

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

schmeiter. I said, "Never mind the tansy wine, I am roasting alive in here, let me out." The old gentleman did not hear a word, but politely replied, "Yes, I know you are thirsty, and the trouble of going to the cellar is nothing," and in spite of my entreaties, away he went. Now ensued one of the most remarkable experiences I have ever gone through. Something seemed to add fuel to the infernal stove, and if the heat was great before, it was terrific now. Looking out of the window, I seemed to be gazing into Paradise, while beneath me raged a perfect Hades. My legs began to dry up and feel crisp, I felt the skin about my ribs draw tight like parchment over a drum, I was being slowly roasted to death. I called out loudly, but in vain. Seconds seemed to be hours, minutes years of agony. After an endless time, I could hear the attendant coming slowly up the stairs, and at length he walked deliberately into the room, carrying a goblet and bottle of tansy wine. My shouts did not seem to make any impression on him, and if you want to know what helplessness means, get boxed up in a Russian Bath with nothing but your head free. Pouring out a goblet of wine, the old snail came near saying that he had experienced some difficulty in finding the wine, but hoped I would enjoy the drink all the more for the delay. At this time I felt certain that several inches of my spinal column were becoming carbonized, and so I called out, "You old fool, I don't want any of your tansy wine. I'm being burned to a crisp, so let me out." "Bless my soul," the old man replied, "why didn't you say so before." He seemed much agitated, and endeavored to undo the padlock without success. I became frantic with fright, and felt the rest of my spinal

column carbonize. The idea of being converted into animal charcoal seemed horrible. Agitation passed into panic with the attendant, and he called frantically for Herr Kordschmeiter, who came running in with a white face. "For heaven's sake get me out of this quickly," I called, but even Kordschmeiter was rattled and could not undo the catch. Presently the attendant came running in with an axe and saw, and began to demolish the apparatus as quickly as possible, but when I got free, I still had a wooden collar attached. A hasty examination of my legs and body, showed that things were not as bad as expected, and what is more remarkable is the fact that there had not been a fire in the stove five minutes after the commencement of the sitting, as the fuel was unburned. It was in fact a case of powerful imagination, which cost me untold agony, and the Professor his Russian Bath. That made little difference though, for in a short time the enthusiast had another hygienic fad quite as unique as his bath.

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### BIRTH.

Ballantyne.—At Stratford, July 6th, the wife of Thomas Ballantyne, Jr., of a daughter.

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