SOULS IN OTHER BODIES

WONDERFUL HYPNOTIC EXPERIMENT BY A PHYSICIAN OF CHICAGO ON TWO SUBJECTS

WERE MADE TO TRADE PLACES

Woman Awoke to Find She Had a Man's Face—Masculine Subject Shocked at His Delicate Hands.

Whether the soul or mind of man is capable during the life period of transmigration to another's body, leaving the living matter, or shell, to be inhabited by the mind of the body so used, is a question which at least one Chicago physician is trying to solve. In other words, can two men, or a man and a woman, trade bodies, each mind inhabiting the other's body?

In a recent issue of a Chicago daily appeared the following advertisement:

WANTED—Healthy subject, who, for consideration, will undergo delicate experiment in interest of science; give particulars.

A letter to the address given brought a speedy reply from a physician well known in medical circles everywhere in the state. He requested the writer to call at a certain time at his office, in the Reliance building, when he would go into full details of the experiment proposed. The name of the practitioner for obvious reasons cannot be made public, however. He ranks with such physicians as Dr. W. Xavier Sudduth, Dr. Albert H. Burr, Dr. E. Perry Rice, Dr. C. G. Davis, Dr. H. A. Larkyn, Dr. Robert Challoner, and Dr. Sydney Flower, all of Chicago. The reason for the comparison lies in the fact that all the physicians mentioned are deeply interested in the science of hypnotism and its application to practice.

A visit to the office named disclosed a finely furnished suite of rooms, with all modern conveniences. The physician, a man of middle age, said:

"You have called regarding my advertisement? I am sorry to say I have already obtained the assistance desired. However, I might, if we can agree on terms, arrange with you to assist me in the experiments."

READY FOR THE EXPERIMENT.

Deeply interested in the work which the physician outlined, it was not hard for the Sunday Inter Ocean reporter to agree on satisfactory terms. The work was to begin the next afternoon.

Dr. —— was waiting at the hour appointed, while, seated in his private office were two young persons, his selections for the experiments on hand. One was a studious looking young fellow of perhaps twenty-eight, whose dreamy eyes gave evidence of his being a good subject. The other was a fine looking woman of about twenty, a pronounced blonde, whose cold gray eyes seemed to flash defiance at any and everything which indicated control.

The physician handed to each of his subjects for signature a contract which had been drawn up in the form of a release by a leading local law firm. It provided that for and in consideration of the sum of $20 each, the subjects were to submit to a series of experiments in hypnotism daily for the course of ten days.

In explanation of the work to be undertaken, the doctor said that he had only recently returned from Paris, where he had attended as a delegate the second international congress of hypnotism, and that the most distinguished savants had expressed the opinion that good results could be obtained under favorable conditions, in such experiments as he proposed to undertake.

"So far as I am aware, it is the first time this experiment has ever been tried," said the doctor. "If we succeed, the medical world will owe much to Chicago. It has been thought possible by such distinguished medical men as Dr. Jules Voslin, of the Salpetriere hospital of France, and Drs. Joffroy, Richet, and Dr. Durand de Gros, of the faculty of medicine in Paris, Dr. James Sully, of the University of London, and Dr. Lombroseo, the celebrated criminologist of the University of Turin.

EMINENT MEN INTERESTED.

"In our own country I have the advice of such eminent men as Dr. MacDonald, of Washington; Dr. Hamilton Osgood and Dr. Henrik Peterson, of Boston, as well as Prof. Maurice Treligson, of Cleveland, and Prof. William James, of Cambridge. The experiments are purely hypnotic and belong to its related phenomena. If the result achieved is up to my expectations we shall record a new discovery to the world of science.

"The first consideration is that you must be perfectly willing subjects. You must render yourselves susceptible to my will, to the full domination of my mind. I desire you each to take this little treastise on the mechanical side of the question, suggestion and mind force, and study it carefully. Come here for your first experiment tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock. You will be detained several hours."

The arrangement of the offices was decidedly changed the next day, the furniture and operating chair in the private office having been removed, while two large, comfortable lounges were placed at right angles, the heads of each meeting, one being arranged crosswise, while the others ran along the side of the room. One chair for the physician, and a small writing table and seat for myself, with writing materials handy, completed the equipment. The sofas were occupied by the two subjects.

WATCH REVOLVING MIRRORS.

The subjects were then placed in a half recumbent position on the sofas with raised right and left arms, so each could clasp the hand of the other. Directly in front, and so placed as to be in full view of the subjects, a large Luy's revolving mirror was in slow operation. On the two plates, which each respectively was told to watch closely, were the names of the subjects. One read, "I was Fred Leslie," while the other bore the same words, with the name changed to "Milly Evans." These plates were constantly revolved, first slowly, and then more rapidly. "You must now," said the doctor, "concentrate your whole thought upon your identity. You know, of course, your name, who you have been your life long. Think of nothing else." The mirror plates were now whirling so it was almost impossible to read the text each bore. The doctor stepped nearer his subjects, and, raising both hands, said:

"Passively you will now confine your thoughts to the innovation of nature which appears on the mirror."

He turned a globe and the mirrors were reversed so that the woman was gazing into the one which bore the inscription, "I am Fred Leslie," and the man in his turn was confronted with the fact that he was "Milly Evans." Merrily the mirrors revolved and flashed for a space of two minutes. Under the magic power manifested by the physician, the two fell into a quiet, restful sleep. He stepped back, saying:

They are completely under the influence. The experiment is a pronounced success. The mental faculties of each have undergone a perfect change. So long as they remain under control the body of Miss Evans has the mind and soul only of Mr. Leslie. This is great."

SOULS TRADED BODIES.

The experiment was indeed a success, as was shown by the story of the two subjects, told later in the evening.

As to the preliminary impressions, both had about the same tale. Each seemed to be a flaming meteor, flying through space without end. On and on, they were hurled like planets in their orbits. The physician seemed to be a great central sun into which there was danger of falling. Then came fragmentary consciousness, and the remainder of the story is told by each patient.

"It was a trying ordeal for me when the doctor asked if I hadn't better get a shave," said Miss Evans. "I couldn't think what he meant, and when I put up my hand and felt whiskers growing, why, I just thought I should go mad. First one side of the face and then the other, and there was coarse, stubby hair growing. About this time I chanced to see my hand, and was surprised. It was so large and bony, while I have always prided myself on the general appearance of my hands. I was in despair.

"'Bring me a mirror,' I commanded. 'A mirror!' I sobbed in a voice which seemed decidedly masculine. I did not know my own voice. I was on the verge of utter collapse.

"The physician gave a nod of consent and brought a hand-glass from the reception room.

"I looked! The face was that of a man. His big, dreamy eyes were alive with excitement. His face was unshaven. Where had I seen that face, those features, that form before? Who was I, and what was I? I could not discover my own personality.

SHOCK FOR HER FIANCEE.

"One thing I feared and dreaded more than anything else. I was engaged to be married to a young man living in Beverly Hills. I feared he might present himself, and, if he did, how could I explain matters? He couldn't recognize me in my new form. My own mother wouldn't know who I was. I didn't know myself. I had changed in sex to all outward appearances. Where was my own form? At this point I managed to turn my head—or his head—and saw with somebody's eyes, what I knew was my shell, on the sofa near by. How had I managed to leave that body, and how was I to get back where I belonged? As situated, there was no connection between mind and matter. I asked the doctor for pencil and paper, and wrote:

"'Mr. ——, who is in control of my body? Please explain how this transfer came about. I don't like my new home. If I have your body, let us trade back. This condition is too much mixed.

"'Milly Evans.'

"I appreciated the fact that I wrote this note, but the chirography was plainly not mine. The letters were large, as if written by a man. It was my thought, pictured by some male hand."

In telling his experiences, Mr. Leslie said:

"'How does it seem, little girl?' the doctor said to me. I wondered what he could mean. I felt as if I would give a dollar for a good cigar, and asked to have one brought to me.

"'It is not becoming in a girl to smoke,' said the doctor.

DISCOVERED HE WAS A GIRL.

"'In a girl!' I gasped, and put one hand to my head. I felt a heavy braid of hair. For my life I couldn't make out what was the matter. I lifted my left hand, and there, on the third finger, was a heavy, old-fashioned ring, set with a solitaire. I knew there was something wrong somewhere.

"Then came a feeling of utter languor, followed by a refreshing sleep—how long I could not tell—and I awoke to find myself in my own proper form. It would take more than $200 to get me to swap bodies again with anybody living or dead."

The Hindoo yogi may explain this as a matter of mental discipline. Does the experiment establish the fact that the soul lives independent of the body? If it does, matter may become dormant or dead, while the soul lives on. Is the house of the soul only determined by concentration of mind? Will study and research show to the world how to transplant the souls of human beings? If so, where is the limit to the possibilities involved?

"I see breakers ahead."
"That doesn't affect me; I'm broke already."

USE OF THE LANCE.

An Effective Weapon for Cavalry in Making a Charge.

Army and Navy Journal.

Gen. Leroy, in an article in La France Militaire, still adheres to the lance for the cavalry as the "queen of weapons." He reasons that rapidity of movement is the essential factor in cavalry action, and that the cavalry produces results by moral effect or not at all. Shock actions is the exception and not the rule. Infantry, when the avalanche of cavalry is precipitated upon them, are either demoralized or dispersed, or else they make a successful stand. In cavalry encounters, either, as is most frequently the case, one troop goes about without waiting the shock, or a short melee ensues, terminating in the rout of the cavalry whose morale is inferior. The flight of a few men leads to the flight of the rest. Finally, against artillery, unsupported, cavalry will almost always find its opportunity if it can elude observation before making a charge. As the lance makes the greatest moral impression, and inflicts the most deadly wounds, it is the most deadly weapon. As the Germans are adding the lance to the saber and carbines in arming their cavalry, they are evidently of this opinion.

If Gen. Leroy had to choose between the carbine and the lance, he would retain the lance, inasmuch as cavalry is rarely called upon to fight on foot in the defense or attack of a passage or defile, except in the absence of infantry, and its fire action is more noisy than effective. Napoleon never by any chance called upon his cavalry to fight dismounted. As to the saber, Gen. Leroy says: "Imagine yourself an infantryman, a horse soldier, or an artilleryman on a field of battle, and that you are being charged by a troop of cavalry. Which would you prefer that the troop should be armed with, the sword or the lance? Marmont says the saber cannot take the place of the lance, for if the infantry stands fast its bayonets keep the horses too far off to allow horsemen to saber the foot soldiers, whereas the chances of a charge being successful are very different when the same line of cavalry is equipped with lances projecting four feet in front of the horses."

The argument is, in short, that the cavalryman has a function entirely distinct from that of the mounted infantryman, and that entirely different conditions must determine his choice of weapons. Moral effect in war is not determined by a study of the percentage of losses, and it is to this that both cavalry and artillery in a large measure owe their value. The mere appearance of the big American cavalryman in unexpected places and unexpected ways has set the legs of the most adventurous of the Filipinos into active operation.

HONEY-HUNTERS.

Use a Clever Trick for Marking a Bee With Cotton.

In order to be followed the bee must have a distinguishing mark that can be easily seen, and with such a badge the Australian provides it. He gums a small tuft of white cotton to the bee's back and thus follows it with comparative ease. But the question now comes up, how is the cotton to be put upon the bee's back?

The gum is quickly found; it is on almost any tree; the cotton grows right at hand. The bee, too, is found in almost any sweet flower, buried head first in the dusky pollen, drinking in the nectar, and showing quite plainly whether its honey sac is full or empty. It moves a little in its eager haste to secure the delicious liquid, but perhaps a quick dab will fasten the cotton on its back. Do not try it. As the little boy told his mother, the bee is a very "quick kicker."

Watch the Australian—and he is a very stupid fellow, too, in most things. He fills his mouth with water, has his snowy tuft of cotton ready gummed, finds his bee, gently drenches it with water spurted from his mouth, picks it up while it is still indignantly shaking itself free from the water which clogs its wings and with a dexterous touch he affixes in an instant the telltale cotton. Very much out of patience, no doubt, with the sudden and unexpected rain storm, the bee rubs off the tiny drops from its wings, trims them, rubs again, and soon, buzz! buzz! away it goes, unconsciously leading destruction and pillage to its happy home.

LIKES HIS LIFE IN PRISON.

Ohio Convict Who Refuses to Leave the Penitentiary Walls.

Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Just thirty years ago today John Taborn was placed behind the walls of the Ohio peritentiary, where he still remains, holding the record for long sentences. Taborn was sentenced from Delaware county for life for murder in the second degree, and was twenty-two years of age when he arrived, Aug. 16, 1870. The prisoner was a resident of Cardington, where his mother and sister still reside, and killed a man who was going to a wedding. Taborn's serial number is 8,527, and the number of the last man to arrive is 32,697, showing that 24,170 prisoners have been sent to the institution since he lost his freedom.

According to the statutes, a man is eligible to parole who has served thirty-five years' actual imprisonment, but Taborn prefers to end his days in the penitentiary.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

SECOND VICE PRESIDENT OF THE NORTH-WESTERN ROAD BRANCHES OUT

LINCOLN AND JEFF DAVIS

Figure Prominently in a Romance Dealing With Life on the Mississippi Sixty Years Ago.

Marshall Monroe Kirkman, second vice president of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, has become a novelist. He has written a rousing romance of early Illinois and of the Mississippi river as it was two-thirds of a century ago. It includes among its characters Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, who figure together in a friendly way in an exciting duel with a desperado. The novel is called "The Romance of Gilbert Holmes," and is issued by the World Railway Publishing company of Chicago. It is a handsome volume of 425 pages, and is declared by the author to be wholly a labor of love.

The story makes little pretense to plot, but consists chiefly of an extended series of startling adventures which befall the youthful hero, Gilbert Holmes. These are loosely interwoven with a slight but dainty love theme, and the whole book is permeated with the author's philosophy of life and observations of human nature. In more than one chapter there are indications that he is drawing upon his own youthful experience, though some of the adventures through which he puts Gilbert may seem to need an affidavit to make them altogether credible.

The historical characters are among the strongest and most convincing in the the book. Black Hawk appears on the scenes in the earlier chapters in a heroic role, and Mr. Kirkman further champions the cause of the abused Sac chief elsewhere in the story.

Mr. Kirkman locates the birthplace of his hero "on the borders of the rolling prairie in the great state of Illinois, near the spot where the Big and Little Sandy mingle their shallow waters to form the wandering Mauvaise Terre." The wolves still uttered their doleful cry on the edges of the forests at the time when Gilbert is supposed to have done his first deeds of prowess as a lad of twelve in the year 1838. The scene of action soon shifts to the Mississippi river, where the author has sought to reproduce the famous and now vanished life of the great steamboat era. His descriptive powers are good, and what he lacks in dramatic tenseness is compensated for by his graphic powers and by the skillful use of a sunny romantic atmosphere.

HOW LINCOLN COMES IN.

One of the earliest scenes is that in which Gilbert's father loses his whole fortune by the foundering of a ferryboat on the Mississippi. Though his father and mother are rescued from the river by Black Hawk, the boy is soon afterward left an orphan without a home. In this crisis his young uncle, John Throckmorton, offers to take Gilbert with him on his travels. A maiden aunt, who wants to adopt the young hero, sends a lawyer in pursuit, and it is this wily enemy who keeps the youth forever fleeing into new adventures. The persecution of Lawyer Moth and the youth's love of his sweetheart, Constance, furnish the thread on which the author has strung his wealth of romantic episodes. Gilbert is represented as telling his own story long years afterward.

In his ride across the prairies in a stage coach Gilbert is thrown into the company of "a tall gentleman with a melancholy visage, who sat beside him, wrapped in a great military coat, as was the fashion at that time." To this unknown passenger the story devotes an excellent descriptive chapter. When the melancholy person finally awakes from a nap and smiles at the boy beside him the transformation is such as to embolden Gilbert after a while to inquire artlessly of the man how it came that he had two faces. The description continues:

"Every part of this singular being corresponded to his face, so that no loophole was left by which to come at his real presence. Thus balked, my mind filled with romantic imaginings concerning him as he had stood revealed by his benign salutation, and I saw—though only as a youth might see such things and ponder them—that the face was one that in its processes could at will still the minds of men or cause them to follow its possessor, if profit in trade or other motive called forth its hidden power; a face that at the fireside or in the turmoil of politics, if its owner were that way inclined, would win and retain the love of those about him; a face so hidden or so open in its candor that no one could think otherwise than that its every thought stood revealed. A noble face, and without wrong, but concealing in its depths, as I afterward came to know, ambitions so boundless and hopes so great that the means necessary to attain their ends in this undeveloped country appeared so commonplace and vulgar that every instinct of the man's aspiring soul revolted at the disgusting sacrifice. Such, truly, was the inward nature of the then unknown man who sat silently facing me as we went forward in the warmth of that far-off day."

The reader has no difficulty in guessing that this is the portrait of Abraham Lincoln at about the age of thirty years.

LINCOLN RESCUES THE HERO.

Before the stage coach has reached its destination on the Mississippi it is overhauled by a lone highwayman, who politely requests the passengers to throw up their hands or have their heads blown off. To this Mr. Lincoln replies with a pistol shot, but he proves to be a bad marksman. A tragic finale is suddenly averted by the fact that the robber recognizes Mr. Lincoln as the man who once saved him from the gallows. The would-be bandit abjectly swears to reform on the spot, and he reappears at intervals through the story in a mixed role of bad and good.

Another character of mixed qualities is Constable Blott, who is given to much drinking in order to drive away the malaria, and who has a humorous habit of making sudden and nervous attempts to pick enormous spiders from his coat sleeve and other places where they do not exist. Instigated by Lawyer Moth, this worthy suddenly seizes Gilbert at Quincy, Ill., and hauls the boy before a rural justice to get legal possession of his person. The case is going against the boy and his uncle, when Lincoln suddenly steps in and makes a characteristic speech that saves the day. He begins by appearing to give the whole case away, and then swings into a line of sympathetic and convincing argument that carries all before it, closing with a quaver in his voice, as if this boy's plight recalled some black, unwholesome recollection of his own youth. The little justice decides the case in a hurry amid a shout of approval from the spectators.

ENTER JEFFERSON DAVIS.

When the party is safely on the Mississippi steamer the reader is introduced to a group of Southern characters, among whom is a man "of commanding presence and full of the glow and fire of life," whom one quickly recognizes as Jefferson Davis at about the age of 30. He is talking to an old friend, Mrs. Singleton, who tells him of a dramatic episode she had just witnessed in a little justice shop, where a tall, melancholy sort of a knight had rescued a boy from a dragon-like lawyer. Mr. Davis expresses a wish to meet the melancholy knight, and he and Lincoln are soon on friendly terms.

Mrs. Singleton is in deep trouble, for her husband has fallen under the spell of a gambler on the boat, who is robbing him of his whole fortune at the poker table. She pleads with Mr. Davis to avert the impending calamity, and he gallantly agrees to do what he can. Lincoln and Gilbert's uncle join in the good work, and when the unhappy Singleton loses his last stake and is a ruined man, Jefferson Davis steps before the successful gambler and tells him he ought to return every dollar he has won.

An exciting scene follows, in which Burke, the gambler, refuses to give up a cent of the money, whereupon Mr. Davis cooly tells him he is a common thief and blackguard and says he will publicly brand him as such. The ruffian draws a pistol, but is prevented from shooting, and by Uncle Job's skillful maneuvering he is forced to choose between fighting a duel or refunding the money.

To the surprise of all he chooses the duel, and when the participants have reached a secluded spot in the forest at the next landing place the encounter takes place after this bit of dialogue:

"This place will do," said Mr. Davis. "Mr. Lincoln, will you favor me by acting with Mr. Throckmorton should we require assistance?"

"Certainly, I will be glad to serve you in any way we can, Mr. Davis, though this is something new to me," Mr. Lincoln answered in a kindly voice, but without any enthusiasm whatever.

"It is new to me, and distasteful, and nowise expected," Mr. Davis responded. "There is, however, no other way now; and, besides, only private justice can reach such men as Burke. He has robbed other friends of mine and murdered them afterward, as he would have murdered me a few minutes ago."

GLIMPSE OF THE DUEL.

The two principals are placed twenty paces apart, with horse pistols, and it is agreed that when Throckmorton has counted five both are to fire. Here is the culmination of the scene:

"Are you ready, gentlemen? Remember, when I count five turn and fire, or advance before firing if you choose. Remember, five is the signal. Are you ready? One, two, three, four——"

As the last number was called Burke whirled about, and with quick aim fired. At this Mr. Lincoln's and Uncle Job's faces blanched, and they turned to Mr. Davis as if expecting to see him fall. Uncle Job calling out mechanically the final number, "Five." Upon hearing this and not before, Mr. Davis turned about unharmed, but feeling his shoulder with his free hand as if he had been hit.

Looking in the direction of Burke and observing his smoking pistol still unheld. Mr. Davis' face lowered, and he hesitated for a moment; then, without remark of any kind, he straightened himself up, and keeping his weapon extended advanced slowly towards where his opponent stood. As he went forward Burke's face, from being red, turned purple, and then a livid white, his eyes and cheeks falling in as if he had been dead a month. When Mr. Davis had gone some distance, Burke, unable to control himself longer, screamed out in deadly fright:

"For God's sake, have mercy, Mr. Davis! Don't kill me! No, no, you can't, Mr. Davis; it would be murder."

Paying no heed, Mr. Davis kept on until he was within a few feet of Burke. There stopping, the fire in his eyes seemed to consume his enemy, for Burke, losing control of himself, fell on his knees, crying out in the most craven manner:

"For God's sake, as you are a Christian, don't kill me, Mr. Davis. I'll give back the money; I never meant to keep it, I swear to you. I have children, Mr. Davis—little things. Surely you could not kill me;" and moaning and purring like a cat, the wretch dropped on his elbows, limp and undone.

"Let you live to go on robbing and killing men, you scoundrel! You deserve a dozen deaths for the murders you have committed," Mr. Davis answered, without stirring or lowering his weapon.

"I know it, Mr. Davis, but have mercy! I will never play cards again if you will let me off, nor harm any one. So help me God! Have mercy! have mercy!" and he dropped his face on the ground, unable longer to look upon Mr. Davis' towering height and angry countenance.

"You do not deserve to die by the hands of a gentleman, and I will spare you, though you would have murdered me; but on condition that you turn over to Mr. Throckmorton the money you have taken from Mr. Singleton, and afterward do as I say," Mr. Davis answered, without making any move.

The scene ends with the restitution of the money, and the punishment meted out to the villain, is that he shall not return to the boat. He turns up again in some murderous scenes toward the close of the book, figuring in a tragedy that takes place in Black Hawk's deserted cabin.

PARTING OF THE WAYS.

This is only one episode in Mr. Kirkman's long romance, but before leaving it one feels tempted to quote a paragraph from his chapter on "Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis—the Parting of the Ways."

"Never before, I must believe, have men stood beside each other in such unconscious regard of the greatness of their souls and the exalted destiny fate had in store for them as Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Davis. Looking back now to that far-off day through the mists of gathering years and over the heads of intervening men, I see them again as then, distinct and apart from all others; and thus I shall always see them. In many things they were alike, differing only in unimportant particulars. Mr. Davis' bearing was truly great, his carriage and dignity and chivalrous character stamping him as one born to command. * * * The crucible of misery through which Mr. Lincoln had passed and that ever caused his heart to pulsate with tender emotion, Mr. Davis had happily escaped. Yet in all things he was not less gentle, nor did he in any way lack in conception of men's needs or desire to further them so far as lay in his power."

Mr. Kirkman next takes his young hero to Rock Island. Here Gilbert lives happily with a cousin until such time as Lawyer Moth's shadow again falls across his path, when he is forced to flee to the forest. This gives the author a chance to describe a terrible storm in the forest at night, and also to give proof of his love and observation of nature. It also gives Gilbert a chance to outwit a hungry bear in a most amazing and unorthodox fashion. But these are mild episodes compared with some that follow.

"Stories of the Badger State."

"Stories of the Badger State," by Reuben Gold Thwaites. American Book company, Chicago.

This new book, "Stories of the Badger State," is of interest to every child in Wisconsin. The author is secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin and editor of the Wisconsin Historical Collections, as well as author of "The Story of Wisconsin," etc., and whatever he has to say may be accepted as true. The book tells in a most interesting way of the original inhabitants of this territory and of its subsequent discovery and occupation by the white men. It also relates how Wisconsin belonged in turn to Spain, France and England before she became part of the United States, and gives a realistic account of the struggles between the different nations for this important locality. The volume includes a large number of illustrations and will prove a popular book for reading in school and at home.

"A Master of Craft."

"A Master of Craft," by W. W. Jacobs. Frederick A. Stokes company, New York.

"A Master of Craft" has received so much favorable comment during the past year (having been published serially in one of the popular magazines) that further notice seems almost unnecessary. That it is one of the happiest efforts of the gifted author of "Many Cargoes," etc., there is no denying.

The story in brief is of a young English sailing master (Capt. Flower) with the proverbial sweetheart in every port. The captain, in his admiration for these different young ladies, becomes engaged to some numbers of them, flitting when the situation was too strong for him.

Unfortunately for the young gentleman several of the ladies have strong-minded mammas, who institute a merry chase after the too gallant captain, which in the end proves his undoing.

Some of the situations are sidesplitting, and the captain's gift of explaining things would do credit to Baron Munchausen.

"English Literature."

"English Composition and Literature," by W. F. Webster. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The principal of the East high school in Minneapolis has departed from the lines laid down by most text book writers, but he expressly disowns any belief that rhetoric, with its innumerable rules and fine distinctions, has its proper place in the high school training of a young mind in English. Composition, he insists, can no more be reduced to the exactness of a science than can ideas to uniformity, when the brains that conceive the ideas vary so widely. Furthermore, he contends that composition has more to do with the emotional than with the intellectual. The brain that had the civilized world almost in its mastery up to Waterloo, could see men starve and suffer, even die, by thousands, without any inspiration to such a plea for humanity as Harriet Beecher Stowe gained from the lash of a whip or the echo of an auction block.

Viewing the study of composition from the standpoint that no pupil can write anything until he can think, Prof. Webster is content with getting the thinking faculties at work first. Consequently, as perhaps the most natural, he takes up first, narration, then description, with its necessities for careful observation, exposition, argument, an unusual but a welcome chapter in such a text book, and then begins the drill of the student in the niceties of literature, the effective construction of paragraphs, the proper formation of sentences, and lastly the use of words. But through these last three chapters runs ever the central idea that the use of the right word, the forceful sentence, the cogent paragraph, is not for itself, but because it is a better means to the direct and accurate expression of the thought—the primary end of composition.

"You and Your Doctor."

"You and Your Doctor," by Dr. W. B. Doherty. Laird & Lee, Chicago.

We have received from Laird & Lee, of Chicago, an interesting work on health and the care of it, entitled "You and Your Doctor," and prepared with great practical attention by Dr. W. B. Doherty, of the Kentucky Medical society. It is evident, from the first page, that the author is an unremitting enemy of all frauds and humbugs in and out of the medical profession. He fearlessly attacks those systems that have grown to be so popular in this country and which claim to cure every ill mankind is heir to by means of some particular nostrum or by some mysterious electric, psychic, osteologic or magnetic process. Dr. Doherty protests with all the energy of an honest physician against the possibility of one particular trick or drug relieving every ailment, without the nature of each separate patient being taken into consideration. Therefore, in his book, as clear in its advice as it is sensible in its reasoning, he does not present the readers with a lot of recipes, but counsels wisely and well on all matters concerning the hygienic duties we owe to our own person and to those we love—children particularly. Food, drink, sleep, bathing, work and worry, hemorrhages, and the first cares in case of accidents, are only a few of the subjects exhaustively treated in this excellent manual, which inspires one with confidence in the writer.

British Old Men of the Sea.

Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

The longevity of East Anglian seadogs is proverbial, but few vessels' crews, drawn even from this hardy class, can compare in point of age with the muster of the William Crow, the vessel that was wrecked off Hartlepool during the recent gale. The age of the captain was seventy, that of the mate sixty, the A. B. sixty-eight and the "ship's boy" seventy-two. The vessel carried a big spread of canvas, and it is the proud boast of the crew that all sails were closely reefed when the vessel went ashore.

WILL REMAIN AT LARGE.

"Jones has gone clean daffy. I wonder they don't put him in an asylum."

"His property is so heavily mortgaged that none of his relatives want it."

R·I·P·A·N·S

Best and Cheapest Family Medicine.

Mrs. Carney, a housewife, living at 1212 Jackson St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes under date of November 28, 1898: I suffered for five years with indigestion. I would have pains in my right side so badly that I would not know what to do and my head would ache terribly. I got no relief until I took Ripans Tabules. The pain in my side began to leave me after I took the second box. I still take them. I look like a changed woman and feel like a changed woman. I also use the Tabules for constipation for my children and find them the best and cheapest medicine for family use and would not be without them.

WANTED:—A case of bad health that R·I·P·A·N·S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R·I·P·A·N·S on the package and accept no substitute. R·I·P·A·N·S, 10 for 5 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York.

FREE TRIAL

DEATH TO HAIR

ROOT AND BRANCH

New Discovery By The Misses Bell

A Trial Treatment FREE To Any One Afflicted With Hair on Face, Neck or Arms

We have at last made the discovery which has baffled chemists and all others for centuries—that of absolutely destroying superfluous hair, root and branch, entirely and permanently, and that too without impairing in any way the finest or most sensitive skin. It is scarcely possible to overstate the importance of this discovery, or the great good and satisfaction it will be to those afflicted with one of the most disfiguring and aggravating blemishes—that of superfluous hair on the face of women, whether it be a mustache or growth on the neck, cheeks or arms.

The Misses Bell have thoroughly tested its efficacy and are desirous that the full merits of their treatment to which they have given the descriptive name of "KILL-ALL-HAIR" shall be known to all afflicted. To this end a trial will be sent free of charges, to any lady who will write for it. Without a cent of cost you can see for yourselves what the discovery is; the evidence of your own senses will then convince you that the treatment "KILL-ALL-HAIR," will rid you of one of the greatest drawbacks to perfect loveliness, the growth of superfluous hair on the face or neck of women.

Please understand that a personal demonstration of our treatment costs you nothing. A trial will be sent you free, which you can use yourself and prove our claims by sending two stamps for mailing.

THE MISSES BELL,
78 & 80 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Misses Bell's Complexion Tonic is a harmless liquid for external application to the skin. It removes entirely all freckles, moth, blackheads, pimples, and tan, and cures entirely acne and eczema, and beautifies the complexion. Price $1.00 per bottle, three bottles (usually required to clear the complexion) $2.75.

The Misses Bell's Capilla Renova is a preparation for naturally restoring gray locks to their original color. Capilla Renova is really a Hair Food, and strengthens and invigorates the hair in a natural way, and thus restores its original color. Price $1.50 per bottle.

The Misses Bell's Skin Food is a soft, creamy, exquisitely scented ointment, for mild cases of roughness, redness, pimples, etc., is a cure in itself. Is an excellent retiring cream. Price 75 cents per jar.

The Misses Bell's Lambs' Wool Soap is made from pure oil of Lambs' Wool. Price 25 cents per cake.

A complete line of above exquisite preparations are always kept in stock, and can be had from our local agent.

Mannheimer Bros.

MUNYON'S GUARANTEE.

Strong Assertions as to Just What the Remedies Will Do.

Munyon guarantees that his Rheumatism Cure will cure nearly all cases of rheumatism in a few hours; that his Dyspepsia Cure will cure indigestion and all stomach troubles; that his Kidney Cure will cure 90 per cent of all cases of kidney trouble; that his Catarrh Cure will cure catarrh no matter how long standing; that his Headache Cure will cure any kind of headache in a few minutes; that his Cold Cure will quickly break up any cold in the entire list of remedies. At all druggists, 25 cents a vial. If you need medical advice write Prof. Munyon 1505 Arch st., Phila. It is absolutely free.

COFFEE and SUGAR

18 lbs. BEST GRANULATED SUGAR $1.00. Ten pounds good old crop Rio, 97c, or 5 pounds for 50c. A good old crop roasted Rio, 10 pounds $1.15, or 5 pounds for 60c. A good old crop Santos Coffee, roasted, 10 pounds for $1.15, or 5 pounds for 60c. A fine old crop Golden Rio, roasted, 15c pound, or 7 pounds for $1.00. A fine Java and Mocha Blend Coffee, 19c pound, or 6 pounds for $1.00. The best Java and Mocha flavor roasted Coffee, the 40c grade, 25c pound, or 4 pounds for 97c. All the above are rare bargains at a little more than half the regular price. No one should fail to buy a supply of these coffees. Best Minnesota Flour, 98 cents for $1.85. Send us the names and P. O. addresses of 17 consumers, and we will send you FREE every two weeks, our latest grocery price-list, giving latest prices on groceries and other goods.

T. M. ROBERTS' SUPPLY HOUSE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

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