

PROFESSOR SEVOLE.

Everybody in the village of S—remember Professor Nario Sevole. He was a travelling showman—a great individual in those days in little towns, and he was greater than that—a hypnotist. There was no doubt about the professor's mesmeric powers. It was in him and no mistake. His keen, glittering eyes told it, an eye before whose deep and piercing glance the stoutest quailed. The people in the little town of S—were all afraid of Professor Sevole, and yet they had a kind of reverential admiration for him at the same time. Every year or two he came round in his travelling house, and it was a great time in the village.

The vehicle in which he traveled was a curious and interesting old contrivance. It was a house on wheels. It had a wooden roof and sides and was divided in two apartments—one the kitchen and the other the dining room, parlor, etc. It was set on easy springs, and was a most delightful mode of travelling through the country. In his sitting room the professor had comfortable cushioned seats and when night came these were easily converted into a bedstead. In this way he lived and traveled over the land, his only companion being his driver, a large black negro named Joe.

Sevole had mesmerized a number of people in S—from time to time; had made them dance and sing and stagger like drunken men, and had stuck pins up to the head in their arms without any one of them ever flinching. No one doubted his power over those minds that were inferior to his. It there had been any doubt that his performances in this line were genuine his last visit to S—would have convinced the most skeptical.

The performance at the court house was over, and Professor Sevole and Joe had gone to their vehicles, which was quartered in the public square, to retire for the night. It was nearly midnight, but there were several citizens lingering near around the little house on wheels. There was something strangely fascinating about the dark eyed professor and his vehicle.

Soon loud talking was heard in the covered wagon, and the two or three men who were standing near listened closely. The mesmerist and his servant were quarreling at a high rate, and both were evidently in a great rage. Creeping up to the wagon, the outsiders peered through a crack and by the light that burned within they saw the professor seated in one end of the room and the negro standing at the door in the other end. They were quarreling about the negro's brother, whom, it is seen, he accused the professor of killing. In another moment the climax came, and the negro, suddenly drawing a knife, started toward the mesmerist. His eyes flashed as he exclaimed:

"You killed my brother, and—"
But he did not finish the sentence. By this time he was half way across the little room, but he stopped suddenly as if shot. The uplifted knife fell from his hand,

his arm dropped nervelessly to his side and his face relaxed from its tury and looked wild and frightened.

Those who were on the outside looked at the professor. He was still sitting, and his eyes, which were fastened on the eyes of the negro, glowed like two coals of living fire. He had caught the negro's eye and held him there as if he was chained.

The professor arose slowly, all the time looking his servant in the eyes, and advanced toward him. He then muttered some unintelligible words, stroked him on the head several times and told him to laugh and say it was all right.

The negro, obedient to orders, threw up his hands and clasped them together, and then laughed loud and long.

"On, it's all right," he said. It's all right," and then he would break out in a loud laugh again.

After he got him well under the influence of the spell, the professor said:

"Now, Joe, since it's all right, I want you to go down the road and stop at the house we saw to-day (indicating it by name) and stay there till I come."

"It's all right; it's all right," said the negro, as he went off laughing.

The men outside saw him start down the road, and curious to know what he would do, followed him. He went directly to the house mentioned, about a mile from the village, and sat down by the gate.

The men watched him for several hours, but he did not stir, and it was about daylight when they got back to town. They looked for the professor's vehicle, but in vain. He was gone. While they were away he had harnessed up his two horses and departed in the darkness. No one saw him leave, or knew which direction he went. The men who had witnessed the affair between him and Joe came to the conclusion that he was afraid when the negro recovered from the effects of the spell he might thirst for vengeance, and, not wishing to run the risk again of being killed, Sevole had left for parts unknown.

The next day the negro was still laughing and saying, "It's all right; it's all right," but he had lost all reason and sense. Various plans were tried to bring him out from under the influence of the strange power. But in vain. For several weeks the physicians worked on him, but nothing could bring back the light of reason that was so mysteriously obscured. At last he was taken before the court, adjudged insane—as he verily was—and sent to the asylum. He went off chuckling to himself, and saying, "It's all right, it's all right."

About three years after the occurrence related above, one of the young men who had been an eye-witness of it, and who was one of the Sheriff's deputies in the county, went up to the insane asylum to carry an insane woman. While there, among other visitors to the institution he saw Professor Nario Sevole. The professor, of course, did not remember who the young man was, or that he was from the town of S—, but there was no mistaking the pale face and dark, piercing eyes of the mesmerist. Whether he had heard that Joe was there,



NO ONE KNOWS how easy it is to wash clothes all kinds of things on wash day with SURPRISE SOAP, until they try. It's the easiest quickest best Soap to use. See for yourself.

an inmate of the asylum, or had only happened there incidentally, the deputy never knew. But, anyhow, he was there, and heard the superintendent tell the visitors, among other things, of the negro man who had been hypnotized and had never come out from under the spell.

Sevole was immediately interested, and asked the superintendent to carry him to the negro's ward. The young deputy went with them. As soon as the professor put eyes on the darkey he recognized him as Joe. The negro was still laughing at times and saying "It's all right."

After a hurried conversation the keeper consented to let Sevole make a trial on the negro, as he felt it could do no harm. They took him into a room nearby and locked the doors. The negro, the keeper, the professor and the deputy were all who were present.

Sevole went up to the darkey and muttered a few words, at the same time stroking him on the forehead. At first the negro only said, "It's all right," but as Sevole muttered the words again he seemed to listen. Then, as the strokes were kept up his face grew interested and serious. He no longer muttered or laughed.

Sevole stroked him harder, and as he gave a last pass and then ceased, the negro who was standing in the centre of the room raised his head, rubbed his eyes, and looked all around, like one just awakening from sleep.

At first he did not seem to realize what it all meant. Then his eyes lighted on the professor, who stood with pale face before him. As soon as he saw Sevole his eyes seemed to flash fire. The keeper and deputy were standing in another part of the room, and were not prepared for what happened—for it was totally unexpected by them all.

As soon as the negro saw the professor and recognized him his anger was something fearful. On a table by his side there was, unfortunately, an open knife. He seized it, and before the other two knew

what had occurred, he sprang like a tiger at the professor's throat and with one cut nearly severed the head from the body.

As he sprang toward him he shouted, with demoniacal fury, "I'll kill you!"

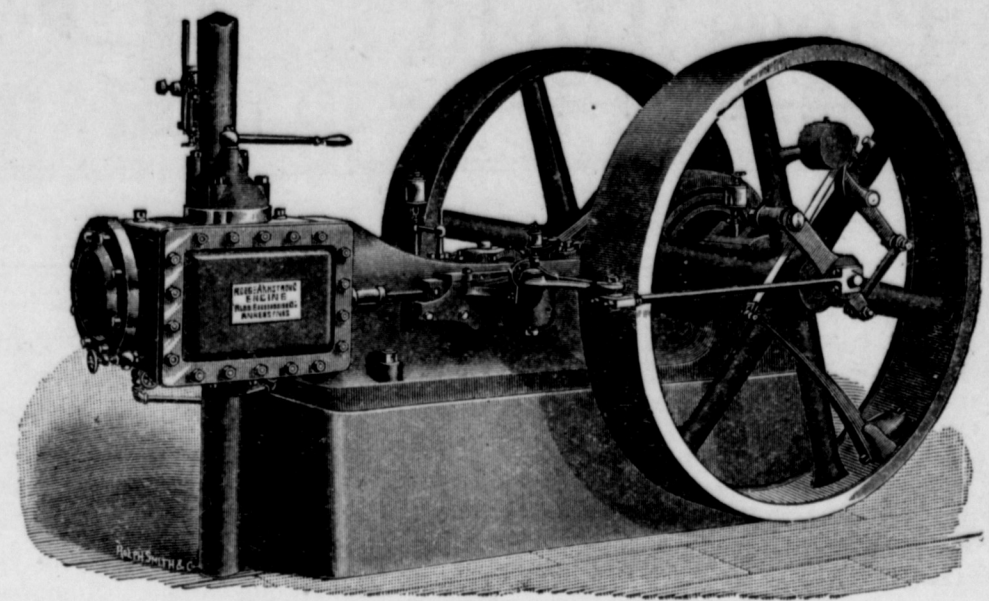
The professor fell to the floor in a pool of blood, and was dead in a few minutes. The negro did not try to hurt the keeper and deputy, but talked sensibly and sanely. He said the professor had killed his brother, and he now had avenged his death and was satisfied.

The deputy asked him where he thought he was, and he said he was in S—, where the professor had just finished showing, and Sevole in the wagon, when the latter had admitted killing his brother by mesmeric experiment. He said he remembered that he had sprung toward the professor with a knife as soon as he said it, but something he couldn't remember what—had stopped him. But it was only for a moment, when he again sprang on his brother's murderer, as they had just seen, and avenged his brother's death.

The deputy then remembered the words he had heard in the wagon three years before, "You killed my brother, and—"
And he had just now heard the sentence completed when the negro shouted—
"I'll kill you!"

The three years had been a perfect blank in his mind, and when he was at last loosed from the spell and the hypnotic current that had chained his anger was broken, the ice-bound vengeance, so long restrained, burst forth again in all its fury, and he killed his brother's slayer under the same heat of the same passion that had stirred him three years before.

Sawdust is turned into transportable fuel in Germany by a very simple process. It is heated under high steam pressure till the resinous ingredients become sticky, when it is pressed into bricks. One man with a two-horse power machine can turn out 9,000 bricks a day.



"Robb-Armstrong" Engines. Center or Side Crank, Sizes up to 300 H. P.

Robb Engineering Co., L^{td}. Amherst, N. S.

J. S. Currie, Agent, 57 Water Street, St. John, N. B.

The New "Eudora" Cloth

FOR LADIES.

Have you seen the new "Eudora" cloth? It might have been thought that they had made the best black dress goods in the world. And now they have brought out the new "Eudora." The Henriettas seemed perfect. But with the Priestleys it is ever onward. The "Eudora" has a softness, a richness, all its own. It has extra width and weight, it fits beautifully, and gives long service, while the glow upon its surface, gives it the character which ladies like.

ALWAYS ASK FOR PRIESTLEY'S DRESS GOODS



PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORK. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. St. John, N.B.

Make Your Home Beautiful and Cosy.

DECORATE YOUR ROOMS WITH HANDSOME WORKS OF ART AT A SMALL COST.

Do not disfigure your walls with cheap paintings, lithographs, &c., when you can obtain genuine art treasures for less money. The most critical lovers of art cannot condemn your taste if you select from our pictures as they are absolutely true to nature.



Are You Literary in Your Tastes?

If so, make up an album of your favorite authors. Use first the portrait of an author, then his home if obtainable, and let these be followed by illustrations of his works. Scott, Shakespeare, Burns, Dickens, and many others may be treated in this way, making a most interesting collection. We also publish full sets of illustration for books on art and travel, such as "The Marble Faun," "Ben Hur," "Romola," "Corinne," Grimm's "Life of Michael Angelo," Taine's "Italy," and a host of others.



And of the above pictures in sizes to suit purchasers.

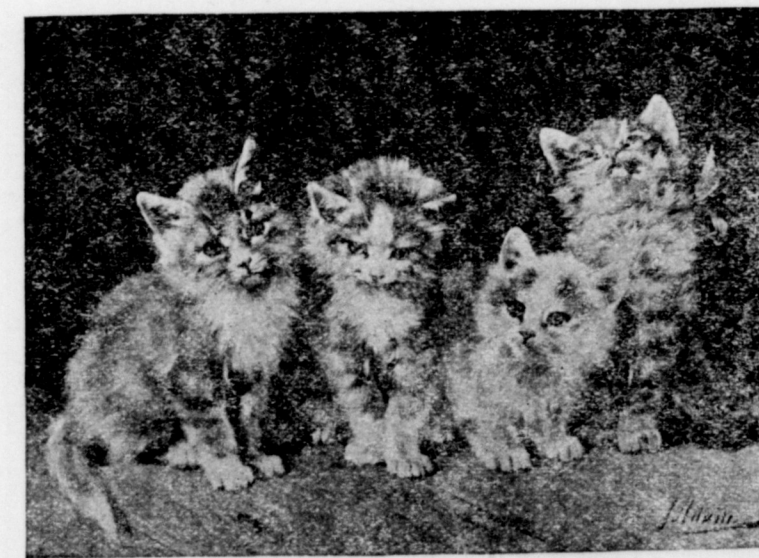
Have You Been Abroad?

If so, a complete illustration of your trip is almost a necessity, and the arrangement of the album is simplified by following your route exactly as you travelled, interspersing the paintings and sculptures which have made an impression on your mind in their proper places. If you did not have time to purchase photographs while away, or if you wish to fill in pictures or views which you were unable to secure, we can be of great assistance to you. If you will send us an outline of your journey, we will send a selection of photographs to you on approval, covering the chief points of interest in each city visited.



New or Renewal Souver bers for PROGRESS can get their Pictures very Cheap as Premiums.

Send for Particulars and state what size Picture You wish to Obtain as Premium.



Do You Wish to Study the Old Masters?

We can supply you with photographs of all the leading works in the famous European galleries. These are arranged chronologically in our catalogue, and are also divided into schools. Portraits of the artists themselves are obtainable, and these, with three or four of their leading works, give one a good insight into the style and treatment of subjects by the different schools.

Is Architecture Your Hobby?

An interesting and decidedly useful album may be made by following the progress of building from the early Egyptians to the present time, including the Greek, Roman, Renaissance, Gothic and Modern styles, interspersing the famous marble buildings of India and the curious temples of Japan.



Any of the above pictures in sizes to suit purchasers.

Agents and Dealers wishing to secure a supply of these Works of Art should address

The Ira Cornwall Co., L^{td}. St. John, N. B.

General Agents for the Soule Photo Co. of Boston.