

## A LUNATIC'S STORY.



ONE BROUGHT into casual contact with Edward Flint would have suspected that he was of unsound mind. None the less he was one of the most dangerous lunatics that I had in the X— asylum.

In his saner intervals no man could have desired a pleasanter companion, and it was my constant habit to spend half an hour or so a day in his congenial company. One day, just before his periodical attack, he told me the following story, which is of such a unique character that I give it just as he told it to me. At its conclusion, wrought up to a pitch of fury, he made a determined attack upon me, and I nearly paid for my tale with my life, being only rescued with difficulty by the attendants.

"I was what the world would call a successful man, and on my fortieth birthday I reckoned I was making over \$2,000 a year. I had always been a lonely man and had never had the least inclination towards female society, contenting myself with my work and my books. One day, however, I had to wait upon an old gentleman who had recently come to our town for the purpose of drawing up his will. When this was done I was introduced to his daughter, a girl about 20. Ethel Millikin was not what might have been called a beauty; still, I new at once that I had met my fate.

"It was clearly absurd for me to attempt to win her love in the usual way, the disparity in years was too great, so I decided to win her respect first.

"I took time over it and quietly interested myself in her pet projects, subscribed to her sick fund, lent her books, and was of use to her in many ways. Already she regarded me as a very dear friend, and, I have no doubt, would soon have learned to love me.

"One night I was to take her and her sister to the theater and had booked three stalls. At the last minute, however, to my secret joy, her sister had a bad headache and was unable to go. We went as arranged and I decided to put my fortunes to the touch during the performance. On our arrival the theater was crowded and, to my intense annoyance, I found a young client of mine, Sir Edward Berkley, in the next stall to ours. I was obliged to introduce him and had the mortification of seeing that Miss Millikin had made an impression on him. What chance had I against a young, wealthy and handsome man? And with jealous eyes I already saw the Chateau d'Espagne of love, that I had so carefully reared, in ruins.

"On our return from the play Berkley insisted on accompanying us to Mr. Millikin's house and was introduced by me to him.

"The acquaintance ripened into friendship, and friendship into love, which I was powerless to prevent; and one day Berkley burst into my office in a great state of excitement and asked me to congratulate him!

"Me, of all men! How I managed with impotent rage at my heart, to keep a smooth and smiling face on I



WITH A BOUND FLINT WAS UPON ME.

do not know; but, to add to the bitter irony of the situation, I had to receive instructions to draw up my successful rival's marriage settlements. I could have cheerfully murdered him as he sat in his chair so bright and cheerful, with the happiness of youth glowing in his face. Suddenly his face twitched, and he hastily put his hand to his brow.

"What is it?" I eagerly asked, hoping he might be going to be ill.

"Nothing—only neuralgia. I have suffered from it for years and have tried everything, and seen all the doctors; but to no avail. So now I make the best of it."

"So saying, he got up and took his leave, to go and make love—curse him!—to his fiancée.

"No one knows what days and nights I spent, although I worked until my body was aching; my brain would not let me sleep. I roamed up and down my room, planning impossible methods of revenge, only to see the futility of it all. The times are not suited for melodrama, and I could only watch and wait and wait.

"One morning I crawled down to the office feeling utterly done up and listlessly examined my correspondence. Among it I noted one from an old friend in Paris. Tossing the rest of the letters to the managing clerk I began to read my friend's long letter. Suddenly a paragraph in it seemed to stand before my eyes as if written in fire. It ran thus:

"You will, I know, be keenly interested in a marvelous discovery that Dr. Luys of this city has just made. He is our great authority on brain diseases and also dabbles in hypnotism and other kindred subjects.

"He has established beyond any doubt that it is possible to remove the delusions of an insane person—previously hypnotized—by means of a thin magnetized steel band worn around the patient's forehead for about a week. This is sufficiently marvelous, but is nothing to the fact that if a sane man or woman wears the band previously used by the lunatic the delusions of the latter pass in their entirety to the wearer, who becomes an echo in every action of his predecessor."

"At last! At last! Crushing the paper in my hand, I reveled in the exquisite revenge the letter revealed to me. My brain, preternaturally excited, in a few moments planned the whole scheme. Violently ringing my bell, I informed the clerk who came hurrying in that I had to go to Paris at once on urgent business. I told him to ask Sir Edward to meet me at the office in four days' time to finish the settlement, and I started at once for London en route for Paris.

"Fatigue was gone. Once more alert and active, I felt as if treading on air. On the journey I rehearsed and rehearsed the scheme I had planned out until I thought it perfect. I at once, on arrival, hastened to my friend's house and pretended that I had not received his letter. After breakfast he took me to Dr. Luys' clinic, and there I saw that the powers he laid claim to were indeed his. Selecting the neediest-looking of his assistants I gently touched him and drew him aside. In my best French I told him that if he came to my hotel that evening with the band just removed from the lunatic who had been relieved before my eyes, I would give him 2,500 francs, or £100. At first he would not listen, but at last he did, and I went back to my hotel, content. That evening I left Paris with my 'revenge' carefully packed in a small box. On arrival at my house I slept for twelve hours, a thing I had not done for weeks, and awoke ready to carry my scheme through.

"The following morning I was closeted with Berkley for some time, poring over deeds of title and old, musty documents. I purposely delayed, in order to fatigue him. Presently I saw the tell-tale contraction of his face, and I knew he was mine. Leaning across the table, I said:

"I had intended, Sir Edward, half ruining myself in giving you a wedding present; but I have altered my mind—I will cure your neuralgia instead."

"What?" said he, eagerly: "I'd give anything if you could; it's the only cross I have to bear."

"Well, I'll cure you on one condition."

"Name it—I'll do anything."

"That you give me your solemn word of honor not to disclose to anyone the method of cure."

"All right; only cure me."

"Well, I'll tell you, first, why you have had to promise. You must know that this office—that is, myself—is the repository of half the secrets of the town. This is because everyone thinks I am a model for solid common sense. Now, if you blurted out that I had advised you to use a half-spiritualistic, half-quackish remedy, why, my reputation as an embodiment of practical sense would be gone. I used myself to suffer from headaches, and do now, for that matter, and had tried every remedy that the doctors could suggest. At last I was persuaded to try a spiritualist, to whom I went at night. He gave me a thin band to wear whenever I had a headache, and he said it would relieve it if due to overwork, or ease it if due to neuralgia. It was to be worn for eight days constantly, and, to enable you to do it, I suggest that we both take a week's holiday and go to some small fishing village and try the treatment."

"I paused and waited with throbbing heart for his answer.

"How awfully good you are, Flint! I can never repay you for your kindness; I owe you more than I can tell already. Why, you introduced me to the loveliest—"

"Stay! stay! Don't begin that. I will arrange to start next Monday; will that suit you?"

"So it was agreed, and he left the office in high spirits, while I sat on and thought of Ethel, my wife in the future.

"In the little village of Ancorn I bound the fatal band round his forehead. I could not hypnotize him, but I felt sure that my intense desire for the success of the band would be as good as any other man's hypnotic power. And so it proved, for, on the eighth day, I found Sir Edward Berkley—Ethel's promised husband—in his bedroom, a gibbering lunatic. I at once secured the steel band, which was soon destroyed, and then summoned assistance. With great difficulty we had him removed to an asylum, and I went back to break the news to his fiancée.

I did it, I flatter myself, well, and then left her alone for a month. Then I gradually began once more to frequent the house, until I stood again in my old position. Berkley had been away for five months, and I thought the time had arrived to speak my mind to Ethel. I went one afternoon to see her, and, if possible, to win her. Sitting at her side, I was just going to speak, when I heard a step on the stair and turned round, and to my amazement saw Sir Edward Berkley himself. Then I saw all was over—a blind fury seemed to seize me. In a moment I was on him. 'Ah! I have you now—I have you at last!'"

With a bound Flint was upon me. I fought for my life, but fortunately assistance was at hand, and, fighting, yelling and struggling, the maniac was secured.

Over 85 per cent of the working people of this country are males.



## The Beauty of the Trees.

The landscape of northwestern Iowa and of Nebraska and of South Dakota has been wonderfully changed, as the early settlers will bear us out, by the planting of trees. It used to be that as far as the eye could see was one monotonous roll of prairie, and now as far as the eye can see, the landscape is dotted by groves, in the midst of which are villages and the homes of farmers. The trees are great contributors to the comfort of man and beast. They shelter from the heat of summer and from the storm of winter—and the old settlers recognize the change as the later comers cannot.

The influence of trees is important. They are beautiful, especially so in such a year as this, and they stimulate love of the beautiful; and so to match the trees we have the well kept lawns, the fringes of flowers, the climbing vines—the beautiful homes. Nature is kind to us all—kind to the poor. What the rich do in conjunction with nature they cannot hide away for their exclusive enjoyment. It is something in which we all have a sort of co-partnership. The lightest taxes we know of are those assessed by nature. It makes itself beautiful if left alone, out on the sweeps of prairie, which it sprinkles with wild flowers, and along the tangled banks of the water courses, where trees and vines and wild fruits are grown without the intervention of man's help.

In such a place as Sioux City, where the homes of the people are not crowded, the family having little but the patch of ground with a roof can make the place lovely with a creeping vine, flowers here and there, and a tree or two which will rise as grandly and spread its sheltering arms as far on ground belonging to the humble or the poor as on ground belonging to the proud and the rich.

The smaller towns and the country have compensations that crowded cities cannot know. It is a wonderfully good thing to own your own home, and, owning it, to have pride in it, and to make manifest your love of it by making it beautiful.

There are many ways of rendering public service, which in the main, is closely identified with service of ourselves, but there is no way that is better, so universally within the reach of people of whom we are speaking, as this way of trees, and grass and vines and flowers at home.—Sioux City Journal.

## A Fruit House.

In some localities it is rather difficult to secure a good cellar without considerable work. Often draining by digging a trench is necessary; and when this is the case it will often pay to build a fruit house above the ground, rather than to run the risk of water flooding in and damaging the fruit and vegetables. A fruit house, if well built, so as to be frost-proof, is much more convenient than a cellar in many ways, but good care must be taken in doing the work if good results are to be secured.

Two by six inch studding will be the best; that is, not less than this should be used. They can be placed two feet apart, and it is usually best to brace the corners. Eight feet is plenty high, and in most cases six will be sufficient. It should be built close to the ground, so that it can be banked up readily on all sides. On the outside rough boards can be nailed on first, and over that a layer of tarred paper or heavy straw carefully weather-boarded.

When it can be done, it will be best to fill the space between the studding with sawdust, taking care to fill in tightly. Rough boards can be nailed on the inside, and over this tarred paper should again be tacked.

Overhead a tight layer of off boards should be put and on them a good layer of sawdust. A chimney, or place for ventilation, should be provided. Care should be taken to make tight; the door and ventilation should be all the openings. Good, close-fitting doors, one to open outside and one inside, will help. Boxes or bins should be built inside and about four inches away from the wall. This will give air space between the wall and the fruit. To make doubly sure, an old stove set in the room in which a little fire may be made in the severest weather, will be found a benefit, as a very little fire will lessen very materially the danger of damage. A house of this kind, in a winter like the last one, will keep fruit and vegetables without freezing, but in winters such as we sometimes have a little fire will be necessary.—Fruit Growers' Journal.

More than 400 Plant Perfumes.—It is an interesting thing to know that 4,200 species of plants are gathered and used for commercial purposes in Europe. Of these 420 have a perfume that is pleasing and enters largely into the manufacture of scents, soaps and sachets. There are more species of white flowers gathered than of any other color—1,124. Of these 187 have an agreeable scent, an extraordinary large proportion. Next in order come yellow blossoms, with 951, 77 of them being perfumed. Red flowers number 823, of which 84 are scented.—Ex.

According to the eleventh census, the estimated value of all the farm products raised in this country in 1889 was \$2,460,107,454.

The Delaware legislature has appointed a commission to visit all peach orchards in the state and destroy all trees affected by the yellows.

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FOR SALE AT MARKET PRICE.

In car-load lots for cash, or on three to six months' time. Call on  
A. McCoy, Walter V. Porter, or on James McDonald, at Marlboro.

## ALFRED M'COY.

## Notice to Non-Residents.

STATE OF INDIANA, COUNTY OF JASPER, ss.—In Jasper Circuit Court. To October Term, 1895.

Magdalena O'Donnell et al. vs. Thomas W. Fairchild et al.—No. 3963.  
Be it remembered that on the 19th day of September, 1895, the above named plaintiffs, by Thompson & Bro., their attorneys, filed in the office of the clerk of said court their complaint against said defendants and their affidavits of a competent person, that said defendants, to-wit: Thomas W. Fairchild and Mary Fairchild his wife, Emma E. Dunlap and John R. Dunlap her husband, Horace W. Fairchild, Junior, James L. Adams and Mrs. Adams his wife, and Mrs. Adams widow of said James L. Adams, Dean K. Fenner and Mrs. Fenner his wife, and Mrs. Fenner widow of said Dean K. Fenner, Josiah M. Fiske and Mrs. Fiske his wife, and Mrs. Fiske widow of said Josiah M. Fiske, Edward A. Biden and Mrs. Biden his wife, and Mrs. Biden widow of said Edward A. Biden, Robert Perry and Mrs. Perry his wife, and Mrs. Perry widow of said Robert Perry, and all of the unknown heirs, devisees and legatees of each and every of the said defendants are non-residents of the State of Indiana and said non-resident defendants are hereby notified of the pendency of said suit and that said cause will stand for trial at the October Term, 1895, to-wit: On the 9th day of November, 1895, and said defendants will appear at the Court House in Rensselaer, Indiana, and answer or demur to said complaint or the same will be heard in your absence.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, affixed at office in Rensselaer, Ind. this 19th day of September, 1895.

WM. H. COOVER,

Clerk of the Jasper Circuit Court.

THOMPSON & BRO., Plasterers' Attorneys.

## A New Juvenile Magazine.

A new monthly illustrated magazine for young people has just been started by Frank Leslie's Publishing House. It is called Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours for Boys and Girls, and is in every way equal to the best publications of its kind, although the price is but 10 cents. The first number (October) contains the opening chapters of a serial story for boys by Edward S. Ellis, and one for girls by Jeanette H. Walworth. There are short stories by Oliver Optic and Rebecca Harding Davis; a football story by Henry E. Haydock; bicycle stories by Max I. Harvey and A. L. Millet; an article giving some "Hints on Trapping," by F. L. Oswald; a paper telling how to turn a heap of rubbish into pretty ornaments, by Adele Beard; several illustrated poems and practical descriptions of novel tricks, games and puzzles. The editor of the new magazine is Frank Lee Farnell, who has been connected with Frank Leslie's Publishing House for a number of years, and who thoroughly understands what will please and interest the young people.

## Cash for Poultry.

Highest prices paid for poultry, eggs, veal, etc., at my newly-opened place north of railroad near depot. JOHN F. MCCOLLY.

## POPULAR WANTS.

Advertisements of four lines or less will be inserted under this heading for twenty-five cents per month—such as Help Wanted, Farms for Sale, Houses to Rent, Lost, Found, Pasturage, Situations Wanted and Wants of all kinds.

ORGAN—Nearly new, will be sold very cheap; part payment down, balance on easy terms; it is a first-class instrument and very little used. Call or address Pilot office.

LAND FOR SALE. Eighty acres of as choice land as lies in Jasper county can be purchased for \$50 per acre—eight miles southwest of Rensselaer, in Jordan township. All tiled; good new frame house, well, wind mill and comfortable stock buildings. Inquire at this office.

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