnson has built thirty-two churches and parsonages—a remarkable record. Moreover, he has always filled the place of architect and builder, thus saving much cost to his flock. Dr. Johnson has been twice married—first to Miss Mattie J. Cook, of Chesterfield, and then to Mrs. Mary D. Farish, of Powhatan.

Dr. Johnson entered the Conference in the same class with Dr. J. J. Lafferty, of this city. In his "Sketches and Portraits of the Virginia Conference," Dr. Lafferty says of him: "If there is a minister among us with more intense vitality, alert enterprise, dominating religious speech, he is not known to the compiler of these pages. Dr. Johnson concentrates a phenomenal energy to one purpose—the advance of the Church of the Lord Jesus. He is of the pioneer age. His assignment to an old, settled, steady church would be 'an affliction,' as the phrase is. Not since Paul has there been one who so quickly draws back from 'another' man's foundation.' He does not belong to the soft soldiers, who crave "things made ready," church out of debt, nice, new parsonage, decent and dozing pews.

"He has the gift of leadership. If he conducts revival services, his personal

REV. DR. H. E. JOHNSON.

magnetism is soon felt throughout the audience. He is the master of assemblies. Opposition succumbs. Victory is assured. He is a born revivalist."

BUILDING COVERS 20 ACRES.

Mammoth Structure for the Department of Agriculture at the World's Fair.

The contract for the completion of the Agricultural building at the St. Louis World's Fair was let on Saturday, February 28th for $529,940. This building is fifteen per cent. larger than any other building at the Exposition and is the largest structure erected for the reception of a single department.

It is 500x1,000 feet, thus containing a floor space of almost 20 acres. This building and that to be built for Horticulture will probably be the only ones in the Exposition bearing color on the outer walls. The Agriculture building will have used upon it green with points of brighter color.

Garlands, wreaths and festoons of fruits and flowers are to figure in the color scheme. The architectural members, such as the cornices, and the piers between the mouldings, are to be left white.

The plans for this building have been prepared under the immediate supervision of Mr. Isaac S. Taylor, Director of Works of the Exposition, by Mr. E. L. Masqueray, Chief of Design.

The building is probably the best lighted on the grounds. Its fronts are practically successive series of windows each 75 feet long and 27 feet high. These windows are placed 14 feet from the floor so as to allow the use of the wall space inside for exhibits. Triangular monitor windows supply sky light, while they cut off the direct sunlight, which would quickly spoil many of the exhibits this building will contain.

The grand nave 100 feet wide, which runs through the 1,000 foot length of the building, rises to a height of 60 feet and supplies the grandest vista of installation space of any building ever designed for exposition uses.

The entrances to the building are distributed to serve the visitors. A gradual rising approach will lead up from the northwest where is located the main picture of the Fair. The beautiful slopes of the hill around the building have been assigned to the Department of Agriculture and Horticulture, and here during the Fair there will be maintained a fine display of flowering shrubbery and of indigenous and exotic plants. Hydrants to supply water to these exhibits at all times have been planned.

On its south side it will have a gallery 500 feet long and 25 feet wide. Here will be the offices for Chief F. W. Taylor and his staff; reading rooms where the leading agriculture publications will be kept on file; jury rooms and a large committee room. There will also be on this gallery an assembly hall for the meeting of agriculture and other societies. This hall will be 100 by 50 feet and will have a seating capacity of nearly 1,000.

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RELIEVING SUFFERING

Labors of a Richmond Surgeon Among the Chinese.

DR. E. S. WOODWARD WRITES

He Gives a Most Interesting Account of His Work in a Hospital Among the Superstitious Chinese.

Dr. Edmund Lee Woodward, a member of St. James' Paris, this city, and a graduate of the University if Virginia, went to China in October, 1899. He was almost immediately assigned to Nganking, where no hospital work was being done. After a year's preliminary work and language, Dr. Woodward planned and superintended the erection of St. James' Hospital. The following interesting article from his pen appears in the current number of "The Spirit of Missions:"

In the famouse "House that Jack Built," it was a crowing "cock that just at dawn awoke the priest, etc., etc." At Nganking a most effectual substitute for arousing betimes both priests and laity is afforded by the swashy "thud, thud, thud" of the hospital laundry, as piece by piece it is swung and beaten with flail-like vigor and precision in a manner peculiar to the East. Relief is finally had, however, when the chapel bell rings out the call to morning prayer at eight; for then the day's laundry is finished, and the quondam laundryman is to be metamorphosed for the day into a ward assistant. In this capacity his skill with soap and water are often in demand, so that the combination of employments is fitting as well as economical.

TWO MEALS A DAY.

The modern Chinaman, like his worshipful ancestors, for time immemorial, has subsisted on two meals a day. This custom is, of course, followed in our hospital; but here at least the supply is generous, as is testified by the look of expectant happiness that pervades every face when the big kitchen drum rumbles out the announcement that "early rice" is ready. Great bucketfuls of the flaky rice disappear like magic, as it is scooped into the individual bowls, and, after the addition perhaps of a few greens or a bit of fat pork, tilted with deft chopsticks down capacious throats. Breakfast over and the ward swept and garnished, the medical work proper begins.

We shall first make the "morning rounds," which differs but little from that customary in western hospitals. But let us notice, in passing, a few of the patients. Here in our little "private room" is a wealthy mandarin who can afford to pay the heavy charge of fifty cents a day for board, attendance and treatment, instead of the five cents a day required of the ward patients. He has a very grave case of appendicitis. After two months of alternate neglect and malpractice at the hands of the native quacks, during which time he has sought relief from his sufferings by constant stupefaction with the opium pipe, he has come to the mission hospital, and will undergo operation to-morrow. As we come up, he lays down a bedside copy of the New Testament.

Let us pass into the next room. Though only seven by eleven feet large, it must serve as the woman's ward, and at present has three patients! The story of one is unusual. She is a gray-haired old woman, who was brought to the hospital two weeks ago on her bed by her husband and sons, from a village fifteen miles in the country. They had traveled fast for many hours, and arrived after dark. The case was indeed urgent. While clamberinb among the limbs of an ailanthus tree, to gather its leaves for their evening meal, the old woman had lost her balance and fallen to the ground, sustaining a dreadful fracture of the leg. She is now almost well, though with the loss of the leg, which had to be amputated at once, to save her life. The gratitude of both herself and family is very unusual.

SURGICAL CASES.

In the general ward there are twenty beds—and twenty patients. The large majority of them are surgical cases, and it will take an hour or more to change the dressings. The first case we see is a soldier with a thigh horribly mangled by order of his mandarin in a fit of drunken rage at a trivial offence. He will do well to recover in two or three months under careful treatment. This is not an uncommon incident in our hospital work. A few beds further on is an old man, blind for years. He came on foot more than fifty miles to test the truth of the rumor that a mission hospital had been opened in Nganking where sight could be restored to the blind. He is happy in the certainty that the rumor was quite true. Yonder is the children's corner (we have no children's ward) where there is a bright little chap of eight. He is a Mohammedan, and his creed forbids his eating the hospital food, but fortunately does not debar medicine from the same source. We might find something of interest in every case we pass, but there are operations awaiting us downstairs, so we must hurry on.

The operating room, thanks to special donations from home, is now quite well equipped for a mission hospital. Its bright array of instruments in glass-shelved cabinets are the admiration or fear of all visitors. The first operation for the morning is to be on a girl of sixteen—quite comely save for a disfiguring hare lip. She is very much frightened, and clings to her mother's arms, but is pathetically eager to be cured. The second is the removal of a malignant tumor, and the last is the amputation of a foot made necessary by the malpractice of native doctors with uncleanly acupuncture needles. This is not an unusual day, as we sometimes have five or six operations. Such work is very fatiguing, and the rest of noon-day prayer and tiffin is most welcome.

At half past one, we return to the hospital for the afternoon clinic. The native clergyman and catechist are preaching and distributing tracts to the patients awaiting the clinic hour in the large waiting-room. Here the walls are made bright and attractive by many large colored scrolls of scenes from Bible history with the appropriate passages in Chinese written underneath—a source of never-failing interest to the patients.

ALL KINDS OF PATIENTS.

Sharp to the minute the door from the consulting room is opened, and the patients admitted as their numbers are called. To-day there are fifty odd patients to be seen, about half of them new cases. Let us glance at some of them. The first is a woman stark mad from eating native medicine of some sort. She is beyond relief. Next is a man with chronic dyspepsia, and no wonder. He confesses to have swallowed a half ounce or so of mill-stone dust per day for two years, as treatment for his disorder. A few cases further on, we find a patient who has eaten a scorpion without the slightest benefit. Indeed almost every patient will confess, if questioned, to having taken remedies of a disgusting and often positively injurious nature at the instance of the native quacks. Here is a case of a young man of twenty or so, who has been made totally blind for life, because some slight eye truble has been treated by puncturing the eye with needles. Such cases are exceedingly common, certain old women making their living by such practice. Another patient has a bad toothache, and has come to have "the worm," which all Chinese believe to be the cause of toothache, extracted. The pain ceases with the removal of the tooth, which satisfies the patient, even though we fail to produce the worm. The native quacks are most successful in removing the worm (from beneath their talon-like fingernail), but not the tooth; the beneficial effects being an instance of faith cure. Here is a young girl with a ragged wound of the arm. At the instance of relatives she has submitted to have a piece of flesh cut from her arm for medicine to a dying mother, needless to say without avail. By four o'clock the clinic is finished, and the rest of the afternoon will be devoted to recreation.

But during the clinic time we must take a look upstairs in the ward, where the Rev. Mr. Lindshrom is holding a simple service for the patients, reading and explaining some of the Gospel narratives, and afterwards trying to interest them individually in the bedside copies of the New Testament, of "Pilgrim's Progress" or of booklets on Christianity with which the ward is well provided. Scrolls similar to those in the waiting-room of the clinic perform a similar office in the ward, and furnish apt topics for interesting conversations. Going back as these patients do to every city and village in a radius of a hundred miles, the value of this work as preparation for the favorable reception of Christianity in these places may readily be seen.

The night "rounds" and the class instruction of the medical students complete the day's work, and the compound is soon wrapped in grateful repose.

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ROCHELE'S "LIFE OF TUCKER"

Virginian's Services in the Confederate Navy.

The Charleston, S. C. Sunday News of March 1st contains the following interesting letter from the secretary of the Survivors' Association, Confederate States Navy, describing some of the services of Captain John Randolph Tucker, C. S. N., flag officer of the James River Fleet and defender of Charleston Harbor, who afterwards became a Rear-Admir in the service of Peru.

To the Editor of the Sunday News: In your Sunday issue of February 22, Washington's birthday, in your book review you mention the life of Rear-Admiral John Randolph Tucker, by James H. Rochelle, with notes by M. Tyler. I think it is a mistake that he was ever a Rear-Admiral. With my knowledge of the Confederate States Navy, we never had but one Rear-Admiral, and that was Raphael Semmes. Franklin Buchanan was the only Admiral. But of Tucker I could say much. I served under him on the Patrick Henry and afterwards at Drewry's Bluff, and nothing could I say but in admiration, for he certainly was one of the grandest naval officers that we had, and his biographer, James H. Rochelle, was not a whit behind him.

As secretary of the Survivors' Association of the Confederate States Navy I had some correspondence with Miss Tyler, the niece of James H. Rochelle, in regard to the publication of this Life of Flag Officer John R. Tucker.

The people of Charleston should read this book, for he commanded the naval defences of that city for a number of years, succeeding Duncan N. Ingraham, that grand old man who in Austrian waters protected the life of Martin Koszta, and who, with the Chicora and Palmetto State, raised the blockade of Charleston. The blockade, however, was not recognized by the Powers of the world and was a blot upon the United States in that the Mercedita, after surrendering, afterwards escaped, contrary to all laws of war.

As I say, Tucker took command after that grand old hero was retired and was in command of Charleston during the furious bombardment of Sumter and Moultrie. He was in command when an attack was made with boats under Barney Williams to capture Fort Sumter, and it was by one of his fleet, the Chicora, upon which I was a visitor, that the boats of the said expedition were destroyed.

I remember that a controversy was raised by General Ripley, as gallant an officer as the army produced, as to whom the captured boats belonged; it was decided in favor of Flag Officer Tucker, in that the boats were perforated with grape and the Chicora alone fired grape shot.

So Flag Officer John R. Tucker is identified with the defence of Charleston, and as such his history is or should be of interest to Charleston people. Well do I remember the battle of Hampton Roads. I was but a boy, but it is impressed vividly upon my memory. We had been off Mulberry Island, in the James River, for months, when one night we weighed anchor—the Patrick Henry, Jamestown and Teaser—and dropped lower down. We youngsters knew not what it was for, but the next day our curiosity was excited when Captain Tucker said to Mr. Mason, a young lieutenant and officer of the deck, "Go to the crosstree and report what you see." With glass in hand he ascended the shrouds and reported: "I see the smoke of three steamers coming around Craney Island."

He was recalled and came down, when the captain turned to Mr. Rochelle and said: "Signal the other vessels to follow our actions; get under weigh and beat to quarters."

We then knew that we were to receive our baptism of fire and, steaming at the rate of fourteen knots an hour, the Patrick Henry led the van to pass the Yankee batteries at Newport News.

Rochelle was standing on the hurricane deck as cool as though he were in a ball room. When nearly opposite the battery he gave the command, "Man the port battery and elevate for 800 yards." Shortly afterwards he gave the command to the pilot, Mr. Moore, "Put your helm hard a-starboard." That threw us to port and we ran the battery within less than 400 yards, our shot doing no damage and theirs only cutting away the main port fore topsail brace, which came to the deck. As we passed the third or lower battery we received a shot on the port beam, just ahead of the waist, killing one man and wounding several at a gun in the first division. We then ran alongside of the Merrimac (Virginia) and reported to Captain Buchanan for orders.

The order he gave was as follows: "Use your discretion; do the enemy all the damage you can and sink before surrendering," and in Tucker and Rochelle he could not have found men more ready to obey his order.

Shortly afterwards we were ordered to destroy the Congress. The Cumberland had been sunk, and the Patrick Henry in placing herself where she could obey this order found herself under the guns of the lower battery at Newport News, on her port quarter, an artillery company on her port bow and the Minnesota aground on her starboard bow. Like the British troops near Balaclava, she had artillery to the right, artillery to the left, and artillery ahead, and it was not long before she was disabled. Then it was that the clear voice of Rochelle, after our boilers had been pierced and steam was burning us all in the first division, rang out, "Man to the jib halyards, hoist the jib; Mr. Moore, put your helm aport." Then the old ship swung around and the Jamestown gave us a line and towed us out of action for a short time only.

Now, as we have said, "The life of Tucker," by Rochelle, will give to our people an insight into the history of the Confederate States Navy, of which the present generation is in ignorance. So I hope the book will be liberally patronized.

W. F. CLAYTON.

Secretary Survivors' Association, Confederate States Navy.
Florence, February 23.

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$12.75 for fine 3-piece Silk Damask Covered Parlor Suite; cost elsewhere $16.50.

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