

MIDST MANY MIRACLES

Were Hundreds Who Witnessed the Greatest, Grandest and Most Marvelous Cures Ever Effected in This City.



The Boy Phenomenon Again Greeted With Thunders of Applause From a Packed House as He Made the Blind See, the Deaf Hear and Lame Walk at the Grand Last Night.

Marion is Wild With Excitement and the Boy Phenomenon and His Wonderful Magnetic Power is the Cause—He May Now Be Consulted at His Private Office, at the Majestic Hotel.

For the second time this week the Grand Opera house was on Tuesday night again crowded to its utmost capacity by our best citizens. News of the wonderful cures performed by the Boy Phenomenon at his previous demonstrations traveled fast and far, and long before the time of opening a surging mass of humanity was congregated in front of the house, extending across the street.

While it was the second public demonstration the excitement was greater, and more interest was manifested if possible, than on the previous occasion.

The wonderful exhibition of restoring to health a score or more of deformed and afflicted persons by the Boy Phenomenon was a sight never to be forgotten. Truly, indeed, were the lame given the use of their limbs, the deaf made to hear, the blind to see, paralyzed limbs were restored to life and other chronic diseases succumbed to this strange and marvelous power.

One of the many startling cures performed last night was that of a well known citizen who has been afflicted with paralysis of the left side for ten years. He was assisted to the stage by his cane and two men, and the healer began his magic manipulations, which consisted merely of a succession of gentle rubbings and light dexterous tappings of the affected parts. But the results were magical and startling. At every touch of the young healer's magnetic hands the effect was visible on the countenance of the patient. The treatment occupied less than three minutes, but in that short time he was able to rise and walk across the stage and back to his seat, without his cane or assistance of any kind. It was apparent that a great change had taken place, as he went through other actions, which, he stated, he could not have done five minutes previous for all the money in the world and the audience showed its surprise and gratification by loud cheering as he danced a jig, waved his hands and chanted "God bless you my boy, you have worked wonders in my case" and jauntily ran down the steps and up the aisle to where his wife sat, who a few moments before had assisted him to arise.

For over an hour such scenes were repeated, during which time nearly a score of cases were treated, of as many different diseases, including rheumatism, deafness, nervous prostration, heart and stomach troubles, female troubles, catarrh, noises in head, paralysis, goitre, etc., each case seemingly worse than the preceding one and the results obtained were more gratifying and successful. It was the most marvelous demonstration of magnetic healing ever accomplished in this section of the country.

There was a day when magnetism as a curative agent was doubted, but that day has passed. The Boy Phenomenon has effected too many remarkable cures of well known citizens that can not be disputed. They have been witnessed by thousands of people, besides nearly every doctor in the city, who are now compelled to admit that Vital Magnetism, such as possessed and exemplified by the Boy Phenomenon, has virtues of healing power they little dreamed of before.

The management of the Boy Phenomenon have secured apartments at the Majestic Hotel which have been especially arranged for the accommodation of the Boy Phenomenon and those wishing to see him, where those who are able

and willing to pay to be treated may come any day and receive Consultation, Examination, a thorough Diagnosis and Advice by the Consulting Physician in charge of the Greatest Magnetist of the present day, and, if found curable, price of treatment will be named. It is inevitable the case will not be taken under any condition. Office hours, daily except the Sabbath, from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. and 7 to 8 evenings.

MEMORIAL DAY

Something of Its Origin and a Prophecy as to Its Future.

By MAJ. GEN. FRED. D. GRANT

THE idea of this beautiful custom was first suggested and made a great national holiday by Gen. John A. Logan. He was a thoughtful man, swayed by sentiment of the highest order, and a close student of the classics. He read much and frequently referred to historic episodes in his speeches.

By nature Gen. Logan was inclined to be heroic, and so after the war, after reading much about the beautiful customs of the ancient Greeks in honoring their dead heroes with ceremonies and flowers at annual festivals, it came to him in a moment of inspiration that it would be a patriotic and popular thing to likewise honor the dead soldiers of our own country in a similar way. He held that to decorate the soldiers' graves once a year in the month of May with its flowers and blooming splendor would awaken new sentiments of loyalty and regard for the government among the people.

It was a fact, as he well knew, that nearly every household had lost one or more members or relatives or dear friends. Gen. Logan's inspiration awoke a response in every heart and his movement was soon organized and made of national importance. Grand Army posts were established



in every section of the country. All agreed that decorating the graves of soldiers with flowers on the day appointed would give the nation new life and be welcomed by all the people. But this is not all. The religious sentiment at the bottom of the idea of honoring the dead soldiers and perpetuating the memory of their heroic deeds made the day something higher and nobler than anything known in the days of the Greeks. Thus it came about that Memorial Day became the greatest of all our American holidays. It was a day for the bereaved to commune at the tombs of their honored dead.

For many years, as we all know, the custom was an event—the most beautiful, pathetic and sacred of our holidays—but later on, as the ranks of the survivors grew thinner and the families who had contributed so many lives to the war passed away, the day became more like other holidays—a day more noted for military parades, a day for games and picnics and having a good time generally, until now the general public are coming to look on Memorial day as an ordinary national holiday, like Washington's Birthday or the Fourth of July.

Had it not been for the deep religious sentiment, with prayers and church services held in honor of the soldiers, Memorial day would from the beginning in all probability have been attended with the noise and display of the Fourth of July. Fortunately this religious sentiment has made the people more thoughtful, and instead of noise and gun firing we have gone in for more quiet recreation—country picnics—making the day more like a festival than a day of mere noise and parade.

I think it is a beautiful idea, this decorating the graves of those who sacrificed their lives in the tremendous days of the war and purely out of patriotic devotion, and it is a pity indeed that public sentiment is gradually waning and we are forgetting the solemn lesson taught by the war and of the sacred meaning of honoring the dead—trusting away and making the sacred festival more and more a common holiday of races, noisy picnics and having a good time generally, with no particular sentiment animating the thousands who should take a higher view of Memorial day.

Tactical.

"How was it Dr. Knott got such a big fee from Talkative?" "Because when he was called to attend Mrs. Talkative for a slight nervous trouble he told her she had an acute attack of inflammatory verberosity." "Well," "And recommended absolute quiet as the only means of averting proxymias of cacacothous loquendi. She's scared dumb."



A FLAG OF TRUCE

BY DANIEL CLEVERTON



AS BOY and man, Col. Bryant had been a soldier. As a boy his ambition had been a cadetship at West Point, and the army as a life career. Blessed with wealthy parents, there seemed nothing in the way to the accomplishment of his ideal when the opportune time arrived. At 15 he began a course of study that would fit him to pass the required examination and admit him to the United States military academy. At 18 the opportunity came. There was a vacancy at the academy to be filled by appointment from his congressional district, and he entered eagerly into the competition for winning the prize.

His most formidable opponent was Billy Edwards, the son of a struggling clergyman, into whose path fate had thrown no special opportunities, but who had improved every chance for study that had been given him, and who wished the appointment merely as a means of securing a desired education.

The two had never been friendly, and on one of two occasions had had some boyish quarrels over the attentions each had attempted to bestow upon Blossom Nathan. When Billy Edwards won the coveted appointment every semblance of friendship between the two boys ceased, and Bob Bryant refused even to associate with anyone who called young Edwards his friend.

Grievously disappointed in not winning the cadetship, young Bryant entered a military academy with a determination to prepare himself for a military career, trusting to his father's wealth and influence to secure for him an appointment to the army. During their school days both boys kept up a correspondence with Blossom Nathan, until at the end of three years Bryant insisted that she could not retain the friendship of both he and Edwards, and that all correspondence between her and his rival must cease, or he would have nothing more to do with her. The young lady very properly informed her father, who then she would choose her own friends, and he accepted her decision.

Six months after Lieut. Edwards had graduated from West Point and entered the army he made Blossom Nathan his wife, and took her to the western post, where his command was stationed.

Bryant in the mountains had finished his college course, and not finding it so easy to secure a civil appointment to the army, had settled down to the study of law in his home town, and confined his military ambitions to a place in a local company of state guards.

Every available company of the regular service had been rushed eastward for the defense of Washington. Volunteers in companies, battalions and regiments were flocking into the mustering camps. With the volunteers went Bob Bryant as captain of his company. With the regulars sent to Washington went First Lieut. Edwards, while Mrs. Edwards went back to her old home to await the return of her husband from the front.

The four years of war dragged wearily along. Lieut. Edwards stuck to the regular service and rose to the rank of major, and brevet lieutenant colonel, as which he commanded his regiment. Capt. Bryant of the volunteer service rose to the rank of colonel.

At the battle of Gettysburg Col. Bryant was temporarily in command of a brigade stationed at Cemetery Hill. During the first day's fighting his command in company with all others at that point in the line of battle had suffered severely. With the reinforcements of the second day came the regiment commanded by Lieut. Col. Edwards, and during the fighting of that day Edwards fell and was buried on the field.

The war over, Col. Bryant found the wished for opportunity to enter the regular service, and was sent to the far west as a lieutenant of cav-



Beside the White Stone.

alry. For 12 years he followed the trail of the red man, and then "the good of the service" took him to Washington to serve for a time on the staff of the general commanding the army. It was this that accounted for his presence on the Gettysburg battlefield on Decoration day, 1878.

He walked over the ground so fiercely contested in '63 and glanced at the white headstones looking for the name of his comrades. At each grave there was planted a small flag, similar to one he carried idly in his hand. At one grave he noticed the frail staff had been broken, and the flag blown away. He stopped to

read the name on the stone. It was: BVT. LIEUT. COL. WILLIAM EDWARDS.

Instantly all the old animosity of the years gone by returned. The man buried here had stolen from him his opportunity, had stolen the girl he loved and then there came to him the thought that this man had sacrificed his life for the flag; that this man had lost his life in bringing success to himself and his comrades, and had helped in saving them from probable annihilation at the hands of the enemy.

Reverently he stooped over the grave and planted the flag he carried beside the white stone. As he did so a woman's voice close behind him said: "I thank you."

He turned. It was Blossom Nathan. The same Blossom, though a sad, sweet-faced woman now, instead of the chit of a girl he had known so many years ago. The years of exposure and hardship had changed him so she did not know him.

"It is my husband's grave," she explained. "The wind has evidently blown the flag away, and I have been looking for it, but without success. It seemed so lonely without a flag like the others."

"Blossom!" he cried. "Don't you know me?"

The voice brought back to her the days of her girlhood; the impetuous boyish lover.

She gave him her hand, and together they left that battlefield, where hope had died and hope was born again.

A few months later she again journeyed to the west to spend her life at an army post—a soldier's wife.

WHEN COLUMBIA CROWNS HER DEAD

By T. C. HARBAUGH.

What has set the drums a-beating 'neath the tender skies of May? Why troop the children from the fields with flowers fresh and gay? I see the vet'rans gather in their buttoned coats of blue.

With here and there an empty sledge to grope the rearward files; I hear them talk of battles in their youth-time long ago.

Where side by side they stood and met the onslaughts of the foe; And now the voice is silent, and each soldier bows his head.

For well they know this sacred day Columbia crowns her dead.

The flag half-mast is flying and the air is filled with praise.

When those who by the Nation stood throughout her trying days.

When strode the God of Battles in his fury o'er the land.

And crimson grew Potomac's tide and red the Rio Grande;

When the cannon tore the cedars in the green swales of the South.

Where now the blue-bird builds her nest deep in the mortar's mouth;

But ah! the snowy wings of Peace above those fields are spread.

And Columbia, like a mother, comes to crown her gallant dead.

No more I hear the rattle of the battle's brassen car.

I have to part the flowers fair to find the wounds of war;

I hear a robin singing where the colonel bravely died.

And a butterfly is hovering where the legions multiplied;

The bugle is no longer heard on fields we love to name.

And the roses bloom in beauty in the sacred camps of Fame.

And down the street a marching, with Old Glory at their head.

Come the 'vel'rans, for Columbia bids them all salute her dead.

Sleep on, O wearers of the blue! the need of praise you see soon.

Sleep on the long, long summer thro' in shadow and in sun;

The sweetest bloom that Nature yields lies on the soldier's breast.

And nevermore war's clarion notes shall break your peaceful rest!

The battle echoes vanish like a distant cannon's boom.

Behold! Columbia gently lays a wreath upon a tomb.

"My children! Peace be with you!" speaks she low with drooping head.

Then she kisses all the roses she has laid upon her dead.

Figure Up!

The amount of money you have lost by keeping your spare rooms vacant so long. A large sum is it not? Make up your mind that you will lose money no longer in this way. Have your ad inserted in The Mirror for a week, which will cost you 50 cents. Your room will then be rented. Cheap commission to pay, is it not? Phone ads to No. 9 either phone.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Manager for branch office. We wish to locate here. Address with reference, the Morris Wholesale House, Cincinnati, Ohio. 5-23-1m

WANTED—Machinist. Good wages paid. For further information, call at Marion roundhouse. 5-28-3t

WANTED—Woman for chamber work. Hotel Majestic. 5-28-3t

WANTED—A experienced girl for general housework. No washing or ironing. Mrs. A. F. McNeal, 273 Vine street. Citizens telephone, 1311. 5-29-2tpd

WANTED AT ONCE—An office boy from 15 to 16 years old. Permanent position to right party. Call at Dr. Linscott's office. 5-29-1f

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MEN AND BOYS WANTED—To learn plumbing or bricklaying trade, pays \$5 to \$8 day; great demand for graduates; position guaranteed; 3 months completes practical instruction; no books used. Free catalogue. Coyne Plumbing and bricklaying school, St. Louis, Mo. 5-29-1f

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How to Regard an Injury.

It is more noble to forgive and more manly to despise, than to revenge an injury.—Benjamin Franklin

PUPILS. WANTED—Sixth, seventh and eighth grade pupils for special classes in Arithmetic, Penmanship and Language, beginning next month. Normal Department, School of Commerce. Citizens 1790. 5-21-6od4tpd

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- 7 rooms, new, Nye St. \$1350
- 7 rooms, new, Nye St. \$1400
- 6 rooms, new, Nye St. \$1400
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Be Moderate.

It is well not to be too wicked. To be acquainted with every form of sin may leave us too little to live for our life.