

TIPS FROM THE UNSEEN.

A PHYSICIAN'S WARNING TO STUDY A SURGICAL PROCESS.

Smallpox the Cost of Another Doctor's Disregard of an Impression—Psychic Experience of a Horse—A Skeptic Who Obeyed—A Boston Message and a Death.

Some stories of psychical experiences of physicians which were published in The New York Sun the other day were referred in a discussion of the same subject, and suggested the following stories to one of the party. In all cases the names of the persons concerned were given.

'I do not think that the experiences of the two doctors cited are at all unusual,' said the narrator. 'So much is said and written in regard to the materialistic side of the medical profession that people in general have come to look for nothing else; but those who know doctors in an intimate, social way are apt to discover quite another side. In fact, so many odd things are associated with their profession that many of them are brought into contact with facts too queer to be bandied about lightly.'

'In the youthful career of a near relative of my own I know an experience that tallies almost exactly with that of the doctor referred to in The Sun, who found a man lying on the roadside with a broken leg. In the case of this cousin of mine it happened in the first year of his practice in a small country town in Maine. He was not long home from the Bowdoin college medical course, and he could count his patients on the fingers of one hand. One winter morning, while he was eating his breakfast, preparatory to visiting a patient a few miles away, he said to his mother, my aunt:

'I don't know what has got into my head but ever since I woke this morning I'm haunted with one question—'what would you do if you had to set a broken hip?'

'His mother, a canny housewife, known for ten miles around as a woman of 'faculty' and a natural born nurse, asked laughingly, 'Well, what would you do?'

'I hardly know,' replied the son. 'I'm no surgeon and have had no experience.'

'Better think it out, my boy,' said the mother, and then she wisely let the subject drop.

'He ate his breakfast with that refrain still haunting his consciousness. 'What would you do if you had to set a broken hip?' He turned to leave the house; then suddenly turned back again, went up stairs took down a big work on surgery and spent an hour poring over it while his harnessed horse waited at the door. He had got about half way toward his journey's end when, nearing a pond on which as a boy he had often spent hours skating, he saw an excited group. Hurrying to the scene he discovered that the people gathered there had rescued a boy who had broken through the ice, gone under and received serious injuries. On examining the boy the young doctor found that one hip was not only dislocated, but also broken below the socket. That doctor has had for years a large city practice, and is a successful man, but I have often heard him refer to his first case of surgery, and the queer warning which caused him to read up that morning and enabled him to save a fellow creature's life. He is a believer in messages from the unseen world, but I am pretty sure he would not acquaint many of his patients with the fact.

'I happened to drop into a confidential chat with a medical man who I have known pretty well for a long time. I had often noticed that the doctor's face showed in certain lights a few pitted marks of smallpox. He noticed my looking at these and remarked casually:

'I suppose you would like to know how I caught that internal disease?' I nodded in the affirmative and he went on: It was not professionally. It happened when I was a youth, years before I took up the serious study of medicine. I then lived in Cincinnati and was a bit wild. One night I went with a companion into a saloon where I knew a good time was generally on tap. Now, before I go further, I want to tell you that even as a reckless strapping I was a believer in the invisible side of life. It was not anything that I reasoned out. It was, I may say, instinctive. I always seemed to be controlled by some unseen force. I am to this day, and having learned not to oppose it I am saved from a good many petty disasters. Well, on the night of which I speak, as I went to enter that saloon and put my hand upon the latch, something unseen, but as swift, strong and subtle as an electric force, dashed my hand away from it. I paused a moment, then again tried to enter. Again my hand was dashed from off that latch. A third time I tried, and then, quickened by the laugh of my companion, I did go in, he following.

A little way from the bar, drinking a glass of beer, stood a strange looking man queerly dressed. His cap was pulled down over his forehead and his chin was

half hidden in the folds of a muffler: but what was visible of his face was horrible to look upon: swollen, purple and pimpled. My companion looked at him turning pale whispered to me, 'I believe he has the smallpox.' The bartender caught the word and turning to us said, 'I believe he has it too, and have ordered him out, but he refused to go.' Then seizing a pistol he said to the man, 'If you don't quit this place, I'll shoot you.' The man continued to demur; we interfered, and finally we helped to put out by force. As a result of that experience we both had an attack of smallpox. But the point I want to make in telling you this story is that something unseen was trying to guard me that night, and I refused to be guarded and paid the natural penalty. If I had turned away when my hand was twice struck from that latch I would have avoided the horror and misery of that experience.

'I have had dozens of experiences more remarkable even than that,' the doctor went on. 'I am convinced, too, that the dumb animals sometimes share them with us. Let me tell you of an incident, where in a horse proved he knew more than I did. It was sometime after I had begun practice; not in New York, but in a town in New Jersey. I was driving in haste one night to get home after visiting a patient, and nearing a little bridge I urged my horse to a run. The bridge was not considered wholly safe and I had my doubts about it, for there had lately been a freshet which might have weakened still more its decrepit underpinnings. I thought the safest way was to make the run across it as fast as possible. The horse raced on till he reached the edge of the bridge and then to my surprise came to a full stop. I urged and coaxed him on; he would not move. I threatened and even used the whip; he only snorted and shuddered, and crouched back on his haunches. There had been high winds and high water for days; there had been some rain and several lightning flashes that evening. Deciding that the lightning had frightened the horse I got out and tried to lead him on the bridge. All my strength could not do it. I then led him in another, a roundabout direction homeward, and he obeyed me. We had got perhaps about a quarter of a mile away when there came a crash. To wind my story up short, that bridge had reached the limit of its endurance, and if I had then and there overmastered that horse and compelled him to go on it we both would have gone down with it. Construe that story as you please, dub it natural or supernatural, I defy you to call it less than phenomenal.

'I know a man,' continued the narrator, who is a confessed materialist, an utter skeptic, and who yet had a psychic experiment which controlled him in spite of himself. He is a commercial traveller. His home is in Boston. The home of his parents and other members of his family was in Portland, Me. One day he left his home and wife in Boston for an extended business trip through the West and South. He had got as far as Baltimore when some strange power got control of him which seemed to tell him he must go no further. In vain he tried to shake off the influence. All day long he transacted business in Baltimore, telling himself that he must proceed further South that evening. At night he tried to carry out his plans but at each step he took in that direction a voice seemed to say to him, 'Turn east: go back east.' Finally when he tried to take the

train southward he seemed to be overpowered; and like one in a dream and without volition of his own, as he puts it, he was controlled and directed to take the train back to Boston. Finally when he reached his house the next day he found his wife in greatest agitation pacing the floor with a telegram in her hand. His father had died suddenly at Portland, and word had been wired to him shortly after he started south. His wife had been to the telegraph office sending messages in the hope she could head him off somewhere. Everything failed to reach him. Yet the invisible power concentrated upon him through the action of others—it matters not whether by the living or dead—drew that man home in spite of himself.

Sometimes we learn of vivid psychic pictures which seem to bear the stamp of truth yet cannot be verified by actual proof. A notable instance of this sort is worth relating. I know a colored woman who is one of the most natural and spontaneous psychics I ever knew. She is herself a native of Maine, but is the daughter of a slave father and mother. From a child she seems to have possessed gifts both prophetic and clairvoyant to a degree startling to those about her. Her own family who seem to have been ashamed of her gifts persecuted her on account of them. I have often known her to enter a house, and after familiarizing herself with its atmosphere, so to speak, foretell events about to happen there days, sometimes weeks, ahead of their occurrence. This woman has been married and is the mother of several children. Like many another mother of higher station, her favorite child was the one who gave her most trouble. He was not a bad boy, but daring and mischievous. One of his favorite pastimes was to leap on the steam cars unobserved, climb to the top and take a ride, waving his arms aloft and calling to other lads to admire his dangerous perch. One night his mother dreamed that she saw him climb thus to the top of the car, when one of the brakemen reached up, struck him and caused him to fall from the car to the ground where he lay speechless and bleeding. The mother told her dream and with alarm warned her son, upon whom neither dreams nor threats appeared to have any effect. A few days later his mangled body was picked up from the railway track where he had either fallen or been thrown from the car. The distracted woman went to the railway authorities and told her prophetic dream, together with her belief in foul play; she even identified in one of the employees the man she had seen strike her boy. Of course no notice was taken of her complaint and but little of her grief; the boy was dead and through his on foolhardiness. But the fact remains that the woman had seen it all days before the event in a dream.

'I have known some horse-play jokes and wanton antics to be practiced in the name of psychic experiment, and sometimes such antics have resulted in somewhat grim earnest. A curious example of this sort occurred in Boston some time ago. It is a curious coincidence rather than anything seriously convincing. Certain improvements and widening of streets necessitated the disturbing of a portion of an old graveyard in the heart of the city. Family tombs were, of course, left intact, but bones from unknown graves were carefully gathered and carried for reburial to one of the islands in the harbor. While this work was in process, a group of three young fellows, whom I knew, happened to see among the rubbish a stray human skull of rather small size. For a lark they picked it up, took it home, cleaned it and put it on their mantel piece. One of these young men pretended to possess psychic gifts. That evening, they sat the skull on the table in their lodgings, and ordered the magnetic fellow to use his powers and ask to whom it had belonged in life. He waited for a time, and then, seeming to pass into some sort of trance, seized a pencil and began to write. When the pencil flew out of his hand this was scrawled upon the paper: 'My name was May Robbins, of England. I died a stranger in a strange land and was buried in Potter's Field, 183—'

'Then one of the young men, still in mockery, replaced the pencil in the psychic's hand and requested the spirit to tell what would happen of consequence to himself within the year. The answer came more promptly than was expected 'You will leave this life before the old year closes.'

'When the psychic fellow came out of his apparent trance he was older in sound earnest for carrying his joke to such brutal length: whereupon he declared on his honor he had no knowledge of what he had written. They next went to hunt up old records to discover whether May Robbins was lying. They found the name more than once, but no date to tally with the information given. The latter part of the prophecy, however, left nothing to be desired in accuracy. The young man named fell ill of a fever, lingered some time and actually died a little before midnight on the last day of the old year. I give the story only as a queer coincidence, not as conclusive evidence.'

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Wigg—Talk is cheap.
Wagg—Yes; especially in these days when a barber will shave you for 5 cts.—San Francisco Post.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To get a pail of water;

But what Jack said when he fell down,
Jill said he hadn't oughter.

'Say, Tommy, does yer ole man know yer smoke?'

'Sure! He's gev up lickin' me ter doin' it.'

'Catherine, you get yer own way more than any woman on earth.' 'I! You ought to know my dressmaker.'—Chicago Record.

Some men are so deficient in the elements of success that they would never set the world on fire even if the world were insured in their favor.

He—I'm thinking of proposing to you. She—I hope you will postpone it awhile. He—Why? She—I don't know you well enough yet to refuse you.

'My husband and I never take trips together in summer.' 'Why not?' 'If we did we wouldn't have anything to tell each other when we got home.'

'Don't you judge a man by his clothes,' said Uncle Eben. 'Dar is some mighty smart an' respectable people playin' golf an' ridin' bicycles dese days.'

'Don't say 'I won't' to me!' exclaimed the old gentleman angrily.

'Why? You wouldn't have me lie about it, would you?' asked the boy.

Bridget—I can't stand the missus, sur. Von Blumer (sarcastically).—It's a pity, Bridget, that I couldn't have selected a wife to suit you. Bridget—Sure, sur, we all make mistakes.

De Jones—I hear your firm discharged you. Smythe—Yes; but I wouldn't mind that so much if they hadn't added insult to injury. De Jones—How so? Smythe—They advertised for a boy to fill my place.

'Which do you prefer,' said the caller, 'golf or whist?'

'Golf,' answered M. s. Blykins promptly. 'It staggers my husband so much when he plays it that he doesn't talk about it in his sleep.'

The Sweet Young Thing—Did you know there is a man in the moon no longer? Some one has discovered a woman in the moon.

The Savage Bachelor—No wonder the man left.

Poundkeeper—Gee! But you've gathered a lot of ki-vis.

Dogcatcher—Yep, I just drives me cart down the street and whistled and hollered, 'Here, Dewey!' and they all come a runnin'.'—Indianapolis Journal.

Larry was on the witness stand. 'Now, witness,' began the judge, 'where were you when the prisoner began shooting into the crowd?' 'Within a hundred feet, your honor.' 'Then you were a bystander?' 'No, sir! Oi didn't stand a minnet; Oi run loike th' wind.'

Observer (on Mars)—I wonder what those new lines on the surface of our sister planet can be. They don't look as if they were canals.

Observer No. 2—Perhaps they are merely boundary lines. The trusts may have agreed upon an amicable division of the earth.

May: 'That was a lovely engagement ring you gave me last night, dear; but what do those initials, 'E. C.' mean on the inside?'

Harry (who has bestowed the ring before had and it back): 'Why—er—that is—don't you know that is the new way of stamping eighteen carats?'

Teacher, do you believe that Elijah was taken up to heaven in a fiery chariot? 'Why, yes.'

'Pa don't.'

'What does your father say?' 'He says he'll bet a cookie that it was just a gasoline ottomobill, an' that th' hired girl got to foolin' with th' gasoline!'

Freddie (whose pa is a strict disciplinarian)—Ma, can you have a man arrested if you think he is going to kill you? Ma—Certainly my son—Freddie—Then I'm going to get out a warrant for pa. Ma—You shock me Freddie. What reason could you have for any such action against your father? Freddie—Why I heard him tell the lumberman this morning to bring him a cart load of shingles.

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An Effective Threat

Mother (to little Freda, who has been taken to the dentist's to have a tooth pull-

ed)—Freda, if you cry, I'll never take you to a dentist's again.—Tit-Bits.

Frequent Cause of Trouble.

'How is your wife, Mr. Schirmer?' 'Her head gives her a good deal of trouble.'

'I hope it isn't neuralgia?' 'Oh, no! It's only that she's already wanting another new hat!—Unsere Gesellschaft.'

He was backing a theatrical enterprise, and he had just met the little daughter of his star.

'But I don't see his wings,' the little one professed turning to her mother.

Then he knew just how he was regarded by the profession.—Chicago Post.

20 YEARS TORTURE.

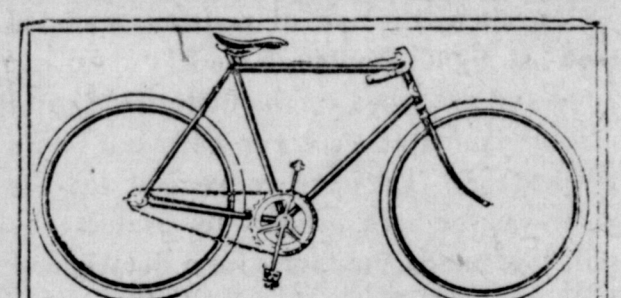
A Belleville Lady, Whom Doctors Failed to Help, Cured at Last by Doan's Kidney Pills.

No one who has not suffered from kidney disease can imagine the terrible torture those endure who are the victims of some disorder of these delicate filters of the body. Mrs. Richard Rees, a well-known and highly respected lady of Belleville, Ont., had to bear the burden of kidney complaint for over 20 years and now Doan's Kidney Pills have cured her when all else failed.

Her husband made the following statement of her case: "For 20 years my wife has been a sufferer from pain in the back, sleeplessness and nervousness and general prostration. Nothing seemed to help her. Doctors and medicines all failed, until we got a ray of hope when we saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised as a positive cure. "She began to take them and they helped her right away, and she is now better in every respect. We can heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers, for they seem to strike the right spot quickly, and their action is not only quick but it is permanent."

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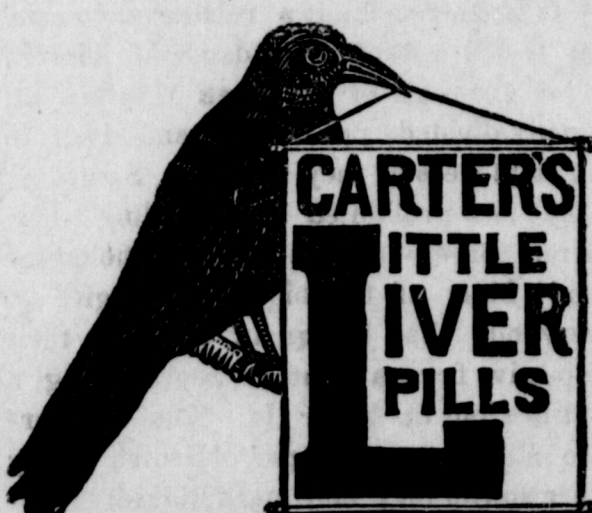
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