Pen, Chisel and Brush.

Henry Harland, author of "The Yoke of the Thorah," was at one time a clerk in the surrogate court of New York.

William Watson, the poet, has been granted a pension of $500 a year. The Gladstone government had already given him one of $1,000.

The first etching done by Whistler was a series of maps for the United States coast survey. They were not published, as the artist and authorities differed as to how a tree ought to be represented in a map.

Our Girls

A number of Appleton girls are preparing to wear bicycle bloomers this season.—Oshkosh Forthwestern.

Only in some points does the remark apply that the girl with a bunch of roses or violets on her corsage is wearing bloomers.—Philadelphia Times.

The police of Victoria, B. C., have declared against bloomers for women bicycle riders. They have thereby taken the one step above all others which will make the new dress an article of common wear.

The number of acres a man controls is no index of either wealth or prosperity. It has been far easier to get land poor than to get prosperous from owning land in the last decade.

A new era has dawned upon history. It is that of Asia against Europe, the Yellow organized against the White.

A new balance of power has been established in Asia, with Japanese ambition as a counterpoise for European intrigue and jealousy.—New York Tribune.

The press is the foe of rhetoric, but the friend of reason.—Colton.

A HYPNOTIC EVENING.

"THERE isn't anybody living who can hypnotize me."

"Don't be too sure, Leona," said her husband, "you cannot afford to run a tilt against science."

"But I deny that it is science. What has ever been proved by hypnotism? It is foolish to argue about it, for I will not even admit there is such a thing. The shrewd people who go about the country giving exhibitions of their powers are always in collusion with some one in the audience—you know that yourself, Ned."

"Nothing of the kind," retorted Ned, as Mrs. Darl called her husband. "It is a science that is yet in its infancy, and there are only a few individuals who have the hypnotic power and are able to throw less positive subjects into a trance. But I have seen it done, and it is wonderful—wonderful."

"What did you see?"

"I saw a young man climb walls like a cat, drink milk out of a saucer, catch a mouse, and then wash his face and hands as a cat does. And when he came out of the trance he had no idea that he had done any of these things, or that he had even lost consciousness."

"Hum!" said Mrs. Darl, incredulously. "I don't believe a word of it. If he did all that you say he did, he was simply a conspirator. And what good can such a faculty bring to science, I should like to know? Where is the scientific value, in acting like a cat or a monkey?"

"Why, don't you see, dear, it is the verification of a theory."

"No, I do not see. And I am not sure that I would believe it if I did see it. The whole stock-in-trade of these hypnotizers is the power of producing an illusion. I defy any of them to hypnotize me."

"I had intended asking you to go with me to the exhibition to-night."

"And be transmogrified into a cat? No, indeed! If I make a sacrifice of myself in the cause of science, it must be for something worth while. You have yet to convince me, Ned, that what you call the hypnotic sleep, is not assumed, to help carry out the plan of the hypnotizer, or as a means of creating a sensation. There is no one living who could by a few ridiculous passes, a stare, or pressure of my thumbs, make me do anything I did not choose to do."

"But you acknowledge, do you not, that a strong will can control a weak one?"

"Yes, and always could, but that is as old as the days of Adam, who was evidently in subjection to Eve. I suppose some one will say that deep sleep which overtook our first father when his rib was taken from him was hypnotic. It would be just about as sensible."

"I have an idea," said Mr. Darl suddenly. "Suppose, since Mahomet won't go to the mountain, that the mountain comes to Mahomet. The hypnotist can come here after the entertainment, and we will invite a few neighbors in and he can give an exhibition of his powers. How does that idea strike?"

"Favorably, Ned. There are the Rusts, and the Pebbles, and Dr. Smithly and his wife, and Cousin Fanny and her husband. You can let them know, and I will order refreshments, and we

CLIMBING THE PIANO TO ESCAPE AN IMAGINARY BEAR.

will have an evening of hypnotism. It will begin late, but we can find other amusements until your hypnotic operator comes."

Mrs. Darl had everything arranged; her house in beautiful order, and herself gorgeous in a dress of ruby velvet, which was far too fine for the occasion, but was worn as a piece-de-resistance, she having read or heard that velvet resisted hypnotic influence.

The neighbors and relatives came, a merry company, and the time passed in an animated discussion upon the power of hypnotism—one friend going so far in research as to visit the library and look up that wonderful story, the House of Seven Gables, and read aloud to attentive listeners a passage from the weird history of Alice Pyncheon.

"He spoke, and Alice responded with a soft, subdued inward acquiesence, and a bending of her form towards him, like the flame of a torch when it indicates a gentle draught of air. He beckoned with his hand and raising from her chair—blindly, but undoubtingly, as tending to her sure and inevitable center—the proud Alice approached him. He waved her back, and retreating Alice sunk again into her seat.

"'She is mine,' said Matthew Maule, 'mine by the right of the strongest spirit.'"

"Oh, that was mesmerism," said Mrs. Darl, as the reading ceased.

"And what is mesmerism?" asked one of the company. "I think that is as unexplainable as hynotism, if it is not

"WHERE ARE MY DIAMONDS?"

the same thing. Oh, here they are now! Let us hold on to our chairs, or we may be spirited away to China. I, for one, am afraid."

"I am not," said the queenly hostess, as she swept forward in velvet and diamonds to meet her husband and his guest.

A pale, composed-looking man accompanied Mr. Darl, and he did not seem surprised by the elegance of his hostess, or flushed by the critical gaze of the company.

After the introductions were made, and conversation became general, Mrs. Darl slipped into the hall, and beckoned to her husband, who immediately joined her. Then she whispered in his ear:

"If—if—by any possibility he should be able to hypnotize me, you will not let him make me do anything ridiculous?"

"My dear Leona, how can you imagine such a possibility? But if you have any fear——"

"Fear!" echoed his wife, scornfully, in a stage whisper; "you will see that he cannot make the slightest impression on me." And she went back in the parlor and found one of her guests climbing the piano to escape an imaginary bear that was pursuing him. A few passes and he was restored to his normal condition, looking very foolish.

There were some amusing and some perplexing exhibitions of the professor's power, then the company followed host and hostess to the dining-room, where a generous spread awaited them. Mrs. Darl was rather silent. Her test would be the next one, and she watched the wiry hands of the young professor as if his secret lay in them. But they were harmlessly busy with the sandwiches. His face was quite noncommittal, too. What was the power he held of reducing the will to a mere blank? She would soon know.

Back to the parlor, Mrs. Darl seated herself under the brilliant chandelier.

"Not there," said the professor, but she did not intend to yield to any command of his, and said quietly:

"I prefer to sit here."

"Then I cannot hypnotize you."

"Oh, you acknowledge that it is only under certain conditions that this great power can be displayed?"

"Certainly, there are conditions that must be complied with. I am positive, and you are negative—but you are a very difficult subject because you are resisting me with all your might."

Mrs. Darl looked reproachfully at her husband and said in the dumb alphabet of the married, "you have told him."

He flashed back in the same language, "I have not," and she moved in accordance with the wish of the professor, and sat with her back to the light. Some of the company were moved to remote parts of the room, but a few, including Mr. Darl, stood near.

"Look into my eyes," said the professor. "Permit me," and he took her hands and pressed the thumbs gently.

"It is like being in a dentist's chair," said Mrs. Darl, with a little forced laugh. Then she attempted to rise, struggling slightly, but continued to look into the eyes of the hypnotizer until in the place of two eyes she saw twenty—then she asserted her will, and shook herself free.

"I—told—you—I—could—not be—hypnotized," she said. Her voice sounded strange and far away. "How queer I feel. Staring so long has made me dizzy."

"Drink this," said Mr. Darl, giving his wife a glass of water.

She drank it, then rose to her feet, and said she felt as well as ever.

"Where is the professor?" she asked. "I expect he has lost faith in his science."

"He was here a moment ago," said her cousin Fanny anxiously; "he thought he had succeeded in hypnotizing you, Leona. Were you not unconscious?"

"Not for a moment," said Mrs. Darl, triumphantly. "He held my thumbs until they were numb—why!—where—Ned!"

"What is it, Leona?" he asked in surprise at her peculiar tone.

"Where are my diamonds?"

There was a startled exclamation from everyone present. Mrs. Darl stood there bereft of every jewel she possessed. Not a single one of her gems which had flashed on her fingers, at her throat, in her ears, was now invisible. Dazed she held up her ringless hands and said:

"Is this a joke? What does it mean? Where are my diamonds?"

"Where is the professor?"

"Search the house."

"Send for the police!"

But the professor had left for parts unknown, and with him went Mrs. Darl's diamonds, and neither the police nor the Darls ever saw or heard of them, or him, again. But one thing was in his favor. Not only had he successfully hypnotized Mrs. Darl, but as Mr. Darl admitted, he must have hypnotized the whole company, in order to bring his hypnotic scheme to such a climax.

And Mrs. Darl is at last a convert to both the theory and practice of the occult science, and a firm believer in the power of the hypnotic will.—Utica Globe.

A Water Slide.

In Perak, a state in the Straits settlements, the Malays have one form of amusement which is probably not to be enjoyed anywhere else in the wide world. There is a huge granite slope in the course of a mountain river, down which the water trickles about two inches deep, the main stream having carved out a bed by the side of the boulder. This rock, the face of which has been rendered as smooth as glass by the constant flow of the water during hundreds of years, the Malays—men, women and children—have turned into a toboggan. Climbing to the top of the rock, they sit in the shallow water with their feet straight out and a hand on each side for steering, and then slide down the sixty feet into a pot of water. This is a favorite sport on sunny mornings, as many as two hundred folk being engaged at a time, and sliding so quickly one after another, or forming rows of two, four, and even eight persons, that they tumble into the pool a confused mass of screaming creatures. There is little danger in the game, and though some choose to sit on a piece of plantain, most of the tobogganers are content to squat on their haunches.

Military Salutes.

The military salute required in almost all civilized countries is nearly the same. Perhaps in Germany, however, the regulations are somewhat more stringent. A soldier on meeting the Emperor, has to stand still, face about, and remain with hand raised for from twelve to twenty paces before his Majesty approaches, and for the same distance after he has passed. In Belgium an officer has to do the same thing for the king, and subalterns for generals, though ten paces are only required for the latter case. Soldiers carrying anything so that their hands are quite occupied salute with their eyes—that is, they turn their heads in the direction of the person coming or going. French officers raise their caps to each other; but the privates do as the privates in other armies do.

A New-Fangled Swiss Watch.

A curious application of the phonograph to watches has been made recently by a watchmaker at Geneva, Switzerland, in whose repeating watches the bell is replaced by a circular disk of vulcanized rubber less than two inches in diameter, upon which phonographic lines corresponding to a certain series of spoken words are spirally engraved.

The passage of a vibrating point over these lines causes the watch literally to tell the hours, and even, when desired, to sound an alarm and awaken the sleeper. It has been demonstrated that the point may pass many thousand times over the lines on the disk without wearing them away appreciably. When the watch speaks the hours its voice is clear and distinct twenty feet away with a closed door between.

A Horse Has Little Brains.

The mental peculiarities of the horse are much less characteristic than its physical. It is indeed the common opinion among those who do not know the animal well that it is endowed with much sagacity, but no experienced and careful observer is likely to maintain this opinion. All such students find the intelligence of the horse to be very limited. Although some part of this mental defect in the horse, causing its actions to be widely contrasted with those of the dog, may be due to a lack of deliberate training and to breeding with reference to intellectual accomplishment, we see, by comparing the creature with the elephant, which practically has never been bred in captivity, that the equine mind is, from the point of view of rationality, very feeble.

The sacrifices a woman can make for her husband, she is not willing to make. She wants credit for willingness to make sacrifices that are impossible.

"I can if I want to," we heard a boy say this morning. No, boy, you can't not once in a thousand times.

Five French dramatists are at present engaged on plays dealing with "Louis XVII."—Sardou, Pierre Decourcelle, Henri Ceard, Henri de Weindel, and Charles Buet.

William Watson, the English poet, has been granted a pension of $500 a year by Rosebery's Government. The Gladstone regime had already provided him with a pension of $1,000 a year.

Tolstoi's new story is called "Master and Man." It describes with pathos and simplicity the way in which a commonplace, money-loving man sacrifices his life in a great storm to save that of his servant.

Among the comparatively recent acquisitions of the British Museum are a number of unpublished tales by Charlotte Bronte, written under the pseudonym of "Lord Charles Albert Florian Wellesley." The museum also possesses a letter in which Miss Bronte refused to allow a London publisher to bring out her portrait.

Admiral Sir R. Vesey Hamilton, of the British navy, is arranging to bring out a collection of letters from naval officers of all ranks, from midshipmen to admirals, containing something more of their daily life than can be learned from official reports. It is believed that the graphic stories of officers describing to their friends and relatives scenes of which they were eye-witnesses, with their observations, would be interesting.

An interesting book is announced in "The Tragedy of Fotheringay," by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsford. It is founded on the recently published journal of D. Burgoing, physician to Mary Queen of Scots. It will contain a photogravure of the Blair portrait and illustrations from the Calthorpe manuscripts, among them being contemporary drawings of the trial and the execution of Mary at Fotheringay, and lists of names, in Beale's writing, of those present on each occasion.

A Modest Millionaire.

I never saw a man take life less seriously than John D. Rockefeller. He has an easy way of saying and doing things that appeals to the aesthetic nature. That $1,000,000 suit brought by Lon Merritt is not costing him a wink of sleep. Nothing worries him, not all his millions. At times I have known John to seem dull. I have known people to take him for a soft, slow, stupid fellow instead of the hard, gliding, firm, rocky fellow that he is. He once had an employe, a nervous, irritable young man, full of his own importance, but, withal, a capable clerk. He occupied an office in which there was one of those pulling and lifting machines, and regularly every morning about 9, when he was immersed in figures or correspondence, a small, black-moustached man, quiet and diffident in manner, entered, said "good-morning," walked on tiptoe to the corner and exercised for a quarter of an hour. It became a bore to the clerk, who at last, unable to stand it longer, remarked, with considerable heat and fireworks, to the inoffensive, but annoying stranger: "How do you expect me to do my work properly while you are fooling with that —— machine? I'm getting tired of it. Why don't you put it where it won't worry a person to death?" The stranger replied with a blush: "I am very sorry if it annoys you. I will have it removed at once." A porter took it away within an hour. A few days later the clerk was sent for by Mr. Flagler, whom he found in earnest conversation with the small, black-moustached man. The latter smiled at seeing him, gave Flagler some instructions and left the room. "Will you tell me who that gentleman is?" the young man asked, a light beginning to break upon him. "That was Mr. Rockefeller," was the reply. With a gasp for breath, the clerk staggered back to his office to think. It was his first acquaintance with the Standard Oil magnate.—New York Press.

The First Wills.

Wills were at first oral, as were also gifts of lands, and were only morally binding on the survivors. Origen and other fathers of the early church credited Noah with having made a will, and in the fourth century the Bishop of Brescia declared all those heretical who denied Noah's division of the world to his three sons by will. The oldest known wills are those of Egypt. Both oral and written wills not infrequently contained imprecations on those who should neglect them.

The earliest written will in existence is that of Sennacherib, which was found in the Royal Library of Konyunjik. There is a great sameness about our own royal wills. They mainly relate to beds, bedding, clothes, personal ornaments, gold and silver cups, and payments for masses, and are generally as prosaic as one could contrive.—The Westminster Review.

The Duke Vs. Tobacco.

It is not quite fifty years since the issue from the House Guards of General Order No. 577, which contained the following memorable counterblast:

"The Commander-in-chief has been informed that the practice of smoking, by the use of pipes, cigars or cheroots, has become prevalent among the officers of the army, which is not only in itself a species of intoxication, occasioned by the fumes of tobacco, but, undoubtedly, occasions drinking and tippling by those who acquire the habit; and he entreats the officers commanding regiments to prevent smoking in the mess rooms of their several regiments and in the adjoining apartments, and to discourage the practice among the officers of junior rank in their regiments."—Notes and Queries.