

## HYPNOTIZING BUFFALO BILL.

How the Prince Edward Islander Gave a Free Will Show.

A good story at the expense of Buffalo Bill is told by Major Moses P. Handy. The major obtained it from a prominent physician, and he has no doubt of its accuracy.

"Only a few weeks ago," said the doctor, "I was travelling from Washington to Chicago on one of the limited trains. In the smoking car—parlor smoker, as it is called—where I sat, was a lively after-dinner party, and among them were two well-known men, General Lee Wallace, author of 'Ben Hur,' and Colonel William F. Cody, who is everybody's acquaintance as Buffalo Bill. The conversation was very animated, when one of the passengers was observed to drop his head, evidently fast asleep. 'Look at that fellow,' said Cody, 'going to sleep like a baby, with all this talk going on.' All sorts of remarks aimed at the sleeper failed to waken him, and finally somebody suggested that he must be hypnotized."

"He is hypnotized," said a gentleman who sat by him, 'I did it.' 'Everybody was curious, but sceptical, on this announcement, and Cody was not only sceptical, but contemptuous. He said that nobody but a fool or an idiot could be imposed upon by such nonsense, much less be really hypnotized."

"Well," said the man who claimed the hypnotic power, 'I'll bet you twenty-five dollars that I can hypnotize you.' 'Done,' said Cody. 'I'll go you for twenty-five dollars'; and he pulled out a great roll of bills and put up the money."

"The operator went to work, and to the surprise of everybody who knew the customer he had to deal with, he had the mighty hunter and Indian tamer at his mercy in a shorter time than it takes to tell the story. 'Then ensued,' continued the doctor, 'the most laughable scene I ever saw. That fellow made Cody do the most ridiculous things, and he did them all with a gravity and earnestness that were as amusing as his actions. I will not tell them all. It is enough to say that he was made to take off one article of clothing after another. The grand climax was reached when, amid shouts of laughter, in obedience to a suggestion from the operator, Bill opened a ball, his partner being an arm-chair, to which he paid the most gallant and delicate attention."

"Bow to your partner." 'Advance.' 'Halt promenade.' 'Swing corners.' The familiar calls came in swift succession, and Bill, with his arms tightly clasping the chair, and lavishing killing looks upon it, responded with the same zest and abandon which have made him so many fair admirers in the drawing rooms of two hemispheres. He was loth to stop; but when the joke had gone quite far enough, the master mind broke the spell with a peremptory order, and there was a scene of a different character. Bill is as admirable, however, as he is brave, and he acknowledged the joke gracefully. 'Boys,' he said as he put on his coat and waistcoat, 'the joke is on me. Just say nothing about this, and I will pay for all you can and will drink and smoke between here and Chicago.'"

## EXPENSIVE ECONOMY.

And Every Girl in the Crowd had a Shuller Experience.

There are few fads as expensive in the end as this uncontrollable money-saving mania that grabs a girl as regularly as the seasons change. Unless a girl has plenty of worldly wealth she can't afford to practice economy, since for every nickel she saves she spends a quarter on the strength of it.

A crowd of young women were discussing this very question a few days ago. Said one: "Josephine and I count on spending thirty cent a day on luncheons. If our checks happen to be twenty or twenty-five cents we are so hilarious that we immediately march off and invest in half a pound of eight-cent candy. If we don't take that method of ridding ourselves of the money we've saved we have a luncheon the next day that would make a king envious."

"I have always had a longing for one of those pretty embroidered centrepieces," spoke up another, "and the other day a friend gave me one. Of course, I was too delighted for mere words, but I soon found out that I really hadn't a table pretty enough to want it. After I got the table I wanted a new banquet lamp. I'm sure that the fact that I got the centrepiece for nothing has cost me at least \$12.50. The centrepiece is probably worth about \$1.50."

"That reminds me of one of my experiences," spoke up a third girl. "Mamma struck a sale of satin slippers and bought me a pair of pale heliotrope ones. I think she got them forty cents cheaper than the ordinary price. Well, those slippers were tumbled around and looked at, but never worn, because I hadn't a single party gown that was near the proper color to match them. I couldn't endure it any longer, so I finally invested in heliotrope stockings, a heliotrope gown and pale heliotrope gloves. I really didn't need a new evening outfit, but I had the slippers you know."

Yes, everybody knew. There wasn't one girl in the whole crowd who had not gone through with the same experience.

## A Fatal Delay.

During my second year at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, I had a classmate whom it would not be uncharitable to call a duffer. One of the professors was in the habit of taking the boys unawares, and quizzing them. He said to this fellow one day: "How much is a dose of —?" giving the technical name of croton oil. "A teaspoonful," was the ready reply.

The professor made no comment, and the fellow soon realized that he had made a mistake. After a quarter of an hour he said:

"Professor, I want to change my answer to that question."

"It's too late, Mr. —," responded the professor, looking at his watch. "Your patient's been dead fourteen minutes."

## The Perfect Man.

Maude—"No, Mamma, Mr. Placid may be all you say; but life with him would be too hum-drum, too smooth and uneventful. I cannot marry him."

Mamma—"Why, child?"

Maude—"Well, I saw him transact some business over the telephone, with the usual results, and he never even lost his temper. He is too near a saint for me!"

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## A ROMANCE OF STATISTICS.

Showing what a Very Poor Chance of Matrimony Males Have.

"Father, I would like to see you in the library on a matter of business."

"Very well, Viola; come along. Now then, what is it?"

"Father, you are aware that Henry Noodenhammer has been paying me his attentions for the last year?"

"Yes, and I've felt like kicking him. The idea of a Noodenhammer daring to aspire to the hand of a Gratton!"

"He has asked me to be his wife."

"The scoundrel! Why, I'll maul the tar out of him."

"And I have almost promised," she placidly continued.

"What—what! My daughter marry a Noodenhammer working for \$15 a week? Never! Go to your room while I seek this base adviser."

"Father, I want to talk straight business with you," she interrupted. "As you are aware, this is the State of Massachusetts."

"Yes."

"Have you seen the vital statistics of the State for last year?"

"No, of course not. The idea of that Hen Noodenhammer skulking around here after me!"

"Wait! According to the statistics, this State has 871,140 more females than males. There are 226,890 more marriageable girls than can find husbands, to say nothing of 182,321 widows anxious for a No. 2. The number of young men in the state earning over \$15 a week and in the market is only 22,107. There are camped on the trail of these young men exactly 220,000 young women and 150,000 widows. Three out of every five children born are girls. Death removes two young men to every married man or old bachelor."

The old man turned pale and grasped a chair for support, and after a pause she continued:

"From June to October over 80,000 marriageable young women visit our watering-places, and it is estimated that 31,442 of them catch husbands, thus further reducing the chances of a resident. Father, take your pencil and figure on your Viola's chances of catching another man if she lets Hen Noodenhammer canter away."

"Great Scott!" he gasped, figuring for a moment, "Why, your chances are only one in 21,875,947!"

"Just as I figured it out myself. What shall I say to him this evening?"

"Say? Say? Why, tell him you'll have him and be mighty glad of the chance, and don't let him draw a long breath before you add that the ceremony can take place right after breakfast to-morrow morning, and I'm to give you a wedding present of \$5,000 in cash."

## THE CAPTAIN'S GHOST.

How Queen Victoria Complied With the Bogie's Wishes.

Here is a ghost story—one of a large class and therefore more likely to be veracious, especially as it first saw the light in a London paper. It has an appearance of strict and even narrow truthfulness. There was a certain Captain Blomberg, of some regiment unknown, on active service in America. Five or six of his brother officers, he being engaged on duty 200 miles away, were dining together. The door was opened, and Captain Blomberg appeared, to everybody's surprise. Without speaking, he walked in and sat down in a vacant chair. They all asked him how he came there.

To their questions he made no reply. Then one of them said, "Blomberg, are you mad?"

On this he rose and replied, "When you go back to London, take my son to the queen and beg her to be his protector."

This said, he walked out of the room as he had come in. A few days afterward the news came that he had been killed in action on the very day and at the same hour of his appearance.

It is pleasing to record that the queen, on whose favor the gallant officer may have had some claims, did protect the son, who became chaplain in ordinary to his majesty, deputy clerk of the king's closet, canon residentiary of St. Paul's and vicar of St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

## Restful Reading in the Home.

Not long ago, says a writer in Scribner's Magazine, I played nurse to a friend that was suffering from nervous prostration, and who purchased moments of sleep with hours of effort. I started in like the most professional of nurses, with my own little theory that a very stupid article read in a more or less clerical monotone would answer the purpose, and my poor friend would succumb to the double influence.

Gradually it dawned upon us that a number of requirements must be complied with in order that a book should be genuinely a nightcap book, and that the sum of these demanded a high order of merit. The article read must be reflective in character, with the quieting influences of flat landscapes and wide horizons. The language must flow, not in a series of tempestuous falls, as a mountain brook, but full and limpid as a river; there must be a certain continuity of thought, and the thought must not be feverish, or argumentative, or low, or sorrowful, or gay. It is not an easy thing to be a nightcap author.

Our sedative library, which became a sure resource, contains a varied series, but all answer, in a greater or less degree, to the stern demands made upon them. Copies of the London Spectator, Phillips Brooks' sermons, the friendly talks at Dr. Holmes' breakfast and tea tables, the fireside travels of that clear thinker who left us only yesterday, Emerson's lofty essays; and I have just now covertly enriched the shelf by adding "Prue and I," thinking that its fragrant breath of spring life and its unskillful English should make it a slumber song for the wearied heart and most unresting brain.

## It Was A Girl.

A dear old soul, very deaf, believed she had a fine and musical voice. One Sunday she went to a strange church, and was quiet enough until the first hymn started. She then joined in the singing with all her force, and made such a discordant noise, that all the choir were put out. This could no longer be endured, so a young man—the leader—went quietly up to the pew, and touching her arm, said—

"Pardon me, madam, but would you mind singing a little softer?"

She thinking he was complimenting her, cried, as only deaf people can—

"Let not the praise be mine, young man. Far from it. It's A Gift."

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THE FIRM OF J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. was this day dissolved by mutual consent, T. ARMSTRONG retiring. Business continued at old stand by J. S. ARMSTRONG, who assumes liabilities and collects accounts due.

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## HOW TO MAKE A WILL.

Why the Ghost of Lawyer Gouger McPhee Laughed Gleelessly.

The scratching of Lawyer McPhee's pen was the only sound which broke the stillness in the gathering twilight of the dingy law office. Other men, through with the work and cares of the busy day, had betaken themselves to their various homes; but the lawyer still lingered, laboring slowly and carefully away on the old sheet of legal cap which lay before him, pausing thoughtfully betimes with head on one side, examining it critically.

"He is making his will," whispered "Bump on Marriage and Divorce," to his old friend "Jones on Wills and Mortgages," whom a careless office-boy had placed away out of his usual corner, beyond a row of authorities on criminal jurisprudence.

"Oh, I guess not," replied the other confidently from his sheep-bound covers; "he hasn't consulted me at all yet."

A strange, hoarse gurgle mingled with the sound of the scratching of the pen.

It was the first time Lawyer Gouger McPhee had laughed in ten years.

The droning hum of the High Court of Appeals was stealing through the Summer air. It is about the only thing besides the legal fraternity that is allowed to steal in open court. An indolent flapping of fans was the only motion visible, except the nodding of the janitor in a rear seat.

The decision in the celebrated contested will case of the heirs of Gouger McPhee, deceased, affirming that of the lower court, was being read, and, as usual, the construction of the will was directly opposite that evidently intended by the testator.

The different moneys of the vast estate, bequeathed to distant and bogus relatives, and to ridiculous and unnecessary charities, were decreed to the widow and children of said McPhee, where they properly belonged.

The droning hum of the Court of Appeals still droned on. There was again the slow flapping of fans, which had been for a moment disturbed. The members of the bar still chewed thoughtfully away on borrowed tobacco, or were borrowing more, while the janitor on the back seat ceased nodding for a moment to brush away a fly which he heard buzzing about his ears.

It was not a fly, but the ghost of Lawyer Gouger McPhee laughing over the success of his scheme.

## A Marine Wonder.

One of the marine wonders of the world is the great barrier reef of Australia. This stupendous rampart of coral, stretching in an almost unbroken line for 1250 miles along the north eastern coast of Australia, presents features of interest which are not to be equalled in any other quarter of the globe. Nowhere is the action of the little marine insect, which builds up with untiring industry those mighty mountains with which the tropical seas are studied, more impressive; nowhere are the wonderful constructive forces of nature more apparent. By a simple process of secretion there has been reared in the course of countless centuries an adamantine wall against which the billows of the Pacific, sweeping along in an uninterrupted course of several thousand miles, dash themselves in ineffectual fury. Inclosed in a calm inland sea, 80,000 square miles in extent, dotted with a multitude of coral islets, and presenting at every turn objects of interest alike to the unlearned traveller and the man of science, here may be witnessed the process by which the wayward, gelatinous mass hardens into stone, then serves as a collecting ground for the flotsam and jetsam of the ocean, and ultimately develops into an island covered with a luxuriant mass of tropical growth. Here again may be seen in the serene depths of placid pools extraordinary forms of marine life, aglow with the most brilliant colors, and producing in their infinite variety a bewildering sense of the vastness of the life of the ocean.

## How She Saved Twopence.

A lady recently, on alighting from an omnibus, found to her annoyance that she had nothing less than a sovereign in her purse. On tendering it in payment of her fare, the conductor said, in a tone of remonstrance—

"Ain't yer got nothing less than that, mum?"

"I'm very sorry to say I haven't," replied the lady apologetically. "What had I better do?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered the conductor; "all I know is that I ain't got the Bank of England with me."

"Well," said the lady, "shall I get change at one of the shops here? Can you wait while I do so?"

"No, mum, we can't wait," replied the conductor, putting on a very injured air. "We ain't allowed to have a nap here; we only do that at Oxford circus and the bank."

He added sarcastically.

"I'm sorry," repeated the lady, ignoring the conductor's last remark, "but I must get off. I will look out for you the next time I come this way, and give you the twopence."

"Ah! just so," said the conductor with tremendous irony. "Adoo, mum, adoo—till the millenium!"

However, the next week the lady happened to travel by the same omnibus, with the same conductor.

"Do you remember," she said to him, "a week or so ago a lady not being able to pay her fare because she had nothing less than a sovereign in her purse?"

"Huh!" ejaculated the conductor in a most contemptuous tone. "Do I remember? Why, bless you, they're allus up to that little game; and I tells yer what it is, missis, them sovereigns that they do have is generally wrong uns!"

It may have been weak, but after that the lady really could not summon up sufficient courage to say any more about it.

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The prayer meeting braggart who, letting him tell it, was the chief of sinners should have remained where his talents raised him above his fellows. He makes a mighty poor showing among the saints.

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