vere as the Puri-

tan father. Over

the doorway and

the great marte

"creed, creed,

creed," was writ-

ten, and beauty as

well as "clap trap"

The Puritans Have Been Sadly Mis-

represented in History.

Sunday Evening.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

Chains of Imaginary Events With All the Vividness of Reality.

HYPNOTISM IN HYSTERIA AND MANIA.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

Without circumlocution or preface, I want to relate some really remarkable manifestations of delirium which recently came under my observation in a city hospital. They were remarkable for the vividness of the scenes to the patient, while he talked and acted rationally enough in other ways dur-While lying in bed in his private room in

few moments and the astonished patient found that the friend was in the office of the hospital, and talking with the Superin-tendent, and about himself (the patient). it was His day; one only of the seven was completely given to the Creator, which the Creator must have been thankful to them THE FRIEND'S MIND WRONG. Then there ensued perhaps a half-hour a conversation, perfectly rational and plausible at the beginning, upon a subject not necessary to relate, but which presently further astonished the patient because it inthe open fireplace quietly conversing and as quietly smoking their corpoobs. Occasiondicated that something was wrong with his

on talking until his speech became simply the reiteration over and over again of the

EVEN TO DETAILS.

office, to each caller.

Long after midnight the patient heard his insane friend once more. He had awakened and seemed to be restored in a degree to sanity, as in a natural voice he began to ask himself where he was, and won-dered how it was he happened to be locked up and what was the cause. Then, suddenly, his mania returned and he was restless and noisy for some time, finally quieting down until after daylight, when he again awakened once more talking rationally. He began to go through the old letters in his pocket to see what they were, reading them aloud. Several he read calmly and tore up, but finally ne found one that aroused his ire, and he began blaspheming the writer of it and the subject. This was continued un-til about 9 o'clock in the morning, when a

A PECULIAR HALLUCINATION. In the afternoon of the same day when others were saying, to which the other pa-tients in the ward did not take kindly.

ject," he said, "than any person in the room; yes, or in the city, either. I have been a bookkeeper for 41 years. There are bookkeepers and bookkeepers, but not one in a hundred deserves the title. Do you know

hundred deserves the title. Do you know how many hooks it takes to keep books properly? Why, it requires eight." All other persons stopped talking to listen to him except one boy who had been brought in with a broken leg who would

the old man went on. Because each is a check against the other, and if an error is made it can be found; it is impossible not to

the talker evidently gathered strength and the closer attention of his auditors. "I will give you an illustration," he said. He then spoke briefly, but in a surprisingly intelligent manner, of the ramifications of a certain class of business with which the patient was thoroughly familiar.

THE OLD BOOKKEEPER'S STORY. "The head of one department of this business," he continued, "is allowed, a certain amount of money to run that department. At the end of the year he found a discrepfoot up right, both the cashier and the gen-

bookkeeper both kept regular sets of books "'My dear tellow,' I said to him, 'you don't suppose you have kept books, do you? Do you think you can tell anything about your transactions by re erring to such mem-oranda as these? The bookkeeper is right and you are wrong. The bookkeeper is right and you are wrong. The bookkeeper

is right and you are wrong. The bookkeeper is right and you are wrong." "On bother the bookkeeper being right. What's the use of saying it so many times?

interrupted a gruff voice. "Why do I say it so often?" replied the old man. "I said it eight times because the general bookkeeper had eight checks against my friend and had eight chances—

tell you further why the bookkeeper was right and my friend was wrong. I told you the bookkeeper had a cheek against my friend. He also has checks against himself. Suppose the bookkeeper discovers his ac-counts will not balance; there is an error some place, but it can be found and it must found. He must never stop until he finds that error. He goes over all his books very carefully and fails to find it. He goes

over them again and still does not discover it. And again and again be goes over THE FIRESIDE SPHINX it. And again and again he goes over them until that error is found. And again, and again, and again, until that error is

again and again until that error is found,'
until first one and then another of his listen ers, in language more emphatic than polite, insisted that if he didn't shut up they would pitch him out of the window He ignored the interruptions very calmly, and finally said: "Now you are wondering why I said that so often. But I wanted to impress upon your minds the fact that eat-ing, sleeping, rest, must all be laid aside by the bookkeeper, and he must patiently and persistently seek until he finds his error, because there is one there, and he knows it. And perhaps after days and nights of weary search he finds it in the very last place he would have ever thought of looking for itnot in any of the ledgers, but in the day-book, the blotter.

TRIED NOT TO LISTEN.

it was only another delusion; in fact, he felt sure it was a delusion, yet it required actual information as to the location of the male surgical ward to satisfy himself that the old bookkeeper and all his statements were only figments of a disordered brain. But not yet was the work of delirium ended. On the evening of that same day commenced probably the most remarkable of all the mental phantasms which grew into an apparently logical story and made a deeper impression than all others upon the patient. It can only be outlined briefly, because it occupied over 16 hours in its full development. One of the lady nurses was a marment. One of the lady nurses was a mar-ried woman, who had her son in the hospi-tal. She met that son just outside the pa-tient's door, and asked him to do an errand for her and bring her four articles. He couldn't understand, and yet the request was a very simple one. Astonished at the wonderful dullness of the child (as the pa-tient supposed it was), she took him in the

room adjoining that of the patient, and there endeavored to make him understand. There she patiently examined him for a long time, the patient hearing every word that was said, and when the mother finally realized that her son, who was not a child, had become insane over his mathematical studies, her grief was profound and all the more terrible because she repressed its evidences as much as possible. There were other developments and a continuous growth of this story until long after daylight the next morning. During the day the patient learned there was no married

woman, no son, no grief; nothing at all but a singularly life-like chimera. POSSIBILITIES IN HYPNOTISM.

In the foregoing there is nothing but a simple statement of facts. Now as to another reason for their publication beside that of their own novelty. Mr. Pierre Janet, Professor of Philosophy in the Lyce of Havre, France, has devoted much attention to the cure of hysteria by the use of hypotism. In the March Scribner's Magazine William Lance has carbiner's Magazine. William James has an interesting article on a work written by M. Janet, en titled "De l'Antomatisme Psychologique." In this work of over 400 pages M. Janet recites the results of his experiments, inves tigations and cures. Some of these are cer-tainly wonderful; indeed, almost incredible in what they reveal of "the hidden self."
But it is not of them that I wish particularly to speak. M. Binet, a noted member of the Saitpetrie school, has also written a paper on the same subject. M. Bine

says that hysteria is a "contraction of the M. Janet says persons afflicted with hys-teria are capable of realizing only half what a normal person can. Both writers say that the second self has no subsequent recollection of the act committed. They allege that hysteria is a splitting up of the conscious ness, a defect of unifying power, which may result from abnormal weakness.

M. Janet says he succeeded in getting the same phenomena from persons in alcoholic delirium as he did from hysteric patients

If this be the case, then the proper definition of hysteria is not so much what M. Binet gives a "contraction of the field of carriage was brought and he was removed to consciousness, but rather what both savants say, "a splitting up of the consciousness."

THEER DISTINCT SELVES. It would take too long to describe even briefly the cases of two women, called in his work Luie and Leonie, treated by M. Janet, but it is sufficient to say that they developed three distinct selves, and only in the third, when deepest under the influence of hypnatism did they know the other two. In their

first, or normal, selves, they knew nothing of the actions of their two other selves. The three phantasmagorias, the result of delirium, which are related in this article occurred to the patient at a time when he was capable of fully realizing all his surroundings, and when he could read and un-derstand what he read. There was no forgetiulness of them nor of what actually took place while they seemed to be taking place. That must then have been a splitting up of the consciousness. The hidden self was acting at the same time as, if not in unison

with, the normal self. Now, the final question is this: If bys-teria can be cured by hypnotism, and if, as M. Janet says, alcoholic delirium is akin to hysteria, of which there is little doubt, why cannot hypnotism be brought into use to cure delirium? It would be interesting to ascertain what would be the result it : person in delirium was thrown entirely into the hypnotic state. Being controllable by the operator the result should be beneficial to the patient. M. Janet does not state what efforts were made to relieve one delirium victim. All that Mr. James reports is that the man was made to walk, crawl, lie down anditalk, while the patient was under the impression throughout it all that he was standing beside his bed. This gives no further information than that a person in delirium is still amenable to hypnotic in-CHARLES JACKSON.

THE MAN OF BLOOD AND IRON. Bismarck the Hero of Thirty Duels and Two Attempted Assassinations.

New York Herald.1 Bismarck is suspected of having fought over 30 duels, and that he fought four is certain. One of them with an Englishman; but not one was discovered by the authorities. In the official list of punishment his name figures four times, but only twice for serious offenses. The first is a sentence of ten days' imprisonment for officiating as

second in a duel. Assassins have twice paid Bismarck the compliment of attempting to "remove him." The first attempt occurred in 1866, when Julius Cohen, better known as Blind, an adopted son of Karl Blind, shot at him in Berlin. Bismarck clutched his aggressor by the arm and held him till the police arrested him. Blind, or Cohen, committed

suicide in prison. The second attempt took place in 1874 at Kissingen, where a young mechanic named Kullmann, who professed to have been im-pelled by hatred of the Chancellor's eccle-siastical policy, slightly wounded him in the arm with a pistol shot.

AN ENORMOUS SNAKE SKIN.

Thirteen Feet Long and Nearly Fifteen Inches in Circumference. Seattle Post-Intelligencer.)

The skin shed by a rattlesnake which was found on the bank of the Illinois river, and is now preserved at the Boys' Seminary at Tahlequah, in the Indian Territory, meassured 13 feet long, is 14% inches in circumference, and has 15 buttons. The person who has examined, measured, and reported upon it, says that it is a very dry skin, and therefore assumes that it probably shrunk onsiderably in drying, but this is not so, as

found. The old man kept on repeating the "again

978-ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL

979-SYNCOPATION. If I were a strong partiano,
(Thank heaven, I'm not that kind of man),
And if in an electron fray
My candidate should win the day,
No doubt I'd whole with rapturous glee,
So very happy I would be.
But if some sudden threatened harm
Should fill my soul with dire alarm,
Then, when I saw great danger near,
'Tis likely I would last with fear,

That few can the solution find; I'll give to solvers, then, a clew; For whole a certain bird may do; Of last it may be truly said It is a well-known quadruped.

The ways are many to increase The stores for which we sigh: But some are failures, even though Our best we try.

If our advice is worth the ink
Of lifelong toil the fruits,
Would prime gain lucre, friend engage
In lucre-tive pursuits.

981-DIAMOND.

982-DECAPITATION. The man of whole is one of nerve,
Who pushes on and does not swerve
Or fail in his endeavor:
He has an end in view, and he
Pursues it with such energy
As brings him nearer ever.

Some future day the wonderfor But keeps right on pursuing: Always acting, always working, Never lagging, never shirking, Always up and doing. The foolish man who trusts to last,

Lets all the golden hours slip past
While he's no effort making:
He's always standing in a pause
And naught accomplishes because
He makes no undertaking.

He sees his neighbor getting rich By efforts never slacking; He says that he does not succeed,

983-RIDDLE.

A part of a goblet, or ship, pipe, or tree;
An irregular chaotic tangle:
A ring; and just matter; Now what can I be
That compose such a curious jangle?
Go search in the Arctic when hunting is good,
And I will peep at you from under my hood.

CARL GREY. CARL GREY. 984-HALF-SQUARE.

1. Danish sculptor, b 1815. 2 German musician, 1630-1685. 3, French reformer, d 1541. 4. A black mineral. 5. Thread wound into a ball. 6. Of him. 7. The indefinite article. 8, Is H. C. Burgers.

985-ANAGRAM.

The air-heat-wind notices. Oh, wonderful sciences!
New-tangled appliances!
What won't those scientists dof
The world is progressing.
And men are erressing
From darkness to light that is new.

One time out of ten they come true 986-CHARADE.

"A child is spoiled when he is young.
A fish when he is old"—
An adage that, though never sung,
In prose is often told.

Thus people, if they'd last on well, Will not all this, unwise, Prime fish when spoiled will never sell, Nor children ever rise.

ASPIRO 987-SQUARE

1. One who maintains that generals, or the terms used to denote the genera and species of things, represent real existences. 2 Town of Los Angeles county, Cal. 3. Certain sandstones. 4 Lingers. 5. Interior. 6. Harsher. 7. A token used on the continent of Europe. (Nunus.) 988-NUMERICAL.

While 2, 3, 1 is something fair, A 3, 2, 1 1 cannot bear; Although this last 1 do not dread To see upon a lady's head. Deficiency in weight is given As meaning of the four to seven; But in a parable we find A meaning of a different kind, Which shows that to the ancient Four to 7 was not a stranger. An article of frequent use No doubt the 8 and 9 produce. For 1 to 9 we have no relish.

ANSWERS. HANDLES CARDS MAT C R O P S R U N N E R S

976—Bramble, 977—Sham-rock,

HEATING BY ELECTRICITY.

A Minneapolis Mill Man Scems to Have

The electrician in charge of the lightning plant of a flour mill at Minneapolis, says the New York Sun, has devised several forms of electric heater for use in the mill. Among them are an electric oven to

FORMS OF DELIRIUM

rty of action. No, they restrained themselves, but "it was in 'em," as Mother Endi-

JOKERS AS PLENTY THEN AS NOW. Picture of a Colonist's Kitchen on a Winter CREED AND LAW NOT ALL OF LIFE HE Puritan mother was just as se

Casting a Few Bullets.

cott remarks in her quaint recitations of "ye

olden days."
Sunday was, among the Puritans, a day

in which they tried to put up the natural shutters of their existence. All actions

were ordered and measured off for the Lord;

or. But let us step into some of the good

colonists' kitchens along about 5 o'clock in

the evening of a winter's Sunday. In one we find a group of tarm hands seated about

ally some one of the party will squirt a

mouthful of tobacco juice onto the roaring

back log, and pretty soon another red-faced chap will crawl before the hot blaze with his hand in front of his face and reach for a long

heating iron, which, when found, he would

withdraw and immerse into a huge mug con-taining eider. Others follow his example,

and in an hour or so the group become ani-mated enough. By 8 o'clock the tarmer comes in and squats down on the great high-

ack settle. All is attention. He talks

about the scanty loam of last season, pro-poses to make a stone fence around the rear of the farm, suggests the removal of a number of

trees which can be hauled on the snow to the

barn, and thinks it wise to keep the road open toward the Plymouth people. By 9 o'clock all levity and business ceases and everyone of the household gathers in the

night, and no great sins have been com-mitted except, maybe, that the farmer has thought it over in his mind,

that he would clean off a lot of Indian wig-

wams that had recently been set up on

The Colonial Fireplace.

日间一一一

was banished. "This earth is



Burnishing Up the Rifle. declaration of the average Puritan, male

SLAUGHTERED AS WOLVES ARE. Round-Up of Antelopes in a Barbed Wire Enclosure in Wyoming.

An interesting story of an antelope hunt in Wyoming was told in a down-town gun store the other day. But, though interesting, it was by no means cheering to the sportsmen who dread the utter destruction of all game by useless slaughter. It appears that a large ranch in Wyoming was managed by an Englishman and owned chiefly by Englishmen, although there was some American capital invested. The ranch in cluded 18 sections of land, and was laid out three miles wide by six long. The whole was enclosed by a five-wire buckthorn fence f the most substantial character. Large breadths had been sown to wheat, and s last spring, after warm weather came, the antelopes gathered from great distances to

eat the young grain.

To the mind of the English manager of he estate this called for a violent remedy The antelopes must be exterminated. He therefore sent for his friends around about, and a party was gathered as if for a wolf hunt. Mounting their horses, they formed a line across one end of the plantation, and then rode slowly toward the opposite intending to corner the game and then shoot it down comfortably, just as the natives in Africa drive game into a V shaped corral and butcher it. The men in line were armed with repeating rifles. Before more than half the ground was covered, two or three of the party became so excited over the appearance of the game that they opened fire. Antelopes that were from 1,200 to 1,500 yards away were shot at with the effect of alarming them and causing many of them to stampede back through the line before it had closed in

sufficiently to make the slaughter complete.

In all 11 antelopes were killed in the round-up, and it is supposed a dozen more were wounded, but escaped. That was bad enough, though not so bad as other round-up, and is supposed a dozen more were wounded, but escaped. That was bad enough, though not so bad as other round-up, and it is supposed a dozen more were wounded, but escaped. That was bad enough, though not so bad as other round-up, and it is supposed a dozen more were wounded, but escaped. That was bad enough, though not so bad as other round-up, and it is supposed a dozen more were wounded, but escaped. That was bad enough though not so bad as other round-up, and it is supposed a dozen more than an demail. The sight of a clergyman or "godly minister" would almost make a Purlian transport to the subject. This was continued under the subject that it and the subject. This was continued under the subject that the subject the fact that the subject the fact that the subject the subject the subject to their cold beds, where they all hustle off lively to their cold beds, where they all about 9 o'clock in the morning, when a till about 9 o'clock in the morning, when a till about 9 o'clock in the morning that the subject. This was continued under the subject to their cold beds, where they all hustle off lively to their cold beds, where they all houstle off lively to their cold beds, where they all houstle off lively to their cold beds, where they all about 9 o'clock in the morning was a fixed by a constitution of lively to their cold beds, where they all about 9 o'clock in the morning was a fixed bed about 10 o'clock in the subject. This was continued underly to the "cold beds, where they all hustle off lively to their cold beds, where they all about 9 o'clock in the morning was a fixed by a constitution of lively to their cold beds, where they all the subject they all the subject to their cold beds, where they all the subject they all the subject they all the subject they all the subject to their cold beds, wher were likely to be. It seems particularly un-fortunate that an animal like the antelope should be slaughtered in such merciles fashion, when it is remembered that save in Western Texas and in two or three districts in the northern part of the country the

species is extinct.

THE MANKEY'S MIRROR.

Washington Sunday Herald.] There is a very interesting case of animal intelligence, combined with original cussedness, to be seen over at our infant "Zoo" in the Smithsonian grounds. The hero of this spoke in all the throng. Solemnly, in an tale is a monkey. His keeper has suspended a little round mirror in his cage, into which his monkeyship often looks quite admiringly "Behold, I am the Resurrection. I am at his own beauties. The other day he made the Life. He that believeth on me, though a discovery. He happened to look at tie glass just as a beam of sunlight to sched it, and saw that the light was reflected back into the eves of a cockatoo, across the way in a cage. The angered bir I gave a screech and the monkey immediately put this and

cockatoo into a fresh rage. of his dusty garment to her lips and kissed for the "missing link" longer. That it. An mexplicable awe had fallen upon monkey displayed intelligence enough to the hearts of the throng. The silence became profound. The bird upon the tomb had settle the truth of the doctrine of original ceased singing.
Suddenly a loud and ringing voice struck | sin. This primeval sinne an Eve to corrupt him! sin. This primeval sinner did not even need

BOTH HAD TRAITS.

Idiosyncracles of Character That Cropped Out Unexpectedly.

"I have a triend here whom I want to introduce you to," he said after they had met and chatted a moment in the Eric depot across the river. "Oh, certainly."

"I beg to state in advance, however, that he has one curious trait of character which you may expect to see developed." "All right. My triends contend that I

passed the usual talk, and after four or five minutes number three suddenly queried: "By the way, have you a pocket knife?" "If you please." He pared his nails and talked for three or

four minutes longer, and then put the knife in his pocket and excused himself on the grounds that he must look after his baggage. "That's his trait." whispered the man who had introduced him-"he's taken your that remain are few. They can only tell us knife away with him. Curious, isn't it?" "Not half so curious as my trait!" ex-

claimed the other, and, striding after the man, he seized him by the shoulder, whirled him around in a savage manner, and said : "Either return that knife or I'll lick you out of your boots right here and now !" "Ah! Beg pardon!" and the knife was handed out so quickly that it seemed to be

THE WONDER OF THE AGE-Salvation Oil, for twenty-five cents a bottle. It kills

'SQUIRE JOHN BLACKSTON'S HORNED STEED.

and female. The sight of a clergyman or great sitting room and listens devoutly to the after all? Were you aware of the fact that there was a good deal of hilarity and almost deviltry going on all the time? It is impossible to squeeze out all of the evil that is in the human family. Some there are that "won't be squoze," as Deacon Caldicut once said in "Tun Meetin'." No one can deny that there was many a sly wink and titter among the comely matrons and prim maids as old 'Squire John Black-ston, gravely striding his horned steed, with his great coat tails flapping in the wind, went to church through the irregular and undulating roads. Then there was the lovely and good-natured Dame Preston, than whom the Lord never made a better, when sitting or presiding one night at table with her company, was startled by a crash at her back. Things were tumbling, splitting, breaking and smashing; the dear soul was paralyzed for a second, and then, shouting with all her might, said: "Smash, darn, devil, I've broke my kittle!" which was in-deed the case, the S hook upon which it was hanging having parted. Did the Puritan assembly rise and leave the wicked woman' Oh, no! They laughed till the tears came, and later on Dame Preston laughed and still later on the "cyder" and a bit of grog (rum) helped to appease the religious sentiments and sorrows. There can be no doubt

raspberry, tansy and lilac bushes which order the tan-based old house, and peek through the wooden inside blinds, and find a jolly group of men and women playing that torbidden game, shuffleboard (cards),

and no modern mother will admit that their great, great grandmammas went about the house with sanctified looks and mumbled over prayers when that washing was on. They joked, talked of the Pequot war, the landing of the new migra-tors, the importation and raising of tobacco at Marblehead, the poor quality of choco-late, "the grand wake," for their funerals were nothing else; pretty colors and furbe-lows and no end of local affairs; they laughed right out loud when they discovered that their washing was out before their neighbors'. Oh, they were a merry people when roused, a sad set, no doubt, when the church

ist may have nailed a wolf's head to his door, thus publishing the fact that he was entitled to a bounty; at any rate there was not that awe and grave solemnity larking everywhere which the historians would allow us to suppose. No, the Puritan, elder or workingman, maiden or matron, was not a bit different from the people of to-day, in fact there were no more "cranks" then than now. The provincial New Englander of 1650 and 1890 is one and the same parcel and ever will be. Creed is just as rampant in the old country parishes now as it was two or more centuries ago, and so is nonsense; so is the loud laugh, the joke, the keen wit, and love for innocent amusement; all the talk which we read about the sobernesss and holy sanctimoniousness of the Puritan is only the conclusion of a writer who has read the clergyman's history of the colonial days. nd upon it that a more complete idea can be obtained of the lives and customs of the early settlers by reading the town records than by accepting the theories of the learned more important than civil law, but to presume that there was "no fun" in those days is a mistake; the joker never dies. S. D. L.

HIS TEMPER RUINED.

His Troubles. "Look out for me to-day," said one of the best-natured looking men in the House of

dose do you take to develop it?"
"Well, I've had to take dose enough in

officeseekers give a man no rest, night or day. Those who have the least claim on you are the most bothersome. They won't take no for an answer. If you manage to escape them here at the Capitol, they follow you to your house. If you don't see them there they hang around and waylay you on the street. One conjounded fellow has followed me like a shadow for the last two weeks. In that time he has called by actual count at my house just 15 times, at all hours of the day and night. I used to be one of the best natured men in the world, but I've been in a chronic ill-temper of late, and these infernal bores are to blame for it. Goodby," and the member dove through the swinging doors and disappeared within the realm where Mr. Reed reigns supreme.

that if you or I were willing to eavesdrop Turning the Dumb Betty.

or crosspile.

These Puritan folk had their Monday mornings and Saturday nights just the same as we do. The mother of a family of nine girls did not go a-visiting on washing day; no, she got the girls into line, and that too before daylight, and made them scrub, scrub, scrub, and the boys had to take a scrub, scrub, and the boys had to take a hand also, for they could turn the Dumb the last two weeks to make a Hyde out or Betty—a sort of washing machine—at least the angel Gabriel, it seems to me," the statesman continued. "These confounded make a Hyde out or betty—a sort of washing machine—at least two weeks to make a Hyde out or Betty—a sort of washing machine—at least two weeks to make a Hyde out or betty—a sort of washing machine—at least two weeks to make a Hyde out or betty—a sort of washing machine—at least two weeks to make a Hyde out or betty—a sort of washing machine—at least two weeks to make a Hyde out or betty—a sort of washing machine—at least two weeks to make a Hyde out or betty—a sort of washing machine—at least two weeks to make a Hyde out or betty—a sort of washing machine—at least the angel Gabriel, it seems to me," the a half hour before the horn blew for school. Now it is not at all probable,

and Indians claimed their attention. They courted, told white lies, scrambled in the

his estate. Then, too, there may have been a few muskets scoured up and some bullets cast, or perhaps the ambitious young colon-

Once Good-Natured Statesman's Story of

Representatives to a Washington Sunday Herald reporter the other alternoon. "I'm very ill-tempered and liable to bite my best friend, or pull a newspaper man's ear, or do anything else that's desperate."
"Oh, you've got a Mr. Hyde side to your character, have you?" said the reporter. "I'm glad I found it out. What sort of a

OBSERVED AT A CITY HOSPITAL,

Now, that was certainly a coherent tale, with an apparently proper premise and a logical sequence. The patient tried not to hear it; he even argued with himself that

ing the existence of these fancies, quickly realized they were delusions, and yet insisted that nothing in real life was ever more deeply engraved upon his memory. the hospital reading one evening, he suddenly heard the voice of a well-known friend. "Why, what in the world ever brought him here?" was the first puzzled thought of the patient. The next questions were, "Where is he? and to whom is he talking?" There was close listening for a

friend's mind. This became more and more evident as the talk of the friend was pro-longed, insomuch as the Superintendent finally remarked to the friend, "Don't you think it would be a wise thing to have some one look after you?"
This made the friend angry, but he kept

same statement. It was so evident that he had become suddenly and violently insane that he was seized and taken to a padded cell in the basement of the hospital, where, for an hour or more, he kept yelling at the top of his voice a variation of one theme. The patient was deeply moved for the suf-fering of his friend and wondered why no one was notified of the man's misfortunes. Presently, after the friend, through sheet physical exhaustion, ceased the noise in his cell, the patient heard another well-known voice talking to the Superintendent about the astounding and sudden insanity of his friend and upbraiding the Superintendent for not having given notice at once of the

It was agreed that it was better to leave him in the cell that night and take steps in the morning for his removal. Then quickly afterward another friend called to learn the particulars of the Superintendent concerning the case. These were told, with great recision of detail, by an attendant in the

It was not more than an hour later that the patient began to doubt if there was any truth whatever in all the exciting incidents to which he had been an unwilling listener. A pointed question put to a nurse convinced him that it had been a delusion, notwith-

standing all its vividness and apparent coherency. the patient was again reading, preferring to read rather than attempt to talk with a very dull attendant, he was annoyed by the conversations going on in the surgical ward, on the floor above him. One man seemed inclined to monopolize attention and con-tinually made oracular remarks about what

Finally some chance remark about book-keeping gave this Sir Oracle an opportunity o become more oracular than ever.
"I think I know more about that sub-

swear and yell with pain every few minutes despite the efforts of the nurses. "And why does it require eight books?"

find it." There was a pause for a few minutes while

ancy in his accounts of \$13,000, according to his own books. I was well acquainted with writers of to-day. Doubtless religion was this manager, and he consulted me. He more important than civil law, but to pre- told me that while his own books did not eral bookkeeper insisted that his accounts were all right, even though his books were wrong. I looked at his books—books? Why, he only had a day-book, a mere memorandum. The cashier and the general

> nay, certainties—of being right, where my friend had no check whatever against the bookkeeper, nor even against himself. Do you see why I repeated it so frequently?" ERRORS IN THE BOOKS. There was another pause, after which the

the skin of a snake is thoroughly dry when shed, and consequently represents the full size of the snake. At any rate, this one is big enough without claiming any such allowance, and represents a poisoning power which it would take at least a barrel of old

A Collection of Enigmatical Nuts for Home Cracking. Address communications for this departmen to E. R. CHADBOURN. Lewiston, Maine,

11.29.1.22.21.10.7 is represented by A. 2.31.15. 28, by B. 17.6.25.14.24.23, by C. 8.25.13, by D. 30-12.4.52.6.18.27, by E. 20.33.5.19.5, by F. 15, by G. The total is a well-known old saying. R. E. A. DING.

Perhaps this puzzle is so blind NELSONIAN

980-CURTAILMENT. Wealth is an object of desire, To lay it up we strive, And in our efforts never cease While all alive.

1. A letter. 2. A constellation. 3. Scalps. 4. Rendered courteous (Obs.). 5. Situated on a calyx. 6. A prophet. 7. Mineral resins. 8. Legislative bedies. 8. Endis (rare). 10. Au island near Africa. 11. A letter. R. O. Chester.

He does not wait for chance to bring Some future day the wished-for thing

While he is in the poor man's niche,

But falls behind and comes to need Because in last he's lacking. NELSONIAN,

In newspapers any
The weather predicted we view;
And the best thing about it—
Although you may doubt it,

or 1 to 9 we have no reman, ecause we find 'tis something hellish. J. McK.

973-1. Avis, Sivi. 2. Alexis, six, ela. 3. Nut mer, gem, tun, 974-Hearth, earth, heart, 975-

Solved the Difficult Problem. test the baking qualities of the flour, a heater for the glue pot used by the belt men in cementing belts, and a device for warming a large tank of water in which the mill men warm their coffee for the midday lunch.

## mourners who came to gather about the be-reaved household. The return of the Nazarene, with his close personal connection with the case, had called from Jerusalem a mixed mass of people who gathered from every motive under the sun, about the tomb, Among these could be easily recognized many persons familiar to our story. Mal-

achi, the Pharisee, stood pompously in a prominent position, with his thick under pressed up in the intensest satis action. took solid satis action in the death of Laz-arus. What could so benevolently have interiered to verily his own position in regard to the Nazarene? He surveyed the crowd with the secret elation of a man who says: I told you so. Hagaar, his wife, stood at some distance from him, ceremoniously veiled, more so than a married woman needed. She acted as if she were a little ashamed of her husband. Her loud tongue was still. Her roving eyes were lowered. But for the fact that it savored of immorality, Hagaar would have been quite willing that day to be taken for the wife of some other man. Say, of that sweet-lipped, deyour young man yonder, the favorite disciple of Jesus, he who, it was said, kept so osely to his Master, as it not knowing whether he most loved or feared for him.

the fire. Peter, the fisherman, whispered something to him restlessly; but John had the manner of one who heard no man. Rachel, the neighbor of Lazarus, was among the people, and beside her leaned Ariella and Baruch, hand clasped in hand. Amos of Gethsemane stood behind these three, saying nothing, as was the habit of Some of the workmen of Lazarus were in the group, and with them the young man who made mourning for Lazarus and thought of Mary. The old Sheliach from Jerusalem could be noticed observing the scene, without commenting upon it. ing apart by himself the slave Abraham wept bitterly. Mary and Martha were no

whether he were there to caress or protect

him. But John loved his Master. There

was no room le t in his soul for any woman. John was absorbed in Jesus as the fuel is in

"Comfort is a useful thing before that!" and Malachi, pointing to the closed sep-Malachi had scarcely spoken these words when a murmur ran along the crowd that the Nazarene and the sisters of the dead were to be seen approaching the tomb. The people fell back with a motion of involun-tary respect. The lightest lip ceased its gos-sip, and the shallowest heart felt something like a throb of reverence.

yet come to the tomb, and it was said by the

with the sisters of the dead to comfort them.

ciples of the Nazarene that he lingered

'He boweth his head," whispered Rachel. "He bath the aspect of a mourner closely "Kin is of the heart." murmured Ariella "Would that I could see his countenance," said a bystander, "but the motion of the man hideth it."

At this moment a stir among the people indicated a diversion of interest to another quarter. Enoch the lad, prowling about, as is the manuer of boys, had peered above the senulchre, treading down the bushes that grew there, and searching after who knows what, whether the body or the soul of the He had made a discovery which caused him to run back, as fast as his legs could carry him, to his former master, Baruch, with the announcement that he had seen a ghost. "It was not Lazarus," said. "for she was a woman: but you could for yourself that it was not like other Baruch and Ariella, hushing the to attract as little attention as they could to the thicket whence the lad had emerged There, prostrate on the ground, with her rich clothing torn by thorns, her hair disheveled, and her face hidden on her arms, lav a woman who seemed to be half dead with grief. Her teeth bit into her delicate flesh;

bushes till it reached the top of the sepulchre, and lay there clenched. Once she was seen to pat the cold stone with a passionate tenderness enough to break one's heart to see. "Oh! a woman!" murmured Ariella. "Let me go first, dear Baruch." At the sound of voice the prostrate woman

gathered herself like a lioness, and bounded

by one great lithe spring to her teet. Her

veil had fallen, and the light of day fell full

upon her wan and beautiful face. It was

Zahara, daughter and princess of the House

her beautiful form shook with deep, d.y sobs. She had thrust one hand through the

CHAPTER XXIII.

Before the tomb of Lazarus the people fell back. They made way for the Nazarene, who advanced-silently. His head was still bowed. He walked like a man oppressed with grief. The sobbing women followed him. A few paces before the door of the tomb, they stopped. A breathless hush fell upon the crowd; that within the sepulchre was sourcely deeper. In the silence, a bird upon an olive branch above the tomb began to sing shrilly; it sang on for some moments uninterrupted, so intense was the quiet; it was a merry little gay bird, with bright plumage, and sang as if it had been sum-moned to a festival; Abraham, the slave, plumage, and sang as if it had been sum-

LAZARUS, LAZARUS, COME FORTH!

of Aunas, the High Priest.

stoops from the sepulchre, stands uprightly, and walking steadily into the bright air, moves down the scattering ranks of his mourners, and solemnly regards them.

ried into the room excitedly and said: "The Master calleth for thee, Hurry,

stand each other than the Pharisee and Sad-

ducee, or the living and the dead.

voice quite near her murmured:

passionately, piteously cried:

thronged it. The tomb was new, hewn by

the family upon private land, and carved

two. Lazarus himself had erected it, ex-

lip had gaped now, and shut upon him; one might fancy that it was with a certain in-

soul of the coming spring was already in the

fullest and richest. It was a day when it

Before the tomb of Lazarus there had col-

lected a large and serious crowd. The dis-

ciples of the Nazarene had made every effort

to prevent the knowledge of his return from

spreading widely. But this was a thing im-

rumors as to some cause for it more interest-

possible. The eminence of the dead, the suddenness and mystery of the death, wild

Mary was sitting just as her sister and Ariella had found and left her, when Martha unexpectedly returned. She hur-A woman-a strangar-was descending the rocky steep to join the mourners. She was accompanied by Baruch and Arielia, who had drawn back a little behind her; Ariella seemed to be guarding her and pro-tecting her with tender hands lest the lady's Mary arose, slowly. Martha's voice jarred on her—but she was used to that. She steps should miss their hold upon the rough way. The three added themselves to the Zahara's position was now one of startling

veiled herself, and followed her sister con-tusedly. She was unconscious of any de-tails on that sad, strange walk into the outer fusedly. She was unconscious of any details on that sad, strange walk into the outer world—her first since she had followed her brother to his grave. She did not lift her ber yeil was torn and fell loosely over hair eyes from the grave. She saw the gravel, and shoulders, revealing ber beautiful and and blades of grass, and little pebbles and glittering sand, and Martha's robe fluttering before her. She could not tell where and bright; her hands were clutched across she was, nor how far she had gone, when a her breast; her body swayed from exhaustion which her soul scornfully repudiated; she seemed to have planted herself where Oh, this was not the voice of any common mourner, and palitry, petty comforter! What she was, like a growing thing that was try-neighbor, what friend or kin was there, ing to take root; she rejected the help of whose sorrow sank into her soul like sacred Ariella, and stood quite alone. Her eyes dew! All Mary's nature lifted itself like a were fixed upon one object. There might have been a couple of hundred people about and before the tomb. She saw but one. For dying flower to his face. When she saw how broken it was she fell at his feet and

the first time in her life, Zahara beheld the "Oh, if thou hadst been here he had not Nozarene. Jesus was now standing within a dozen paces of the tomb. His head was yet bowed. Cut into the side of the limestone cliff' As Zahara turned her eyes upon him, it dropped into his hands. His body trembled under the hamlet of Bethany, and with a -shook; a convulsion of grief swept over glance toward the heights of Olivet, well that sensitive form; suddenly a sob, powerfully repressed, broke upon the air. Inshielded by olive trees, and close upon the highway, the sepulchre of Lazarus responded

credulous, bewildered, melted at heart, Zahara perceived that the man was weeping. drearily to the gaze of the mourners who had The expression of her face changed as iron changes to fire. She advanced a step or two, moving like a woman in a dream; her eyes open; her clenched fingers unwith all the mortuary art of the times. It had not been constructed above a year or closed; she regarded Jesus piercingly, then gently; something like a dumb outcry pending much thought upon it, that it might be a spot of beauty and of dignity worthy of the tamily eminence. Its stone semed to dart over the woman, and to appeal from her to him. The daughter of the High Priest, aristocrat, skeptic, Sadducee, had never been educated to believe in the existence of life beyond the apparent end of death. To her despairing view, Lazarus sensate pride that they received their de-signer and creator for their first victim. It was a fair day, sunny and warm. The was buried, and there was the end of it. Lazarus was in that limestone rock. There was no more Lazarus. She had not a hope nor a faith beyond the rolling of that ghastly air. Budding trees and blossoms trembled delicately in the low and pleasant wind. The sky throbbed with the deep color which stone upon the mouth of the sepulchre. Her imagination was destitute of images which could offer her so much as the appait wears when the creation of life is at its rition of comfort in an hour like this. She looked upon the friend of her lover. He could weep then-he suffered; he loved. Betraved by his own pretensions, helpless in the presence of actual death, mortified, defeated, humiliated, he stood shaken. Zahara could have pitied the plebeian, the charlstan, the ignorant Rabbi, this man of the people, this carpenter, this baffled agi-tator—could have pitted? Nay, she could not. A power incomprehensible to Zahara withstood her. She had met with faith in umortality; she had come face to face with Him who represented immortality, who held out eternal life as if it were a gift in

ing to public curiosity than the fact itselfhis hand to the hopes and despairs of men. Now, as she stood where she was, piteously staring upon him, Jesus raised his head, and litted up his eyes and looked upon Zahara. She saw a man of lofty stature, drawn to its full height. He had a commanding air. His garments were the garments of the peo-ple, but his mien was the mien of a king. His sandals were dusty and travel-worn. He had the hand of an artisan. His head was royal and raised itself upon strong shoulders. He had beautiful hair, of the finest texture, curling and fair; his unshaven beard fell to his breast; the expression of his concealed lips was delicate as no word can tell it; his mouth quivered as Zabara turned her pale face hither, and a little higher, toward him, with the uncontrollable impulse of dawning respect. It seemed as if he were touched by the sight of the poor girl's mis-

> pealing to divine pity-the helplessness of earth questioning the power of Heaven. Zahara raised her eyes and looked into the Nazarene's. What a gaze fell upon her! She felt scorehed. That supreme look burned into her soul like holy fire. Those eyes—what color had they? What form? man knew, or knoweth unto this day. Years afterward Zahara used to say that they were to her vision as the sun in midheaven, and of them she could tell no more. She shriveled under them and sank before them. The majesty and beauty of that face, past power of speech to say it, or form of dream to dream it, blazed above her for a moment. Then Zahara slowly drooped through all her haughty body, and sank

they were to the eye like human love con-

fronting the divine-human anguish ap-

thee, and I restrained him. Blame him not there in the tomb-he is dead. Dead men cannot tell the truth. Jesus of Nazareth! it was all my fault. We loved each other, and I knew thee not." But Jesus made no answer to Zahara. He had suddenly retreated a step or two, and fixed his eyes upon the tomb. Then, litting them to the hot bright sky he stretched his hands out in the attitude of supplication, and so stood, rapt and mute, among the people, and no one stirred or

upon her knees.
"Lord," she murmured, "Lord! He loved

undertone, and witnessed only by those who stood nearest him, he slowly and distinctly he were dead, he shall live." he were dead, he shall live."
"Lord!" wailed a woman's voice, "He
did believe on thee!" It was Zahara weeping at his feet—weeping now, like any
woman, the ice of anguish thawed. Now in the first thrill of her tears she was aware that an incredible, nay, a ghastly thing had happened. The Nazarene had ordered the stone which guarded the sepulchre to be removed. Protests from the family-whispers from the crowd-a moment of intense and

terrible excitement swept giddily over Zahara's senses. Speak she could not. John the Disciple sprang with the algerity of love and trust, to obey his Master's com-mand. Amos of Gethsemane and Baruch of Bethany followed. The three men executed the command in silence, and fell But Jesus rapt in prayer stood with eyes lifted to heaven, and so standing seemed to have grown unaware of any who pressed about him. Mary came near timidly, and sinking by the side of Zahara, drew the hem

the still air. "Luzarus! Luzarus!" Who addressed the dead man, as one addresseth a friend who is expected to reply? The people stared at each other and shuddered. "Lazarus! Come forth!" The cry was commanding and awful. It penetrated the souls of the living, as lightning penetrates the earth. If any voice could have reached the spirit of the dead—

Great God of our people! Look yonder! What has befallen us? What thing is this? Whom have we in our midst? What is this olinding sight? The stone lips of the sepulchre mutter; the black throat yawns; there is motion within, and sound. Steps stir—there is a flickering of light and a shifting of shadow -a shape moves and rises before our eyes. It is the living! Was it the dead? Clad in his shroud, as the tomb had taken

him, Lazarus, for four days a dead man,

Of love and joy wrenched from death and despair, what is there to say? The woes how Zahara fied forever from the palace of the High Priest, and loyally sheltered by Ariella, went in due time to the home of Lazarus and was wedded unto him by the sacred lips of the Great Rabbi, thus protecting herself from the being a dull, affectionate fellow, was sorely displeased with this untimely mirth and life and came forth from her old faith, lifted his hand to stone the bird; but a slight even as the dead had come forth from the all pain.

movement in the bushes above the tomb detomb, and joined herself with the faith o

her husband with a cordial soul; how these two, with the sister of Lazarus and Rebecca, the slave, journeyed together, escap-ing the dangerous prominence of their startling history, into what they called another country.

For strangers will mock her when neighbors mock, and in the province where they make their new home these elected ones taught the faith of Him who had given His own life for truth's sake and for God's-the faith of humanity and purity, of mercy and peace, the faith that respected the poor, and comforts the unhappy, and is gentle with the sick, and restores the mistaken and the

willful and the wrong, and gives life unto the dead. But it is doubtful if Zahara herselt even fully understood her own connection or that of her husband with the tragedy which one month from the burial of Lazarus of Beth-

any shook the world.

Upon the secret influence and spoken word of Annas, the High Priest, the fate of the Nazarene hung balanced for so much of a space as might have saved-and did condemn-the grandest and the most piteous of How could Lazarus tell Zahara this? She

became so accustomed to the thought which her husband did not share with her, that perhaps she wondered less, or worried less about the fact, which she reserved, than might otherwise have been the case. These must be subjects upon which the lips of Lazarus were sealed—those of the grave no closer. Time did not loosen them.

came a tender husband, a husv citizen, a devout man; but he remained a silent one.
The triendship experienced by Jesus for Lazarus, maintained to the end with a self-obliteration and tenderness upon which it is hearthreaking to think, went with other recorded and unrecorded sacrifices to count the cost of a price, upon which we dare not dwell and from whose preciousness we avert

an awed and humbled face.

Whence had he come? Where had he been? What selemn marvels had he seen? What awful secrets did he know? What blessed story could be tell? Passionately beloved to the end, and assiduously cherished, his own wife never knew. She might as well—she would as soon—have asked the sepulctire from which he had emerged. [THE END.]

New York Sun. 1

He Uses it Like a Bad Boy to Annoy His Neighbors in the Zoo.

that together, while a cunning expression shone on his face, just as it used to on "Peck's Bad Boy" when he was up to mi -That monkey kept shifting that glass as the sunlight moved along, with deliberation and malice, to make it flash every few moments into the cockatoo's eyes. Then the latter would break forth into screeches again, which so pleased the monkey that he would jump about in an eestacy of delight and perform all the acrobatic feats that he knew. Then he would return to the sport of shi ting the glass so as to put the ance was kept up until both keeper and visitors who witnessed the scene came to the conclusion that there was no need to hunt

New York Sun.1

The two were introduced, shook hands,