

## MET MAN WITH THE EYES

PUT PEOPLE TO SLEEP AND THEN ROBBED THEM.

Strange Hypnotic Power of Robber Sets Scotland Yard by the Ears.

One day as a Scotland Yard detective was lounging in the corridor of a Liverpool hotel he noticed the individual who afterward became known in police records as the man with the eyes. He was a medium-sized man, slim in build, and had the look of a college professor. There was nothing to distinguish him from other gentlemen except his eyes. They were large and black in color, and as he accidently brushed against the detective and stopped to apologize and looked at the detective with a peculiar thrill. He felt that the stranger had seen clear through him, so to say. He had sufficient curiosity to ascertain that the gentleman had registered as coming from York, and that his name was Burton, says the London Daily News.

## SOUNDED LIKE PIPE DREAM.

Three days later a curious case was recorded at police headquarters. Richard White, a hard-headed country squire, told a story that the officers were inclined to believe was a pipe dream. Had it been an ordinary man they would have smiled in his face. He set out from London to Liverpool and occupied a compartment with one other person. This person bore the description of the man with the eyes. The squire busied himself looking over some letters for half an hour after boarding the train, and then looked up to find the other staring at him. He said that he felt an "influence" at once. The feeling was that he had lost his identity and was someone else. He did not lose consciousness, but could clearly remember all that was said and done. "Your name is Sudley?" said the man after a moment. "Yes, it is Sudley." "You are not feeling well today?" "No, I'm not."

## HANDED OVER HIS MONEY.

"You are going to sleep and you will wake up feeling better, but first give me your watch and money." The squire stood up and handed over everything. He knew what he was doing, but it seemed to him to be the thing to do. "Now, lie down on the seat and go to sleep." The squire stretched out and the next thing he knew was a guard trying to arouse him, and it was an hour later. The man with the eyes was no longer in the compartment. There was the story, and it puzzled the officers. They had to take it in earnest, coming from such a source.

## SENSATION AT YORK.

Following this robbery there was a most sensational and daring one from some great lady whose diamonds were taken from the messenger of a jeweller by "the man with the eyes."

There was a sensation at Scotland Yard, and only then did the officer who had seen the man at Liverpool catch on. He was one of the three men detailed on the case. He was to watch the trains and junctions on the road where the last robbery occurred, and he put in two months without meeting with his man, or without hearing of another case of "eyes." Then he followed a man from a junction to a hotel, and being almost positive of his quarry, he called on the man in his room. He found him unstrapping his valise and made some inquiry to excuse his intrusion. "Come right in," replied the man, "and I will attend to you in a moment. Fine day, isn't it? But I think we shall have rain by tomorrow. Ah, but I've broken the tongue of that buckle. Now, then—"

## PUT DETECTIVE TO SLEEP.

And he rose up, turned around and looked the officer full in the eyes. The latter tried to reach out and grab his man and break the "influence," but it was in vain. He tried to turn his head away, but he could not. "You need sleep?" said the man with the eyes. "Yes."

## HOW HE APOLOGIZED.

President Roosevelt related that he was in a village church where the service was conducted by a colored minister. During a forcible sermon on theft, the preacher said: "I see before me twelve chicken-thieves, including William Sanders." William Sanders was naturally incensed at this, and threatened the preacher with personal violence. The minister's friends persuaded him to promise that if the preacher would withdraw the accusation he would not harm him. They then went to the minister, who promised them that he would withdraw the accusation next Sunday. Therefore, in the pulpit on the following Sunday, the minister said that a remark of his in his last sermon had been the cause of offence, and he would therefore amend it. "What I should have said was this: 'I see before me eleven chicken-thieves, not including William Sanders.'"

## TOLL FOR THE BRAVE

TELLING DESCRIPTION OF A GREAT NAVAL DISASTER.

Awful Scenes When a Modern Warship Collides With a Sister Ship.

It seemed as if the world had suddenly come to an end, and some malignant spirit was breaking everything in it. Steel plates were shattered and rent and torn; massive beams snapped like straws; iron bolts parted; armored hatchways clanged and thundered as they were torn from their fastenings; woodwork was splintered, and crockery smashed to atoms; twelve-ton guns, wrenched from their moorings, went spinning across the deck, crushing men and tables and shells and cartridge-cases into one awful medley. The electric light had gone out at the first terrible shock, leaving the decks in utter darkness; two wires had twisted and tangled themselves into veritable cobwebs on the decks, already littered with rifles, and pistols, and axes, and the thousand and one paraphernalia of war.

## A MINUTE AFTER.

Barely half awake, the watch below were shouting wildly to each other. Some clambered out of their hammocks, only to trip in the chaos of their feet, and to be pounded by the guns and massive beams careering like corks across the swaying decks.

The Glorious had been steaming at full speed on a starless night, without lights, and had been run down by the battle-fleet, also taking war risks. She had been struck on the starboard bow, and her fore-bridge had gone by the board, taking the captain, commander, and first lieutenant with it. For a moment authority was disorganized.

But for the moment only. Then a young lieutenant, in his pyjamas, took over the command, giving his orders as calmly as if a collision in mid-Atlantic, with a terrific sea running, was an everyday occurrence.

Within a minute from the first shock, men were picking their way with lighted lamps. The watch below, quiet and orderly, was streaming up the ladders to the upper deck. Stokers were clambering up narrow hatchways, or patiently waiting their turn.

## AT A WORD.

There had been one rush—one only. Twenty men had tried to swarm up the same ladder, and had jammed half-way. But Authority, in the shape of a midshipman—5 feet 3 inches in his socks—had quelled the disturbance with a single sentence: "Steady, lads! This isn't an excursion steamer!"

And the men had fallen in shamefacedly among their comrades who had been watching them with disapproving eyes.

The watch on deck was fallen in on the quarter-deck, standing "At ease," and calmly waiting. The

searchlights from a dozen battleships were playing on them, and the credit of the ship was on their shoulders.

There was nothing to be done. Water was pouring through the huge rent in the ship's side, preventing the watertight doors from being closed. Collision quarters would have been useless. To jump overboard was absurd, with such a sea running. And there seemed but little chance of their comrades in other ships being able to launch boats, though they were working like demons. The men in the Glorious could hear the davits creaking and the ho-suns piping shrilly, but NOT A SINGLE HUMAN VOICE.

Silently they stood there waiting, and silently their comrades worked. At last a young seaman—a boy, scarcely out of his teens—could stand the strain no longer. He fell out, and, leaning against the rails, began to sob. An old tar bent over and touched him on the shoulder. "Buck up, matey!" he said kindly. "Death's all right. And you've only got yourself to think about. I've got a wife and two kiddies—Heaven help them!"

The youngest pulled himself together with a jerk.

"Thanks, cockey!" he said huskily. "I'll look after them." Suddenly a deep-throated cheer rose from the fleet; a boat had succeeded in getting away from a battleship. The searchlight showed the smiling face of a lieutenant in her stern as the cockshell rose for a moment on the crest of a mountainous wave. Then the cheer died away in a groaning wail as the Glorious gave a mighty heave.

## "THE LAST POST."

Her bow was already submerged, and her propeller, high out of the water, was racing and whirling and vibrating through the whole ship. With the last heave it stopped, and the only sounds were the wind screeching through the rigging, and the waves roaring their jubilation at finding an ingress.

The watch below had not yet escaped from between the decks; some stokers were still shut in the engine-room. The doctors were busy with the wounded, and a small party of men under a quartermaster, intent on making things shipshape even in the face of death, were trying to secure one of the seven-ton guns.

And then a bell began to toll for church. The chaplain's voice rose above the howling of the wind. The ship gave another heave as a bugler-boy on the after-bridge began to sound the "Last Post."

Up, up, up went her stern. The men standing on the decks swayed forward, and a frantic shout came faintly from the officer in the boat: "Wait—wait! For Heaven's sake, wait!"

The great cruiser shivered slightly, steadied herself, then, with a deep, shuddering sigh of escaping air—the regretful sigh of a gallant ship for her still more gallant crew—the Glorious's stern disappeared beneath the waves, with her crew still standing reverently on the decks listening to the chaplain's prayer.

## HOW BRITISH TARS DIE.

For one moment the wind ceased

to howl, the waves to roar, and the spectators heard the last wailing notes of a bugle, and saw a small, blue-coated figure standing to attention, and blowing as he had been taught on the Eastney parade.

A great swirl of waters, a few figures bobbing about, a tiny boat subsided, the figures disappeared, and only the boat remained—buffeted, beaten, and tossed about, a speck on the mighty deep.

In the space of three minutes the nation had lost a first-class cruiser and seven hundred gallant men. And the officer in the boat risked seventeen more lives in his efforts to secure a bugler's cap, which floated gently on a wave, as a memento of the way our British tars can die.—London Answers.

## INSANITY NOT IN BRAIN.

Eminent Doctor Declares Brain Disease Originates in Blood.

"Insanity is not a disease of the brain," says Dr. William Hanna Thomson, "because no anatomical investigation, microscopic or otherwise, can show the least difference between either brain cell or fibre of a person dying insane and the healthy brain of one killed in an accident. But the same absence of brain changes is noticeable in a nervous disease, such as migraine, neurasthenia, hysteria and epilepsy. None of these shows post-mortem any characteristic changes from normal brains."

"Now, no one can minimize the importance of these nervous diseases. Insanity alone is serious enough. When that dread spectre appears, there is no getting used to it."

Years of familiarity with it, both in private and in official relations, do not lessen my recoil from the spectacle of a permanent insanity, instead of—as with drugs—a temporary, mental derangement. But it is facts connected with these same insanities produced by drugs entering the blood which awaken the hope that we may find elsewhere than in the brain the cause, and therefore, with the cause, the best treatment for this dreadful affection, as well as also for the other nervous diseases which cause no brain changes. If the brain of a man who has been addicted to immense doses of opium for years still shows in it no trace of this mind-deranging agent, while chemistry quickly finds the reactions of this drug in his blood, the mistake of years on this whole subject begins to come into view. It is singular how long the sway of that error has continued, for even yet many physicians, including some neurologists, cannot see the two sides of the problem."

## SAFELY HOUSED.

A Yankee and a Britisher were discussing business matters and business men, each contending hotly that his own race was easily superior in mental abilities. "Waal," declared the Yankee, "I have come to London regularly for the last twenty years, and I have never once met what I should call a sharp man of business." "Very likely," rejoined the Britisher, "we put what you'd call 'sharp' men in prison."

## BURMESE DOCTORS' SECRETS.

Cures for Cobra Bite and Hydrophobia They Will Not Divulge.

Every one knows, of course, that the bite of the Indian cobra is fatal. But what Europeans do not actually know is whether or not the natives of India really possess the cures they claim to have both for cobra bite and for hydrophobia.

A few years ago an Indian civilian in Burma strolled out with his gun in the evening. When scarcely a hundred yards from the zayat or shelter in which he was camping S— was bitten in the leg by a cobra, which he promptly shot. He at once returned to the zayat and scrawled a pencil note to be carried by his orderly to his chief, the Deputy Commissioner, and then resigned himself to the attentions of a couple of Burmese medicine men who happened to be passing the night there and to the death which he accepted as absolutely inevitable. Meantime his superior officer proceeded direct to headquarters on receipt of the news to seal up the unfortunate man's effects, after which he set out for the zayat to see to the burial of his subordinate.

On the road he met the "dead man" comfortably jogging along toward headquarters quite recovered. The Burmese medicine men had sacrificed the wound and rubbed a certain paste into it. They had also given the patient certain infusions to drink and had cured him. Nothing, however, would induce them to give away the secret.

Our own medicine men have many cures of hydrophobia to their credit, but cures of cobra bites are almost unknown. An English officer in the Shan States kept a number of dogs, one of which recently went mad and bit one of the sahib's servants. The station was an isolated one. The services of a Shan doctor were called in and the servant, after passing through all the severe stages of the terrible disease, was absolutely and completely cured by the Shan doctor. The English officer offered 500 rupees for the secret of the treatment used, and to a Shan this would, of course, be a large sum of money. But the secret was never divulged.

## PRELIMINARIES.

The farmer had the toothache, and to save a trip to town and a dentist's fee he asked his man Jake to pull out the aching tooth. Jake led him to the barn, seated him on a bench, and took from the harness-room a pair of very large, rusty pincers.

"Here goes," he said, and bracing himself, extracted a huge tooth. The farmer clapped his hand to his jaw and pointed reproachfully to the large, white tooth in the pincers. "Willy, Jake," he moaned, "that's the wrong one!" "I know," said Jake, bracing himself again; "but now I can get at the other handier."

He—"Do you believe all this about man being descended from monkey?" She—"You sure haven't the face to deny it!"

## FITZBOOMSKI THE ANARCHIST: ALAS! FATE IS AGAINST HIM

