

BROTHER GARDNER

He Lectures on Hypnotism and Telepathy.

"My friends," said Brother Gardner as he rose up in Paradise hall and motioned to Brother Giveadam Jones to lower a window, "dar was a time in my life when if I went out in de mawnin' an' found a cow tract in my back yard I was surprised. Tonight, if I should be told dat Mark Hannah had opened communicashun wid de people of de planet Mars an' had taken a contract to build a trolley line for 'em up dar, I should almost take it as a matter of co'se.

"De world has been gwine ahead till nuthin' kin amaze us any mo'. It won't be five y'ars longer befo' we become as familiar wid de occult as we am wid reform politics, an' dat assertion brings me to de subject of my lecture.

"I reckon dat mos' of yo' have heard mo' or less 'bout de matter of hypnotism, but yo' has been so busy rentin' post office boxes an' wearin' dimun pins an' bettin' on race hosses dat yo' haven't looked into it werry fur.

"Hypnotism is one pussion controllin' another by lookin' into his eyes. For instance, Way-down Bebee cum ober to my cabin last night to borrow \$2. I felt it in my bones as soon as he knocked on de doab. Brudder Bebee belongs to my church, but he's an absent minded man. He may borrow a dollar of yo' tonight an' furgit all about it fur a year or two. I don't say it to his detriment, as he was bo'n dat way. He had sot around fur awhile, tryin' to git his courage up to de stickin' pint, an' he had just opened his mouth to ax fur dat \$2 when I fixed my eyes on his. De effect was magical. He sot dar wid his mouth open an' his eyes hangin' out, an' it was two minutes befo' he could say a word. Den, instead of axin' fur \$2, he wanted to know if I would lend him a spade.



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"Dat's hypnotism, an' it's one of de mysterious fo'ces developed doorn' de last few years, but we am comin' to somethin' greater, an' that's telepathy. Yo'd better write de word down an' keep sayin' it over an' over, so yo' kin git it off in de grocery an' at de wood yard.

"Telepathy am de act of talkin' wid another pussion at a distance. He may be only around de co'ner or he may be a thousand miles away. He may be up a tree or down in a coal mine. It am no new idea, but we as a people have bin so busy wid patent churns an' barbed wire fences dat we haven't had time to take it up an' develop it. I begun to work at it about six weeks ago, an' my progress has bin all dat could be hoped fur. I don't want dis audience to go home tonight an' have nightmare an' dream of ghosts, but I do want to speak of a few facts.

"My fust experiments war made on de old woman. Gwine around de co'ner an' walkin' a block down de street, I'd tell her dat I wanted tripe fur dinner or codfish fur supper, an', lo, she'd prepare de said dishes. I could make her carry out ashes or bring in coal.

"I could not only communicate wid her, but could receive communicashuns. I was a mile away one day when she told me dat de flour bar'l was empty an' de last of de taters in de kettle. On another occasion I was comin' home at midnight wid a couple of chickens under my arm when she



communicated to me de fact dat a policeman was hangin' around de gate to interview me. Again as I was goin' up an alley wid a basket on my arm to look fur coal she warned me dat de fust shed I should come to on my right had a man an' a shotgun in it. I could cite yo' numerous other incidents, but dose I have menshuned will suffice.

"Havin' got at de key of telepathy, I purredced to enlarge operashuns. Yo' all remember Uncle Reube Jackson, who used to be a member of dis club, but moved to New Jersey three years ago. Happenin' to think of him one night, I kept my mind on him fur three or fo' minits an' den said in a whisper:

"'Uncle Reube, yo' went away owin' me \$3 an' I want it.'

"'Brudder Gardner, yo' am a pesky old liar,' was de answer almost befo' I could draw my breath.

"Two years ago Brudder Artieboke Johnson of dis club had de misfortune to find a gold watch in de middle of de road. He was arrested an' tried an' sent to Sing Sing fur seven years. I believe dey somehow made out dat dere was a drunken man attached to de other end of de watch chain. It struck me to communicate wid de unfortunate, an' arter fixin' my thoughts on him I said:

"'Brudder Johnson, how am yo' feelin' jest now?'

"'It was 10 o'clock at night, an' I reckon he was asleep, but not ober a minute had passed when he replied:

"'None ob yo'r dratted bizness.'

"In de past two weeks I has made other experiments—experiments dat would have made de chills go up yo'r backs six months ago. I has sent messages to Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans an' Boston. I has communicated with Siberia an' Africa. I has got my old woman so skeered of me dat she dasn't spend a cent fur a stick of gum widout tellin' me, an' my old dog sits up on end an' howls dismally ebery time I look him in de eye.

"I shall keep right on until telepathy is as plain to de human race as telephony, an' if I am de fust to solve it's mysteries it will be my pride an' yo'r satisfaction dat it was accomplished by a cul'd man an' one of de down-trodden race.

"In conclusion, let me say dat I am now receivin' a telepathic message from de old woman axin' me to bring home oatmeal fur breakfast, an' in reply shall tell her dat de groceries am all shet up, an' she must stir up some flour an' have pancakes."

M. QUAD.

CLOSE OBSERVERS.

Savages Note Things to Which Civilized Eyes Are Blind.

Savages are supposed to have keener senses, especially a keener sense of sight, than civilized races. The author of "Idle Days In Patagonia" does not accept this theory. He believes that savages have no keener senses, but that they pay closer attention to what comes within the range of their perception. As an instance of quick response to an impression he tells the following story:

On March 12, 1861, a company of hunters were camping beside a grove of willows in Patagonia. About 9 o'clock that evening, while they were seated round the fire roasting their ostrich meat, Sosa suddenly sprang to his feet and held his open hand high above his head for some moments.

"There is not a breath of wind blowing," he exclaimed, "yet the leaves of the trees are trembling. What can this portend?"

The others stared at the trees, but could see no motion, and they began to laugh at him. Presently he sat down again, remarking that the trembling had ceased, but during the rest of the evening he was very much disturbed in his mind. He remarked repeatedly that such a thing had never happened in his experience before, for, he said, he could feel a breath of wind before the leaves felt it, and there had been no wind. He feared that it was a warning of some disaster about to overtake their party.

The disaster was not for them. On that evening occurred the earthquake which destroyed the distant city of Mendoza and crushed 12,000 people to death beneath the ruins. That the subterranean wave extended east to the Plata and southward into Patagonia was afterward known, for in the cities of Rosario and Buenos Ayres clocks stopped, and a slight shock was also experienced in the Carmen on the Rio Negro.

PEOPLE WHO APPEAR OLD.

How They May Preserve the Buoyancy and Freshness of Youth.

People who appear old must expect to be considered so, and, if they apply for positions with every appearance that senility has struck them and that they have gone to seed, they cannot expect favorable consideration. If gray haired applicants for positions would only appreciate the value of appearances and would "brace up" when they seek situations—go "well groomed" and well dressed, with elastic steps, showing that they still possess fire, force and enthusiasm—they would eliminate an obstacle greater than their gray hairs.

We think ourselves into incapacity by looking for signs of age and dwelling on them, and the body follows the thought. We should, therefore, avoid the appearance of age in every possible way—by dress, carriage, conversation and especially by our attitude toward people and things. It is not difficult to preserve the buoyancy and freshness of youth, but it must be done by constant effort and practice. A musician who expects to make only one or two important appearances a year must keep up his practice. Youthfulness cannot be put on for a day if old age has had a grip on you for months.

It is important to preserve the fire of youth as long as possible, to carry freshness and vigor into old age by keeping up a hearty interest in everything that interests youth. Many of us seem to think that youthful sports and pastimes are foolish, and before we know it we get entirely out of sympathy with all young life, and consequently really old, whatever our years. We must think youthful thoughts, associate with young people and interest them. When a person ceases to interest the young he may be sure that he is showing signs of old age.—Success.

A Shrewd Client.

An amusing story is told among lawyers of a Wallon peasant who had gone to law with a neighbor. In a conversation with his lawyer he suggested sending the magistrate a couple of fine ducks.

"Not for your life," said his adviser. "If you do you'll lose the case."

The judgment was given in his favor, when he turned to his lawyer and said, "I sent the ducks." Astonishment on the latter's part turned to admiration when his client continued, "But I sent them in my neighbor's name."—London Express.

Simply Impossible.

"Have you got the plans for your new house completed yet?" some one asked him.

"Not quite," he replied. "There is a difference of opinion between my wife and me as to the interior arrangements. She says the pantry is too large and that there are too many closets."

Without another word the medal for the biggest lie of the evening was awarded to him.—Chicago Tribune.

Always Rejected.

Corinne—So the dear boy thinks marriage is a failure? Has he tried it?
Mabel—No. But he has failed every time he has tried to try it.—Puck.

A Miraculous Vant.

The most interesting place of pilgrimage in Dublin is St. Michan's church, where the organ is still to be seen upon which Handel is said to have composed his "Messiah." In the graveyard is the last resting place of Robert Emmet, and the vault at St. Michan's provides a more gruesome thrill than the morgue. The sexton lifts an iron door and descends a few rude steps, carrying a light, without which the place would be pitch dark. You follow and find yourself in a narrow passage, from which cell-like recesses belonging to different families branch off. Whether it is owing to the extreme dryness of the surroundings or to some mysterious property of the place the process of decay has been arrested, and the features of persons dead for two centuries may be recognized from authentic portraits. Here lie the brothers Sheares, who were executed for their share in the united Irish conspiracy, side by side almost with the Earl of Leitrim, who was murdered about thirty years ago. The earl's ancestors for hundreds of years back rest in the same vault. Perhaps the strangest thing about the vault is the fact that, apart from the weird sensation, there is nothing offensive in the surroundings.—London Tatler.

How Men Fall When Shot.

Nearly every one is familiar with the traditional stage fall, where the victim of a supposed death shot strikes an attitude, clasps his hand to his heart, stiffens every joint and muscle, breathes hysterically and goes down like a log toppled over from the end. Another popular yet erroneous notion is that men shot through the vitals leap into the air and go down in a dramatic attitude. Sometimes men are found on the field in striking positions, but often an examination shows that the position was taken after the fall.

As a rule a man who is hit above the hips sinks down. The slightest wound the more commotion, for the body instinctively resists, just as it does when one slips or is pushed or collides with some object. But a wound in a vital spot weakens the resistance and men sink at once or reel and tumble with very little self control.

Her Repertory.

Helen's always gay;
Rather shuns repose.
Concert, matinee,
Everywhere she goes.

Studies twice a week
(With such eyes of blue)
Lessons French or Greek,
Driving; music too.

Goes to youthful teas;
Glories in the whirl.
Do you wonder? She's
Just a modern girl!
—L. M. S. in Harper's Drawer.

A Tribute.

"A very able divine, isn't he?"
"Very. It is wonderful how he can adapt the Bible to the requirements of a fashionable conversation."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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Every Woman Should Write Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium.



MRS. JOSEPH LACELLE.

Mrs. Joseph Lacelle, Ottawa, East, Ont., Canada, writes:

"Peruna is better by far than any other medicine sold in the Dominion for the troubles peculiar to the sex. I suffered with backache, headache and dragging down pains for over nine months, and nothing relieved me a particle until I took Peruna. A few bottles relieved me of my miserable half-dead, half-alive condition. I am now in good health and have neither ache or pain, nor have I had any for the past year. If every suffering woman would take Peruna they would soon know its value and never be without it."—Mrs. Joseph Lacelle.

Free Home Advice.

In view of the great multitude of women suffering from some form of female disease and yet unable to find any cure, Dr. Hartman, the renowned specialist on female catarrhal diseases, has announced his willingness to direct the treatment of as many cases as make application to him during the summer months without charge.

Those wishing to become patients should address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

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