Pages 9 to 16. PROGRESS. Pages 9 to 16.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1897.

HYPNOTIZED BY SNAKES.

DR. BRAYMAN'S ESCAPE IN AN AMAZON FOREST.

But for the Quickness and Bravery of His Native Guide He Would Have Lost His Life-Hypnotism an Intuitive Force-A Scheme of Murder Frustrated.

'What in modern days we have called hypnotism is a thing which, under one name or another, or unnamed, has existed as long as animate life in the world.' said Dr. A. G. Brayman, who has devoted considerable study to hypnotism both as an abstract science and in its bearing on mediical practice. 'In the most ancient histories we have evidence of this force in the belief in the power of certain men to bewitch others, which in the Latin races survives in the fear of the evil eye. And from the earliest times in civilized rural communities, as among all savage peoples, the belief in witch doctors-men and women who cure ailments by incantations of one sort or another-has prevailed. No doubt these occult healers often accomplish all they profess; and the secret of the cure is the hypnotic influence they exercise upon the mind of the patient.

'In lower forms of animal nature we find manifestations of this power in the charm. ing of birds and arimals by snakes. The thing that led me first to study this subject was when in boyhood I saw a frog fascinated by a snake. The snake, which was about three feet in length, of a non-venomous species. lay coiled by the roadside, its head resting upon its coils, the forked tongue darting from the mouth while its eyes were fixed on the frog, which sat motionless gazing on the snake a foot away. This was as they were when I found them; how they came together I could not tell. There apparently was nothing to prevent the frog from hopping away out of danger, but he chose to squat there within reach of his inveterate enemy. I had an errand that took me a mile beyond. I left the two as they were, did my errand, and hurried back. The snake had retreated into the long grass, where I found it with the frog, half swallowed, in its mou'h; the frog was fully alive, but was making no resistance or attempt to get away from the snake. 'Ten years later, on the Amazon River, I had a starting evidence of the hypnotizing power of the snake family. In my occupation of collecting bird skins for mounting I was threading a forest path, carrying in hand a gun loaded with very fine bird shot, while my Indian guard followed, carrying a heavier gun charged with buckshot, to use in case we should come upon a deer or a juguar. A bird of brilliant plumage flew into a tree which overhung the path, and as I peered into the foliage trying to discern the bird I became aware of something swaying before my eyes and a fl shing of prismatic colors producing on me something of the impression of a kaleidoscope. So unobtrusively had this thing come into view that it dawned only slowly on my mind, preoccupied with the search for the bird, that the object so softly reaching toward me was the head and six feet of the neck and body of an enormous water boa. From its mouth the forked tongue was shooting and vibrating and changing lights were from its eyes bent upon me. With my cocked gun in my hand I did not think to use it or to run away, but stood gazing, literally spell-bound, as the snake, slipping from the bough on which it lay, advanced its head toward me. 'I heard my guide shout from behind me. The snake's head drew back with an angry hiss as the Indian crowded past me, raising his gun to his shoulder as he did so, and with the loud crack, crack ! of the two barrels he seized me with both arms and rushed me back away from the place. Then I saw the snake, which had dropped from the tree, writhing and twisting in the path -an immense fellow, twenty eight feet long and of girth in proportion. Its head was shat- arrival he requested her to sign her name two barrels of whiskey and a wagon haultered by the two charges of buckshot, but the convulsions of the body were enough to show the reptile's enormous strength and give an idea of how I should have fared if once it had thrown its coils around me. The hoa would have done this in a few moments more, the guide told me, and if he had not rushed to my aid I would have stood still, fascinated, and never stirred to avoid my fate. In other words, the snake Short's Dyspepticure. had 'charmed' or bypnotized me beyond all power of resistance or retreat. my own experience. A third case, illus- St. John, N. B., and druggists generally. loon to take care of itself. The miners

with an unfaiendly purpose, occurred with a friend of mind, named Jerome Parker, who at the time was residing as a sheep ranchman in the Argentine Republic. He

trating the human power of hypnotizing,

had in some way offended a gaucho, as the cowboys of the pampas are called-a race as being strictly true, and which agrees of wild riders of mixed Spanish and Indian descent, with the vengeful and bloodthirsty Judge Craig of Douglas county, who was characteristics of both strains of ancestry one of the party that staked off the first had determined to kill him. The time and place that he selected for carrying out his made early in 1862 by Jim Warren, a prodesign was o holiday testival in n little spector, who put in the time when not enplaza town called Santa Clara. Parker gaged in the field in patronizing the gamwas there, but, as after the fashion of ing table. A little camp had been estabranchmen at that time in the pampas, he lished at Florence, but the diggings were carried a pistol in open view, and more- poor and there was so little to be made over, had friends with him likewise armed, | that the men drifted away in little squade the gaucho thought it too risky to try the to find better pay. Warren and four his other deadly weapon, the lasso. But | ward a disagreement arore, and Warren to use this effectively it was necessary to left the party to go it alone. After two catch my friend off his guard, and the first | or three days he camped one evening on attention.

were tricks and games by horsemen and other performances in skill to amuse the crowd. At last the gaucho referred to, dismounting from his horse and taking his position in front of Parker, began a performance with his lasso. He had two musicians as accompanists and to the strains of a weird air played in slow time on a guitar and an Indian drum, he made the rope writhe and roll on the ground before him in endless coils like a thing alive, then swung it above his head in loops and spirals his feet at the same keeping step with the music. Without missing step, and with lasso still twirling he set foot into his stirrup and swung himself upon his horse's back; then, as the crowd about gazed in rapt silence at this strange performance, the lasso suddenly shot forth, straight as an arrow from his hand, and the loop settled about the shoulders of Parker. With a yell the gaucho wheeled his horse and set spurs to him, intending to drag Parker to death while making good his own escape. Parker was jerked from his feet a yard into the air at the first jump of the horse, falling heavily to the ground, with both arms pinioned by the lasso. He was powerless to help himself, but as luck would have it a wagon drawn by eight mules which was crossing the plaza lay right across the gaucho's path, and as he turned to pa's around it an American in the crowd with a revolver shot the horse through the shoulder bringing bim to the ground. The gaucho stepped from the animal's back as it fell, and drawing his knife, stared for Parker, when the American shot him twice, through the leg and the body, stopping bim. Parker was insensible when picked up, but was not seriously injured. The gaucho died of his wounds.

STUMBLED ON A FORTUNE. Gambler Jim Warren of Idaho Played it

All Alone. An old prospector tells a story of the hrst days of mining in Idaho which sounds like a romance, but which he vouches for with the story frequently told by the late -and, unknown to my friend, the gaucho | claims in Idaho. 'The first find of placer gold in Idaho' said the old pioneer, 'was business with his knife and so resorted to others started out together, but soon aftereffort of the gaucho was to engage his the stream now known as Warren Creek, and, there being fair indications, the next 'During the first part of the day there day was spent in prospecting.

'Panning seven pans of dirt he saved the proceeds, and, taking samples of the quartz went back to Florence, where the gold was weighe 1, and found to be worth 70 cents, or ten cents to the pan. This was not a big thing for these days, but it led to the expectation of better strikes, and an expedition of sixteen men was organized to investigate the new field.

'On their way to Warren Creek they



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me in this episode, as a hypnotist, was the carefully planned and well-executed method which the gaucho took to fix the attention of his intended victim, and the friends about him, upon the performance first day and 40 ounces during the next with the rope, leaving himself tree to carry | forenoon. The assay office had just been out his design of murder without hind rance-and he would have succeeded had it not been for the unforeseen accident of the wagon blocking the way.

'In duels in all ages, in the working up of a drop by frontier desperadoes in the far West, in every poker game in which expert players are engaged, the exercise of hypnotic influence is involved, the person possessing the stronger will or msgnetic force using his power for intimidating or otherwise influencing the other. The revolving mirrors and other equipment of the professional bypnotist are to yield to the same influence, which an attentive observer may see exercised in the whole round of animal life without much help.'

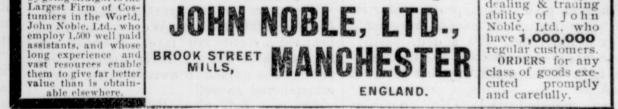
Badly Disabled.

lawyer, having some papers to be executed by an old Irishwoman, went to her house

came across Warren's four companions from whom he had parted several days previously. They were 'tin-horns' and poor prospectors and had been unsuccessful. Seeing Warren with the crowd, they concluded that he had made a strike and followed him. Warren and his friends, not carring to share the discovery with the four men, resorted to a ruse to throw them of the scent, and spent several days on Secesh Creek, so-called from the war of secession which had then been recently heard of The four gamblers, being nearly out of provisions, were frozen out and compelled to return to Forence. The expedition then hastened to Warren Creek and steak ed out the Warren Meadows for themselves and their friends. Eight men were sent back to Florence for provisions, the rest remaining to work the claims. While the eight men were gone some of those who remained discovered better diggings at Summit Flat, obtaining from \$2 to \$4 to the pan.

'The claims at Warren Meadows were abandoned and new claims staked out on the new field. When the men returned from Florence with the provisions they were followed by about 600 miners, who suspect ed that rich dirt had been found, and swarmed along Warren Creek and its tributaries, making rich finds everywhere. The thing that particularly interested The original locators were extremely fortunate in the Summit Flat diggings. Two men, named Besse and Osgood, worked together and rocked out 100 ounces the established at Boise, and these 140 ounces of dust were the first receipts of the office. The gold was found to be worth \$14 an ounce, the nec returns of the two men for a day and a half being \$1,960. In three weeks that party of sixteen men had taken out from their claims on Summit Flat 30, 000 ounces of gold. Before the close o the season 100,000 ounces were taken out, and the original members of the expedition had enough money to keep them comfortmechanical aids for predisposing a subject ably for life. About as much more was taken out during the next season before the bar was exhausted.

'The honesty of the miners in those pioneer days was illustrated by an incident which occurred during this stampede A writer in Harper's Drawer says that a from Florence. In the crowd of 600 that followed the eight men sent to Florence after provisions was a man nicknamed one morning for her signature. On his Beston', of a thristy turn, who bought ed by a pair of mules, his knowledge of the average prospector leading him to the conclusion that the crowd, limited to water as a beverage, would soon begin to suffer from the pange of thirst. On the way to the diggings one Vandeventor offered him a bandsome advance on the first cost of the whiskky, and the offer being accepted, the whiskey was turned over to Vandeventer, who set the barrels on end under a tree, took out the heads, hung a tin dipper on the side of each bsrrel, fixed a contribution box up against a tree with a slot in the closed lid, and went on with the crowd, leaving the improvised sa-



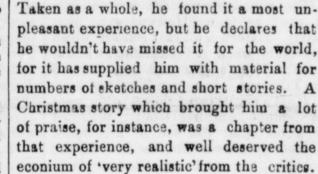
passing to and fro would take a drink, drop contribution into the box, and pass on. Scmetimes several drinks would be taken without a resort to the buckskin, but in the end the drinks were well paid for, nuggets worth a dollar or more being frequently dropped in for a single drink. Strange as it may seem, there was no excessive indulgence at the barrels and no one meddled with the con'ribution box, and before the close of the season Van's barrels formed one of the landmarks of the country. Vandeventer pulled out a handsome sum from his mining claim, and when cold weather set in returned to his barrels, built a cabin, and opened a saloon in due form, making a clean-up from his contribution box. As long as the diggings lasted he kept his regular bar, but always had a keg of whiskey. a cup, and a contribution box on the outside of the cabin to accomodate those who preferred this method of indulging in the miner's delight.'

HOW SOME PEOPLE LIVE.

Queer Ways of Eking out Insufficient Rc gular Incomes.

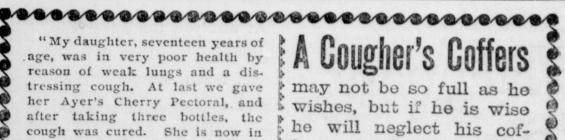
In the struggle for life, which is so keen at this end of the century, some people resort to strange expedients to get bread and cheese or to increase a pittance to a comfortable income. Inspector Livingstone, who was formerly in charge of the police at the Law Courts, tells a tragic story of a poor and briefless barrister who fought a long and grim battle with fate, and was beaten in the end. In the early hours of the morning he worked as a market porter at Covent Garden, and then at 10 o'clock adjourned to his chambers in the Temple, donned wig and gown, and attended the courts, waiting day after day to grasp the skirts of happy chance. Others as unknown to the world and friendless as he had their opportunity, but none presented itself to him, and in hope ever deferred his race was run.

A rising author who is now sought by the publishers, but had a particularly hard struggle to find acceptance, tided over the than condema his enterprise.-Cassell's worst period by acting as the broker's man Saturday Journal.



A friend of the writer, who rejoices in what the police reports call 'very aristocrotic appearance,' and has in addition excellent manners, adds enough to a slender income to pay for the summer holiday for himself and family, his tailor's and sho :maker's bills, and even his rent, by acting as a private detective at balls and receptions in Belgravia and Mayfair. Chance threw him in contact with the manager of a detective agency which does a great deal of business of this kind, and his first job was, in fact, simply as a night's diversion at the invitation of the manager aforesaid. But so pleased was the lady of the house with his appearance and obliging courtesy that she made special mention of it to the manager, who accordingly proposed to my triend that he should accept regular paid employment. He was nothing loath, and now has engagements almost every night during the season.

Another curious case is that of a Noncomformist minister in the south of London who doubles his slender salary by the profits of a flourishing photography business on the other side of the Thames. Originally he took up photography as a pasttime, but acquiring considerable skill in the work, was pestered by people who wanted to get their portraits taken on the cheap. So he determined to gai-instead of lose by his work, and taking convenient rooms at some sistance , rom the scene of his ministerial labors, set up as a 'photographic artist' under an other name, his daughter acting as his assistant. Fortune tavored him, and before the secret of his constant abscence from home was fathomed by the curious of his flock he had made so promising a business that he stood in no awe of deacons or church, though, indeed, the former have taken a very sensible view of the matter, and admire rather



here,' indicating the pot. 'Och,' said she, with a bland smile, 'you sign it for me, for sure, since I lost my glasses I can't write.' 'Well, how do you spell your name, Mrs. S. ?'

'Martha, dear,' she cried, 'come here directly and shpell me name for the gintleman, for sure, since I lost me teeth I can't shpell a word !'

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