

FAMOUS ILLUSIONS.

SOME SECRETS OF PROFESSIONAL CONJURERS REVEALED.

How the Mysteries are Destroyed and the Tricks Shorn of Their Charm by a Peep at the Mechanism Behind the Scenes.

A behind the scenes view of the famous illusions with which conjurers have mystified and delighted generation after generation has peculiar fascinations. There are few of us who value our own childish illusions so highly that we will not part with them for the fun of seeing how we have been fooled.

Here are examples of some of the best known tricks:

The box trick is as clever as well known and as old as any. A heavy, brass bound chest is exhibited. An assistant is placed in a large canvas bag, the mouth of which is securely fastened, and the bag is placed in the chest, which is locked and roped.

The box is concealed for a few seconds, and when it is revealed the occupant is sitting upon it, the closed and sealed bag beside him. The cords and seals on the box are intact.

This astonishing feat is accomplished thus: The occupant of the bag has inserted a wooden plug in the mouth while the tying is being done. When the chest is locked, he pulls it out, slips out his hand, pulls off the cords, gets out and replaces the cords over the top of the sack.

By the time the chest is roped he is free. The chest has a secret opening, usually at the end, and while it is hidden he crawls out. A slim man is usually employed to do the trick.

The vanity fair trick is one of the most baffling in the repertory of the black art. A woman stands before a large mirror about ten feet high and placed in a heavy frame. About three feet from the floor is a small shelf placed against the mirror, the bottom of which is about eighteen inches from the floor. The glass having been duly inspected, the young woman mounts the shelf. She then turns to arrange her hair by the mirror. She is asked to face the audience, but again and again turns her back, hence the name of the trick.

Finally, losing patience, the performer thrusts a small screen in front of her, fires a pistol at the spot where she was standing, snatches away the screen, and she has vanished.

The top, bottom and sides of the mirror have been in view all the time and only the center has been hidden for a few seconds.

The secret lies in the fact that the lower part of the mirror is made double, the bottom of the upper part being concealed by a second sheet of silvered glass placed in front of it.

The shelf fits against the line of junction, and enables the mirror to be examined by the audience. As soon as the screen is placed the mirror slides up about a foot into the top of the frame. The bottom of this mirror is cut away in the middle, leaving a hole about eighteen inches square, which was previously concealed from view by the double glass at the base.

Through this hole the lady instantly slips, and escapes by a board which has been pushed forward from behind the scenes while the vanity fair by-play was going on. The glass then slides down again, the screen is removed, and the mirror appears just as solid as it was before.

Another of the most astounding feats of modern magic is that of making a person or object apparently float in the air. A couple of ordinary chairs are placed on the stage—well toward the back, which is draped with black cloth—and upon these is laid a broad, thick plank. A young lady is then introduced and is assisted to place herself in a recumbent position on the plank.

He then draws aside the chairs, and the plank, with the lady on it, remains apparently suspended in the air. To prove that the plank is not supported, the exhibitor takes a large hoop and passes it backward and forward over and around the plank.

Yet there is an attachment. As soon as the lady is placed in position on the board a carriage, placed behind the black curtain and supporting a strong iron bar twice bent upon itself, is pushed forward by an assistant so that the iron bar, which is covered with black cloth, comes out through a slit in the curtain while the exhibitor is pretending to mesmerize the lady. The bar has at its end a very strong clip, and the performer, while making his hypnotic passes, guides this on to the board. The chairs are then removed, and the board remains suspended by the invisible iron bar.

The hoop is passed along from one end until it reaches the bend where the bar passes through the curtain. The performer passes it round the end of the board and himself walks behind, passing the ring along in the opposite direction. Next it is brought back again, and the effect is such that the average spectator is convinced that the hoop has really been passed over the lady and the board from end to end.

Another very effective illusion, arranged upon the same principle, shows the head and bust of a lady supported on a three legged stool resting on a small table. One can apparently see not only between the legs of the table to the back of the stage, but through the space between the stool and the table.

In this case the three legged stool is arranged with mirrors precisely as in the tripod illusion, but the table, which has four legs, is managed differently. A large mirror is placed diagonally under the table, joining to opposite legs. Thus the spectators really only see three of the legs, the fourth being simply the reflection of the first.—New York World.

A GOOD PRESCRIPTION.

Laughter as a Stomach Cure and an Aid to Health.

Worry is but one of the many forms of fear, so that worry tends to the production of indigestion. Indigestion tends to put the body of the subject in a condition that favors worry. There is thus established a vicious circle which tends to perpetuate itself, each element augmenting the other.

It is necessary to secure a cheerful, wholesome atmosphere for the dyspeptic. He should eat his meals at a table where there is good fellowship and where funny stories are told. He should himself make a great effort to contribute his share of this at the table, even if it is necessary, as it was in one case under my care, for him to solemnly and seriously collect funny paragraphs from the press, and at first interject them spasmodically during lulls in the conversation at the table. The very efforts and determination of the man to correct his own silent habits at table, to correct his feelings of discouragement and worry, were in themselves a promise of success. The effort made was adequate to the obstacles to be overcome. He succeeded, and the spectacle of that man trying to be funny at table when he felt thoroughly discouraged and blue is one we shall never forget.

Laughing is in itself also a useful exercise from the standpoint of digestion. It stirs up all the abdominal organs, it increases the circulation of the blood, it increases peristalsis, it increases the secretion of gastric juices. Five minutes' deliberate laughing after each meal would be an excellent prescription for some people.—Family Doctor.

THE BIRTH OF JAPAN.

Curious Legend of the Cretonne Handed Down by the Japanese.

The following is the curious legend of the creation as it is told in Japan: Clouds formed the bridge on which once god Yzanagi and his spouse Yzanuma stood pondering on the riddle of existence, whether the beginnings of worlds and the beginnings of life lay slumbering in that sea of chaos. Yzanagi, apparently more enterprising than philosophically inclined, seized his shimmering spear and plunged it into the black and seething food. Pulling it up again, he discovered seven salt drops on its diamond point, which, dropping, condensed and formed the island of Cusokorosima.

Thereupon Yzanagi and his spouse selected the spot of earth which had thus been created as their permanent dwelling place and peopled it with innumerable genii of animal and plant life and spirits of the elements. And around this "palace of immortality" rose eight other islands—Awadsi, the island of foam; the mountainous Cho Yamato, blessed with fruit; Yyo, unsurpassed in its beauty; the quinquangular Tsikousi, Sado, rich in copper and gold; Yki, one of the pillars of heaven, and Oko, surrounded by three satellites.

Such was the birth of Japan, of that curious land of Fusiyama, with its amiable population of artist artisans, its graceful tea-houses, its glistening silks, its grotesque dwarf trees, its white cranes and dreamy lotus ponds.—Harper's Magazine.

Brain Food Nonsense.

Another ridiculous food fad has been branded by the most competent authorities. They have dispelled the silly notion that one kind of food is needed for brain, another for muscles and still another for bones. A correct diet will not only nourish a particular part of the body, but it will sustain every other part. Yet, however good your food may be, its nutriment is destroyed by indigestion or dyspepsia. You must prepare for their appearance or prevent their coming by taking regular doses of Green's August Flower, the favorite medicine of the healthy millions. A few doses aids digestion, stimulates the liver to healthy action, purifies the blood, and makes you feel buoyant and vigorous. You can get this reliable remedy at Kaufmann's Drug Store. Get Green's Special Almanac. 51-52

The Tired Foot.

A lady was watching a potter at his work whose one foot was kept with a "never slackening speed turning his swift wheel round" while the other rested patiently on the ground. When the lady said to him in sympathizing tone, "How tired your foot must be!" the man raised his eyes and said: "No, ma'am; it isn't the foot that works that's tired. It's the foot that stands. That's it."

If you want to keep your strength, use it. If you want to get tired, do nothing. As a matter of fact, we all know that the last man to give a helping hand to any new undertaking is the man who has plenty of time on his hands. It is the man and woman who are doing the most who are always willing to do a little more.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Owes His Life to a Neighbor's Kindness.

Mr. D. P. Daugherty, well known throughout Mercer and Sumner counties, W. Va., most likely owes his life to the kindness of a neighbor. He was almost hopeless afflicted with diarrhoea; was attended by two physicians who gave him little, if any, relief, when a neighbor learning of his serious condition, brought him a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which cured him in less than twenty-four hours. For sale by J. E. Kaufmann.



The man on the stage who does the trick of escaping from firmly tied ropes, submits to the bonds with a smile. He knows he can get out of the ropes that are being knotted. Put the same man in the woods and let Indian captors bind him to a tree for torture and he would struggle to the last against the bonds.

When the stomach is diseased there are bonds being woven every hour about the organs dependent on the stomach—heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, etc. The folly of mankind is to passively submit to the fastening of these bonds with no effort to escape until the pain they cause arouses fear.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It cures diseases of heart, liver, lungs, kidneys and other organs, when these diseases, as is often the case, have their origin in the diseased stomach.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the clogged system from impurities.

OLD MAN SCHMIDT.

HE CALLS AGAIN ON HIS FRIEND, THE GERMAN COBBLER.

They Talk About a New Book and Suicide, and Finally Agree to Die in Each Other's Arms.—A Policeman Spoils Their Plans.

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LIKE dot old man Schmidt. He and me was two Dootchmans together in der old country, and we come by America on der same ship. Sometimes he comes in my place and sits and smokes and groans and don't say nothings, but some other times he vhas full of talk and tells me all his troubles. Dot other day when I put a cement patch on a shoe and don't half no more work Schmidt comes in and says:

"Hans, if you look at me do you pelee I vhas some greenhorns?"

"Not on her life," I says. "Does somebody calls you greenhorns?"

"Yes—my wife. She says I vhas so green der cows eat me up. I don't pelee it, and I like to ask you."

"Does somethings happen to you pooty queek?"

"Vhell, maype. Do you ever hear of some pook called 'Dose Americans Who Make America?'"

"I don't pelee so. Vhas he like some family almanac mit der full moon in?"

"No. She vhas two thousand p ges big, and she haf two thousand pictures of der biggest men in dis country. She vhas bound in calves, mit gold edges, and she last five hooneered years."

"By golly, but dot vhas better ash some ice cream! I like to haf a pook for five hooneered years. Don't she haf more ash two thousand big men in him?"

"Shust two thousand and no more. Each one has a picture and a page. It tells who he vhas and all about him, and when he vhas deadt his shildren read dot pook. I told dot agent to come down and see you. Maype you vhas big enough to go in dot pook if you like to. Vhas he here?"

"If he vhas, I don't see him. Did he speak mit you?"

"He did. Last week he comes in my place and says vhas I old Schmidt. I vhas. All right. He reads of me in der



"OLD SCHMIDT, YOU VHAS TEN JACKASSES UND FOOLS!"

papers and comes up from Philadelphia to see me. He don't like to get dot pook out unless I vhas in it, and he shows me der names of one thousand big men. I see Shorge Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Grofer Cleveland and all sooch men."

"By George, but dot vhas great! Does he want some money to put you in dot pook?"

"Yes—hooneered dollars. For one hooneered dollar I vhas on page 14, between Lincoln and Grant. Dot makes me ash big ash anybody, and maype I don't haf to pay fare on der street cars no more. I like you to be in dere, too, Hans, if you can pay one hooneered dollars."

"But I can't. I can't pay one hooneered cents. If I vhas a big mans, no-

body vhill find him out. Does it please your wife dot you go in dot pook?"

"No. I speak to her about it, but she says I vhas some fool and vhill get swindled. It was all jealousy. It vhas two thousand big men and no women, and dot makes her mad."

"But you go in der pook all der same?" I says.

"Shust der same. Der price vhas high, but if you vhas a big mans you don't mind it. Yes, I goes in dot pook, and der agent writes me oop. I come in to show you. Listen to dis:

"Dot old man Schmidt vhas porn in Sherman a long while ago, and when he vhas a young mans he comes oafter to America mit brass buttons on his coat."

"He vhas poor und proud und respectable, and he work in a grocery for \$8 a month. In two years he vhas like Shorge Washington."

"When he grows oop to own dot grocery, der peoples like to run him for alderman, but he don't care for office, and he vhas some honest man."

"He has one w'fe, who vhas a treasure, and his only son Joe vhill climb oop to der top if he keeps on like he vhas."

"Mr. Schmidt can't ride a bicycle nor cut some pigeon wings on roller skates, but he vhas good natured, cheerful und ready to help others."

"If some war breaks out in America, he vhill be found alongside der patriots, a gun on his shoulder, a flag in his hand und a wish to perish in his enthusiastic heart. Don't you make no mistake on old Schmidt."

"We like to say aboutt dis great mans dot he vhas some greenhorns when he first comes to America, but by and by he vhas so sharp dot nopody can beat him for two cents. More ash ten peoples try to swindle him eafery day, but it vhas all in vain."

"Finally we like to say of dis mans dot he vhas ash big ash Washington, ash good ash Lincoln und ash brave ash Grant und dot at his grocery vhill be found all der best goods at der cheapest prices. If you don't see what you wants, ask for her."

While der old man Schmidt vhas reading all dis to me dot little Sherman tailor comes in to find out about it. Pooty queek he says:

"How mooch you haf to pay for all dot, my friend?"

"One hooneered dollars. Why don't you come in dot pook too? You vhas new und secondhand clothes und a big mans."

"Where vhas dot agent?"

"He goes home to Philadelphia to get some clean shirts."

"Do you pay him one hooneered dollars in advance?"

"Of course. He deals mit two thousand big men, but he don't trust, you see. It vhas cash in advance from eaferybody."

"Old Schmidt, you vhas ten jackasses und fools!" says der little tailor.

"Why vhas I?"

"Because dot mans vhas some swindlers und don't neffer come back here again nor publish a pook. You vhas beat. You vhas took in. You vhas done oop."

"How can it be?" groans Schmidt.

"It can be because your head vhas putty. You shall go und sell him to some paint store, und Hans shall haf a rattle box und a milk bottle und be a baby again."

When der tailor vhas gone out, old Schmidt looks at me, und I look at him. After ten minutes tears vhas in his eyes, und he says:

"Hans, dis vhas a wicked world."

"She vhas," I says.

"Und we vhas two good mans."

"We vhas."

"Und we don't haf some business to be alive."

"We don't."

"Den let us die in each other's arms und go to heafen."

"I vhas agreed."

Und we should not be alive today but for dot fat policeman. He comes py my shop und takes him old Schmidt by der neck und throws him out, und I vhas clubbed through der back door, und he shakes his fist at my wife und says:



Mrs. Laura S. Webb, Vice-President Woman's Democratic Clubs of Northern Ohio.

"I dreaded the change of life which was fast approaching. I noticed Wine of Cardui, and decided to try a bottle. I experienced some relief the first month, so I kept on taking it for three months and now I menstruate with no pain and I shall take it off and on now until I have passed the climax."

Female weakness, disordered menses, falling of the womb and ovarian troubles do not wear off. They follow a woman to the change of life. Do not wait but take Wine of Cardui now and avoid the trouble. Wine of Cardui never fails to benefit a suffering woman of any age. Wine of Cardui relieved Mrs. Webb when she was in danger. When you come to the change of life Mrs. Webb's letter will mean more to you than it does now. But you may now avoid the suffering she endured. Druggists sell \$1 bottles of Wine of Cardui.

WINE OF CARDUI

A Cool Gamester.

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "de greatest pleasure dat I could find in life would be to chop some wood for you."

"I don't want any wood chopped." "Or carry some water from de spring?"

"I've got a well right at the kitchen door."

"Or shoo de cows in from de pasture?"

"I haven't any cows. We buy our milk."

"Well, lady, I've made three guesses about what I could do to help you along. Now it's your turn. An' I don't mind givin' you a small hint dat victuals an' clothes'll be purty near de answer. It's a nice game, lady, an' I tink you're goin' to be lucky."—Washington Star.

The Taxpayer's Joy.

Judge—I tell you Klinkers is happy. He feels as if he has just found money.

Fudge—How's that?

"He has employed a lawyer, who has succeeded in having his taxes lowered \$5."

"What was the lawyer's fee?"

"Ten dollars, I believe."—Baltimore Herald.

The Problem.

"I have a perfect horror of marrying a poor man and living in a small way."

"But, darling, I shall grow."

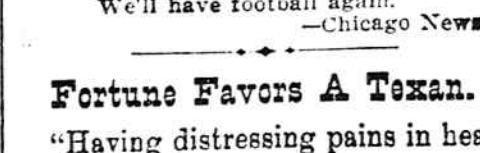
"Ah, but will you develop financially as fast as I develop in social ambition?"—Life.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

It is the best of all.

Misstrustful.



Lawyer—In order to defend you I must know the whole truth. Have you told me everything?

Client—Everything except where I hid the money. I want to keep that for myself!

Fortune Favors A Texan.

"Having distressing pains in head, back and stomach, and being without appetite, I began to use Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes W. P. Whitehead, of Kennedale, Tex., "and soon felt like a new man." Infallible in stomach and liver troubles. Only 25c at J. E. Kaufmann's drug store.

AERIAL POLO.

A Queer Kind of Amusement on a Pacific Ocean Island.

Writing on "Our Equatorial Islands" in the Century, James D. Hogue says: It became an amusing diversion to overturn the large flat stones beneath which the rats were hiding in solid masses and watch them as they scampered in all directions, pursued and quickly snatched up by the man-o-war hawks. These crafty birds were apt to learn that the appearance of a man walking on the island, especially with a dog, meant rats for them, and any one thus going forth was usually followed by a hovering flock, ready and impatient for the sport they had learned to expect. A rat brought to hand by the dog was quickly tossed in air, where the birds were ready to snatch it, sometimes with a contest on the wings for the disputed possession. One form of this sport, a sort of aerial polo, which seemed to be as good fun for the birds as for the observers, consisted in tossing two rats into the air at the same moment, not singly and apart, but tied together with about six feet of strong twine.

Instantly the birds made a dash for the rats, and the successful winner of the first prize went sailing off with one rat in his bill and the other swinging in the air beneath until snatched by the second winner, when, after a quick, sharp struggle and a taut strain on the cord, the bird with the weaker hold was compelled to let go. This then went on as a continuous performance, with somewhat Jonah-like but rapidly repeated disappearances and reappearances of the little rats, swallowed and reluctantly disgorged by the birds in quick succession until the flock, thoroughly exhausted by their impetuous flight and extraordinary exertions, alighted on the ground for a short truce, when the two temporary stakeholders would be found sitting face to face, keenly eying each other from opposite ends of the string still connecting them, each anxiously on the sharp lookout for sudden jerks and unpleasant surprises, while all the other pursuers gathered around in a ring, waiting for the two prize birds to fly. The general aspect of all participants seemed to verify the familiar adage that the pleasure is not in the game, but in the chase.

A Fine Liver Cure.

Greenville, Tenn.

I have thoroughly convinced myself that Dr. Baker's Blood and Liver Cure is the finest medicine made for Indigestion and Constipation. (I have tried them all) and was cured by the use of this medicine, after all others had failed. I most cheerfully and unhesitatingly endorse it. Yours truly, H. N. Baker, Mayor.

For sale at the Bazaar.

A Safe Age.

The insuring of one's life is one of those things which one is most apt to put off. There are few, however, who postpone what ought to be the inevitable until so late a period in life as did the tough old snack owner of Grimsby. When he presented himself at the insurance office, he was naturally asked his age. His reply was, "Ninety-four." "Why, my good man, we cannot insure you," said the company. "Why not?" he demanded. "Why, you are ninety-four years of age." "What of that?" the old man cried. "Look at statistics, and they will tell you that fewer men die at ninety-four than at any other age."—London Business Illustrated.

Their Branch of Service.

"To what branch of the military service do captains of industry belong?" asked the recognized yet surviving joker of the party.

"I give it up," replied his victim wearily.

"To the artillery, because they're all 'big guns.' See? Ha, ha, ho, ho!"—Syracuse Herald.

Cool Trees.

It is not shade alone that makes it cooler under a tree in the summer. The coolness of the tree itself helps, for its temperature is about 45 degrees F. at all times, as that of the human body is a fraction more than 98 degrees. So a clump of trees cools the air as a piece of ice cools the water in a pitcher.

Rasping.

Barber—How's the razor, sir? Customer—Didn't know I was being shaved.

Barber (flattered)—Very glad, I'm sure, sir. Customer—I thought I was being sandpapered.—Pick Me Up.

Happily Married.

"I hope you have found happiness in marriage, dear." "Oh, yes. I can do lots of things I didn't dare do when I was a girl."—New York Press.

Perseverance not only goes far to insure success, but also obtains honors for those who, although the less fortunate, have been the most diligent.

Lingering Summer Colds.

Don't let a cold run at this season. Summer colds are the hardest kind to cure and if neglected may linger along for months. A long siege like this will pull down the strongest constitution. One Minute Cough Cure will break up the attack at once. Safe, sure, acts at once. Cures coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, all throat and lung troubles. The children like it. J. E. Kaufmann.

Send us the news for your section.