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A FACE.

Hast thou eaten of pomegranates that thine eyes
Hold the look of one who ever faintly sighs
For a land of blessed shadow, strangely sweet,
Where a king in days long vanished stayed thy feet?

Hast thou eaten of pomegranates that thy mouth
Bears the stain of that rare fruitage from the south?
Is it that which through thy pulses soft has stirred,
O'er thy cheeks its red wine flooding at a word?

Some day as we stand a-dreaming there shall ring
Clang from silver bitted horses of the king.
We shall turn to give thee question, wonder eyed,
But to find that thou hast vanished from our side.

O'er the belted bees' sweet humming there shall fall
Far and near throughout the morning tender call,
As we wander, heart a-hungered, for some trace
In the meadows and the pastures of thy face.

Mourning Ceres long went calling, worn and faint,
Till at last the gods gave answer to her plaint;
But for us no sleepless Ida watch doth keep,
All the old gray gods of Hellas lie asleep.

Back the silver bitted horses ne'er shall bring
She who ate of red pomegranates with the king.
—Overland Monthly.

A WITCH BEWITCHED.

A water lily fell at Mona's bare feet. She knew quite well what it meant. She knew whose boat was coming around the bend in the river, but she did not stir nor look up. She was leaning against the old oak tree at the water's edge, and idly picking to pieces a spray of goldenrod. The sunbeams sifted through the tree and flickered over the dusky head, slipped down past the lowered lashes, kissed the dimples on the bare elbows. The oars in the water ceased their regular plash and the boat glided up to where she stood.

The bits of goldenrod floated by on each side.

"An', Mona, did ye have no greetin' for me? Why did ye come?"

Mona drops the last scrap of flowers and looks at him.

"Is it that you think I have come here to you?" she laughs. "Gerald, sure ye don't think that?"

"And why not?" he says, in an injured way. "I told ye Sunday I was goin' to the Shallows; didn't I ask ye thin to come down?"

"Perhaps," she says. "I have forgot. I came down to pick the cress; 'tis busy I am."

So she flashes one glance at him and picks up her basket, as yet empty.

"Cress! Why, Mona," he says, "come, get ye into the boat. This cress is not half so lush as some a bit further. Come on," he urges.

Mona hesitates, and swings the basket up and down. Back across the green slope of land she looks, across the stile and just beyond the hill, where a faint film of smoke creeps up curling from the little chimney barely visible.

Gerald follows her gaze. "Come, Mona," he says. "They won't miss ye."

"Well," she says slowly, "well." In reality she is longing to go, but of course it would not do to let him see it. "Ye needn't help me. I can get in."

Lightly he dips his oars, and they glide down the river. Mona laughs.

"They will be after me soon," she says. "Aunt Mollie will be a-callin' me, but she won't know; will she, Gerald?"

"No, colleen," answers Gerald in delight at the smiling face she turns to him. He rests his oars in the oarlocks and lets the boat drift.

"Mona," he says, bending toward her, "Mona, listen"——

"An' won't I catch it, too!" she says with a peal of laughter, as though catching it would be a festive occasion. "Here's the place; yes, Gerald?"

"Yes," he answers moodily. "Wait, I'll get the stuff; ye needn't move."

She catches hold of the bending branch of willow and draws the boat close in shore. One small bare foot swings back and forth in the water as she balances herself on the prow and hums softly to herself. She knows he is angry; she guesses what he had started to say to her a moment ago, but what does she care for that? The lips are demure and serious as she thanks him, but the violet eyes are laughing.

"Gerald," she says, when the oars commenced to move, "Aileen's here."

"Aileen?"

"Yes. She has the chance to see us now while Lady Lindores is at home. She is still my lady's maid, ye know, Aileen is, and it's myself would like to be in her place."

"Mona! Ye would like to go away from—from Kilgarnock?"

"Yes," she cries, "surely."

The boat's keel ran up to the landing place. She jumped out and then turned away with the basket in her hand. One glance she gave him over her shoulder.

"An' would ye care, Gerald?"

"Faith, 'tis not the likes of me she would be afther plasin'," he said to himself as he watched the little figure trip up the green sward and over the stile.

He forgot about the fishing expedition he had planned. He leaned back in the boat and fell to thinking. All the witches in the world are not yet suppressed; there are still some few left to tangle up the senses of a man and leave him in bewilderment. The witch in Kilgarnock must have taken up her abode in Mona Carey's small head. To torment the lads of the village, to beguile and capture each unsuspecting heart, were accomplishments in which long practice had made her perfect. There seemed such a sunshiny atmosphere always around her that it made her as dangerous as she was lovable and winning.

Unlucky Gerald! All her life he had known her, even back to the time when she had begun to talk in broken baby phrases.

Although he was years older than she Mona treated him in the same careless, laughing way in which she did all the other suitors. And though not one of them could boast of any especial mark no," he thought bitterly, "it's an omadhaun I am; she laughs at me."

With all the love of his passionate, Irish nature he loved the maid, worshiped pretty Mona, who would look at him so roguishly from under long lashes and would not listen. And now he heard her voice calling:

"Lightfoot, Lightfoot, come up, come up; come to me, accushla!" and the tinkle of the cowbell echoed back again. He pictured her sitting on the little stool and milking the cow; he knew how she would look—he had often watched her. The sleeves of her frock would be pushed up over her round arm; the dark rings of her hair would lie loosely over her head and float against the dull dun of the cow's side. He imagined he could hear her talking and cooing to old Lightfoot, who seemed to him so unappreciative.

He remembered Aileen. She and Mona were about the same age, but so unlike in appearance that kinship would have never been suspected. While Mona was rather below the average height Aileen was above it; Mona's curly tresses were black as midnight, and Aileen's bronze gold.

It had been a proud moment to them all when my Lady Lindores sent for Aileen to come to the "big house," as the tenantry all termed the great stone mansion, and prouder still when my lady made known her wishes that Aileen should accompany her as maid.

Not a throb of jealousy quickened Mona's pulses at Aileen's good fortune. She rejoiced with her cousin, and was unfeignedly glad. And now my Lord and Lady Lindores were home for a short while after a year of absence, and Aileen was back once more in the home of her childhood. With tears of delight her mother and Mona greeted the traveler, her father surveyed her with complacent pride and approval; to them she was more beautiful than ever.

The month drew to a close. The "big house" would soon be empty again and silent. The days had been busy ones; new cottages had been erected, new barns and buildings; the wide estates had been refenced and improved. And now all would be quiet till winter, when it was expected that the mansion would be filled with a merry crowd of guests and the logs would blaze on the hearths, making Christmas cheer.

My lord and lady, alike beloved by their people, had been planning some amusement for them as an appropriate and welcome wind up of the work. The wide new barn seemed particularly adapted for the purpose, and Lord Lindores announced that here he would give a dance and bountiful supper.

Mona slipped down to the river, in glee at the good news Aileen had just brought to her. She swung herself up to a limb that reached half way over the water, and scrambled recklessly out upon it till the bough swayed.

"Gerald!" she called, looking eagerly down the river. "Hi, Gerald!"

He was not in sight, but she thought he would probably be just around the bend, fishing. In one moment the familiar faded red boat came swinging around.

"Come here, Gerald, jist as quick as ye can!" she calls quivering with excitement and splashing the water below with impatient heels.

"Comin'," he answers. "Shure, Mona, what is it? Is the cow after dyin'? Or the pigs stole? Tell it, colleen."

"The cow!" she says, her eyes dancing; "oh, Gerald, it's me feet I can't kape sthill long enough to spake wid me tongue. The dance we're goin' to have in the new barn to-morrow night; ye didn't know that now? I have come jist to tell ye av it."

"And is that all?" says Gerald, as he rests his oars and looks at her surprised. "An' I thought, Mona, ye had a thing to tell and afeard the news. A big bite I lost, too, for whin ye called so fast I didn't bide to finish."

"Well, ain't ye glad now, Gerald, for me to tell you?"

"Faith an' I knew that same already. It was no news to me, Mona."

Mona's red lip pouted.

"Go back thin, Gerald, to your fishin'; 'tis not for me to bother ye."

Gerald surveyed her with an odd expression on his face.

"Look, Mona," he said, drawing a little bundle from the pocket of his corduroy tousers. "See what I am goin' to ask the purtiest gurrl in Kilgarnock to wear to-morrow night." And he carefully unrolled a wide pink silk handkerchief and held it up for Mona's inspection. The little maid clasped her hands in admiration. She had nothing like it and never doubted that it was intended for her.

"'Tis beautiful, shure, Gerald."

He craned his neck around to one side to behold the kerchief from her point of view.

"Yes," he said calmly, and then folded it up very carefully in its tissue wrappings and put the bundle back into his pocket.

"Good-by, Mona," he called, bending over his oars again.

She did not answer, but stared rather blankly at the little boat till it disappeared.

"Indade, thin, I don't care if it's not for me. I wouldn't have it," shaking her head and speaking emphatically, "I wouldn't have it at all, at all."

She climbed off her perch a little more slowly than she had mounted it, and began to sing a gay little carol. A bird in the tree caught the notes and burst into responsive song. Mona ceased suddenly.

"Oh, hush, ye bird!" she cried, impatience in her voice, and then as she turned to go deliberately pushed a helpless little frog into the water.

When the next evening came the barn was full of life and laughter. As Mona with her uncle and aunt entered the little yard gate the plank-plinkety-plank of the violins came floating out to them, mingled with the shuffling of many feet.

"Oh, make haste!" she whispered to herself, and could not keep her feet in and folds of bunting swept across the walls and ceiling inside.

Mona had spent an hour about the adornment of her small person, but she need not have lingered. There were many feet bare besides her own, many other dresses old besides hers. Around her neck was a string of yellow beads, and a yellow sash of Aileen's around her waist.

They pushed their way to a seat, and Aunt Mollie fanned herself vigorously. Mona gazed around with interest. There was Mollie Stewart, and there was Maggie Tully and Annie Kavanagh. All these girls, as well as the lads, were on hand, but where was Aileen? She had said she was coming. Mona looked in one direction and then another, and at last there sat Aileen close to a window, and near by stood Gerald, gazing at her. Mona turned a little pale. She did not see Patsy and Barney and Farron edging up to her; she never even thought of any of them. In her eagerness to make no mistake she stood up on tiptoe to see the better. Yes, it was Aileen, and now Gerald was leading her out to dance. The pink silk kerchief was round her neck. Something seemed to shoot across Mona's eyes with a blinding pain. When Barney begged her to dance she answered a little sharply, and he went away again.

"It is too warm here, aunt, just now," she said to Mrs. Kelly.

"Go stand in the cool a while, child," said her aunt. "There's Aileen comin' over here; bide a bit."

But Mona was gone. Not under the trees did she stop, not by the little gate. Swiftly she passed out the side way, over the dusty road and into her own yard. Here she paused a moment, and catching her breath with something that sounded like a sob passed around the tiny thatched hut, and so over the stile to the river. Down on her face upon the grass she threw herself, careless of the yellow sash of which she had been so proud; the yellow beads burst their string and some rolled down the bank into the river. She lay very still and quiet, so quiet that a nightingale gave her no heed and began to sing. A whippoorwill called on the opposite bank, and far off in the woods came the answer of his mate. The gleaming moon rolled slowly into view and silvered each branch and blossom.

The birds sang on, but Mona heard them not. She was thinking—one hand on the heart that beat so fast, the other arm pillowing her head. She did not try to analyze her feelings; she would not have known how. There was a dull ache in her breast, and memory was torturing her.

"Holy mother," she began, whispering, and could get no further.

"She will not help me now; I am too bad, too bad at all."

She thought how unkindly she had always treated Gerald; she had laughed then to herself

"Och, wirra, wirra," she ejaculated. And now Aileen had taken him; it was Aileen's fault, not Gerald's; how could she do it, how could she?

And wear his kerchief—the prettiest girl in Kilgarnock—those were his words, and now she knew what he had meant. Oh, why had not Aileen staid away! And now Gerald was gone from her entirely

Slowly she made up her mind that she would be brave; no one, not Aileen nor Gerald, should ever know the truth. Gerald should never know she was sorry now, and so he would be happy. She murmured him a farewell in soft Irish words, "Gerald, anoon na Gerald."

The slow tears trickled down her cheeks and gleamed upon the grass like diamonds. The moonlight lay over the prostrate figure in broken patches. Gently the breeze lifted and let fall again each dark ring of silky hair curling over her head and down to the white neck that shone all the whiter.

The moon reached the middle of her jeweled course. The nightingale sang, all unconscious of the silent grief beneath him. The lashes lay over her flushed cheek like a dark shadow; in very weariness and worn out with her misery she had fallen asleep.

The bird at last hushed his sweet treble and flew away. He had heard a hasty step over the grass. But Mona heard not, saw not. Somebody came down to the river bank almost on a run, and stopped short at sight of the little figure lying there so motionless. He knelt down beside her. With a quick eye Gerald noted the tear stained cheek, the parted lips, whence came a long drawn sobbing breath.

Without a word he gathered her up in his arms, asleep as she was, but Mona stirred and then started from him wide awake.

"I—you—oh, Gerald!"

"They are all ahunt for ye," he answered. "Ye have scared the heart 'av me. An' why did ye come down here?"

"Don't," she whispered, trying to remember her resolution. "I will go back now." She stood up and then swayed a little, dizzily.

"Mona, mavourneen!" said Gerald, holding her close.

She struggled to release herself, and stood back from him pitifully defiant.

"Ye shall not touch me!" she cried. "Go back to Aileen; go back to her and spake your words. Tell her that same mavourneen story; she will believe ye. Let me pass; I can go home; I'll not need"— but the proud curve of the lips weakened, and the eyes commenced to brim with tears. She turned away her head and tried to spring past him. Gerald stood motionless at first, looking at her in surprise, and then he caught her by the arm.

"Mona, stop a bit," he said, almost sternly. "What is this come to ye? What av Aileen to me? Are ye dhramin', child?"

"Let me go," she whispered; "let me go."

"No, I'll not let you go. Spake to me, Mona. What is it? Nay, ye cannot go. Tell it to me!"

She faced him then, and her eyes at night; an' ye would tell me ye love me! Och, it is not thrue at all, at all. Ye know I am speakin' but the truth, an' ye will make me say it. Ah, but the heart av ye is black. Aileen is there dancin' to-night; Aileen is there waitin' for ye with your kerchief round her neck—the pink kerchief ye showed me and said 'twas for the purtiest gurrl in Kilgarnock; go to her, go!"

The little figure was quivering with wrath and emotion; then she remembered all at once that she had broken her promise to herself, but having broken it she was not going to yield an inch.

"Shure, 'tis not that I care for ye; 'tis the base desate I hate. Let me pass now, if ye plase!"

"An' I don't plase, Mona," he said. "Is that all? Now ye shall listen to me. Ye would never hear to me afore, Mona; 'tis not my fault. I do love ye, an' ye wrong me when ye say no. Shure, mavourneen, I love the very ground ye walk on, and the sound of your voice is a music to meself. The kerchief—aroon, are ye angered with the poor, pretty thing? See, I have it yet for the purtiest and smartest gurrl in Kilgarnock. An' won't ye wear it now? I knew not even did Aileen wear one, an' 'twas not mine she had on her neck. Aye, bide your head; 'tis here on my heart is the right place for it. No tears, Mona; Mona, mavourneen; 'tis all right now. An' won't ye wear the poor kerchief, colleen?"

He drew it around her neck, and held the ends close up under her chin. Presently she looked at him, shyly, from under lowered happy lashes.

"Ah, Gerald, 'tis too beautiful for me!"—George Wilson Prescott in Times-Democrat.

A Pig with a Human Head.

Charles A. Clark, an undertaker and embalmer, has in his establishment the remains of a young pig, which is one of the greatest freaks of nature ever seen in Jacksonville, Fla. It is the property of E. A. Lindsey, of Springfield, and is one of a litter of eleven pigs. Ten of these pigs are perfectly formed and are thriving, but the one in question was born dead.

It is about twice the size of the other pigs of the same litter, and is perfectly hairless, except for a small patch of whiskers on the chin. The head of this freak is human shaped. The ears are set on the side of the head like those of a human being, but are larger and shaped like an elephant's ear. The chin, mouth and cheeks are human shaped, while the teeth are like a shark's. It has no nose, but instead a perfectly shaped trunk extends from the base of the forehead just where the root of the nasal organ should be.

Immediately under the root of the trunk is situated one large egg shaped eye, with two large, round pupils (one at each end of the eye), which peeps out from under and on either side of the trunk. Each pupil or eye is shaded by white eyebrows, which very much resemble the velvety brows of an infant. The trunk is nearly four inches in length and is perfectly pliable. The hoofs of the feet are goat shaped and turn up at the points like those of a mountain goat. Taken as a whole it is the most hideous looking object ever seen in Jacksonville.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Act of Breathing.

In each respiration an adult inhales one pint of air. A healthy man respires 16 to 20 times a minute, or 20,000 times a day; a child 25 or 35 times a minute. While standing the adult respiration is 22 times per minute; while lying down, 13. The superficial surface of the lungs, i. e., of their alveolar space, is 200 square yards. The amount of air respired every 24 hours is about 10,000 quarts. The amount of oxygen absorbed in 24 hours is 500 litres (about 744 grams). The amount of carbonic acid expired in the same time is 400 litres (911.5 grams).

Two-thirds of the oxygen absorbed in 24 hours is absorbed during the night hours, from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m.; three-fifths of the total is thrown off during the day. The pulmonary surface gives off 150 grams of water daily in the state of vapor. An adult must have at least 360 litres of air in an hour. The heart sends 800 quarts of blood through the lungs every hour, or about 5,000 daily. The duration of inspiration is five-twelfths of expiration, seven-twelfths of the whole respiratory act. During sleep inspiration occupies ten-twelfths of the respiratory period.—St. Louis Republic.

Oddities of Great Men.

The greatest men are often affected by the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connection with the effects they produce. An old gentleman of whom we knew something felt secure against the cramp when he placed his shoes on going to bed so that the right shoe was on the left of the left shoe, and the toe of the right next to the heel of the left. If he did not bring the right shoe round the other side in that way he was liable to the cramp. Dr. Johnson used always, in going up Bolt court, to put one foot upon each stone of the pavement; if he failed he felt certain the day would be unlucky.

Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, never wrote but in full dress. Dr. Routh, of Oxford, studied in full canonicals. A celebrated preacher of the last century could never make a sermon with his garters on. A great German scholar writes with his braces off. Reiseg, the German critic, wrote his commentaries on Sophocles with a pot of porter by his side. Schybel lecfured at the age of 72 extempore in Latin, with his snuff box constantly at hand; without it he could not get on.—New York Ledger.

The Modern Match.

Husband (getting ready to light the gas)—My dear, I wish you would remove all newspapers and other combustible material to the next room. Then send for several pails of water and have them handy.

Wife—Why, what for?

FRUIT OF WESLEY'S WORK

THE FOUNDER OF METHODISM DIED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

He Left 120,000 Followers—The Delegates to the Ecumenical Conference at Washington Will Represent Many Millions—Wealth of the Church.

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When John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, died, on March 2, 1791, he left about 120,000 followers in the world, of whom nearly 58,000 were in England, 14,000 in Ireland, 5,000 in the West Indies and British America and 43,000 in the United States. Just ninety years later the first ecumenical Methodist conference was held in City Road chapel, London, and 400 representatives of the followers of John Wesley from all parts of the world sat down to deliberate, and it was estimated that they represented not less than 5,000,000 church members and 20,000,000 of the world's population.

BISHOP C. H. FOWLER.

Ten years have passed. With characteristic speed and energy Methodists have been enlarging their boundaries, and again their leaders are to assemble in ecumenical conference, this time 500 in number, and in a city—Washington—the site of which was a morass when Wesley died, but now is the beautiful capital of a country where Wesley has 4,500,000 disciples.

The display is one calculated to fill the most sanguine Methodists with astonishment. John Wesley said: "The world is my parish," and on Oct. 7 20 delegates to the number of 200, representing the eight sects of Methodism in England, the Irish, French and Australian Methodists, the South African and West Indian conferences, will mingle with 300 delegates from the seventeen subdivisions of the Methodist army in the United States and Canada in the following proportions:

Eastern Section—Wesleyan Methodists, 82; Irish Methodists, 10; Methodist New Connection, 12; Primitive Methodists, 36; Bible Christians, 10; United Methodist Free church, 22; Australasian Methodists, 16; French Methodists, 2; Wesleyan Reform union, 4; United Free Gospel church, 2; South African and West Indian conference, 4.

Western Section—Methodist Episcopal church, 126; Methodist Episcopal Church South, 64; African Methodist Episcopal church, 18; African Methodist Episcopal Zion, 15; Colored Methodist Episcopal, 9; Union American Methodist Episcopal, 3; African Union Methodist Protestant, 1; Methodist Protestant, 9; American Wesleyan, 6; Free Methodist, 3; Congregational Methodist, 3; Methodist church, Canada, 24; Primitive Methodist, 4; Independent Methodist, 2; United Brethren in Christ, 7; United Brethren in Christ (old constitution), 2, and British Methodist Episcopal, 1.

They will represent a total church membership of not less than 6,054,018. These figures include all of the sects in the

BISHOP CYRUS D. FOSS.

United States and Canada, the strongest in Great Britain, and all in Australia, and being based on the official statistics of 1890. This means a Methodist population of over 25,000,000, a gain of 25 per cent. during the decade. To properly realize the marvelous growth and strength of Methodism today a few more statistics are necessary. There are over 5,000,000 children in Methodist Sunday schools the world over. Of these, 2,959,385 are in the two leading divisions in the United States, 932,888 in the Wesleyan fold in England, far off Australia having 169,348.

The church property of the Methodists in the United States and Canada alone in 1890 was worth $142,156,729. They contributed more than two and three-quarter million dollars to missionary work during 1890. The Methodist Episcopal Church North contributed $1,135,271 of this enormous sum. Not only have Methodists adhered to their founder's injunction to give, but their doctrinal belief today is substantially the same as that taught by the Wesleys. Whatever differences of opinion may exist in American or British Methodism they invariably refer to questions of polity and not of doctrine. The evangelical Arminianism of Wesley, which insisted on the doctrines of original sin, general redemption, repentance, justification by faith, the witness of the Spirit and Christian perfection, is held by Methodists to day.

The choice of Washington as a place of meeting was most fortunate. Not only because of its beauty and importance as the national capital, but because it is so near Baltimore, the city so closely identified with the history of early American Methodism, also because it is in Washington that Bishop Hurst and his supporters hope to found a great Protestant university, for which they have just sent out an appeal for $10,000,000 to the Methodists of the United States.

A glance over the list of the subjects to be discussed by this conference

ceived it and the church whose activities make it necessary. The opening sermon on Wednesday, Oct. 7, will be preached by Rev. Dr. William Arthur, of London. The sacrament of the Lord's supper will be observed directly after this, and the remainder of the day will be given over to speeches of welcome and social intercourse. Oct. 8, the representatives of the various bodies present will tell of the status of Methodism in their connections, and thus the conference will get a view of the denominational growth and life the world over. Having discussed personal matters for a day, the conference will broaden its outlook and devote Oct. 9 to a discussion of "The Christian Church, Its Essential Unity and Genuine Catholicity," first debating whether Christian unity is possible, and next how far Christian co-operation is attainable. Oct. 10 will be devoted to the discussion of "The Influence of Modern Scientific Progress on Religious Thoughts," which will be begun by a representative English Wesleyan, probably Professor Davidson. On Sunday a representative of the Methodist Episcopal church will preach on John Wesley.

Oct. 12 and 13 will be given up to the deliberations upon "The Church and Her Agencies." Oct. 14 is assigned for addresses on "Elementary Education, How It May Be Best Promoted," "The Ethics of Elementary Education," "Sectarianism and State Education," and "University Education." The conference will also listen to reports on "Romanism—Its Present Position and Political and Religious Power." The same day the great question of temperance will be discussed.

On Oct. 16 Hugh Price Hughes, of London, will open the discussion of the topic, "The Church in Her Relation to Labor and Capital." The same day "The Moral Aspects of Labor Combinations and Strikes." The last days of the conference will be enlivened by debates on "International Arbitration," "Legal Restraints on the Vices of Society," "Marriage and Divorce," "The Attitude of the Church Toward Amusements," "The Christian Resources of the Old and New Worlds" and "The Church of the Future."

For convenience in organization and for purposes of equity the conference will be divided into four divisions. The first includes the Methodist Episcopal Church North and the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the second, the other churches in the United States and Canada, the third, the British Wesleyans, the fourth, the other British Methodists. Each of these divisions will be represented on the business committee of twenty, to which all questions, proposals, resolutions and commu-

BISHOP E. R. HENDRIX.

nications or other matters not on the regular programme will be referred, and if it seems best reported back to the conference. This committee will select each day in turn from each division a presiding officer, who may be a layman or a bishop, a member of parliament or a college president, there being no orders in the conference any more than in the denomination, a bishop's vote counting for as much as a layman's, and no more.

Each topic discussed will be first presented in a formal paper not more than twenty five minutes long. The invited speaker who follows will be limited to fifteen minutes, and all who volunteer and follow to five minutes each, no man being allowed to speak twice. There will be two sessions each day, morning and afternoon, the evenings being left for great popular mass meetings.

Of the American leaders Bishops Hurst, Foster, Foss, Fowler and Newman, of the northern church, Galloway and Hendrix, of the southern, and Carman, of the Canadian, will have a prominent part in the discussions. Such prominent clergymen as Rev. Drs. George Douglass, William Briggs, L. H. Smith, A. S. Hunt, A. Coke Smith, William Nast, A. C. Davison, E. H. Dewart, E. E. Hoss, M. D. C. Crawford, J. D. Hammond, James M. King, R. H. Mahan, C. H. Phillips, A. B. Leonard, C. N. Grandison and J. A. M. Chapman, and Presidents W. F. Warren, of Boston university, and H. A. Buttz, of Drew Theological seminary, and Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley will read papers.

One of the most interesting features of the conference will be the display of relics contributed by the conference historical societies in all parts of the United States. Baltimore will probably send the largest and most complete collection, the American Methodist Historical society having its headquarters in that city. Documents

BISHOP CHARLES B. GALLOWAY.

written by the fathers of the church in America, locks of hair and spectacles worn by the pioneers, the early publications of the Book Concern, etc., are some of the features of what will be a center of attraction throughout the conference. It will recall the days of the circuit rider and that epoch of Methodism to see Bishop Asbury's tea canister, which he carried in all his travels. Canes made of wood taken from historic churches and carried by

People Susceptible to Hypnotism.

Persons of a nervous constitution, and in particular those subject to hysteria, are most apt to fall into artificial sleep. There is then produced in them a peculiar neurosis, hypnotism, having psychical and physical characters of its own—a genuine disease presenting a diversity of symptoms. Hence hypnotic phenomena ought not to be called forth rashly nor without the precautions suggested by medical science. Women are specially susceptible to hypnotic manipulation, particularly during the period between the 18th and the 30th year, when the nervous system is in full activity. Young men may be hypnotized, but it is very difficult to produce hypnotic sleep in old men or in children. Persons who in early life are subject to natural somnambulism or sleep walking are later in life good hypnotic subjects, just as they are also likely to be victims of hysteria and other nervous complaints.

Many are the processes employed for producing hypnosis. One that is very frequently used consists in fixing the gaze upon some bright object placed a little above the eyes and in front of the median line of the forehead, so that visual fatigue may ensue quickly, the eyeballs being directed upward and inward. This process, or others of a like kind, may be employed in the case of persons who have never before been hypnotized. But after awhile, when the subject has, so to speak, been educated, various more expeditious methods may be employed. Thus a jet of electric light or a violent blow struck on a gong near the ear of the subject will quickly induce sleep. Again, in hypnotizable persons, the surface of the body often presents special points, "hypnogenic zones," as they are called, analagous to the "hysterogenic zones." Simple pressure upon these produces hypnosis. Even in the case of the most susceptible individuals rarely does sleep appear when they, for the first time, undergo the hypnotizing manipulations, however skilled the operator may be. There is needed a complete surrender of one's will and absence of all mental preoccupation, and on the part of the company present absolute silence. In most cases exhibitions of hypnotization develop, at first, only vague phenomena not easily classified, foreshadowing, so to speak, what will follow later.—North American Review.

A Plucky Frontier Woman.

On the plains, in Assiniboin, I found a little lady in the larger of the only two stores in the place, who told me that the Indians on a reservation close by had begun to grow restless, and were manifesting the fact by unusual insolence. Only the day before a dozen of the braves had come into the store, when she was stark alone in it, and had demanded whisky, a commodity they were not allowed to touch and no one was permitted to sell. She told them she had none, and they sat, as Indians will, for a long time, as if to show her they would not go away until they got it. Curiously enough, no one came to the store from the settlement. By and by the Indians proposed to search for the whisky. She laughed at them and told them they could search. They did so, peeping and poking everywhere that they could think of. When they offered to go up stairs to her living apartments, she stood in the doorway and told them they must not venture there. She flattened her back against the door and defied them.

She was less than the ordinary height, and did not weigh over 100 pounds, but she quailed them with the eye of a brave and determined woman, and when, presently, some white men came to make purchases the Indians took themselves off. Only a few nights before that this same woman had seen a wolf in her back yard, and had gone out and "shooed" it away with her apron and scolding, just as one of our girls might do to a cat. I never saw a man that I thought more plucky than she. Perhaps, though, what no Indian or wolf could do might be done by a mouse. But it is beyond all reason to expect the bravest not to fear a mouse.—Albany Fair Journal.

Swiss and French Soldiers.

There is very little contrast between the Swiss and French soldier. Both are below the stature of the German, English and American soldier; inferior intellectually and physically. The Swiss warrior wears a cap helmet, which makes him look at once like a member of a rural band in America. It is of black cloth, with deep blue trimmings and with black silk braid about the edges. The front is cocked and the rear slopes and has the helmet brim. He wears a navy blue cutaway coat, dark gray pantaloons, and each is decked with a very narrow red cord. At his side is a short, heavy sword always. His side arms are completed by a five-shot 42-calibre revolver, heavy enough to be used as a bludgeon in close quarters. Also, like the French soldier, the Swiss is armed with a magazine needle gun, and is given so much active training that he is invariably a fair marksman. In this, as nearly all continental armies, there is by government authority an inducement for soldiers to become fine marksmen. But the pay of the continental soldier is so low and generally his service so nearly menial that he takes little interest in what he does. The pay is about one-fourth that of the American soldier and less than half of that paid the English.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Artificial Ageing of Whisky.

A way has been found of ageing whisky artificially. A dealer showed the writer two samples of what he called the "straight" article; one was made in 1885, the other in July, 1887. They were equally good, he said, in color, bouquet, taste and every other quality, and yet the 1887 sample was sold at $10 less a barrel than the other. In other words, the whisky makers can now furnish a three months' article equal in every respect to that which is three years old.

By this process they save the three years' storage, interest and evaporation. The purchaser generally gets the benefit of this. The new process consists briefly of rocking the barrels day and night on patented "cradles." Charred barrels are used, as is customary—that is to say, the barrel is burned out before the whisky is put in, thus converting the inner surface into charcoal. The constant motion for