Pages 9 to 16. PROGRESS. Pages 9 to 16.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1897.

HYPNOTIZED BY SNAKES. DR. BRAYMAN'S RECAPE IN AN AMAZON FOREST.

But for the Quickness and Bravery of His Native Guide He Would Have Lost His Life-Hypnotism an Intuitive Force-A Scheme of Murder Frustrated.

What in modern days we have called hypnotism is a thing which, under one name or another, or unnamed, has existed as long as animate life in the world.' ssid Dr. A. G. Brayman, who has devoted considerable study to hypnotism both as an abstract science and in its bearing on medi-ical practice. 'In the most ancient bistories we have evidence of this force in the belief in the power of certain men to bewitch others, which in the Latin races survives in the fear of the evil eye. And from the earliest times in civilized rural communities, as among all savage peoples, the belief in witch doctors-men and women who cure ailments by incantations of one sort or another-has prevailed. No doubt these occult healers often accomplish all they profess ; and the secret of the cure is the hypnotic influence they exercise upon the mind of the patient.

'In lower forms of animal nature we find manifestations of this power in the charm. ing of birds and arimals by snakes. The thing that led me first to study this subject was when in boyhood I saw a frog fascinated by a snake. The snake, which was about three feet in length, of a non-venomous species. lay coiled by the roadside, its head resting upon its coils, the forked tongue darting from the mouth while its eyes were fixed on the frog, which sat otionless gazing on the snake a foot away. This was as they were when I found them; how they came together I could not tell. There apparently was nothing to prevent the frog from hopping away out of danger, but he chose to squat th re within reach of his inveterate enemy. I had an errand that took me a mile beyond. I left the two as they were, did my errand, and hurried back. The snake had retreated into the long grass, where I found it with the trog, half swallowed, in its mouth; the frog was fully alive, but was making no resistance or attempt to get away from the snake.

'Ten years later, on the Amizon River, I had a starting evidence of the hypnotizing power of the snake family. In my occupation of collecting bird skins for mounting I was threading a forest path, carrying in hand a gun loaded with very fine bird shot, while my Indian guard followed, carrying a heavier gun charged with buckshot, to use in case we should come upon a deer or a jaguar. A bird of brilliant plumsge flew into a tree which overhung the path, and as I peered into the toliage trying to discern the bird I became aware of something swaying before my eyes and a fi shing of prismatic colors producing on me something of the impress-ion of a kaleidoscope. So unobtrusively had this thing come into view that it dawned only slowly on my mind, preoccupied with the search for the bird, that the object so softly reaching to ward me was the head and six feet of the neck and body of an enormous water boa. From its mouth the forked tongue was shooting and vibrating and changing ligh's were from its Vith my c

trating the human power of hypnotizing, with an unfaiendly purpose, occurred with a friend ot mind, named Jerome Parker, who at the time was residing as a sheep

cowboys of the pampas are called—a race of wild riders of mixed Spanish and Indian descent, with the vengeful and bloodthirsty characteristics of both strains of ancestry -and, unknown to my friend, the gaucho had determined to kill him. The time and place that he selected for carrying out his design was o holiday testival in n little plaza town called Santa Clara. Parker carried a pistol in open view, and moreover, had friends with him likewise armed, his other deadly weapon, the lasso. But catch my friend off his guard, and the first effort of the gaucho was to engage his attention.

'During the first part of the day there were tricks and games by horsemen and other performances in skill to amuse the crowd. At last the gaucho referred to, dismounting from his horse and taking his position in front of Parker, began a per-formance with his lasso. He had two musicians as accompanists and to the strains of a weird air played in slow time on a guitar and an Indian drum, ha made the rope writhe and roll on the ground before him in endless coils like a thing alive, then swang it above his head in loops and spirals his feet at the same keeping step rapt silence at this strange performance, the lasso suddenly shot forth, straight as an arrow from his hand, and the loop setker to death while making good his own escape. Parker was jerked from his feet a yard into the air at the first jump of the horse, falling heavily to the ground, with both arms pinioned by the lasso. He was powerless to help himself, but as luck would have it a wagon drawn by eight mules which was crossing the plaza lay right across the gaucho's path, and as he turned to pa's around it an American in the crowd with a revolver shot the horse through the shoulder bringing bim to the ground. The gaucho stepped from the animal's back as t tell, and drawing his knite, stared for Parker, when the American shot him twice. through the leg and the body, stopping

him. Parker was insensible when picked up, but was not seriously injured. The gaucho died of his wounds. The thing that particularly interested me in this episode, as a hypnotist, was the

me in this episode, as a hypnotist, was the carefully planned and well-executed met-hod which the gaucho took to fix the at-trention of his intended victim, and the friends about him, upon the performance with the rope, leaving himself free to carry out his design of murder without hind rance—and he would hove succeeded had it not been for the unforeseen accident of the wagon blocking the way. "In duels in all ages, in the working up of a drop by frontier desperadoes in the far Wost, in every poker game in which expert players are engaged, the exercise

STUMBLED ON A FORTUNE. ambler Jim Warren of Idaho Played it

An old prospector tells a story of the first days of mining in Idaho which sounds had in some way offended a gaucho, as the like a romance, but which he vouches for as being strictly true, and which agrees with the story frequently told by the late Judge Craig of Douglas county, who was one of the party that staked off the first claims in Idaho. 'The first find of placer" gold in Idaho' said the old pioneer, 'was made early in 1862 by Jim Warren, a prospector, who put in the time when not engaged in the field in patronizing the gamwas there, but, as after the fashion of ing table. A little camp had been estab-ranchmen at that time in the pampas, he lished at Florence, but the diggings were poor and there was so little to be made that the men drifted away in little squads the gaucho thought it too risky to try the business with his knife and so resorted to others started out together, but soon afterward a disagreement arore, and Warren to use this effectively it was necessary to left the party to go it alone. After two or three days he camped one evening on the stream now known as Warren Creek, and, there being fair indications, the next

day was spent in prospecting. 'Panning seven pans of dirt he saved the proceeds, and, taking samples of the quartz wen: back to Florence, where the gold was weighe 1, and found to be worth 70 cents, or ten cents to the pan. This was not a big thing, for these days, but it led to the expectation of better strikes, and an expedition of sixteen men was organized to investigate the new field.

'On their way to Warren Creek they came across Warren's four companions from whom he had parted several days previous ly. They were 'tin-horns' and poor pros-pectors and had been unsuccessful. Seestirrup and swung himself upon his horse's back; then, as the crowd about gazed in rapt silence at this storrer. to share the discovery with the four men, resorted to a rute to throw them of the scent, and spent several days on Secesh tled about the shoulders of Parker. With a yell the gaucho wheeled his horse and set which had then been recently heard ef-spurs to him, intending to drag Par-The four gamblers, being nearly out of provisions, were frozen out and compelled to return to Florence. The expedition then hastened to Warren Creek and steak

Summit Flat, obtaining from \$2 to \$4 to the pan. 'The claims at Warren Meadows were abandoned and new claims staked out on the new field. When the men returned from Florence with the provisions they were followed by about 600 miners, who suspect-ed that rich dirt had been found, and swarmed along Warren Creek and its trib-utaries, making rich finds everywiere. The original locators were extremely for-tinate in the Summit Flat diggings. Two men, named Bese and Osgood, worked for the first day and 40 ounces the first day and 40 ounces the first day and 40 ounces the is of dust were the first receipts of the office. The gold was found to be worth \$14 an ounce, the net returns of the two men for a day and a half teing \$1,960. In three weeks that party of sixteen men had taken out from their claims on Summit Flat 30,-000 ounces ot gold. Betore the close of the season 100,000 ounces were taken out the season 100,000 ounces were taken out its easen had their opportunity, but none others as unknown to the world and friend-less as he had their opportunity, but none constant be circle and their opportunity, but none constant be circle and their opportunity, but none others as a half teing \$1,960. In three weeks that party of sixteen men had taken out from their claims on Summit Flat 30,-000 ounces ot gold. Betore the close of the season 100,000 ounces were taken out for the season 100,000 ounces were taken out first states of the season 100,000 ounces were taken out first states of the season 100,000 ounces were taken out first states of the season 100,000 ounces were taken out first states of the season 100,000 ounces were taken out first the man and in hone were first states of the screet of his constant abscince from home was fathomthe season 100,000 ounces were taken out, and the original mambers of the expedition had enough money to keep them comfort-ably for life. About as much more was taken out during the next season before the bar was exhausted. 'The honesty of the miners in those pioneer days was illustrated by an incident which occurred during this stampede from Florence. In the crowd of 600 that followed the eight men sent to Florence after provisions was a man nicknamed Beston', of a thristy turn, who bought two barrels of whiskey and a wagon hauled by a pair of mules, his knowledge of the average prospector leading him to the conclusion that the crowd, limited to water as a beverage, would soon begin to suffer from the pange of thirst. On the way to from the pangs of thirst. On the way to the diggings one Vandeventor offered him a handsome advance on the first cost of the whiskky, and the offer being accept-ed, the whiskey was turned over to Van-deventer, who set the barrels on end un-der a tree, took out the heads, hung a tin dipper on the side of each bsrrel, fixed a contribution box up against a tree with a slot in the closed lid, and went on with the crowd, leaving the improvised sa-loon to take care of itself. The miners



without a resort to the olcaskin, out in the end the drinks were well paid for, nuggets worth a dollar or more being frequently dropped in for a single drink. Strange as it may seem, there was no excessive indul-gence at the barrels and no one meddled with the con'ribution box, and before the close of the season Van's barrels formed one of the landmarks of the country. Van-deventer pulled out a bandeme sum from then hastened to Warren Creek and steak-ed out the Warren Meadows for themselves and their friends. Eight men were sent back to Florence for provisions, the rest remaining to work the claims. While the eight men were gone some of those who remained discovered better diggings at Summt Flat, obtaining from \$2 to \$4 to the pan. 'The claims at Warren Meadows were

passing to and fro would take a drink, drop a contribution into the box, and pass on. Sumetimes several drinks would be taken without a resort to the buckakin, but in the ord the disks more all used for a more than the wouldn't have missed it for the world, for it has supplied him with material for pleasant experience, but he declares that for it has supplied him with material for numbers of sketches and short stories. A Christmas story which brought him a lot of praise, for instance, was a chapter from that experience, and well deserved the econium of 'very realistic' from the critics.

A friend of the writer, who rejoices in what the police reports call 'very aristocrotic appearance,' and has in addition exrotic appearance,' and has in addition ex-cellent manners, adds enough to a slender income to pay for the summer holiday for himselt and family, his tailor's and shop-maker's bills, and even hus rent. by act-ing as a private detective at balls and re-ceptions in Belgravia and Mayfair. Chance threw hum in contact with the man-earer of a detective arency which does a

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admits that his wife n afford to stop pray-





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gun in my hand I did not think to use it or to run away, but stood gazing, literally spell-bound, as the snake, slipping from the bough on which it lay, advanced its head toward me.

'I heard my guide shout from behind me. The snake's head drew back with an angry hiss as the Indian crowded past me, raising his gun to his shoulder as he did so, and

with the loud crack, crack ! of the two barrels he seized me with both arms and rushed me back away from the place. Then I saw the snake, which had dropped from the tree, writhing and twisting in the path -an immense fellow, twenty eight feet long and of girth in proportion. Its head was shattered by the two charges of buckshot, but the convulsions of the body were enough to show the reptile's enormous strength and give an idea of how I should have fared if once it had thrown its coils around me. The hos would have done this in a few moments more, the guide told me, and if he had not rushed to my aid I would have stood still, fascinated, and never stirred to

avoid my fate. In other words, the snake had 'charmed' or bypnotized me beyond

nad 'onarmed' or bypnotized me beyond all power of resistance or retreat. 'The two episodes just related were in my own experience. A third cise, illur-St. John, N. B., and druggists generally.

far West, in every poker game in which expert players are engaged, the exercise of hypotic influence is involved, the per-son possessing the stronger will or msg-netic force using his power for intimidat-ing or otherwise influencing the other. The revolving mirrors and other equip-ment of the professional hypototist are mechanical aids for predisposing a subject to yield to the same influence, which an attentive observer may see exercised in the whole round of animal lite without much help.

Badly Disabled.

A writer in Harper's Drawer says that a lawyer, having some papers to be executed by an old Irishwoman, went to her house one morning for her signature. On his one morning for her signature. On his srrival he requested her to sign her name 'here,' indicating the pot. 'Och,' said she, with a bland smile, 'you sign it for me, for sure, since I lost my glasses I can't wite.' 'Well, how do you spell your name,!Mrs. S. P'

S. ?' 'Marths, dear,' she cried, 'come here directly and shpell me name for the ginlle-man, for sure, since I lost me teeth I can't shpell a word !'

Short's Dyspepticure.

less as he had their opportunity, but none presented itself to him, and in hope even

daughter acting as his assistant. Fortune tavored him, and before the secret of his constant abscance from home was fathom-ed by the curious of his flock he had made deferred his race was run. A rising author who is now sought by the publishers, but had a particularly hard struggle to find acceptance, tided over the worst period by acting as the broker's man

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