

A STRANGE CASE OF HYPNOTISM.

In the autumn of 1877, I was on a trip in the upper peninsula of Michigan. As my health was not good at that time, I had been attracted to that locality by the marvellous accounts of the invigorating atmosphere, and the splendid opportunities for geological discovery—a subject in which I was much interested. I found the woods and hills beautiful beyond description, and the clear air seemed to fill me with new life.

After spending a couple of weeks in the vicinity of Hancock, one evening on my way to the town, after passing a day on the hills with my geological hammer as my only companion, I fell in with a young Swede who was going in the same direction. He was disposed to be very chatty, and with charming naïveté told me in the course of the hour's walk the principal facts in his history. He was a typical Swede, with high cheek-bones, sharp features, and a scanty moustache. He said his name was Olverson, was a photographer by profession, and had been working in a gallery at Winona, Minn., as a retoucher and general utility man. The stains of nitre of silver still on his fingers bore evidence to the truth of his statement. He went on to tell me that he had secured a more profitable job at a small town about 70 miles beyond Hancock, and as they did not want him for a few days, he intended to walk to the scene of his future labours. My physician had recommended walking for me. Here was an opportunity for a good long walk with company in the bargain, and as I had examined quite thoroughly the interesting geological formation in that locality, I told my new acquaintance that I would accompany him. That evening we looked up the route and estimated we could walk there in two days, stopping the first night with a settler by the name of Ole Bright, and the second night at a cross roads called "Anderson's Place."

It was a magnificent morning in October when we started. From the golden leaves on every side the sparkling frost stared the pale sun in the face. The pure air made one's nerves unlikeliest wine. We tramped on until it was quite dark, when Olverson's quick eye caught the flickering light from a settler's cabin or an Indian camp, we could not tell which. The barking of a pack of dogs made our presence known, and a voice from out the darkness told us in imperfect English to "Come on." It was a small cabin into which we entered, and, when my eyes grew accustomed to the light, I took a good look at the man of the house.

He was an undersized, swarthy Frenchman, with tremendous shoulders and arms that gave one the impression of great strength. His snapping black eyes and sharp nose indicated cunning and curiosity. The full lips and sloping forehead gave evidence of intellect and vitality. The cabin was very small—two rooms and a garret; but after we had explained the situation our host gave us a hearty welcome, as settlers are most sure to do on the frontiers of civilization, and begged us to be seated while he prepared us supper. In doing so he called from the other room a child to assist him, who must have fled at our approach, for I had not seen her before.

After we had eaten we sat in front of a generous fire in the open hearth and listened to our host, who was entertaining and voluble, as his countrymen usually are. He said his name was Burzee, and that his people came from Picardy, France, but that he was born in New Brunswick, and moved from Canada into the United States. The time slipped rapidly by and it was soon midnight. As the Frenchman talked on the child slept in his arms, her golden curls falling over the sleeve of his rough blouse; altogether it made a most domestic and homelike picture. As Olverson was nodding in his chair, weary with the long day's exertion, I suggested to Burzee that we retire for the night. He said, "All right; you will find a shake-down in the garret. Here, take this lamp. I will light another." I took the lamp, and with Olverson leading the way, we started up the crazy ladder leading into the garret.

When half-way up, we were both stopped by an altercation between Burzee and the child. She had awakened and was fretful and crying. The Frenchman seemed to be excited and furiously angry. "Look you," he cried to us. "See how like the devil she behaves. Quit enivelling, you tormenting brat, or I will kill you, as I would a snake!"

The child continued to cry, and the man to get more and more insanely angry, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, he pulled from his belt a knife and sprang toward the child with the fury of a wild beast, and, seizing her by the hair, he dealt her a savage blow in the neck. The red blood spurted from the large carotid artery, and she sank down without a moan. I glanced at Olverson. He seemed paralysed with horror, and stood clutching at his throat, face white as marble. As for myself, I was simply helpless. I tried to lift my feet, but they would not obey my will. The cold perspiration stood upon my face like thick mist, but I could not raise my hand to wipe it away.

I do not know how long we would have remained standing on the stairs had not Burzee turned and cried, "Go now, go to bed."

If we had been armed, we would have gone down, sought escape, and alarmed the authorities and neighbours, if we could have found any, but our nearest approach to a weapon was a penknife. I had a revolver in my handbag, but it was downstairs where I could not get at it. We both believed the Frenchman to be insane, and did not know what moment he might come up and attack us. There was no window by which we could escape, and the only thing left to us was to wait for daylight and go down and fight our way out, if necessary.

Neither of us closed our eyes to sleep that night. It seemed as though morning would never come, but at last the faint streaks of light broke through the pine boughs and we heard Burzee moving about

in the room below. We soon heard the kettle boiling and preparations going on for breakfast. Finally the man below pounded on the stairs and said: "Come down, you fellows; are you going to sleep all day?"

We tiptoed down very gently and hesitatingly. There was the Frenchman with a broad grin on his beardless face, and there—could it be possible? yes, there was no question—there was the child, alive and well. If we were frightened and horrified the night before now we were simply dumbfounded. Olverson gazed about the room for a moment, like a man in delirium, and then dashed for the open door and ran like a deer. I never saw him again.

The Frenchman skipped about the room and laughed in an ecstasy of delight. I said to him: "For God's sake, man, what does it mean? Speak out. I saw you kill that child last night."

"No, no," he said; "that was your fancy. You were dreaming; it was a trick of the imagination."

And that was all the explanation he would offer. I called the little child to me and took her on my knee. It was the same child, there could be no doubt about that. I remembered noticing the night before a mole on her upper lip. I noticed it again when I looked in the morning.

After breakfast I bade my host adieu and went back to Hancock, and soon after I returned to my home. For several years I puzzled my brains a good deal about this mysterious experience. I knew at that time very little about hypnotism; there was not much said about it in the newspapers in those days. I have since investigated the subject and I have come to the conclusion that Burzee was a master of hypnotism, and that we were both under the influence.

If it was not hypnotism, what was it?

NORTH-WEST PROSPECTS.

Prosperous Towns and Villages are Now Dotting our Western Plains.

The report of the Department of the Interior points to large sales of land for settlement, and to the taking up of considerable areas under the homestead provisions. It has been said that the North-West has not been settled with the rapidity promised or desired. This statement is entirely correct. Circumstances beyond control, as for example, the competition of other cultivable areas and the low price which wheat has been bringing, have disappointed the hopes of those who have looked for a speedy occupation of our fertile lands of the West. But all the same there has been a steady movement into the country, and during the decade that it has been open for the receipt of settlers it has advanced wonderfully. The plains of ten years ago are now dotted with prosperous towns and flourishing farms. This year the outlook for the Territories is excellent, and the feeling of those already settled there is cheerful. From the numerous local papers it is learned that immigration is already very promising. English, Irish, and Scotch settlers are taking up land, and there are many new arrivals from the United States. The prospects for the season's operations are satisfactory.

A LARGE WHEAT AREA

has been sown under unusually favourable climatic influences. In one locality wheat sown on May 1 was above ground three days later. Thirty or forty new elevators are to be constructed at once. A good sign of which the press takes notice is the tendency to pass into varied forms of production. There has been, for example, a considerable investment in cattle raising. This is turning out well. Prices are higher than they have been in many years, and purchasers are plentiful. The local paragraphs tell of the visits of the cattle buyers, who leave behind them at the points at which they stop from six to ten thousand dollars in the pockets of the farmers. In the production of ham and bacon there has been a satisfactory advance, factories having been established; and there is a decided boom in the dairy industry. Creameries have been built in many villages, and the Canadian Pacific railway is encouraging the enterprise by placing on all its lines daily refrigerator cars. It is significantly announced that the farmers are giving up politics and turning to business. Well may they, for the season has opened well, and business promises to be better than it has been in many years. Our North-West is all right.

Talmage Talks of Queen Victoria.

The service held by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage in the Academy of Music, New York, on Sunday afternoon was the twentieth and last for the present season, and the attendance was larger than on any previous Sunday. Dr. Talmage chose as his text, "The likeness of the hands of a man was underneath their wings." (Ezekiel x. 24.) In this connection he spoke of the hands of God upholding the universe, and the more human hands of Christ and Moses. "Moses showed his human hand when he wrote the Ten Commandments," he said, "the foundation of all good legislation and civilization." In speaking of the power of prayer, Dr. Talmage said: "When the present Queen of England was only three months old her father was dying and asked that she should be brought to him. He placed his hands upon the babe and prayed that God would be her guide. And who has read the history of England for the last fifty years can doubt that that prayer was heard?"

Outdoing the Bible.

A noted English physician says the normal period of human life is about 110 years, and that seven out of every ten of us ought to live that long if we took proper care of ourselves. Generally speaking, however, the people who are noted for their longevity took a sort of pot luck and didn't bother themselves in observing any particular rules and regulations. The man who sets up arbitrary rules for his body and stomach to follow makes a mess of his health. If he begins to diet young he then begins to die,

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

"By George! but that's just what I expected!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he looked up from his paper the other evening. "Here's an item to the effect that the sheriff has seized upon everything he could find belonging to Dolby!"

"For what reason?" asked Mrs. Bowser. "For the reason that he had reached the end of his rope. I've been looking for it for the last two years. He won't even own the clothes on his back. Poor old Dolby, and yet I can't say I pity him."

"Was it hard times?" "No, Not a bit of it. No, it was simply and solely his wife's extravagance. She has thrown his money right and left, and this is the end of it. It was a pitiful spectacle to see that man going to financial ruin through her mad recklessness, but nothing could check her."

Mrs. Bowser didn't know what was coming, and prudently maintained silence. Mr. Bowser picked up the paper, read the item again, and then said:

"Mrs. Bowser, perhaps I don't praise you as often as I should, but you can be sure your many good qualities are duly appreciated."

"You praise me very often," she replied as she looked pleased and flattered.

"Not as often as I ought to. Take it in this matter of Dolby's failure, for instance. His wife has been his financial ruin. While she has squandered every dollar he could earn, you have helped me to save thousands. Don't blush and act like a school-girl over it, but I want to say that if it hadn't been for your economy and good management we wouldn't have been worth cents where we are worth dollars."

"Do you—you really mean it?" stammered Mrs. Bowser. "You bet I do! I ought to have said so once a week for the last ten years, but I'm an old crank about some things. Yes, Mrs. Bowser, you are a help-mate in the true sense of the term, and no husband was ever more proud of his wife. Here's a kiss for you, and forgive me for being a mean old curmudgeon."

When Mr. Bowser had gone back to his chair and picked up his paper, Mrs. Bowser realized that she ought to make some excuse to run in next door or get up-stairs for an hour and wait for Mr. Bowser's mood to change before saying what she was obliged to say. She had no reasonable pretext, however, and hoping that things might turn out all right she finally said:

"Mr. Bowser, do you think your coal man gives you full weight?"

"Why, certainly," he replied. "Yes, he's a square man and I've no fault to find. Why do you ask?"

"I thought our coal burned out altogether too fast."

"Well, I dunno. I figured that we would have enough to run through the summer."

"But the coal is out, Mr. Bowser!"

"What! All the coal gone! You don't mean it!"

"I know that coal has been as saving as she could," said Mrs. Bowser, as the color left her face, "but there is only enough to last to-morrow."

"Mrs. Bowser!" said Mr. Bowser, as he stood up and glared down at her, "what has become of those ten tons of coal laid in only a few weeks ago?"

"You didn't get but two tons, and of course they have been used to cook with," she replied.

"Never! Never in this world! Even a steam saw-mill could not have used up such a heap of coal in so short a time! That coal has been sold—given away—flung into the back yard—out into the street. If there was ever a more extravagant woman on the face of this earth I should like to see her!"

"The plumber has sent his bill," quietly observed Mrs. Bowser as Mr. Bowser walked up and down and kicked a hassock out of his way.

"The plumber—his bill! Why has a plumber sent me a bill?"

"Why, I told you about that leaking water pipe two weeks ago, and you told me to have the plumber on the corner come over and solder it. The bill is only ninety cents."

"Ninety cents for soldering up a leak no larger than a pin!" whooped Mr. Bowser. "I'll see that plumber plump to the other side of Texas before I pay it! Did you protest? Did you tell him it was swindle? Did you declare his bill highway robbery?"

"No."

"Of course not! That shows your interest in your husband's pocket book! If he had handed in a bill for \$5 you wouldn't have said a word! And now, Mrs. Bowser, how did that pipe come to leak?"

"Something caused it to give way, I suppose."

"Exactly—something caused it to give way, but what? Did some one go down cellar and swing on that water pipe and seek to pull it loose? Did some one strike it with the ax or jab it with the crow-bar?"

"Don't be foolish, Mr. Bowser. I might as well tell you that the glass in the back kitchen door was broken several days ago."

"It was eh?" gasped Mr. Bowser as he sat down on the edge of a chair and looked at her. "Some one, in order to spite her husband and add to the load he is staggering under, walked up to that door with a rolling pin and deliberately smashed out a \$17 pane of glass!"

"A man offered to replace it for seventy cents, and it was broken by a gust of wind slamming the door. The girl had just called to me to come down and look at her tubs, when—"

"Mrs. Bowser, are you going to tell me that anything is wrong with those tubs?" interrupted Mr. Bowser, as he stood up again.

"The waste pipe in one of them seems to be clogged."

"Seems to be—clogged! That means that some person has gone down there and taken the poker and rammed and jammed and pounded the dish-cloth into the mouth of the pipe! It means another visit from the plumber—another bill for \$15—a tear-up of all the pipes and drains about the house!"

"I think it is only a piece of soap which will soon dissolve," explained Mrs. Bowser.

"Yes, you think, but what does your thinking amount to in the face of facts? You couldn't think of any other way to bring me to the poorhouse, and so you jam a dishcloth into a drain-pipe! When you were at it why didn't you blow up the range with gunpowder, explode the gas meter, smash all the windows in the house, and give the furniture to some old tramp?"

"Mr. Bowser, can I help it if the coal burns out, and the water pipes burst?" protested Mrs. Bowser. "When the grate burned out of the range the other day was I in any manner—"

"And so the grate has burned out of the range again!" he interrupted. "That is 195 times during the last year—a little less than once in two days! Every time that grate has burned out it has cost me \$7 to replace it! Is it any wonder that I go around so dead-broke that I can't buy a bone collar-button? Of all the reckless, extravagant, foolish women I ever heard of, you take the cake! Great Scott, but just think of it—over \$1000 in the past week for coal, glass and water-pipes in this house!"

"I'm sure it is not my fault. I try to do my very best—"

"Yes, you try to bankrupt me! You have been trying for the last twenty years, and you have finally succeeded! We are bankrupt! We are paupers! To-morrow we shall not have a roof over our heads! If I can save even ten cents from the wreck you may have it and go home to your mother, while I start life over again. Mrs. Bowser, I'm going upstairs to figure, and you can sit here and gurgle and giggle and chuckle over the way you have ruined a once happy home, and brought a kind and liberal husband to the grave of bankruptcy. Good-night, deluded woman—good-night!"

HOME OF THE DIAMOND KING.

A Beautiful Picture of Mr. Rhodes' Residence in South Africa.

A thousand acres of Table Mountain's charming slopes, a quaint old Cape Dutch residence stocked with all manner of interesting antique furniture and storey-laden mementoes, an old garden filled with the odour of great beds of violets, a glen carpeted with hydrangeas in flower, a game preserve filled with South African antelopes and birds, with a lion-house for Zambesian forest kings, six miles of oak avenues, commanding vistas and views of sea and mountain gloriously picturesque, wherever the eye ranges—all this, flooded with warmth and sunshine, under the cloudless blue by day and the moonlit sable by night! It is a fairly enticing picture which is given us by Cape Town accounts of Mr. Rhodes' residence.

"Groote Schuur" is a typical old Cape Dutch house, which Mr. Rhodes has taken in hand with the lavish ideas and imaginative taste of a Monte Cristo. He has bought up adjoining estates until he has a frontage of three miles of choicely wooded mountainside, and after enlarging the residence itself in correct style, has made it a perfect museum of old Cape Dutch furniture and curios, and relics from Mashonaland and Matabeleland, and many other places besides.

A lover of the antique and a man who had not only taste and means, but the power of seeing where he can specialize, Mr. Rhodes has spared no expense or trouble in procuring what is interesting and character for the interior of his beautiful home. Dutch clocks, Dutch chairs and wardrobes, rich old tapestries, old prints and paintings, keep up the idea of "Groote Schuur" as a Cape Dutch residence; while of even greater interest are such relics as Lobengula's rifle, the silver elephant of Bulawayo, the Matabele King's seal, and the drinking cup, the sacred crocodile bowl of Zimbabwe, bits of Arab glass from the ruins, blue pottery and a Roman coin from Mashonaland, and photographs of the men who fell or who conquered in the late little war.

After his morning ride, Mr. Rhodes strolls in a lovely garden now fragrant with violets under trellised vines lung with rich clusters of luscious black grapes. Thousands of rhododendrons, azaleas, and flowering shrubs adorn the slopes of the mountain; and there is a glen some hundreds of yards in length, through which a stream flows, and the sides of which a few weeks ago were "carpeted with bright blue blossoms" of hydrangeas. In the game preserve of 900 acres, inclosed by a seven-foot fence, may already be seen wildebeest, zebras, elands, springboks, and guinea fowl, and a temporary model of the lion-house; and as soon as possible this fine preserve will be made a menagerie of South African animal and bird life of every kind procurable.

Mr. Gladstone As A Linguist.

"Mr. Gladstone is an unusually good modern linguist. He talks French fluently, and those who remember his extemporized after-dinner speeches years ago in the mansions of the Parisian elite, know that he could turn graceful phrases and express clear views in French, though he has never loved or professed to love that tongue. Italian, on the other hand, Mr. Gladstone admires most among all 'living' languages. He is as reticent and modest about his command of it as he is about his other qualities. Yet the following incident, which happened some years ago in Wales, shows that his knowledge of Italian is very wide indeed. The then Italian Ambassador had been introduced to Mr. Gladstone by a Welsh country squire. The two former presently left the house together, and walked for several hours up and down the green lanes in animated conversation. Finally, the ambassador returned to his friend, the squire, and expressed his boundless admiration of Mr. Gladstone's perfect grasp of the Italian language. 'For three hours,' he said, 'we have been discussing the most intricate subjects in heaven and on earth—subjects bristling with technical terms. And never once has Mr. Gladstone been at a loss for a word, not has he used a single word that did not express his meaning with perfect clearness.'"

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Labor Saving.

Most people think that brain work and housework have no sort of relation to each other and cannot be combined. In fact, hard and systematic brain work underlies all good housekeeping, and it has been conclusively proven that the correct union of brain work and housework is conducive to health, happiness and long life. Any form of familiar work, as plain sewing, knitting or ironing, may be combined with separate mental effort. The woman who can knit without watching her work closely can read at the same time. Modern inventions supply many devices for holding books in position for the reader. One woman managed a device for holding her book over her table and she read and studied while washing her dishes. Of course the woman must be willing to make some sacrifice of time in arranging her book and turning the leaves, otherwise she cannot combine manual and mental labor. However, it will still remain a fact that with a great pile of dishes staring one in the face and twenty other duties calling loudly for attention, many housekeepers will feel that they have neither time nor strength to snatch time for mental improvement. One housekeeper keeps always with her a note book and pencil and she jots down thoughts that occur to her while her hands are occupied in the manufacture of cakes and pies. Lydia Maria Child said that many of her most beautiful thoughts came to her while scrubbing the floor. Aside from the combination of mental and manual labor there is a great variety of ways in which the brain may be used to save the hands and feet. In washing and ironing there are many ways of lightening labor and one of these ways is in the purchasing of the goods. Many women are coming to believe it a mistaken idea to buy the very heavy shirting for men's everyday wear on the farm. The same rule applies to heavy sheeting and muslin for underclothing. The extra labor required to get such heavy cloth clean is decidedly wearing on clothing, arms and backs. (One woman says she gets for her husband's shirts the same gingham used for dresses and aprons and that they last from nine months to a year. The same woman gives her method of doing the weekly family washing: Put the white clothes to soak the evening before, and have the boiler filled on the back of the stove. As soon as possible in the morning it is brought forward to heat. Shave half a cake of good soap into a can and set on the stove to melt, with two tablespoonfuls of kerosene. Stir occasionally until well mixed and like soft soap, then add to the water in which the clothes are to be boiled. Long boiling yellows the clothes.

Laundry Hints.

Much of the shrinking and discoloration of flannels is caused by hot water, hot irons and the application of soap to the wet flannels. The garments should be looked over and soiled spots rubbed with soap before wetting. Make a warm suds and add a tablespoonful of ammonia to a gallon of water. Squeeze the garments with the hands and rinse in water of the same temperature as the first until clean. If colored add white vinegar to the water to set the color. After wringing shake well and draw into shape. Dry quickly as possible. The garments should be pressed while still damp with a warm iron until perfectly dry. Under this treatment old flannels will keep as soft as new ones.

As time passes there is less starch used in the laundry. Some of the old-time starched garments were about as comfortable and comely as a coat of mail. Skirts, of course, must have some starch, though they never should be so stiff as to rattle, and table linen ironed much better if it has just a suggestion of starch, though just when the suggestion has reached the limit most laundresses seem unable to determine.

To make fine, clear starch, first wet the starch with cold water and work till smooth then pour boiling water over it in the proportion of one quart to every two tablespoonfuls of starch, set on the stove and stir till it boils clear. A little sperm candle stirred in it will prevent the irons from sticking, and some add a little butter or lard.

Tried Recipes.

Apple Charlotte.—One pint of apples stewed and strained, cooked with as little water as possible; ½ box of gelatine, soaked in ½ cup cold water for 1 hour; 1 cup sugar, whites of three eggs, the juice of 1 large lemon. Pour ½ cup boiling water on the gelatine, stir until dissolved and add to the apples. Then add sugar and lemon juice. Place the dish in a pan of ice water and beat until it is cold. Add whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, pour into a 2-quart mold, lined with sponge cake or lady fingers. Put on ice to harden. Make a soft custard of the yolks of the eggs, 1 pint of milk and three tablespoonfuls sugar. When you serve turn the charlotte into a platter and pour the custard around it.

Lemon Shortcake.—Make a rich cake, split and butter, then take rind, juice and pulp of three lemons grated, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup cream, mix thoroughly and spread.—Mrs. W.C. Newell.

Filling for Layer Cake.—Grated apple, grated rind and inside of orange, cup of sugar; cook all together.

Apple Cake.—Two cups dried apples soaked over night, then chopped and boiled in 1½ cups molasses a short time; beat 1 cup butter and two of sugar together, add 3 well-beaten eggs, 3 cups of flour, 1 teaspoon saleratus, cinnamon, cloves and 1 small nutmeg, 1 teaspoon mace, 1 cup raisins stoned and chopped. Bake moderately.

Orange Souffle.—Peel and slice 6 oranges, put in a glass dish a layer of oranges, then one of sugar, and so on until all the orange is used and let stand 2 hours; make a soft boiled custard of yolks of 3 eggs, pint of milk, sugar to taste with grating of orange peel for flavor and pour on the oranges when cool enough not to break dish; beat white of eggs to a stiff froth, stir in sugar, and put over the pudding.