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THE MENDICANTS.

We are as mendicants who wait
Along the roadside in the sun.
Tatters of yesterday and shreds
Of morrow's clothes us every one.

And some are dotards, who believe
And glory in the days of old;
While some are dreamers, harping still
Upon an unknown age of gold.

Hopeless or witless! Not one heeds,
As lavish Time comes down the way
And tosses in the suppliant hat
One great new-minted gold To-day.

But there be others, happier far,
The rambling sons of God,
Who know the by-ways and the flowers,
And care not how the world may plod.

They idle down the traffic lands,
And loiter through the woods with spring;
To them the glory of the earth
Is but to hear a bluebird sing.

They too receive each one his Day;
But there wise heart knows many things
Beyond the sating of desire,
Above the dignity of kings.

One I remember kept his coin,
And laughing flipped it in the air;
And when two strolling pipe-players
Came, he tossed it to the pair.

Spendthrift of joy, his childish heart
Danced to their wild, outlandish bars;
Then suppler he laid him down
That night, and slept beneath the stars.
—From "Songs from Vagabondia." By Bliss Carman and H. Richard Honey.

A STRANGE CASE OF HYPNOTISM.

In the autumn of 1877, I was on a trip in the upper Peninsula of Michigan. As my health was not good at that time, I had been attracted to that locality by the marvellous accounts of the invigorating atmosphere, and the splendid opportunities for geological discovery—a subject in which I was much interested. I found the woods and hills beautiful beyond description, and the clear air seemed to fill me with new life.

After spending a couple of weeks in the vicinity of Hancock, one evening on my way to the town, after passing a day in the hills with my geological hammer as my only companion, I fell in with a young Swede who was going in the same direction. He was disposed to be very chatty, and with charming naive told me in the course of the hour's walk the principal facts in his history. He was a typical Swede, with high cheek-bones, sharp features and a scanty moustache. He said his name was Oliverson, was a photographer by profession, and had been working in a gallery at Winona, Minn., as a retoucher and general utility man. The stains of nitre of silver still on his finger bore evidence to the truth of his statement. He went on to tell me that he had secured a more profitable job at a small town about seventy miles beyond Hancock, and as they did not want him for a few days, he intended to walk to the scene of his future labors. My physician had recommended walking for me. Here was an opportunity for a good long walk with company in the bargain, and as I had examined quite thoroughly the interesting geological formation in that locality, I told my new acquaintance that I would accompany him. That evening we looked up the route and estimated we could walk there in three days, stopping the first night with a settler by the name of Ole Bright, and the second night at a cross roads called "Anderson's Place."

It was a magnificent morning in October when we started. From the golden leaves on every side the sparkling frost stared the pale sun in the face. The pure air made one's nerves tingle like new wine. We tramped on until it was quite dark, when Oliverson's quick eye caught the flickering light from a settler's cabin or an Indian camp, we could not tell which. The barking of a pack of dogs made our presence known, and a voice from out the darkness told us in imperfect English "Come on." It was a small cabin into which we entered, and when my eyes grew accustomed to the light, I took a good look at the man of the house.

He was an undersized, swarthy Frenchman, with tremendous shoulders and arms that gave one the impression of great strength. His snapping black eyes and sharp nose indicated cunning and curiosity. The full lips and sloping forehead gave evidence of intellect and vitality. The cabin was very small—two rooms and a garret; but after we had explained the situation our host gave us a hearty welcome, as settlers are most sure to do on the frontiers of civilisation, and begged us to be seated while he prepared us supper. In doing so he called from the other room a child to assist him, who must have fled at our approach, for I had not seen her before.

After we had eaten we sat in front of a generous fire in the open hearth and listened to our host, who was entertaining and voluble, as his countrymen usually are. He said his name was Burzee, and that his people came from Picardy, France, but that he was born in New Brunswick, and moved from Canada into the United States. The time slipped rapidly by and it was soon midnight. As the Frenchman talked the child slept in his arms, her golden curls falling over the sleeve of his rough blouse; altogether it made a most domestic and home-like picture. As Oliverson was nodding in his chair, weary with the long day's exertion, I suggested to Burzee that we retire for the night. He said, "All right; you will find a 'shake-down' in the garret. Here, take this lamp. I will light another." I took the lamp, and with Oliverson leading the way, we started up the crazy ladder leading into the garret.

When half-way up, we were both stopped by an altercation between Burzee and the child. She had awakened and was fretful and crying. The Frenchman seemed to be ex-

cited and furiously angry. "Look you," he cried to us. "See how like the devil she behaves. Quit snivelling, you tormenting brat, or I will kill you, as I would a snake!" The child continued to cry and the man to get more and more insanely angry, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, he pulled from his belt a knife and sprang toward the child with the fury of a wild beast, and, seizing her by the hair, he dealt her a savage blow in the neck. The red blood spouted from the large carotid artery, and she sank down without a moan. I glanced at Oliverson. He seemed paralysed with horror, and stood clutching at his throat, his face white as marble. As for myself, I was simply helpless. I tried to lift my feet, but they would not obey my will the cold perspiration stood upon my face like thick mist, but I could not raise my hand to wipe it away.

I do not know how long we would have remained standing on the stairs had not Burzee turned and cried: "Go now, go to bed."

If we had been armed, we would have gone down, sought escape and alarmed the authorities and neighbors, if we could have found any, but our nearest approach to a weapon was a penknife. I had a revolver in my handbag, but it was down stairs where I could not get at it. We both believed the Frenchman to be insane, and did not know what moment he might come up and attack us. There was no window by which we could escape, and the only thing left us was to wait for daylight and go down and fight our way out, if necessary.

Neither of us closed our eyes to sleep that night. It seemed as though morning would never come, but at last the streaks of light broke through the pine boughs and we heard Burzee moving about in the room below. We soon heard the teakettle boiling and preparations going on for breakfast. Finally the man below pounded on the stairs and said: "come down, you fellows; are you going to sleep all day?"

We tiptoed down very gently and hesitatingly. There was the Frenchman with a broad grin on his beardless face, and there—could it be possible? yes, there was no question—there was the child, alive and well. If we were frightened and horrified the night before, now we were simply dumbfounded. Oliverson gazed about the room for a moment, like a man in delirium, and then dashed for the open door and ran like a deer. I never saw him again.

The Frenchman skipped about the room and laughed in an ecstasy of delight. I said to him: "For God's sake, man, what does it mean? Speak out. I saw you kill that child last night."

"No, no," he said; "that was your fancy. You were dreaming; it was a trick of the imagination."

And that was all the explanation he could offer. I called the little child to me and took her on my knee. It was the same child, there could be no doubt about that. I remembered noticing the night before a mole on her upper lip. I noticed it again when I looked in the morning.

After breakfast I bade my host adieu and went back to Hancock, and soon after I returned to my home. For several years I puzzled my brains a good deal about this mysterious experience. I knew at that time very little about hypnotism; there was not much said about it in the newspapers in those days. I have since investigated the subject and I have come to the conclusion that Burzee was a master of hypnotism, and that we were both under the influence.

If it was not hypnotism, what was it?—*Illustrated American.*

The Duty of Religious Teachers.

The hygienist may tell us how to maintain our physical health, the sociologist how to govern ourselves as members of society, the publicist or political economist how we may advance our own material interests or contribute to those of the community. But there is room for a teaching which shall in a manner correlate all these, which shall reveal the sacredness of every duty and the profound significance of life. This is the teaching which especially deserves the name of religious, inasmuch as it awakens in the mind of the individual a consciousness of his relation to the universe, as a whole, and an accompanying sense of universal law. Who, it may be asked, is sufficient for these things? Not everyone assuredly who enters on the clerical profession. It is a vastly easier thing to denounce science as heterodox than to minister in any affective manner to the higher life of one's fellows. The latter, however, is the true function of the religious teacher, not the former. Science is advancing today with giant strides, but discontent is on the increase. Why? Because the essential conditions of happiness are ignored; because rich and poor, however diverse their points of view in other respects, join in affirming that life consists in material abundance, that character is of little account, that money can do everything. In such a condition of things it is really surprising that religious teachers should find time to attack men of science for any views whatever which they may promulgate, the need being so pressing for a manifestation of those moral truths which no scientist would think of opposing, and which in point of fact no scientific doctrine can be said to touch. The fields are white to the harvest, but the really competent reapers are few. They would be more numerous perhaps, if the needs of the time were better understood, and if ministers were not required to undergo an apprenticeship to outworn systems of thought.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

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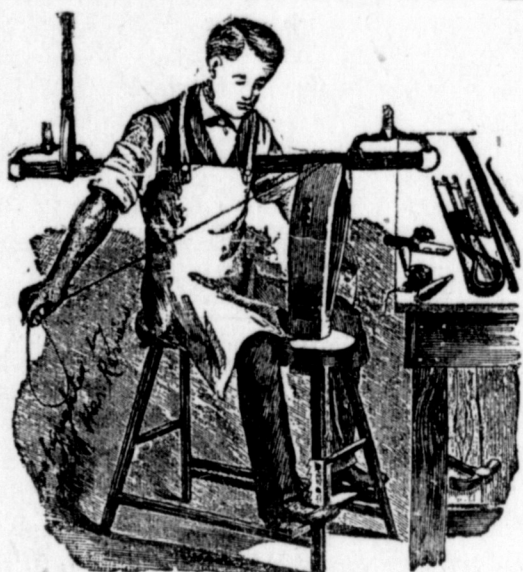
Behring Sea Regulations.

A recent dispatch from Washington says:—An ugly crisis has been reached in the negotiations between the United States and Great Britain, looking to the adoption of the uniform regulations for the government of the seal fisheries this season.

The British government positively refuses to re-enact the regulation of last year, which prohibits the carrying of fire arms by sealing vessels through the zone north of the thirty-fifth parallel during the closed season until the \$420,000 is paid Canadian sealers. The United States officials look upon this as disastrous to the seal fisheries, holding that the result will be to relieve the pelagic sealers of the only restriction which has operated to prevent an unlimited slaughter of the herds. While killing by fire arms remains illegal, it is realized that it will be impossible to enforce this prohibition if arms can be freely carried, for the sealers would kill freely unless they should happen to be under the very eye of a revenue cutter. Meanwhile, the United States cutters have gone out under the old instructions to seize all vessels carrying arms not under seal. This must be modified speedily by orders sent through the Alaska Commercial Company's steamer, which leaves San Francisco in a day or two, or else there may be another big claim for damages on charge of illegal seizure filed by the British government.

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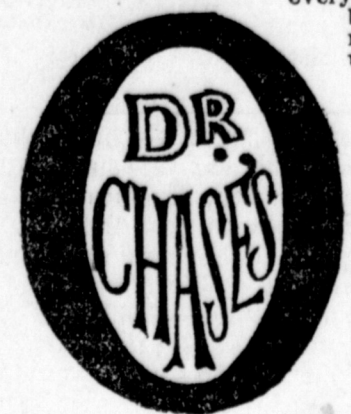
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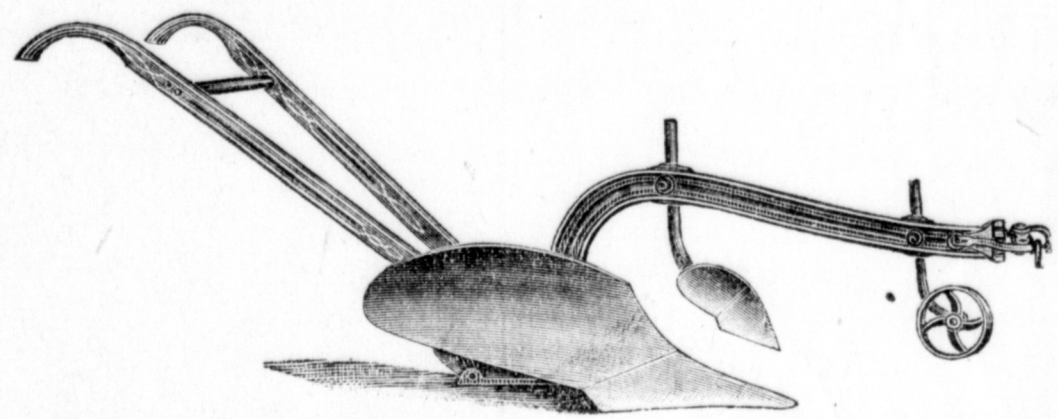
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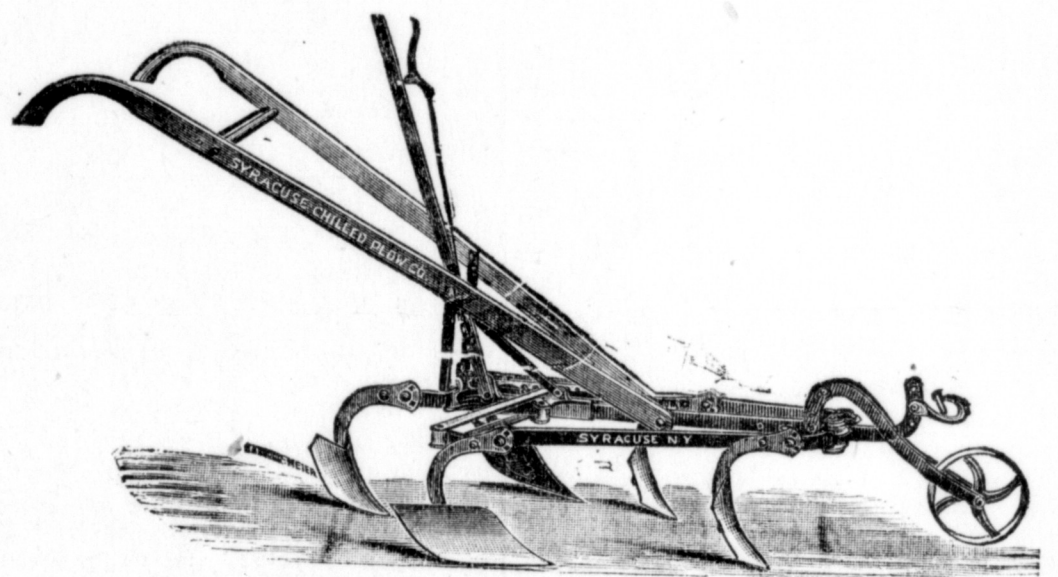
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"Ye can't believe half you reads in books," said the newcomer to the warden. "What's the matter?" "I seen in the library a book that says a man order to be the moulder of his own fortune. I tried ter be, an' here I am, juggled fer counterfeiting."—Washington Star.