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A

# MAGICIAN'S TOUR

UP AND DOWN AND ROUND ABOUT  
THE EARTH.

BEING THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF THE AMERICAN NOSTRADAMUS.

HARRY KELLAR.

EDITED BY HIS FAITHFUL "FAMILIAR,"

"SATAN, JUNIOR."

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TO  
THE HONORABLE MR. FREDERIC CONDÉ WILLIAMS  
OF THE SUPREME COURT OF MAURITIUS,  
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,  
BY  
THE AUTHOR



# CONTENTS.

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CHAPTER.	PAGE.
I.—START IN LIFE, . . . . .	9
II.—THE BULL FIGHT, . . . . .	20
III.—TRIUMPHAL TOUR THROUGH MEXICO, . . . . .	28
IV.—IN THE ROLE OF PROPHET, . . . . .	38
V.—THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA, . . . . .	43
VI.—AROUND THE HORN, . . . . .	51
VII.—SHIPWRECK AND REVERSES, . . . . .	56
VIII.—FIRST BOW IN THE COLONIES, . . . . .	59
IX.—DINING WITH THE MAHARAJAH, . . . . .	67
X.—BOAR HUNT IN JAVA, . . . . .	73
XI.—THE CITY OF SHANGHAI, . . . . .	82
XII.—AT THE COURT OF AVA, . . . . .	88
XIII.—THE SPIRITUALIST EXCITEMENT, . . . . .	94
XIV.—IN THE PUNJAUB, . . . . .	105
XV.—IN BOMBAY, . . . . .	111
XVI.—THE JUGGLERS OF INDIA, . . . . .	114
XVII.—IN AFRICA, . . . . .	121
XVIII.—HARD LUCK TURNS, . . . . .	131
XIX.—BEFORE HER MAJESTY, . . . . .	140
XX.—KIMBERLEY DIAMOND FIELDS, . . . . .	148
XXI.—SUBSTITUTE FOR JAILS, . . . . .	152
XXII.—CHINESE GORDON, . . . . .	160
XXIII.—AMONG THE KANGAROOS, . . . . .	174
XXIV.—"JOHNNY NEWSKY," . . . . .	185
XXV.—THE ELEPHANT HUNT, . . . . .	190
XXVI.—IN NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA, . . . . .	197
XXVII.—KELLAR AND SPIRITUALISM, . . . . .	207
XXVIII.—AT HIS OLD HOME, . . . . .	212

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

---

THE BULL FIGHT, - . . . . .	15
FOREST SCENE IN PERU, . . . . .	23
THE PALM TREE, - . . . . .	27
A GATE OF MANDALAY, - . . . . .	31
RAPID TRANSIT IN MEXICO, . . . . .	37
VIEW OF MANDALAY, CAPITAL OF BURMAH, . . . . .	39
KING THEBAW AND HIS TWO QUEENS, - . . . . .	47
THE KING'S PAGODA, MANDALAY, - . . . . .	55
THE SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT, MANDALAY, - . . . . .	63
COSTUME OF BURMESE AMBASSADORS, - . . . . .	71
THE SLAUGHTER-GATE AT LUCKNOW, - . . . . .	79
THE TAJ-MAHAL AT AGRA, - . . . . .	87
ROYAL PALACE AT MANDALAY, - . . . . .	91
THE SNAKE-CHARMER OF INDIA, - . . . . .	101
VIEW OF CAIRO, EGYPT, - . . . . .	109
FOREST SCENE, ISLAND OF MAURITIUS, - . . . . .	117
THE WHITE TERRACE, - . . . . .	125
THE PINK TERRACE, - . . . . .	133
A KANGAROO HUNT IN AUSTRALIA, - . . . . .	139
A ZULU KRAAL, - . . . . .	143
SCENES IN THE STREETS OF HEOGO, JAPAN, - . . . . .	151
LADIES OF CEYLON, - . . . . .	157
AN ELEPHANT HUNT—CEYLON, - . . . . .	163
VALETTA, THE CAPITAL OF MALTA, - . . . . .	169
THE PHAROS AT ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, - . . . . .	175
NEAR HAY, NEW SOUTH WALES, - . . . . .	177
SCENE NEAR LAUNCESTON, TASMANIA, - . . . . .	181
A GYMPIE MINER, - . . . . .	183
GRAVES OF THE CALEPHS, - . . . . .	193

# A MAGICIAN'S TOUR.

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## CHAPTER I.

### START IN LIFE.

“Come lithe and listen, gentles, to me,  
And I'll rede ye a lay of grammarye.”

So years ago sang good honest Thomas Ingoldsby, the venerable and good humored pillar of the Anglican Church, whose words have delighted generation after generation since the worthy Dean himself was laid away with his forbears in the odor of sanctity. That which is to follow in these pages is not indeed a tale by any means as gruesome or hair-raising as the legend of the Spectre Drummer Boy of Salisbury Plain, or that of Blondie Jacke of Shrewsbury; it is merely the simple narration of certain incidents in the life of an American “Wizard” who, whilst honestly confessing that he is not in league with any spirits whatever, red or white, black or gray, goes on night after night producing illusions that either Nostradamus, or Ruggieri, or even the awful Merlin himself would assuredly have been unable to do, with all their charms and incantations. Added to this the subject of this sketch, having circumnavigated the globe a baker's dozen or so of times, has had a good many perilous adventures by flood and field, the relation of some of which may serve to while away an idle hour to such of his countrymen and women who happen to chance upon this screed in the hap-hazard reading of light literature. It may be

surmised that this "yarn" can be commenced without any one feeling that awful necessity of prosecuting it to the bitter end, which accompanies the perusal of the ordinary every-day novel. It is like a modern farce—you can begin at the end or in the middle, and the effect is equally pleasing.

The above is intended as an ingenious means of deluding people into reading a preface, who would "skip" it directly if the word "Preface" were printed on the top in big letters. But as a junior devil I am naturally of an antic disposition, and so may be easily imagined to be sitting on my reader's shoulder grinning, and girding, and mopping, and mowing heartily at the success of my device.

Being after all a good natured devil, and not desirous of anything but fun and true enjoyment of mankind, I will at once seriously begin what I have to say, which is to tell what I know of the life and adventures on this planet of the master whom I have served so long and so faithfully, and whose obedient "familiar" I am.

Well, then, my master's name, that is the name by which he is known to all, even to good people down here (or up here) is Harry Kellar, who is known wherever the English language is spoken, and in a great many places where it is not. Of course, everybody in these United States is perfectly aware of the bitter controversy that has raged for many years amongst very learned pundits, as to whether Kellar is an actual, ordinary, every-day man, with a bald head and an amiable disposition, as he appears to the casual observer, or whether his plump and pleasing person is merely an attractive mask which covers the foul proportions of an intimate chum of the monarch of the place we never mention. The way in which the strife on this question continues, and occasionally waxes more and more dangerously virulent, amuses me, as I of course happen to know amongst the multitude of things

with which I am acquainted, that Harry Kellar came into the world in the way usually adopted by ordinary mortals. He was in fact born in the little Town of Erie, in Pennsylvania, in the scorching days of the summer of the year 1849. Thus he was manifestly too young to be one of the California pioneers, who were by tradition bound to arrive in the land of El Dorado in the fall of '49, or the spring of '50 at latest, but he has all the same picked up some of the stray nuggets which he found lying loose around there on the occasion of his several visits. My master chose this obscure town to be born in with set purpose. All great men are born in out-of-the-way places, as no doubt you have noticed. You, yourself, who read this for instance, unless, as is not impossible, you, worshipful sir, are a royal personage and so born "in the purple" under palace roof, reflect fame upon the comparatively remote place where you first opened your baby eyes upon this lunatic world.

My master's father was a sturdy early settler of Erie. In fact he lives there yet. He was a quiet, honest, law-abiding creature, whose aspirations for his boy consisted in educating him as well as he knew how, and giving him a trade. Fancy, *a trade* for such a one as my master, a being who would not quail even in the awful presence of great Hermes himself! The notion was absurd, but the good man, Papa Kellar, wasn't to be blamed. How should he know by instinct the mighty destiny of his offspring? So he apprenticed him to a village compounder of drugs. Heavens! what fun he had, and what a life the druggist led. He didn't know the properties of all the drugs by intuition, but he soon learned them, though it was rather an expensive study in more ways than one. He found out quickly how to compound one of those draughts they so commonly send us labelled "*haustus catharticus, etc.*," and was accounted a very promising youth. He wasn't satisfied with the daily routine of his work at Dr. Squills' drug store, but was

forever making surreptitious experiments, which occasionally were attended with serious results. For instance, one day he charged a copper vessel with soda and sulphuric acid, and the result was a terrible explosion, that knocked a hole through the office floor overhead, and very nearly sent one of the proprietors heavenward. This experience, and the sharp reminder he received from his employer, convinced him that the drug business was neither healthful nor profitable to a youth of his bent, and he decided to shake the dust of Erie from off his feet. There is a good deal of dust in Erie. The Fates and an accommodating freight train were propitious, and within the next few days Erie had lost a druggist's apprentice, and New York City had gained a newsboy. Young Kellar did not long remain on the streets of New York, however. He wasn't of the material which is content to vegetate even in the Metropolis. His bright face, his energy, and his winning way soon attracted the attention of Rev. Robert Harcourt, an English clergyman, whose kind heart prompted him to take a personal interest in the little Arab. It was a turning point in young Kellar's career. He went with the good clergyman, and was finally adopted by him, and taken away to Canandaigua, N.Y. Mr. Harcourt became very much attached to his young *protégé*. He placed him under the care of a competent private tutor, with the intention of preparing him for the Church. Mr. Harcourt's intentions were good, but his hopes were not destined to be fulfilled. The youth had no ambition to take holy orders. He felt restless under the restraint that was imposed upon him. He wanted liberty, freedom; he wanted to see the world. No parent could have been kinder to him than was his adopted father, but the attempt to force his inclinations had the effect of making the career that had been chosen for him more distasteful than it otherwise would have been.

Young Kellar had seen an occasional sleight-of-hand performer, and the wonders which these wandering



illusionists performed inspired him with the desire to go and do likewise. He decided to become a prestidigitateur, if possible; and when a healthy, hearty, clear-headed boy comes to such a determination, the world is apt to be the gainer. Soon after this he saw an advertisement in a Buffalo paper, to the effect that the Fakir of Ava, a well-known conjurer, wanted a boy to travel with him, and learn to be a magician. This was touching fire to lightwood. Young Kellar was in a blaze of excitement in a moment. He determined to apply for the place, and with him, even then, to decide was to act. He at once set out for Buffalo, and went to the Fakir's residence, a magnificent country-seat about two miles out of the city. When he entered the yard, the Fakir's little black-and-tan dog jumped at him in a friendly way, and showed great delight at the meeting.

The Fakir soon appeared, and after he had talked with the boy for a short time, said: "I have had about one hundred and fifty applications for the place, but that little dog has shown great animosity to every boy that entered the gate until you came. You are the first one he has made friends with. I will give you a trial."

Of course there are plenty of people who will think that all this was mere chance, and the Fakir (who, by the way, was not in the least like one of the tribe who go by that name now-a-days, and are to be found by the score on Union Square, New York), would have taken any other nice, chubby-faced boy that might have happened to suit the fancy of the black-and-tan dog. You and I, dear reader, know better, and are quite aware that the whole business was arranged by that peculiar "Kismet," or supernatural power, that guides the uncertain footsteps of embryo nineteenth century magicians.

Anyhow, in this way my master began his career, as a sort of acolyte or imp to that celebrated necro-

mancer, known as the Fakir of Ava. To this day he cherishes the memory of that little black-and-tan dog, as that of a very dear friend. In speaking of this eventful period of his life, Mr. Kellar long afterward said: "I have never had occasion to regret the step I then took, for the dear old Fakir, who is now (1886) living in retirement in Detroit, Mich., is, and always has been, one of my best and truest friends."

After having traveled for several seasons with the Fakir, and with him visiting nearly every part of the United States, my master concluded to start out on his own account. He told the Fakir what he intended to do, and the kind old man gave him a good outfit of apparatus, at the same time saying: "There is no use advising you not to go on the road, since you are determined to do it. So go forth, and may you prosper." The neophyte went forth, but did not prosper to any great extent for some time.

He made his first essays in small towns in Michigan, barely earning money enough to pay his expenses. He pluckily kept going, however, until he reached South Bend, Ind. There he met a man named Baily, who made a proposition to act as his manager. The new-found friend was plausible and smooth-spoken, and an agreement was speedily arrived at. Baily took charge of the box-office, and left town between two days, taking with him the entire receipts, and leaving poor Kellar without money with which to pay the bills. The result was that the sheriff attached all of his apparatus, and left him with nothing but the clothes he wore.

Our magician now knew for the first time what it was to be "stranded" in a strange town. But he was not the kind of a man to give up. He walked out of South Bend in a snow storm, and followed the railroad track to a station called Salem Crossing. There he boarded a freight train, and the conductor kindly allowed him to ride free to Chicago. Once in the



THE BULL FIGHT, HAVANA.

Garden City, he proceeded directly to the Chicago & North-Western Railway station, and got on a passenger train bound for Milwaukee. His intention was to "work" the conductor for a free ride, but that individual was obdurate, and he put the crest-fallen magician off the train at Rose Hill, one of Chicago's burying grounds.

There was a significance in this fact that would have had a depressing effect on most people, but Kellar had no intention of laying his magical ambition in the grave just then. He settled down for a walk to Waukegan, and after many weary hours' tramp through the snow, during which he counted the telegraph poles along the line, and discovered that there were just twenty-seven to the mile, he arrived safely, but foot-sore and weary, at his destination. He immediately called on the proprietor of Phoenix Hall, and after a pleasant chat with him, flattered his vanity by praising the brilliant fancy that had led him to pitch upon the name "Phoenix," for a place that had been built over the ashes of another hall. The proprietor became very gracious, and purred softly like a cat, when the conjurer proposed to hire the hall for the next two nights. The old fellow did not forget to mention, however, that his rule was to have the rent strictly in advance. Mr. Kellar was once more very complimentary, and it was finally agreed that the question of rent should stand over until 8 o'clock on the evening of the first performance. My master was young in those days, and sanguine, and felt sure that by that time there would be enough money in the box-office to pay the rent. He then went and ordered a quantity of flaming hand-bills, announcing the show, and thereafter called on the state assessor to arrange about his license. At that time, (1867) a United States license of \$20 per year, or a proportionate sum for a fractional part of a year, had to be paid by every entertainment of that kind. My master gave the assessor a number

of free tickets, and ascertained that the license for the portion of the year still to run would be about \$4. Of course he was just as well able to pay \$4,000. However, he put a bold face on the matter, and asked the functionary to make out the receipt. The assessor was very busy at the time, and asked the magician to call in the afternoon. This suited the case exactly. My master told the assessor that he would be rushed to death with work up to the very moment of his appearance, and he asked him to send his collector to the box-office on the evening of the entertainment. In view of the number of free tickets he had accepted, the assessor could not well refuse, and so that matter was settled.

But all was not plain sailing yet. Upon returning to the printing office for his hand-bills, a bill for \$10 was handed to him, with the reminder that they always received pay in advance. My master told the proprietor that he hadn't a cent in the world, but that he had good prospects, and was honest. The Waukeganer was a little bit incredulous, but even at that advanced age—he was at that time only nineteen—my master could with ease perform the curious feat known as “talking the hind leg off a donkey,” and so he soon gained his point, and the announcements, and started out to stick them up all over the place himself. No one seemed to suspect that the smooth-faced youth was agent, proprietor, and artist rolled in one.

There was at the hotel a very persevering lightning-rod man, who was selling shares in a new company that had been started for the purpose of manufacturing a copper-pointed lightning-rod. The shares were nominally fifty dollars each, and he had found quite a number of subscribers, the most enthusiastic of them all being the landlord of the hotel. This agent offered four shares in his concern for the first night's receipts, saying that the shares would soon be above par, and that there would be a good profit on the investment.

Kellar said he didn't care to sell out for stock in this company, although he had no doubt it would be a good investment, but that if the agent would give him two shares and sixty dollars in cash, he would hand over the first night's returns. To these terms the lightning-rod man consented. About this time, Mr. Kellar considered a bird in hand worth a million in the bush. He sold the two shares to the landlord for fifty dollars, which sum, together with the sixty dollars in cash he had before received, made him feel that he was the richest man in the world. He certainly was then one of the happiest. He immediately called on the printer and paid his bill with all the dignity of a millionaire. He next went to the assessor's office and paid the license, and he also paid the hall rent for the two nights in advance.

Up to this time it had not occurred to him how he was going to give the entertainment, his time having all been taken up in arranging the business matters. Now that everything looked bright, he prepared for the performance. He procured some tin disks from the tinsmith for the "Aerial Treasury," got a pack of cards for card tricks, ordered two tin cups for the coffee and milk trick, procured three candle boxes, and covered them with white paper so that they looked quite neat, and in place of strips of blue and white paper used saw-dust, of which there was an abundance in the hall. He arranged an ordinary champagne bottle for the bottle trick, and used a small kitten instead of a Guinea pig. In this way he managed to provide quite an interesting entertainment.

In one of his tricks he borrowed a ring, apparently destroying it. He then produced an envelope addressed to some prominent person in the audience, and inside this envelope would be found another envelope addressed to some one else, and so on for ten or twelve changes, each cover, of course, being smaller than the one enclosing it. The very last envelope contained

the borrowed ring, perfectly restored. On this occasion, he had obtained the names of several prominent persons, which he wrote on the envelopes prepared for the trick. When he asked to borrow a ring, a very pretty little lady, with snapping black eyes, handed him a small band with a solitaire diamond setting. He made a few remarks about some conjurers using cumbersome apparatus, whereas he depended entirely on the dexterity of his hands to accomplish his wonders. He scorned to use apparatus (for the best reason in the world, he had none to use), and calling a small boy on the stage, he gave him what appeared to be the borrowed ring. There was no scenery, and at the back of the stage there were three windows. Under these windows flowed a stream of water. Mr. Kellar told the lad to throw the ring out of the window into the stream. He then produced the prepared envelopes. The first name was called. A gentleman stood up, opened the flap, and read the name on the next cover, and so the package passed to about ten different persons. Of course when it came to the last one, Mr. Kellar intended to say, "There you will find the borrowed ring." Imagine his surprise and delight, when, on the last name being called, the little lady who had so kindly loaned the ring, arose. He told her to open the envelope and she would find her ring within. There was a dead silence for a moment, and then the magician was greeted with rounds of loud and prolonged applause. The lady belonged to one of the first families of the town, and it was without pre-arrangement that she loaned her ring, and that her name appeared on the last envelope. Mr. Kellar didn't know who the persons were that were on his list for the trick. He only knew that they were in the audience, as he had requested the doorkeeper to give him the names of some of the leading people in the hall, and Miss W's appeared among the rest. It was the best trick

he ever performed, and it brought him a crowded house for the following night.

He had a heavy pocket, a light heart, and was in high spirits at the favorable turn his fortunes appeared to have taken. Of course all this good luck was to be set down to the credit of the young lady with black eyes. She was his "genius of the ring."

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE BULL FIGHT.

From Waukegan, my master went to LaCrosse, Wisconsin, where he met the Davenport Brothers & Fay. Spiritual Mediums. He joined them, first as assistant, then as agent, and afterwards as business manager. He travelled with them over the greater part of the United States (including California) and Canada, over the Continent of Europe, through Russia, via Riga, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Nijni-Novgorod and Odessa; thence back again to the United States. In the summer of 1871, he piloted them through Texas. They travelled all over that State in wagons. There was no railroad beyond Hearne then, and their route was from Galveston to Houston, Columbus, San Antonio, Austin, Lampasas Springs, Dallas, and Shreveport, and thence by boat down the river to New Orleans.

From Lampasas to Dallas the road ran through a very wild country, and there had been considerable trouble with the Comanche Indians in that section. They had made several raids on the cattle ranches. One morning as my master was quietly jogging along (two days in advance of the company) over a rolling prairie, he heard whooping and yelling behind him, as



if pandemonium had broken loose. He turned, and to his horror, saw three Indians riding toward him from different directions. They were coming on at full tilt, and when they saw him whipping his horse, they yelled all the more. He had no arms, and he felt that the chase would very likely be a short one. He expected every moment to have a bullet crash through his skull, and he was mentally picturing himself scalped and left as food for the vultures. Suddenly, at the top of a rise, he saw a large herd of cattle, and a number of white cowboys, who took in the situation at a glance. They had a hearty laugh at Mr. Kellar's expense, for the Indians were also cowboys, belonging to the same gang, and they had been scouring the country in search of stray cattle. He was a long time in getting over his agitation, and his poor pony was so injured in his breathing, that he was never good for anything afterward.

In the spring of 1873, Prof. Fay and Mr. Kellar left the Davenport Brothers, and formed the combination known as "Fay & Kellar." They travelled through Canada that summer. In the fall they took a tour through the Southern States, going through Florida to Key West, where they were "stranded" for lack of funds. There Mr. Kellar became acquainted with Captain McKay, the proprietor of a cattle steamer running from Tampa, via Key West, to Havana. He also became intimately acquainted with Capt. Cushing, U. S. N. Captain McKay offered Mr. Kellar a passage to Cuba, telling him that there was a splendid opening for him there, and promising that if Mr. Kellar could make no satisfactory arrangements, he would bring him back to Key West. Mr. Kellar went with him, leaving Mr. Fay at Key West awaiting results. Upon arriving at Havana, Mr. Kellar called on Senor Albisu, and made a contract with him for a tour of the entire Island of Cuba, to play in the principal theaters. Mr. Kellar sent for Fay and the baggage, and they com-

menced operations at the Albisu Theater, in Havana. The Lucca-DeMurska Opera Company were then singing at the Tacon Theater. The Kellar & Fay receipts the first night were over \$3,000. The Governor General occupied a box, and paid for it like a man and a soldier, and this doubtless contributed much to the success of the venture.

At this time my master was not familiar with the Spanish language. He knew German well, and had a fair knowledge of Latin, but these accomplishments did not help him much among the descendants of the Old Castilians. The usual way in such cases is to hire an interpreter, but the man available for the work, demanded three hundred dollars a night, and in other respects, seemed to imagine himself the principal feature of the show. Then came out that spirit of splendid independence, which animated Kellar's ancestors at Concord and Lexington. He could not brook the idea of giving himself up altogether to the mercies of an interpreter, who might not, improbably, say all sorts of things that, to put it mildly, would be directly contrary to the facts. He determined to be his own interpreter. Being always apt in this regard, he had all his speeches written out in good colloquial Spanish, and carefully committed them to memory.

His knowledge of Latin assisted him materially, in at once comprehending what he was talking about. As a matter of fact, this scheme added to the attractiveness of the entertainment. His Spanish was good enough to make every person in the audience understand him, and it was at times bad enough to be very funny. It was not long before he could speak the language fluently. Thereafter Mr. Kellar always depended upon himself to do his own talking. Whenever he finds it necessary to address an audience, with whose language he is unfamiliar, he recalls his Cuban experience, and gets out of his difficulty in the same way. He now speaks with perfect ease North American,



FOREST SCENE IN PERU.

See page 44.

English, French, Spanish, German, Italian, Fiji, Tamil, Mahratta, Arabic, and of course Pennsylvania Dutch. Besides these, he has enough knowledge of Scandinavian, to get along with an audience in Stockholm, or Copenhagen; is entirely at home with the peasants in Brittany, and has a sufficient acquaintance with the Romaic, to enable him to pass for a Romany Rye.

While in Havana, Mr. Kellar attended a bull fight at the Plaza de Torros. The Plaza is an enormous circular building, or coliseum, with an immense ring in the center, and seats ranged in tiers around the sides, like a circus. It was a magnificent afternoon. The sun shone brightly; the intense blueness of the sky was flecked with fleecy white clouds, and the faintest suspicion of a breeze toyed lightly with the costly laces of the dark-eyed Cuban beauties. The Plaza was crowded with the elite and fashion of the city. It was super-crowded by the throng of the lower classes, whose eager faces testified to their love of the national sport.

They had not long to wait. Precisely at the hour named for the beginning of the sport, the *Juez*, or Judge, gave a signal, and a clamorous bugle-call summoned the *Torreros*. A gay looking lot they were, tricked out in their bright and gaudy costumes. Some were mounted on horse-back, armed with sharply pointed poles, others were on foot, and brandished flags and banderillas.

They salute the judge and audience. All retire save the mounted *picadores*. A large gate is clumsily flung open. There is an instant's pause, then dashes into the ring an enormous Spanish bull. Around the Plaza runs a murmur of admiring applause. What a superbly magnificent brute! A tawny massive head, strong, sturdy shoulders, and madly enraged, wicked eyes! He hesitates a moment, then throws up his head, as if in disdain of the gaping multitude, and

makes a wild dash at one of the horsemen. The picador quickly wheels his sorry looking steed to one side, and receives the bull with his pointed pole. 'Tis only an insignificant prick, scarcely drawing the blood, but it thoroughly maddens the enraged animal. He turns so rapidly that the picador has no chance of escape. A savage, headlong dash, and the unfortunate horse is disemboweled, and the rider thrown heavily to the ground. He is evidently injured, for he makes an awkward effort to arise. Poor devil! He will never again flaunt his gaily decked lance. A mad rush, a low, shuddering sound, a human being is tossed high in the air, and the white horns of the bull flash to the bright sunshine the red life blood of their victim. The excitement is intense. The vast audience has risen to its feet, and as the body of the picador falls limply to the ground, their pent-up feelings find a vent in savage "Bravo Torro," "Bravo Torro!" ("Well done, bull!" "Well done, bull!")

The animal looks wonderingly around, as though satisfied with its bloody work. The pause is taken advantage of. Man and beast, dead picador and dead horse are drawn from the ring. The ground is cleaned. The audience resume their seats, and the sport proceeds.

A very sprightly looking youth now bounds lightly into the ring. In his hands are two sticks, barb-pointed, and frilled with white paper. With a stick in either hand, he walks up directly in front of the bull. The animal gazes curiously at this new adversary, seemingly at a loss what to make of him. But only for an instant. The massive head is lowered, and the animal dashes madly forward. The youth flinches not an iota, and just as one imagines that the bull is upon him, he steps nimbly to one side, and adroitly, but oh! how firmly and accurately, implants his sticks, one upon either shoulder of the animal. Then he sends a

quick but graceful salute to the beauty and fashion ranged above him, and runs for shelter behind one of the many safety shields that surround the ring.

Now comes the *matador*. He is conscious that the eyes of the city are upon him. His head is thrown high in the air, his bearing is proud and erect, and he carries his sword with the grace of a Roman gladiator. In his left hand is a red flag. The bull eyes his new foe distrustfully. He is no longer on the aggressive. But the *matador* knows his quarry. He brandishes his red flag across the bull's eyes. He gradually works the animal into a fierce passion. It dashes at its tormentor. But the *matador* quickly steps aside, leaving the bull to toss the flag high over its horns. This baiting is repeated for a few times. Then the audience, wearying of such harmless sport yell loudly, "kill, kill."

Now the *matador* almost imperceptibly draws himself together. He approaches the bull, stands directly in front of him, and waves the tantalizing red flag. The bull hesitates at this new form of attack. The delay is fatal. With a sudden lunge the *matador* thrusts his unerring sword between the shoulders of the animal, the blade passing through the heart and out on the other side of the body. The huge beast falls on its front legs. The massive head is thrown up once in a last proud defiance, then falls, and the dark blood spurts in torrents from the gaping wound. The crowd yells itself hoarse with delight. And the *matador* retires, the proudest man in that vast course.

Four splendid mules, gaily caparisoned, with many colored ribbons braided in their manes and tails, are now brought into the arena and fastened to the dead beast. They drag it once around the course, and every neck is craned to get a glimpse of the *torro*, which fought so hard for its life. Then, amid blowing of

bugles, the mules and their load disappear, the ground is cleansed, room is made for, and the crowd await, the next victim.

Bull fights take place in Havana every Thursday and Sunday afternoon.



THE PALM TREE.

## CHAPTER III.

## TRIUMPHAL TOUR THROUGH MEXICO.

After their brilliant success in Havana, Messrs. Kellar & Fay made a triumphal tour through Cuba, and in March, 1874, sailed for Mexico, on board the Royal Mail Steamship Eider. Their first stopping place was Vera Cruz. It was there my master was initiated into a new degree of the ways not only of Mexico, but of the world. The theater, where their entertainment was given, had a gallery with an entrance away from that which led to the main body of the house. Of course a magician can do almost anything, but he could not, as his associate was not built on the plan of the famous bird of Sir Boyle Roche, arrange to take money at two widely separated doors at the same time. The spirit was all right, but the flesh was in the way, so a native of good promise was installed at the gallery door. By actual count the occupants of the gallery numbered 261, but the Mexican door-keeper insisted that 47 only had been admitted, and that was all the money he would account for. Kellar was so nettled, by being thus tricked by a Greaser, that he never afterward would trust one of them in a similar position. The Vera Cruzan's dishonesty was too monumental to be relished even by a professional deceiver.

Vera Cruz is a delightful place to emigrate from. It is a sleepy old Mexican city, where, if one were tired of life, didn't mind mosquitoes, and were content to live on *frijoles* and *mescal*, and sleep one's days away, existence might be supportable. To a soul with a love of the beautiful, there is one thing in Vera Cruz that is an eternal joy, and at which, like the Falls of Niagara,

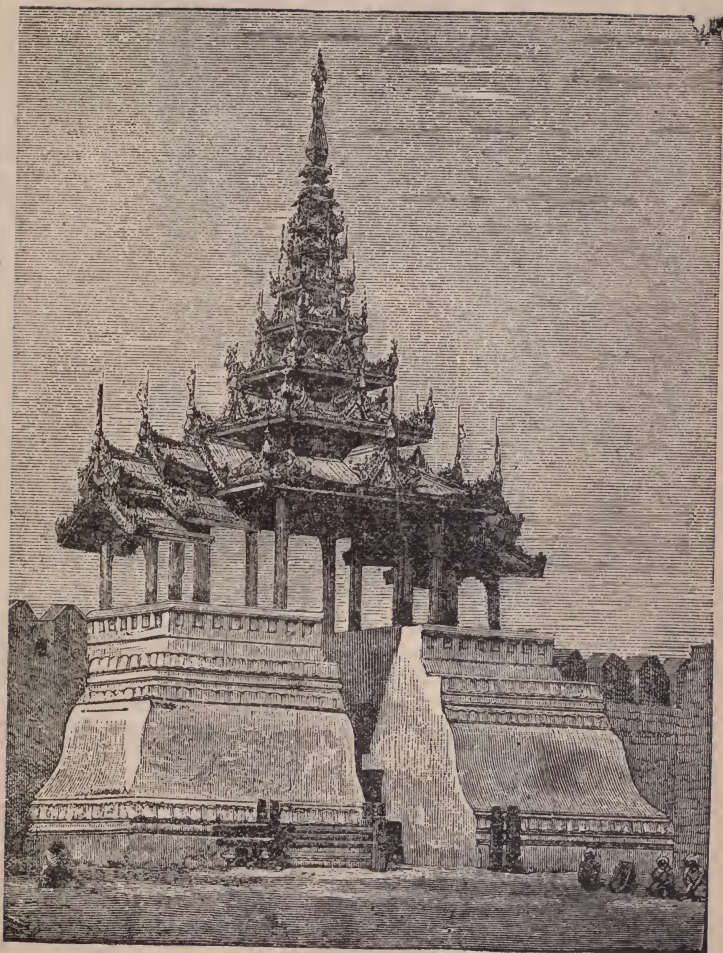


the more one gazes the more one is enraptured. This is Orizaba, mighty, magnificent Orizaba, whose grand snow-capped head can be seen one hundred miles out at sea, when approaching the city of the True Cross. I think there is nothing grander in nature than the tall crest of Orizaba, bathed in roseate light, towering majestically above the clouds at sunrise. Benignant and beautiful, it seems the guardian spirit of the bright land of the Montezumas, which, as a sententious Yankee once very aptly observed, "is one of the fairest spots on earth, only the inhabitants are so obstinate and lazy that they won't carry out the intentions of the Almighty concerning it." I once sat for hours on the veranda of the hotel at Santa Anna in the Café Major, in Vera Cruz, gazing at Orizaba, with a fascination that took me far away from my surroundings. I was there when, for once in its sleepy existence, Vera Cruz woke up and was for the time absolutely lively. Thirty thousand Frenchmen had just landed, under the command of the now disgraced Marshal Bazaine, to bolster up, with their bayonets and sabres, the rather insecure throne of Maximilian of Hapsburg. This good, honest, simple-minded sailor had allowed himself to be persuaded by the Man of Destiny, called the Genius of the Second Empire, who, with Baron Haussman and Emile Rouher, recreated Paris, into being made a puppet Emperor, over a people who would have none of him, and who soon afterward turned and rent him. In the autumn of 1862, Sacrificio Bay was alive with the big fleet of transports, which had carried Bazaine and his *pion pions* from France. There were some forty sails lying off the little island, conspicuous amongst them the iron clad Normandie, with the flag of the Vice-Admiral, who commanded the squadron. There also were the old Massena, the Trouville, the Redoutable, the Gomer, and a host of others, whilst on the rocks, a mile or so below the grim Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, lay the remains of the

sloop Chaptal, which had been wrecked in a recent "Norther."

Vera Cruz was gay with the bright uniforms of the soldiers of France, whose bugles and tambourines resounded on the streets at all hours. There were grim Turcos, alert Zouaves, the dashing Chasseur d'Afrique, in his tasty Bleue de Ciel jacket, trimmed with black Maltese lace, the farruche Cuirassiers of the guard, and the saucy, quick-tripping pion-pion. Skirmishes with the guerilla forces of Juarez were frequent, and a few real battles had been fought. The invading force had hardly as yet, suffered a check of any kind, and so with the usual *elan* of the Gallic race, were in high feather. I, junior devil as I was at that time, dined that night at the "mess" of a regiment of Chasseurs, and a very good dinner we had too; supplies were plentiful. Under the shadow of mighty Orizaba, we discussed many a flask of good Bordeaux that night, and as I rode back to my posada, under the solemn stars, I thought of the bitterness which the native must necessarily feel at the presence of this foreign invader in his midst. For then it was all in the nature of a big spree, a military promenade, which they didn't even call by any other name than an armed intervention. That intervention, however, cost France dearly in blood and treasure, and brought untold suffering to at least one widow, whose mind has been a blank since the fatal day of Queretaro. Poor Maximilian! Poor Carlotta! Truly the lot of a monarch is not always a happy one, especially when he is not of the same race as the people over whom he rules. His parsimonious Highness, Alfred of England, I think showed excellent judgment when he respectfully declined the proffered diadem of Greece, and preferred to take his chances as prospective Lord High Admiral of England, and such advantage as may accrue from being brother-in-law to a Czar of all the Russias.

From Vera Cruz my master proceeded by rail toward



A GATE OF MANDALAY.

the City of Mexico. One of the novelties of travel on the railroad was the presence of a car-load of soldiers on each train for protection against the hordes of bandits who infested the country. There were bandits everywhere, and sometimes not even the presence of troops was sufficient to save the passengers from being robbed.

Kellar went through Cordova, and Orizaba, and by a branch road to Puebla. In the City of Mexico the exhibitions he gave caused a tumult of excitement. Many of the Mexicans were ignorant; many others who were not ignorant were as superstitious as the peons. It was but natural that such marvels as Kellar performed should effect both of these classes profoundly. The popular agitation reached its height when two of the leading newspapers of the capital, "El Pajaro Verde" and "El Siglo XIX," espoused the cause of the shriekers and bitterly denounced my master, warning the populace against him, and demanding his expulsion from the country. But there was another party in Mexico, as always in any land and with any people, the party of progress, of intelligence, of thrift, and of culture. While the rabble and their newspaper mouthpieces were shouting "He is in league with the devil; he is *el mismo Demonio*, who is permitted to walk the earth for a season," the better classes were packing El Gran Teatro Nacional to the doors at every performance. So great did the tumult become, so desperate was the frenzy into which the bigoted among the people were wrought, that the Government supplied a guard of one hundred soldiers to protect the theater and the Magician. Fortunately their services were not needed. Ignorance is usually cowardly. The marvels my master wrought awed his enemies. Not even when drunk with *pulque* or *aguardiente*, as well as with fanaticism, dared they expose themselves to his power. This dread stood him in good service when subsequently traveling in the provinces.

After leaving the City of Mexico his first stop was at Tula, thence he went to Queretaro, where the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian was shot. He visited the tragic spot, of course moralized as a good traveler should over the hollowness of human ambition, and then measurably avenged the Austrian by mystifying and terrorizing his executioners. As an illustration of the lawlessness which then prevailed in many parts of Mexico, Kellar tells of a celebrated robber chief who had established himself on the roadside, within sight of the City of Queretaro, but on the opposite side of a quebrada, or deep gulch. So bold was he that he had put up a sign which read, in effect, "Whoever passes here with less than \$25 in his bolsillo (pocket) shall receive twenty-five lashes on his bare back." But it needed no such sign to tell Kellar that he was among bandits and murderers.

It is a Mexican custom for each passer by to throw a stone, usually bearing the sign of the cross rudely scratched upon it, on every place where a person is known to have been killed. Throughout the entire country my master found these mute monuments of murder. When traveling he often heard of murders before him, and murders behind him, and it was by no means a rare occurrence to see a diligence driven into the city when not one of the passengers had on a stitch of clothing beyond what could be improvised out of newspapers. They had been robbed and stripped by knights of the road, and were fortunate to have lost only their money and their clothes. It may seem strange that Kellar would deliberately go into such dangers, but remember that Mexican doubloons and dollars will buy comforts anywhere, and then,

"If a path is dangerous known,  
The danger's self is lure alone."

There were times, however, when despite his trusty Winchester, and his heavy navy revolver, he would have been glad to be in a quieter land.

After leaving Queretaro, Kellar continued his journey among the cities of old Mexico. The first stop was at Celaya, and the second at Guanajuato, the latter having a population of about 40,000.

Whenever the Magician appeared, he was greeted with crowded houses, and a tidal wave of excitement accompanied him wherever he went. At Leon, he found a native or half-breed population of about 100,000, who, although phenomenally lazy and shiftless, were devout to the verge of fanaticism. When a throng of devotees passed in the street, every person was expected to kneel. Kellar always regarded the prejudices of a people, and, of course, in Leon did as the Leonians did. A European traveler, who was in the city at that time, was not so wise in his generation. He stood as the worshipers passed him, and a moment later a Mestizo had given him a fatal stab in the back. Those who were not familiar with the customs of the country, had no doubt that the assassin would be punished, but in this they were mistaken. The butcher was held to be justified for his cowardly deed, and there was no pretense of interfering with him.

From Leon, Kellar went to Lagos, and then, as often at other times on the journey, his only covering at night was a horse-blanket, for the adobe inclosures within which they rested were without roofs, and the traveler frequently thought himself lucky to find a safe mud floor to lie on. From Lagos, my master proceeded to Aguas Calientes, over a road so rugged that the diligence broke down at a bridge, and he was delayed for a week, while a new conveyance was being procured.

When he finally reached the town, he found the theater with no roof except a huge spread of canvas. While his performance was going on the rain came down in torrents, and the large audience was driven from the building.

On the way from Aguas Calientes to Zacatecas, Kellar was a witness of an occurrence which very

clearly shows why revolutions used to be so frequent in Mexico. There was a lack of patriotism among the soldiers. On this occasion, (May, 1874) the driver of the diligence stopped when he saw a commotion among a large number of soldiers on a rise of ground in the road some distance ahead of him. After considerable time the soldiers all disappeared, leaving only their officers standing in the highway. The diligence was signaled to approach, and it was learned that the soldiers formed a detachment of two regiments under the command of General Rocha. One of the regiments was suspected of being disloyal, and it had been disarmed by the other. But when the "loyal" soldiers found themselves in possession of a double assortment of arms, they proceeded to desert in a body. Some of Kellar's companions then jokingly said of him, "He puts soldiers to flight." In truth, the soldiers didn't know he was near, but so great was the sensation the fame of the Magician had caused throughout this region, that it is more than probable had he made the effort, he could have stampeded both regiments. Even braver men shrink from the supernatural. Kellar made a very successful trip to Durango. These journeys consumed much time, and the cost of transportation was so great, that no attempt was made to carry a cabinet from one city to another. A new cabinet was built in every town where the magician appeared. It completely dumbfounded the Mexicans to see wonders performed in a cabinet which had been built under their very eyes. There could be no trick about such an affair.

From Zacatecas, Kellar proceeded to Guadalajara, where he found a magnificent theater. His reception befitted the place—it was grand. Although many years have since elapsed, the fame of the Magician is still preserved among the Mexicans. During this trip my master had been making a great deal of money, and although he was as liberal as a prince, and his neces-

sary expenses were great, his wealth steadily increased. Of course hard cash was a dangerous commodity to carry in a land infested with bandits, consequently bills of exchange were bought in one town on the next he was to visit, and although the rate of exchange was from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 20 per cent, between towns, it was better to be partly robbed by bankers, than to be entirely stripped by knights of the road. In Guadalajara, however, bills of exchange could only be purchased on the City of Mexico, and that would not do. Money could only be safely transported under Government escort, and that Kellar did not care to pay for. It was an audacious piece of business, but he determined to risk his savings in a \$10,000 trick. He had accumulated \$10,000 in golden doubloons which he had with him, and he decided to try and get them to the coast without paying tribute to either Government, bankers or robbers. He had a zinc trunk in his outfit which, among much rubbish, contained two cans of black asphaltum. This was in a court-yard where any one could get at it. It had stood there most of the time he had been in Guadalajara, and every person about the premises was familiar with it. The doubloons were secretly sunk in the varnish, and they were so firmly held by it, that they did not make any noise when the trunk was moved. The trunk was strapped on the back of a mule, and this and other mules, under the charge of two muleteers, were started for Manzanillo two days in advance of Kellar's own departure. It was a slow, laborious and dangerous journey for my master, and a whole day was spent in crossing La Baranca (a break in the Cordilleras). A pleasant and profitable stop was made at Colima. Some six hours after leaving that place, the advance train mules was overtaken. The zinc-trunk mule was missing—he had strayed. Kellar appeared indifferent, but his heart was in his boots. The muleteers, when spoken to, made light of the disappearance, and de-



clared that the mule would show up in time. The lock on the zinc trunk had a chain connection on the outside, which "clinked" when the mule walked. In about two hours Kellar's quick ear caught the "clink." It was like the music of angels to him. His money was safe. The mule had gone into the chaparral to browse, and had carried his golden treasure as unconcernedly and as safely as if he had been loaded with iron ore.

The Magician ended his trip proper through Mexico in 1874 at Manzanillo, on the Pacific Coast. He still had designs on Mazatlan, but he was forced to wait two weeks before the jerky little steamer, Ancon, could take him to his new destination. At Mazatlan he met with marvelous success, and there was promise of greater harvests, if he would but continue his stay in the land of Montezumas. The golden doubloons which awaited him in the interior were not attractive enough, however, to lure him to any further experience with saddle mules, diligences and bandits.



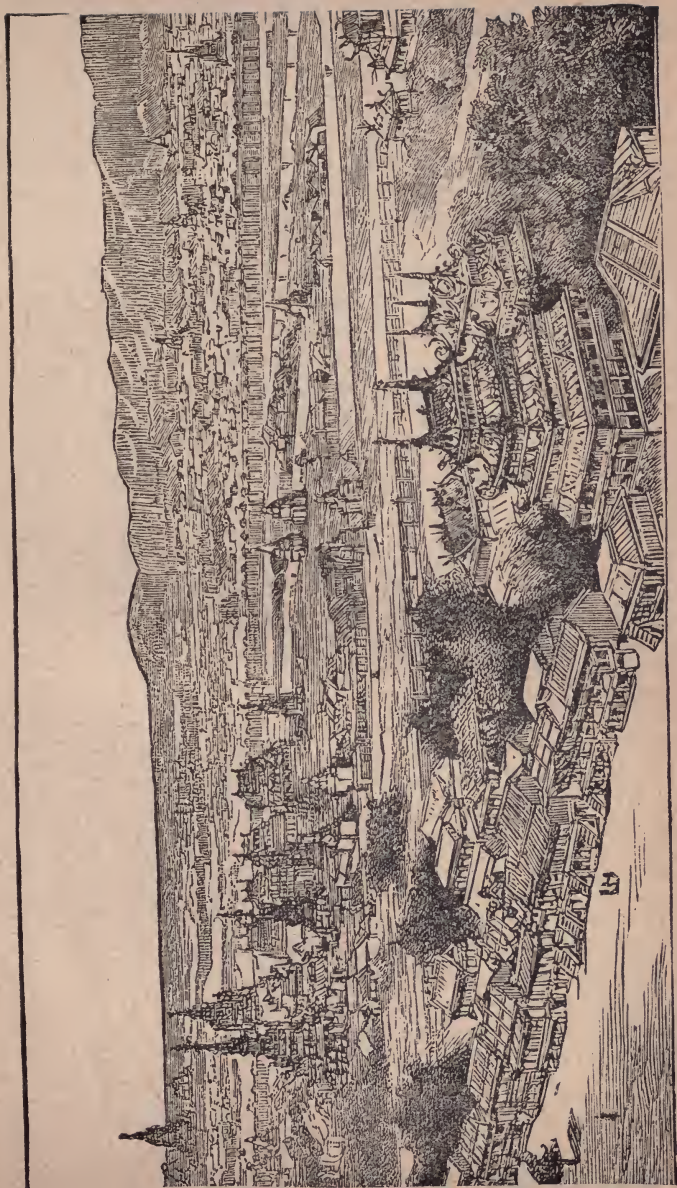
RAPID TRANSIT IN MEXICO.

## CHAPTER IV.

## IN THE ROLE OF PROPHET.

The difficulties of transportation which my master had encountered in his trip through Mexico were many. The entire journey from the City of Mexico northwest to the Pacific coast was made either on mule back or *summa diligentia*, on the top of a diligence. In either case the traveler had a rough time of it. When in a diligence he longed for a mule; when on a mule he longed for a diligence; and in his dreams he was made into animated powder by both. But to the taste untrained the staple food of the country was worse than its transportation facilities. Everywhere, except in the large cities, it consisted of sandwiches made of *tortillas* and *frijoles*. In other words, pancakes of coarse corn meal and beans, for breakfast, dinner, supper, and between meals. As one ultimately tires of quail on toast, *tortillas* and *frijoles* would very naturally become monotonous, particularly as they are so interlarded with Chili peppers that the victim at first feels as if actually eating fire. There are peppers and more peppers, but if there are any hotter than those the Mexicans eat so freely they would be a godsend to any country where fuel is scarce. It takes some time for even a wizard to become accustomed to that kind of fare, and then he sighs for the flesh-pots of a more temperate civilization.

Concerning the theaters of Mexico, Kellar is enthusiastic. They are usually large, well-built, and handsomely furnished. Sometimes, it is true, as in the case of the one at Aguas Calientes, the roof was like that immortalized by the Arkansaw Traveler, which couldn't be fixed when it rained, and which needn't be



VIEW OF MANDALAY, CAPITAL OF BURMAH.

See page 90

when it didn't rain; but ordinarily they were beyond criticism. Why shouldn't they be? The Government built them, and the people enjoyed them. Paternalism might have gone a step further and made the entertainments free, but it didn't. To these, the only open sesame for the masses was their own reals.

That Kellar's impressions of and experiences in Mexico are not peculiar to himself is evidenced by the following extracts from an article by Hon. David A. Wells, printed in the *Popular Science Monthly* for April, 1886. Regarding Mr. Bayard Taylor's experience in Mexico in 1850, Mr. Wells writes: "It was not enough to have journeyed," as he expresses it, "for leagues in the burning sun, over scorched hills, without water or refreshing verdure, suffering greatly from thirst, until I found a little muddy water at the bottom of a hole; to have lived on *frijoles* and *tortillas* (the latter so compounded with red pepper that, it is said, neither vultures nor wolves ever touch a dead Mexican) and to have found an adequate supply of even these at times very difficult to obtain; to sleep without shelter or upon the dirt floors of adobe huts, or upon scaffolds of poles, and to have even such scant luxuries impaired by the invasions of hogs, menace of ferocious dogs, and by other enemies 'without and within,' in the shape of swarms of fleas, mosquitoes and other vermin; but, in addition to all these he was robbed and left bound and helpless in a lonely valley, if not with the expectation, at least with a feeling of complete indifference, on the part of his ruffianly assailants as to whether he perished by hunger, or cold, or effected a chance deliverance." And if any one were to travel to-day over the same route that Bayard Taylor followed, and under the same circumstances of personal exposure, he would undoubtedly subjected to a like experience.

In August, 1878, Hon. John W. Forster, then United States Minister to Mexico, writing from the City of Mexico, to the Manufacturers Association of the

Northwest at Chicago, made the following statement concerning the social condition of the country at that time: "Not a single passenger train leaves this city (Mexico) or Vera Cruz, the (then) termini of the only completed railroad in the country, without being escorted by a company of soldiers to protect it from assault and robbery. The manufacturers of this city, who own factories in the valley within sight of it, in sending out money to pay the weekly wages of their operatives, always accompany it with an armed guard, and it has repeatedly occurred during the last twelve months (1878), that the street railway-cars from this city to the suburban villages have been seized by bands of robbers, and the money of the manufacturers stolen. Every mining company which sends its metal to this city to be coined, or shipped abroad, always accompanies it by a strong guard of picked men; and the planters and others who send money or valuables out of the city do likewise. The principal highways over which the diligence lines pass are constantly patrolled by the armed rural guard, or the Federal troops; and yet highway robbery is so common that it is rarely even noticed in the newspapers."

Kellar dined on the 4th of July, 1874, with the American Consul at Mazatlan, but before being ready to leave the city he was taken sick, and for a month he was unable to travel. *Tortillas, frijoles* and Chili peppers had at length accomplished their dire mission. When sufficiently recovered he took a steamer for Panama, and at that point re-embarked on the steamer Rimac, bound for Callao, in South America.

A magician should always and everlastingly be wide awake in order to amount to anything, and Kellar is very much so. He soon learned that the steamer would stop at midnight that the officers might take soundings. There was a large number of well-to-do Peruvians and Chicanos on board, but they were ignorant of how a magician foretells events, and on this igno-

rance my master decided to play. He spoke Spanish like a native, and he soon appeared among the passengers and in words of portentous weight declared that at midnight, sharp, the vessel would stop! Some of the Spaniards laughed him to scorn, while others appeared to be impressed by his earnest manner. All remained on watch, however, as if they were seeing an old year out, and when, on the stroke of 12 the engines stopped, consternation was pictured on many a face, and every passenger on the steamship believed they had a veritable wonder-worker and prophet among them. At this distance and to American readers, this may seem like a small event to cause a sensation among intelligent people; but it should be remembered that probably not one of them had ever seen a magician with one half of Kellar's ability. It was instantly noised about the ship that this was the man whose marvelous acts had made him a sulphurous hero in Mexico. During the remainder of the trip he was an object of awe to the passengers, and when they landed at Callao, his fame was at once spread throughout the city. It was a rare stroke of business on the conjurer's part. The people of Callao and the surrounding country were soon talking about him with much interest as if he had been a new President.

## CHAPTER V.

## THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA.

It was late in the summer of 1874 that Kellar began his memorable South American trip. The best classes in Callao, just as everywhere else, thronged to his entertainments, and all were dumbfounded by his more ambitious efforts to mystify. The Cabinet business never failed to make a profound sensation, as well, indeed, it might. Wandering "mediums" had given some weak seances which were thought remarkable by many, even as the work of spirits, but here was a man who, by human agency, did what no medium ever dreamed of attempting.

While Kellar was in Lima on this trip he enjoyed the sensation of being shot at by soldiers. Revolutions are about as frequent as earthquakes in many parts of South America, and earthquakes are as common as thunder showers in the United States in summer. While my master was in the great plaza of Lima before the palace, one day the President of Peru appeared with his military guard. A soldier of the guard, who was a tool of an insurrectionary league, fired at the President, and then effected his escape. The populace that thronged the plaza was used to this kind of thing, and everybody rushed to the shelter of the heavy columns which supported the fronts of the building facing the square, and formed a sort of arcade. They had scarcely reached the friendly cover when the guard fired a volley after them, chipping pieces of plaster and stone from the buildings, and sprinkling the ground with flattened bullets. No one was hurt so far

as Kellar saw, but it is not a pleasant thing to be made a target even by Peruvian soldiers.

During a performance at the leading theater in Lima, my master had a costly experience. He found himself in the hands of the law, without suspecting that he was an offender. Every country has its customs, and in lands where revolutions are frequent and the amount of cash at the disposal of the Government limited, one of those customs is likely to squint toward contributions to the exchequer. It was into that trap that Kellar walked. His performance had progressed swimmingly to the *Dark Seance*, and while that was in progress, some one in the gallery struck a light. Kellar always insists that there shall be no interference of this kind, so he stepped to the front of the stage and addressing the audience said that the striking of a light would not be permitted. A few minutes later he was arrested by soldiers, one hundred of whom had rushed on the stage. He was kept a prisoner in the Mayor's office for twenty-four hours and fined a hundred sols (dollars), and the receipts of the box-office (about \$1500) were confiscated. His offense was that he had spoken to the audience without asking the permission of the *Juez*, or Judge of the theater, who occupied a private box in the center of the auditorium. This was getting knowledge at a great cost, but one beauty of such a lesson is that it is never forgotten. This custom prevailed everywhere in South America except in Brazil. The proper way to recognize it was to conveniently slip a few *sols* into the Judge's hand; then, when the audience was to be spoken to, smile and say: "By kind permission of the *Juez*," etc., and the sweetness of the answering smile would load the air like the breath of the flowers that bloom in the spring. My master is one of those apt creatures upon whom it isn't necessary that a house should fall in order to wake them up, and after this he became just as alert in administering the necessary sauce to a *Juez* as in tipping



a waiter. He was never fined again—in South America.

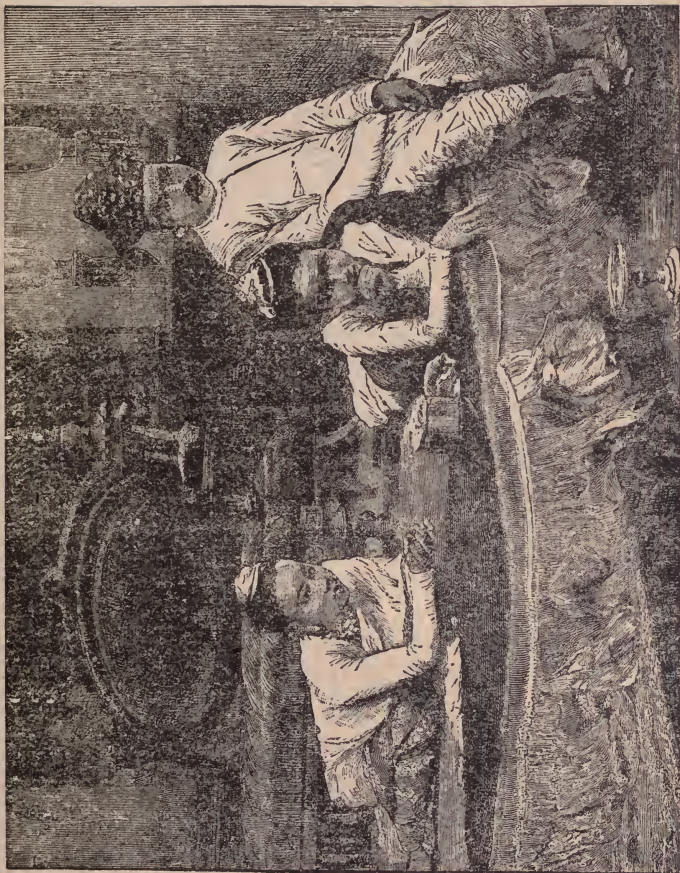
At Lima Kellar was invited by Superintendent Ciley, of the Oroya Railroad Company, to take a trip over that road. Probably no railroad in the world was ever built in the face of greater natural obstacles. This is the railroad the construction of which made Harry Meiggs so famous and rich. It required not only great engineering skill but the expenditure of a vast amount of money to complete the work, and the loss of human life was appalling. But human life is not valued very highly in that country. Men are easier to get than money. The engine on which Kellar took his trip was named *La Favorita*, and on the journey he stood on the famous Verugas bridge, which is believed to be the highest trestle bridge in the world. The creek which gives its name to the bridge is dreaded by every person who is ever required to work in its waters. No matter who it may be, mayordomo or peon, if he is long in the water of Verugas Creek he will be covered with bleeding warts. Another notable point on this picturesque road is *La Cima Tunnel*, 15,640 feet above the level of the sea. Think of it! A mountain pierced for the passage of a railroad over three miles above tidewater! People who live on the Atlantic coast of the United States can have no clear idea of such tremendous heights.

Returning to Callao, Kellar proceeded by steamer to Islay, landing by means of a surf-boat. Continuing his journey he went to Arequipa, and visited Lake Titicaca, the highest body of water on the globe. Thence he traveled to Cuzco, the ancient city of the Incas, and then to Mollendo, and afterward to Arica. At all of these places he gave entertainments, and in every instance he was greeted by large and enthusiastic audiences. The better classes of people crowded to see the wonders he performed, and wherever he went the fame of his achievements penetrated to every class in society.

The marvels of the Cabinet, the Dark Seance, and the skill which he showed as a prestidigitateur completely won the favor of the people. It was a triumphal progress. Nothing was too good for him. He was the idol of the hour, and more than that, for to this day the story of what he did is told among the South Americans, with the embellishments that tradition usually gives to facts.

At Arica, Kellar saw the United States steamship Wateree two miles inland from the ocean, where she was carried, by a tidal wave. The vessel then stood up as if ready to be launched, her iron hull apparently uninjured, and the skeleton of her paddle-wheels standing out like the frame-work an extinct monster. But there wasn't a splinter of wood to be found on her; relic hunters had dug it all out. Those tidal waves are bad neighbors. But while they hurled the big ship of war into the interior of Peru, they were tender with our conjurer, who was "rocked in the cradle of the deep" very gently, after the manner of the Pacific.

From Arica, Kellar next went to Tacna, and again received a royal welcome. He relates that having accepted an invitation of a Spanish gentleman to visit him at his hacienda and take dinner, he was treated to one of the dishes peculiar to that country. Nearly everybody knows that the Guinea pig is a native of South America, but few know that it is good to eat. Now my master has a tenderness for Guinea pigs. Any one can tell that by the way he hauls one out of a bottle at every performance. He handles this little rodent as Izaak Walton strung a worm on a hook—as if he loved it. And he does love it, but in 1874, he loved it alive, and would not have thought of deliberately eating one. But that was before his visit to Tacna. Now he wonders why Guinea pig is not a common item on dainty bills of fare. His Spanish friend at the hacienda had Guinea pig for dinner. The magician enjoyed the delicate meat without knowing



KING THEBAW AND HIS TWO QUEENS.

See page 92

what it was, and marveled much at the sweetness and tenderness, the juicy excellence and delightful flavor of the dish. It was rabbit and reed birds combined; it was fine of grain, firm of texture and as seductive as terrapin at \$36 a dozen (to the man who doesn't pay the bill). In fact it was almost too good to be true, and the American Merlin hoped it wasn't true when his host said 'twas Guinea pig. But it really was the little spotted thing that every school boy has thought to lift by the tail that he might see its eyes drop out.

From Tacna the magician proceeded to La Paz, and then to Iquique. In that part of Peru it never rains, and the water the people use is either got by distillation or by bringing it to the city in boats from more favored localities. An exciting incident of the visit to Iquique was the setting of the theater on fire by incendiaries. It occurred just after a performance, consequently there was no loss of life, but in spite of all the sand the people could throw on the burning structure it was reduced to ashes; the stage alone was uninjured. The fire stopped at the very point where, had it proceeded further, the magician's apparatus would have been burned. This fact made even a greater sensation than the fire itself, and my master was said to be protected by demons. Some of the more intelligent citizens only made such remarks in jest, but the mass of the people actually believed that he was under the especial protection of the devil. This belief was further strengthened when the Magician, after visiting Antafagosta, the only sea-port in Bolivia, proceeded on the steamer Atacama, Captain Harris, for Caldera; they had not gone far before the vessel was suddenly struck so severely from below that she was nearly turned on her beam ends. The superstitious among the passengers believed that my master was the cause of the trouble, but in reality it was a seaquake that frightened them. Such occurrences are not infrequent in that latitude; they often result in the terrible tidal waves

that do so much damage to shipping and property along the coast.

After visiting Copiapo by rail, Kellar returned to Caldera and then proceeded to Coquimbo and to Ovalle. His next step was at Santiago, and there he won the good will of the Intendente, Don Benjamin Vicuna McKenna, who was afterward President of the Republic, by giving a performance in a theater on Santa Lucia Hill, which was a part of his plan of beautifying and embellishing the city. The Teatro Nacional was occupied by an opera company, so Kellar gave one performance afterward in a small theater in Santiago, and it caused such a sensation that the town fairly went wild. A demand was then made by "El Ferro Carril" (The Railroad), a leading newspaper of the place, that Kellar should have the Teatro Nacional, and be permitted to charge extra prices, and so great a clamor was made by the public that the opera company was ousted. With every performance the furor increased. My master was treated like a prince. — The Intendente invited him to a dinner where preserved rose-leaves were part of the bill of fare, and all the best citizens delighted to honor him.

Kellar next went to Valparaiso, where he found that Salvini had followed Ristori. The great tragedian was appearing in "La Morte Civil" to empty benches. Kellar was idle at Valparaiso for two weeks, because the theater was engaged by McDonough's Black Crook Company. At this time an event occurred which well showed the hot blood and mercurial disposition of the people. A lady member of the company was discharged, and this offended a large party of her friends. Leona Dare was with the company, and one night soon afterward, while she was descending from the trapeze on a rope which was coiled around her leg, an admirer in the audience arose and shouted "Leona, yo te amo" (Leona, I love thee). This was accepted as a challenge by the other party, and a bloody fight began.

Two of the soldiers who were called in were stabbed. The guilty young bloods were arrested and taken to prison, but a mob of their chums so intimidated the Intendente that he released the culprits.

Kellar's season at Valparaiso was not very successful. It was the only city in which he did not add to his store during his South American trip of 1874-75. The fault was in the theater, the Teatro Victoria. When the theater was built a great number of shareholders were concerned in the enterprise, and two entire rows of the best private boxes in the house were reserved for them (the best part of the house is portioned off into private boxes), after the manner of the Academy of Music in Philadelphia and some other theaters here at home. Any entertainment given in the theater was expected to shoulder this deadhead giant. It was financial suicide to do it, and it was very risky not to do it. Kellar preferred to be independent, and get along as best he could without the stockholders' assistance. They interfered with his success, but they could not affect his standing with the people. (The Teatro Victoria has since been burned.)

After visiting Talcahuano and Concepcion, he went by rail to Chillan, and then by coach to Talca. There he had a startling experience fighting fire. The theater in Talca had no gas-fixtures, and to light the place recourse was had to oil lamps. Those used to light the stage were placed on brackets, one above the other, on each side in the wings. Another primitive arrangement was the mechanism which managed the curtain. There was no windlass, and a number of Cholas, or native Indians were secured, who lifted the curtain by taking hold of its upper end, and using themselves as counterweights. This worked well enough, until one of the Cholas upset a lamp, and set the theater on fire. A panic ensued, but Kellar, springing to the front of the stage, quieted the audience by a word, ordered those in the rear to go out first, and then, stripping off

his dresscoat, used it in assisting to extinguish the fire. The audience filed out quietly, waited outside until the fire was put out, came back on their checks (which are always retained by a South American audience) and cheered the Magician wildly when he resumed the performance. Kellar received great praise for his coolness and presence of mind. He was himself surprised at the promptness with which the audience obeyed his orders. It was probably because of their habits of life. In matters of moment they are trained to trust to the direction of superior minds.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### AROUND THE HORN.

On the third of February, 1875, Kellar, having returned to Valparaiso, embarked on the steamer *Britannia* for Monte Video, via the Strait of Magellan. The vessel stopped at Punta Arenas for coal, and there were seen a large number of natives from Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia. Punta Arenas is situated almost at the extreme southern tip of South America, and is used by the Chilian Government for a penal colony. The commanding officer received the Magician with great consideration, for his fame had penetrated even to that remote point. The commandant was particularly anxious to impress the natives with the power of civilized man, and he induced Kellar to try his arts on the half-naked savages. My master at once proceeded to harangue the natives by means of an interpreter, and when a large number had gathered close around them, he surprised and startled them by a variety of sleight-of-hand tricks; then, assuming a fierce look, he told them he could burn the earth, if he so desired, and to prove it he would set the ground on

fire. Now, the land of Punta Arenas is covered to a considerable depth with white sand. While Kellar had been mystifying the natives, his assistant had mixed some chlorate of potash and white sugar in equal parts, and filled a deep hole in the sand with it, without attracting attention. When all was ready, Kellar secretly produced a small bottle of sulphuric acid, and dipping the end of his wand in the liquid, waved it about his head and shouting, "Burn, O Earth!" thrust the dampened end of the stick into the mixture in the sand. Instantly a column of flame, white and dazzling, shot into the air, and with screams of dismay, the natives broke for the hills. Not one of them stopped until completely out of sight, and they could not be induced by any means to return. It is not often that so simple a chemical experiment produces such marked results.

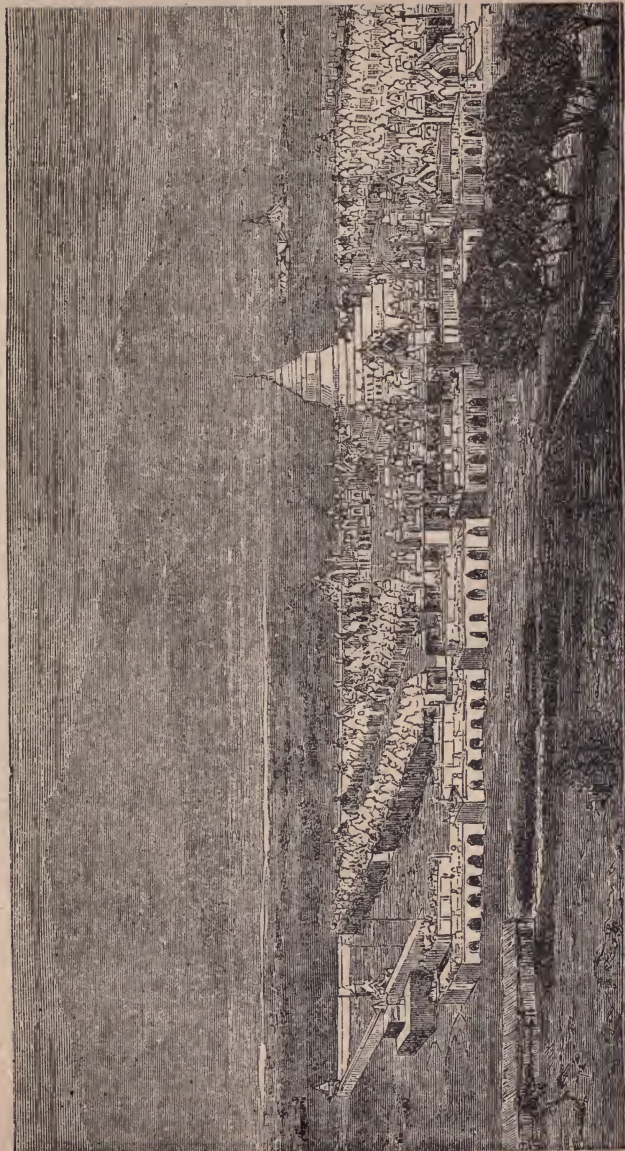
My master landed in Monte Video on the 17th of February, 1875. There had been a change of Government just previously, and the new President, thinking that the best way to silence his newspaper opponents was to get rid of them, invited them to his house, had them all arrested and taken on board of a condemned brig then lying in the harbor. The name of this vessel was the Puig, and she was sent to sea with sealed orders, and with the newspaper men securely fastened below decks. What became of these men no one ever knew. An effort was made to land them in Brazil, but the authorities would not permit it. There was a story to the effect that they were finally put ashore in Cuba, but more probably they went to watery graves. Our entertainments were given at the Teatro Solis, and caused a sensation. There was at Monte Video a Barcelona conjurer who called himself Professor Jam, but by the newspapers he was dubbed in derision "prestidigitador Barceloens." He was very jealous of my master, and wanted to tie him in the cabinet trick. Of course my master had no objection



to being tied by a conjurer, provided his rival risked something on the issue. It was finally agreed that the wager should be \$2,000 a side, the money of the loser to go to certain deserving charities. There was a tremendous audience when the test was made. Jam brought a small, hard rope, privately marked. He tied the American with fiendish care and severity, but in fifteen seconds the latter was free. The discomfited Jam slunk out of the house, and refused to pay a cent of his wager, Kellar having, with the confidence born of his own honesty, neglected to see that the money was put up. Soon afterward a young man, who claimed to be a professional, applied to my master for food and assistance. My master gave him breakfast, \$10 to pay his arrearages of board, and \$8 for his passage to Buenos Ayres. At our first entertainment in that city, this thankless beggar came on the stage with Jam to do the tying. My master refused to submit to them unless money was put up on the result. Jam blustered, whereupon Kellar told the story of his experience with these men in Monte Video, and the audience hustled them out of the building. Jam was then, it is to be presumed, "*jam satis*."

From Buenos Ayres Kellar proceeded to Rosario by steamer. His next stopping place was Cordova, where he was not allowed to give his performance on account of the religious prejudice of the people. It was maintained that he had dealings with the devil, and that those who patronized him would do so at the peril of their souls. A number of the gauchos, or native horsemen of the Pampas, were not so superstitious. When the magician announced that he would do some of the rope-tying and cabinet business at the hotel they crowded around, and when they saw what he did they were dumbfounded. Our next stay was at Rio Grand de Sul. From there we went to Santos by steamer, and to San Paulo over the famous cable road up the mountain. My master then proceeded to the

coffee district of Campinas, giving an exhibition before the thrifty coffee planters of that section, and afterward went to Rio Janeiro, where he was patronized by the dear old Emperor, that enlightened Potentate, who is the friend of all progress, and so good a ruler as to almost make an American feel inclined toward a monarchy. At Rio, speculators sold the tickets for the entertainments at four and five times the regular price, and still there was a struggle for seats. Nothing like it had been known in the amusement annals of the city. Here my master was attacked by the yellow-fever, and for a time was in a very dangerous condition, but he soon recovered and went to Pernambuco, and thence to Bahia. At the latter place there was some trouble in getting the theater. The Government furnishes the theater free of charge, and it is a rule that any company occupying it must give certain nights in the week to any other company visiting the place. The theatrical company that was on the ground when we arrived sought to prejudice the people against us. We drew a big house, but during the Dark Seance a clique in the audience threw large stones on the stage, smashing the doors of the cabinet, and putting my master in great bodily peril. There were no more dark seances at Bahia. Our engagement at Rio de Janeiro was wonderfully successful in every way, and it was with real regret that on the 27th of July, 1875, we sailed in the royal mail steamship Boyne for England, and bade adieu to our many kind friends in Rio. The tour of South America had been in all respects satisfactory. My master had made many valued acquaintances, he had been welcomed with enthusiasm, and patronized with liberality at almost every stopping place, and while gaining doubloons he had also been gaining reputation. This was enough to cheer any man, and as he saw the shores of Brazil disappear below the horizon he felt almost as if leaving his native land.



THE KING'S PAGODA, MANDALAY.

See page 90

## CHAPTER VII.

## SHIPWRECK AND REVERSES.

At the Cape Verde Islands the steamer stopped for coal, and we amused ourselves by throwing small coins into the deep, clear water, and admiring the skill with which the native boys would dive below the sinking bits of metal and let them drop into their hands. For a pittance the boys would dive entirely under the steamer. The next stop made by the steamer was at Lisbon, and here United States Minister Benjamin Moran came on board to proceed to London. As soon as my master met Mr. Moran, the latter warned the Magician that the trip was likely to end in a shipwreck. Kellar laughed incredulously, but Mr. Moran continued very seriously, saying: "I have never been on board of a steamer yet without an accident of some kind occurring. It seems to be my fate. So now don't be surprised if something serious takes place." In a fog, two days later, on the 13th of August, the steamer ran into the Ushant Rocks, in the Bay of Biscay, and Mr. Moran's gloomy forebodings were realized. The steamer was a total wreck, and the passengers lost everything except their lives. Two of the crew were drowned. The rest reached the Island of Moleno, from which they were rescued by a French man-of-war and taken to Brest, whence they were forwarded to their several destinations. The French Government treated us very kindly, paid all our expenses, and in every respect behaved in such a way as to strengthen the *entente cordiale* that has existed between America and France since the days of La Fayette. This shipwreck was a cruel blow to my master. His magical out-

fit was magnificent, perhaps the most costly in the world. He had two large chests filled with curios from Mexico and South America, including stuffed birds, images, a Mexican saddle mounted with solid silver, a Mexican suit that cost \$500, and specimens of the gold and silver currency of every country he had visited. He also had about \$8,000 worth of cut and uncut Brazilian diamonds. Nothing of all this was saved. He lost over \$25,000 by the shipwreck.

Misfortunes never come singly, and so my good patron found to his cost. During his Mexican and South American trip, he had sent his surplus funds from time to time by draft to his bankers, Messrs. Duncan, Sherman & Co., of New York City. When he reached London after his shipwreck, almost the first news he heard, was that Messrs. Duncan, Sherman & Co. had failed. Kellar went to Mr. J. S. Morgan in London, and told his story, and Mr. Morgan, with characteristic liberality, advanced \$500 to help him to New York, saying that if he saved anything from the wreck of the firm, he could pay the \$500 to Messrs. Drexel, Morgan & Co., in New York, and that if he did not, there was an end of it. Mr. Anthony J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, was a passenger on the same steamer, and he soon made the acquaintance of the Magician. When he had learned the story, he said: "It is too bad that a man like you should go to the wall. If you put your case in my hands, I will advance you one-third of your claim. If I collect more, I will place it to your credit; if I collect less, I will trust to your honor to pay me sometime. In any case, I will charge you nothing for my services." It almost made my master glad that he had met with reverses, since it showed him so much of true manhood and genuine sympathy. He found friends in need who were friends indeed.

Upon arriving at New York he learned that one draft, worth about \$3,500 at the rate of exchange then

existing, had not been passed to his credit on the books of the firm, but had been sent to London for collection. Through the kindness and co-operation of Judge Shipman, the assignee of Messrs. Duncan, Sherman & Co., the amount of this draft was saved, and we immediately returned to London, where the money advanced by Mr. Morgan was paid back, and another outfit procured. As soon as we were again in condition to take to the road, we took the steamer Medway to St. Thomas, where business was good; to Kingston, Jamaica, where it was bad; then to Panama, Guayaquil, Gallao, Lima, La Serena, and Valparaiso. In most of these cities we did well, but bad luck again struck Kellar at Valparaiso, and he returned to Panama, where he met Ling Look and Yamadeva, two famous Chinese brothers. They were specialists of exceptional merit. Ling Look was a marvelous "Fire-King," while Yamadeva was a contortionist of such rare powers, that he was known as the "Man-Serpent," and his every movement was as graceful as a cat. Kellar formed a combination with these men under the title of "Royal Illusionists." The party went to New York by the steamer Andes, narrowly escaping shipwreck off Hatteras in the March Equinoctial of 1876. After a short stay in New York, the trio crossed overland to California, and began an engagement at Baldwin's Academy of Music, in San Francisco, on the evening of May 15, 1876. For three weeks they "drew the town," and the newspapers of that city had nothing but praise for them.

At the close of the season at the Academy, the Royal Illusionists visited many cities of the interior. While at Virginia City, Nevada, a number of Piute Indians attended a matinee. The braves tried to appear unconcerned, and maintained considerable composure of countenance, yet their eyes occasionally protruded in an unseemly manner in spite of all they could do. The squaws gave full vent to their feelings,

and at times rocked themselves to and fro and laughed immoderately.

On the Centennial 4th of July, we were at Salt Lake City, Brigham Young being among the most interested in the audience. About this time my master decided to visit Australia and the far east. Passage was accordingly taken from San Francisco, in the steamship Australia. Among our fellow passengers were George Rignold "Henry V"; Fred Thorne, and Mr. and Mrs. John Hall, comedians; Miss Jennie Klaus, the famous violinist; Charles Pratt, pianist, and James Allison, the Australian impresario. With such companions, the time passed very pleasantly aboard ship.

The steamship touched at the Sandwich Islands, but we made no stop until we reached Sydney, New South Wales, where Kellar placed himself under the management of Mr. Al. Hayman.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### FIRST BOW IN THE COLONIES.

The Royal Illusionists at the Victoria Theatre made their first bow to the Colonies in the presence of a big audience; among others were Governor and Lady Robinson and suite. The entertainment was a great success. The Royal Illusionists became the talk of the town. Every performance was crowded, and the papers seemed never to tire of telling of the wonders performed.

A very effective trick, which Kellar was then performing, and which he had received with his last London outfit, was known as the "Flying Cage." This trick had made a sensation in San Francisco, and, indeed, wherever shown. It made more than a sensation

in Sydney. From wonder and surprise some good people in that city passed to the horror stage after they had seen the "Flying Cage" a number of times. In their wisdom they decided that the live bird, which the cage contained when exhibited to the audience, could not be made to so completely and instantaneously disappear without suffering bodily harm. They denounced the trick as cruel, and one of them, who used three stars as a signature, wrote a long letter to the *Sydney Herald*, in which he protested against such an exhibition, unless it could be shown that the bird was not hurt. Now, my master is one of the most tender hearted men that ever lived. He never performs a trick of any kind that gives pain to a living creature. He was, therefore, very much amused by the commotion his trick excited, and when Mr. Three Stars's communication appeared in the *Herald*, he responded as follows:

*Sir*:—In the *Herald* of this morning a letter is published reflecting upon one of the most brilliant portions of the Royal Illusionists' performances. The writer, under the influence of three stars, takes up his pen, and after laying down some axioms of persons named, Oudin (does he mean Houdin?) boldly makes the insinuation that, in the Victoria Theatre, a poor little canary is killed or maimed every night in the following performance: "A cage containing a canary is held by the operator close to his breast; without turning from the audience he simply counts 1, 2, 3, and the cage and canary vanish before the very eyes of the spectators. The cage is, of course, what is known as a 'trick cage;' it collapses into a very small compass, and is easily passed away by the performer." The writer then says, there is a strong belief that a canary is killed every time this trick is performed, and in the most marvelously innocent and bland manner asks that a few respectable persons might have it proved to them, without disclosing the trick, that the canary is unhurt.

It will surprise no one acquainted with the author of the letter, to hear him first explain the allusion to his



perfect satisfaction, for he says, "Of course the cage collapses," and then in fear and trembling almost, says, "if it does not, how on earth is it done?"

The only answer I have for "Three Stars" is, that I will satisfactorily prove to the editor of the *Evening News* and the editor of the *Herald* that I have had only the *one* and the same educated bird since I came to the Colony, with the exception of the night when my bird was indisposed, and that it remains uninjured. I will perform this trick in any place and at any time the gentlemen referred to may decide upon.

I thank the writer for the very tender regard he evinces toward my pet canary.

Yours, etc.,

HARRY KELLAR,  
*Royal Illusionist.*

To completely remove any suspicion on the part of the public that the performance of the "Flying Cage" trick was in the least degree prejudicial to the bird, Kellar performed the experiment under the circumstances explained in the following extract from the *Sydney Herald*:

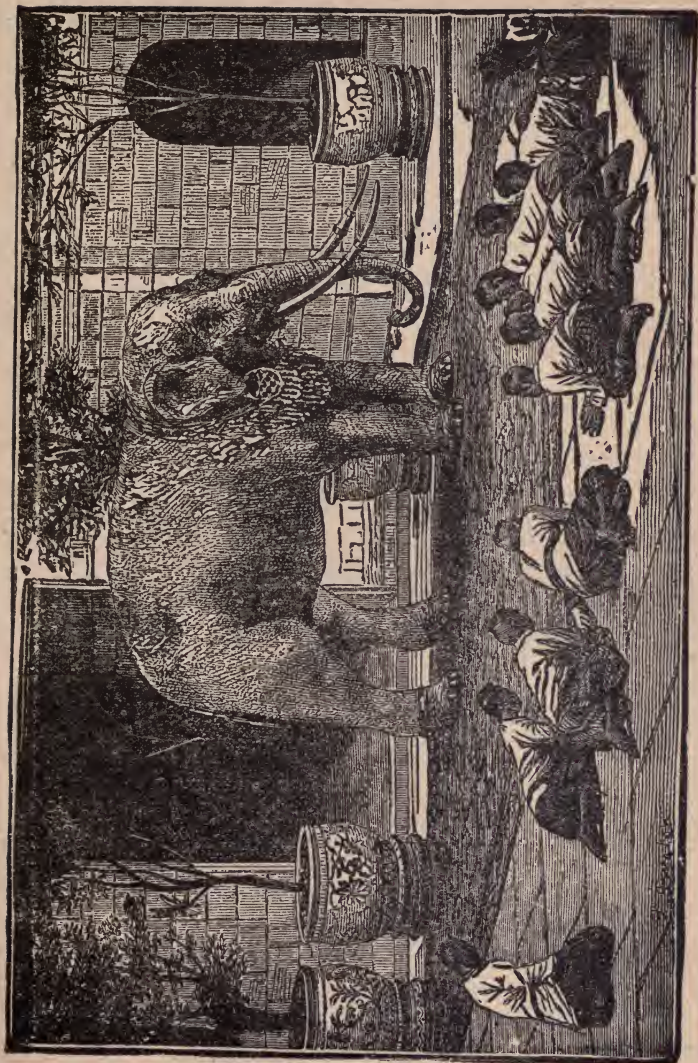
"More than ordinary attention has been lately directed to that particularly clever trick by Professor Kellar, the 'Flying Cage.' It has been asserted that a canary was killed upon each repetition of the trick, and a consequent imputation of cruelty fell upon the 'illusionists' company. This charge, for which there was no foundation whatever, the Illusionists determined to disprove, and they did so yesterday afternoon in the presence of the principal officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Messrs. Want and Lett. We were also present at the performance, and our own previous belief in the harmlessness of the trick was fully confirmed by the experiment so cleverly performed within a few feet of our eyes. Mr. Want held the tame little bird in his hand, while Mr. Lett fastened a thread of silk around one of his legs. On being placed in the 'Flying Cage,' Dickey was much more anxious for some few moments to remove the silk than to attend to his duty. After a little coaxing Mr. Kellar secured his

attention. The bird hopped upon the perch, and bird and cage were gone. Astonishment was scarcely overcome, when Mr. Kellar produced the bird encumbered with his foot rope, and in perfect health. Mr. Lett then removed the silk and the canary hopped about the stage, until told to go into his ordinary dwelling place, which he at once did. There was not the slightest appearance of fright even upon the bird, and although the secret of his mysterious and lightning-like disappearance remains untold, the fact that no cruelty whatever takes place was most satisfactorily proved, and the public need fear no more to patronize this perfectly 'legitimate' trick, although 'Robert Oudin,' whoever he was, has been quoted to the contrary."

The following letter confirming the above remarks has been handed to us for publication:

"Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Sydney, 3rd October, 1876. Mr. A. HAYMAN, Manager Royal Illusionists. *Dear Sir*,—It affords us much pleasure to testify that at your invitation we have attended a special performance of Mr. Kellar's flying cage trick. Mr. Kellar having produced a trained canary, we marked it secretly, for the purpose of identification, and placed it in the cage. He then, standing at a distance of less than three yards from us, caused the bird and cage to disappear in precisely the same way as at his public performance. *The same bird* was immediately afterwards restored to us *perfectly uninjured*, and in a condition which enables us to state that it had, apparently, suffered no pain whatever. In justice to Mr. Kellar, and for the satisfaction of the public, we have no objection to your making use of this communication. Yours truly, R. Chas. Want, Chairman of Committee; Chas. Lett, Hon. Sec. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

The "flying cage" gained in popularity, if possible, by these events. It became a favorite subject for the cartoonists. Many a politician was made to look ridiculous in the eyes of the public, by being made to figure as the canary in the "flying cage." As an instance, the Sydney *Punch* of October 14, 1876, gave



THE SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT—MANDALAY.

a full page cartoon, which it entitled "The Mudgee 'Cage Trick,'" and described as follows:

"Prof. Kellar Rouse, M.P. (log): Do not be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen; I do not kill the little animal; I simply make him disappear. One! two! three! (Poor P—g—t disappears.)"

Mr. Piggott is represented in this cartoon as a "Laughing Jackass," an Australian bird of peculiar build and still more peculiar voice.

The Royal Illusionists then made a very successful tour through Australia and the Colonies. At Melbourne they met Cooper & Bailey's circus (afterward consolidated with the Barnum show), and five theatres, with good attractions, were at the same time open in the city. Notwithstanding the competition, Kellar and his associates enjoyed a large patronage, and created a sensation. During this engagement a ludicrous incident took place one evening whilst the "Cabinet Seance" was about to commence, on Mr. Hayman coming forward and asking for volunteers for the committee. A gentleman familiar to some of the audience stepped upon the stage, closely followed by another young gentleman, who invited himself. The latter was well dressed, of good appearance, and he can be best described as a colonial young man, of good position and evidently brimming over with—well, say confidence. He proceeded to tie up Mr. Cunard, the first gentleman doing the same office for Kellar. After the tying was over, the cabinet feats were performed in precisely the same manner as hitherto—that is, Kellar always getting loose first. This did not satisfy our young friend, who, with an air of triumph, boasted that the medium he had tied (Mr. Cunard) had not succeeded in freeing himself. He further stated that he had seen Maskeleyne and Cook; that he "knew how it was all done," and if he were allowed he would tie Kellar so that the latter could not untie himself. My master expressed his readi-

ness to afford the gentleman the opportunity of satisfying his ambition; but Mr Hayman quickly suggested that as Yamadeva had yet to be tied with waxed cords, the desired chance of exhibiting his dexterity, and putting the performers to the blush, was at hand. The offer was accepted. Yamadeva came forward, and the usual length of waxed cord placed in the young aspirant's hand. He said it was not long enough. Two other pieces were brought to him (a quiet smile passing over Mr. Hayman's face in the meantime), and he proceeded slowly and deliberately to tie them together. Then he commenced. After putting the cord round the wrists, he laced it through and through tightly between the fingers. A slight objection was at first made by Yamadeva, who, however, seemed to think better of it, and permitted the somewhat painful operation to be finished. At the conclusion the young gentleman came forward, and said with modest confidence, "If he gets out of that, he beats me; I'll give in." Yamadeva went to the cabinet. The doors were closed, and almost instantly his two hands, free, were thrust through the lozenge-shaped openings. A few seconds later he came out of the cabinet free, amid shrieks of laughter at the modest young man. As a reward of merit one witty lady threw the latter a bouquet, which he lifted, no-wise abashed, and kissed. Mr. Hayman stated that he showed at once his utter ignorance of rope tying, by asking for additional rope, as all skillful tyers, and there are plenty of them in London, used very short cords, which were much more difficult to loosen.

Other very interesting rope-tying tests were made at every stopping place, and Kellar and his companions never failed to confound those who sought to outwit them. The *Bendigo Independent*, of March 14, 1877, describes one of these experiences as follows:

"The feats of the Davenport Brothers in the cabinet were fully explained and applauded, as on the first even-

ing. Professor Fay's "holding trick" was also exposed, the audience being quite surprised at the perfect simplicity of what was at one time considered by many to be done by the assistance of some unknown agency. Professor Kellar explained a trick performed by a person in America, styling himself a Spiritualist, and, at his request, Yamadeva performed it with the greatest of ease, viz, going into the cabinet, and in a few seconds placing a ring, which had been put in his mouth, on to one of his fingers after his hands had been bound together by a waxed cord, emerging from the cabinet with his hands bound as before. When this was done on the previous evening a Spiritualist present challenged Mr. Kellar to do the Davenport flour trick, which challenge was accepted, and last night the Professor not only performed it with the greatest of ease, but exposed the manner in which it was, to the great amusement of the audience, which fully testified its appreciation of the clever manner in which it was gone through."

At Cooktown we met King Jacky Jacky, the chief of a tribe of natives. His dusky majesty acquired his title by a trade he made with the English Government. In exchange for his land he was given a large brass badge with "King Jacky Jacky" engraved upon it, and he wore the emblem with as much pride as if it had really been an indication of royal rank. On this occasion he was accompanied by a comely "gin," or woman, whom we afterward discovered was his queen. King Jacky Jacky was very haughty, but unbent his dignity so far as to beg a sixpence with which to buy tobacco. The coin was given him, whereupon he told his wife to also ask for sixpence, but she gave a grunt of disapproval and moved off in a sulky way. The royal temper began to boil at this, and King Jacky Jacky, with a profound shake of his head, declared, "She no get sixpence; me lick her to-night." My master remonstrated with the king, telling him he should not strike a woman; that she was bashful as became a lady and a queen, and ended by giving him a sixpence for her. This so delighted the king that he

agreed to give a war dance in Mr. Kellar's honor that evening. Before going to the dance the party provided themselves with about a sovereign's worth of tobacco for the bucks, beads and trinkets for the gins, and put the whole tribe in ecstasies by the presents. The dance was the same as that of most savage tribes, jumping about in a circle, beating the breast, screeching wildly, and waving weapons in the air. Soon after this we left Australia and embarked for the far East. The voyage was pleasant, and in a few days after enjoying the fragrance of the spicy breezes that blow over the Banda Sea, we passed Borneo and anchored at Singapore.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### DINING WITH THE MAHARAJAH.

Singapore is the capital of the Strait Settlements, and is a lively, thriving place. All the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company touch there on the way to and from China, as well as those of the "Sassoon" line, and the big tea steamers from Hankow, Shanghai, and other Chinese cities. There are usually, also, several ships of war lying in the roads, and at the time of our visit the big English ironclad, "Audacious," with the flag of Admiral Ryder, and the paddle yacht "Vigilant," one of the prettiest specimens of naval architecture afloat, were at anchor.

The Admiral and the officers, as well as scores of blue-jackets, attended our performances, and my master also received the honor of an invitation to the Government House, and gave an entertainment before the Governor, Sir Andrew Clarke, and his staff. The Government House is a magnificent white marble palace, situated in a veritable garden of Eden, about

three miles from Singapore. Flowers and tropical plants of every description abound in this paradise, and the house itself, with its enormous cool verandahs, vast rooms with polished mahogany floors, and general palatial splendor, is about as desirable a residence as the human mind can conceive. It ought to be a good house, seeing that it cost nearly half a million sterling to build. There is nothing mean about Great Britain, so far as providing lodgement for her colonial governors goes.

Amongst the party present on the occasion of our visit, was the Maharajah of Johore. This potentate is a fine, intelligent looking man of about fifty years of age, whose principality adjoins Singapore. He is a devoted friend and ally of the English, and is to a great extent Anglicized in his tastes. He wears the native dress, and follows the precepts of the Koran, by abstaining (publicly at any rate) from the use of wine. He drinks champagne, however, which "advanced" Mohammedans affect to look upon only as a species of "sherbet." This is what one may call "whipping the devil around the stump," but as a junior devil, I really don't think it is much harm. At the Maharajah's palace at Johore, about ten miles from Singapore, from which island it is separated only by a small strait, he keeps "open house" all the time, and invariably has half a dozen or more English staying there. He is the soul of hospitality, and his guests are provided with anything they may happen to fancy. Horses, carriages, shooting and hunting equipments, yachts, etc., are at their service simply on the expression of a desire.

The Maharajah has the reputation of never allowing any reputable foreign visitor to pass through Singapore without an invitation to Johore. He was graciously pleased to extend his hospitality to our party, and we drove over to Johore (in his carriages) one evening, after the heat of the day had subsided. It was a charming drive, though we suffered some



peril by reason of the troops of monkeys in the branches of the tall palm trees on the road, that occasionally amused themselves by pelting us with big cocoanuts. It was on a Saturday evening, and we arrived at Johore just in time for dinner at 8 o'clock. In the Far East 8 o'clock is the ordinary dinner hour, that is to say, with foreigners. The natives dine whenever and wherever the opportunity offers. The Maharajah's palace is larger than the Government House at Singapore, and is probably capable of accommodating about three hundred guests. It was a brilliant moonlight evening, and we were preceded by a mounted escort, bearing flaming torches, and were received in the court yard by a detachment of the Maharajah's body guard, and attended to our apartments. Having changed our clothes, we were conducted to the dining-room, a splendid white marble hall, magnificently furnished and ornamented with arms and hunting trophies, grinning heads of the enormous tigers with which the adjacent jungle abounds, elephants' tusks, alligator jaws, and so on. After dinner, which lasted till nearly 11 o'clock, we were taken to a sort of amphitheatre near by where we smoked our cheroots, and were treated to a tiger and elephant fight. It was a fearsome spectacle, and rendered more wildly barbaric by the red light shed by two torches. The beasts fought squarely, and it seemed at one time as if the great feline would never loose his hold on the pachyderm's shoulder. The latter, "trumpeting" wildly, however, belabored the tiger with furious blows from his trunk, and finally succeeded in getting the big striped "cat" under his gigantic knees, where he had him at his mercy, and in a short time the tiger was only good to have a rug made of his skin. After this exciting, and it must be confessed rather brutal, exhibition, we adjourned to the smoking room, where the night came nearly slipping into day before we sought our couches, and roused the "punkah-wallahs" to

their work. Sleep in either Singapore or Johore would be impossible without a punkah. They are too close to the equator. So there is a punkah over every bed, and a patient, meek and mild Malay coolie pulls it unceasingly during the night. Six o'clock in the morning, however, found us splashing and rolling in the clear, refreshing river, our chota-hazra (or little breakfast) of coffee and fruit and eggs, with the inevitable B. and S. having been served to us at 5:30, so that we might enjoy the air before the sun got over the tops of the date palms. After our bath, horses were ready, and we went for a ten mile ride into the jungle, and back to "tiffin" at 1:30. "Tiffin," in the Far East, and especially under the luxuriously hospitable roof of the Maharajah of Johore, is a serious matter. As an every day affair it is a great deal more sumptuous and elaborate than many of the so-called "banquets" I have, in my capacity of a junior devil, attended in this country. There is material in attendance, and more than that, good cooks are by no means rare. The "artist" who serves the Maharajah is a man of high repute, and lives up to his reputation. Our "tiffin" on this occasion was a "poem." Twenty-three dishes were served, including, of course, the "curry," for which that part of the world is famous. People in America who have never visited the Far East, haven't the foggiest notion what "curry" really is. I have seen many attempts made in this country and in England to make "curry," but they have all been dismal failures. The fact is, that no one can make curry properly unless he has the necessary ingredients fresh to his hand. The pimento, the green peppers, and the various spices, must all be gathered fresh daily, and the rice must be cooked with the mysterious skill known only to the Hindoo and the Malay. When served, every grain is separate from its fellows, and is perfectly dry, instead of the clammy mass that usually makes its forlorn appearance on American tables. Then there is the



COSTUME OF BURMESE AMBASSADORS.

dish fashioned after the manner of a "Pope Joan" board, and containing all manner of appetizing relishes and zests, including the famous dried fish known as the "Bombay duck." A curry of fish, or vegetables, or frogs' legs, prepared by a Malay cook, and eaten at the moment it is ready, is a dish fit not only for gods, but for well educated junior and senior devils, and I know that it always makes my tail curl with delight. The only objection is, that at big "tiffins" the curry is served after one has already eaten such a lot of food that hardly a crevice is left for it.

We passed the afternoon inspecting the Maharajah's splendid stable and the beautiful gardens of the palace, and when the shades of evening began to grow long, we reluctantly bade adieu to the lovely place and drove back to Singapore.

The following Sunday we dined with the Hon. Mr. Whampoa, a Chinese gentleman, who is a member of the Legislative Council of the Straits Settlements, and a millionaire merchant. Mr. Whampoa has a beautiful house some six miles from Singapore, and is just as hospitable as the Maharajah. "Whampoa's Gardens" are celebrated all over the world, and are one of the principal "sights" of Singapore. The old gentleman is a great, big, portly fellow, speaks English perfectly, and has most distinguished manners. His dinners are famous, and require a specially good trencherman to appreciate properly, seeing that, in fact, they consist of two distinct dinners, the first in the Chinese fashion, consisting of bird's-nest soup, shark's fins, decayed plovers' eggs, and all the rest of the long list of Celestial delicacies, with hot samshu, in porcelain cups; and the second, a regular European feed, commencing with *hors d'œuvres*, soup, and so on, straight through to dessert, with a selection of choice vintages. Mr. Whampoa never permits his guests to turn out after dinner, but one is expected to stay till night, and one's apartments are assigned on arrival. Dinner is at 8:30, and usually lasts

until midnight, after which the host and the guests sit around the room in Chinese fashion, the chairs all around the walls, and chat and smoke with occasional intervals for B. and S. until they feel inclined to retire. The host does not appear in the morning, but the *Chotta-hazra* is always accompanied by a present of some trifling value, and "Mr. Whampoa's compliments and thanks," and then carriages are at the door to take one back to town. Poor, good, old Whampoa, he entertains no more, having been gathered to his ancestors some three or four years ago.

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## CHAPTER X.

### BOAR HUNT IN JAVA.

The Royal Illusionists enjoyed a pleasant visit to Singapore, and from thence proceeded to Java, landing at Batavia, the capital of Dutch India. The city is situated on both sides of the river Jacatra, in a swampy plain at the head of a capacious bay. The streets are usually straight and regular, and many of them are from 100 to 200 feet wide, while in not a few cases there is a canal in the center, lined with stone and defended by low parapets, while almost every street and square is fringed with trees. The houses of the better classes resemble country villas. Even the stores have gardens in front, and but for the signs would not be suspected of being devoted to trade. It was a pleasant sight to see the plump and pretty Dutch ladies sitting in front of their homes in the cool of the day, clad in white jackets and serangs, the latter being a strip of calico wound about the loins and forming a sort of skirt. My master noted as a curious fact that the children of Europeans are much darker than their parents. He found the theater—the Opera Gebouw—to be remarkably

well ventilated. A good piazza ran around it, and the walls were only high enough to keep those on the outside from looking in, ample space being left between the top of the wall and the roof support, to permit of the free circulation of air. The theater belonged to a club, and was given free of charge.

But while his party was received with much popular favor at Batavia, my master had a very unpleasant experience there. It is a law in Java that strangers must register and announce to the proper authorities the object of their visit, and the time they propose to stay. The penalty for failing to do this is 15 guilders a day for each person. Kellar had no intimation that this was the case until about a month, when officers swooped down upon him. To be fined under such circumstances was peculiarly galling, particularly as the sum demanded was a very large one. Kellar immediately set about to secure a remittal of the fine, and through the efforts of the American Consul and the intervention of the Governor-General's son succeeded.

From Batavia we went to Semarang, Sourabaya, Solo, Djok-Djakarta and Soerakarta, appearing before the Rajah in his palace in the latter place.

The Royal Illusionists next visited Pekalongan, landing in a surf boat. There was a tremendous surf on the bar, and the boat was rowed up the small stream a distance of five miles to the town. My master played at the Club Harmonie, and was courted by the best people. The Club paid 2,000 guilders for the entertainment. The audience was very select, being composed only of the families and friends of the Club members. Kellar was delayed at Pekalongan for five days while waiting for a steamer. It was with exceptional pleasure, therefore, that he accepted the invitation of an American gentleman, who owned a large sugar plantation and refinery in that neighborhood, to go with him on a boar hunt. Wild boars were very numerous on his estates, and as the ground was dan-

gerous for horses, because of the roughness and the many small holes that abounded, it was arranged that the party should go on foot armed with Remington rifles and swords or machettos. The orthodox fashion was to be on horseback and armed with boar spears. A number of good dogs accompanied the party, and they soon started up a magnificent old boar, who sprang from his lair with a grunt of defiance, and tossed his head for a moment as if doubtful whether to charge or run away. He decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and made a dash for the cane. As he did so, Kellar fired, wounding him in the flank. The savage brute instantly turned, and like a flash made straight for his assailant. A young English gentleman, Mr. Kennedy, seeing my master's danger, ran to his assistance, and, with his machetto, dealt the boar a blow across the shoulders that caused him to turn and attack his new foe. Mr Kennedy was not quick enough to avoid the charge. The boar ripped his thigh open with one slash of his murderous tusks, and would have disemboweled him in a moment had not Kellar rushed in and given the brute a tremendous blow across the small of the back with his sword, which rendered him helpless. Mr. Kennedy's wound was found to be an ugly one. It reached to the bone, and was long enough to admit a man's open hand. The rest of the party speedily came upon another boar, and the man who had so generously risked his life to save that of a friend, was tenderly assisted to the house. My master had all the boar hunting he cared for at that time.

On arriving at the overseer's house, my master saw a very large orang-outang sitting in a swing and lazily swaying himself to and fro. The overseer's daughter, a girl of about six years, ran up to the orang and told him to get out, as she wanted to have a swing herself. As the old fellow did not offer to budge, the little girl began to vigorously box his ears. My master looked

on horror-stricken, expecting to see the huge brute resent the blows, and knowing well the great strength possessed by these anthropoid apes, as well as the surly tempers of the old ones. Imagine his surprise and delight, therefore, when he saw the orang put his hand to his head and moan piteously, as if begging for mercy. The little girl still continued her blows, however, and the big orang finally got out of the swing, allowing the little fairy to take his place. He then moved the swing for her with all the intelligence of a human being. Kellar was greatly impressed with these apes, which he believes are well worthy of their name, orang-outang (Malay for "Man of the Woods"). They display in many respects as much intelligence as the lowest order of savages, and have many peculiarities that are startlingly human.

From Pekalongan, Kellar and his party went by steamer to Bangkok, and afterward performed before the King of Siam, who was so highly pleased that he wanted to confer the order of the White Elephant on Kellar. A public exhibition was given in a bungalow, and this delighted the subjects as much as the previous entertainment had charmed their royal master. Bangkok is a striking city both in its extent, the strange architecture of its more important buildings, and the luxuriant greenness of its trees, which grow profusely everywhere. The streets are in many cases traversed by canals, and the houses raised on piles, while a large part of the population dwell in floating houses moored along the river sides in tiers three or four deep. The ordinary buildings are composed of wood, or bamboo work, but the temples and palaces are of more solid construction, and are gorgeously ornamented. One of the most conspicuous objects in the city is the great Pagoda, which towers majestically above all the surrounding buildings. On approaching Bangkok by the river (Menam Chow Phya) the steamer sweeps around the bend of the stream, frequently so close to the bank

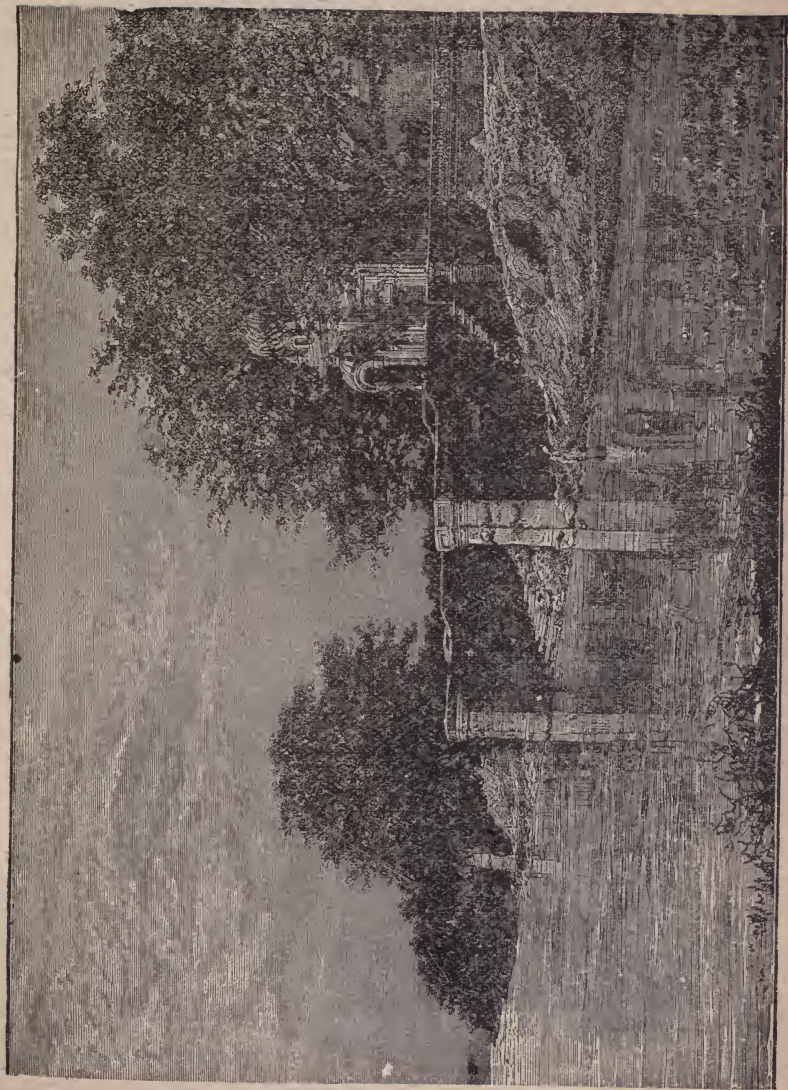


that the branches of the trees brush the water. This is the source, probably, of the story of the Straits of Balam-Banjang, which are said to be so narrow that the monkeys jam their tails off in the shears of the blocks of passing vessels. The stream is very rapid, and being shallow, only vessels of light draught can ascend to the city. There are few sights more beautiful than the appearance of Bangkok as one comes up from the sea. The tall spires of the "wats," or Buddhist temples, of which there are a vast number, glisten in the sun. These are beautifully decorated in Mosaic work of myriad colors, and the extreme top is equally gilded. Flags of all nations float from the various consulates, and the White Elephant of Siam, on a red field is seen on the native ships of war and over the numerous palaces. On the banks are the beautiful gardens belonging to the royal family and the nobles.

Siam is exceptionally well off in regard to rulers, and the greatest care is exercised that there shall be no break or hitch in the succession. There is a First King, who is the actual sovereign, and a Second King, who is maintained in royal state so as to be ready at all times to assume the throne in case anything happens to the First King. At the time of our visit the First King, His Majesty Chu Phra Chula Longkorn, was a young man of twenty-five, and the Second King was his uncle. In addition to this, there was a Regent, who had held office during the minority of the First King, and still retained his style and title as well as his emoluments. The river is the principal highway of Bangkok, and is alive constantly with crafts of all descriptions darting hither and thither over the swift and rather turbid waters. There are boats of all kinds, from the stately barge of some high government official pulling twenty or thirty oars, to the primitive canoe of the fruit-seller propelled by one paddle. All the foreign "Honges," or business houses, have their private boats also, and each of these is orna-

mented with the flag of the country the house represents. The stars and stripes were over the house of Russell & Co., a charming place with a big garden and a lawn leading to the river's edge. Like the foreigners in every other settlement in the Far East, the temporary dwellers in Bangkok exercise the most generous hospitality, and a stranger will not remain at the Hotel Falk very many hours before he receives an invitation to take up his quarters in one of the houses.

It so happened that whilst we were in Bangkok there occurred the ceremony of the cremation of the body of a recently deceased exalted lady, no less than the wife of the Regent and aunt of the First King. This "function" took place in a bamboo grove about half a mile from the palace of the Regent. An open space was cleared, and in the center was erected a very pretty altar made of green bamboo branches split in half. The affair was very gracefully built, and resembled a very pretty Corinthian cross. At the height of about six feet was a pile of short bamboo faggots, each one tipped with gold leaf. A large marquee was erected right in front of the altar for "the quality," as they say in Ireland, and all around were canvas booths, with acrobats, tumblers, jugglers, and as many entertainments of this sort as are usually to be seen at a county fair. Around the foot of the altar were ranged a band of musicians (?) who made a frightful charivari with tom-toms and other native instruments, their efforts being aided by the moans and lamentations of a score of professional mourners. In a small tent reposed the remains of the lamented deceased. There wasn't much left of the "remains," by the way, as the old lady had been dead about a month, but what there was was quite sufficient to prove conclusively that she had died in the odor of sanctity. As a mark of special favor we were taken in one by one to view the remains. Although as a junior devil I am of course not unfamiliar with the fragrance of roast missionary, barbecued



THE SLAUGHTER GATE AT LUCKNOW.

lawyer and other toothsome dishes, I must confess that I should not have been sorry if I had been "left out" in this invitation. The old lady had been a little old lady apparently. At any rate all that was left of her in the white satin-lined rosewood coffin might have been easily put into a big envelope. After we had paid our respects we were conducted to the big marquee, placed in seats which commanded an excellent view of the altar, and served with champagne and other "restoratives." Presently the royal party arrived. The household of the Regent in gorgeous blue uniforms with white ornaments, the mourning color of Siam, and all, of course, wearing the graceful "Sarong" draped artistically between the limbs in a fashion that would make any professional "breeches" maker turn green with envy. Then came the ladies of the Zenana, clad all in pure white, and looking as melancholy as if the old lady had been mother-in-law to them all. Then followed more guards and the venerable Regent himself, a fine grizzled old party, with a merry twinkling eye and a rubicund visage. He was accompanied by his relatives, the two brothers of the First King, the son of the Second King, and was attended by a brilliant staff. These all took seats in the pavilion erected for their especial use, and then the real fun began. The coffin was brought out, and, borne on the shoulders of men of the old lady's household, was placed on the top of the decorated faggots. The tom-toms thumped louder, the mourners howled piteously, and the attendants, at a given signal, fired the pile, which had previously been saturated with inflammable oil. Each member of the family then put in his or her special faggot, the old Regent putting his torch last. The flames blazed fiercely up, the bamboo sputtered and crackled, and fire waved, and in a very short space the entire structure, coffin, and the exalted "remains," were consumed, and nothing but a pile of ashes remained. As soon as this was accomplished, we withdrew, having been most

agreeably entertained, and having formed the conclusion that cremation, at any rate in the Siamese manner, is a very excellent notion.

There was to be a dance the same evening at the house of Captain Bush, the Captain of the Port and Commander-in-Chief of the Siamese Navy. Captain Bush was (and I hope still is) an American who had lived many years in Siam, and enjoyed high royal favor. He was a jolly "old salt," as hospitable as an Arab, and went Jephthah, Judge of Israel, "one better," in that he had two fair (or rather dark) daughters, whom he loved passing well, and who were the belles of Bangkok. Of course, we were all bidden to the dance, but when I asked the King's younger brother, Prince Paradox (or a name that sounded like that) whether we should see him at the Bush dance, he replied sorrowfully, "No, indeed. I'm afraid not. I have to stay here till the fire is quite burnt out, and then when the moon shows over the towers of War Po (the big Buddhist temple), I have to accompany the priests to the river and cast my excellent old aunt's ashes in the waters, with appropriate ceremonies." I was sorry for H. R. H., but as I was graciously accorded another waltz by the lovely Alice (was it Alice, Uno, or Lucy?) in consequence of his absence, I was consoled. My master and I danced that night till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of our boots, and went to bed in our snug quarters at the Russell house about daylight, dreaming of Alice's eyes and cremation. This was the result of the "funeral baked meats," followed by hospitable Captain Bush's punch. However, as we were to leave Bangkok the next day, and had a fortnight's sea voyage in which to pull ourselves together, it didn't matter very much.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE CITY OF SHANGHAI.

We rolled up the China Sea past the fatal spot where the bones of the "Stanly" lie, past Hong Kong and Formosa and on to Shanghai, at which place we first went out on the Bubbling Well road five or six miles to a summer resort known as the Hermitage. The road lay through cotton fields, where natives were seen picking cotton, spinning and weaving it all by hand. We were also impressed with the great number of mounds which covered the ground, and which proved to be the graves of dead Chinamen. The reverence of the Chinese for their ancestors is remarkable. A grave is held sacred. But this devotion to their dead did not inspire us with any great affection for the race. One could not help being interested, however, in a country where, as Wingrove Cook has said, "the roses have no fragrance, and the women no petticoats; where the laborer has no Sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honor; where the needle points to the south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of the head; where a place of honor is on the left hand, and the seat of intellect is the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent jesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself into mourning."

The city of Shanghai is divided into four "concessions," American, English, French and native. A beautiful, broad drive along the river front, known as the Bunda, leads through the English and French sections, and ends at the American town. It is lighted

with electric lights, and is the favorite promenade and driveway for foreigners.

The hotels in Shanghai furnish cards to guests, on which are the Chinese characters for certain words and their English pronunciation. By this means the stranger can give orders to his jiniricksha man, or chair coolies, and travel about independent of a guide. For instance, for "post-office" he would say Dawling Su sing Kwan; for "North China Herald," Zsling; for "theatre," Sing song house; for "hurry-up," chop chop; for "stop," man man. My master found the coolies to be very ungrateful. The Government price-list is about 50 cents a day per man, but, wishing to be liberal with them, my master would give each man \$1.50 or more, and in every instance the coolie would demand additional pay, thinking it was ignorance or fear that actuated the stranger. The first time this was tried on my master, he took the money back and then paid the legal 50 cents, whereupon the coolie kissed his hand. My master regularly offered an extra fee afterward, in a vain effort to find a grateful coolie.

The filth of the native town of Shanghai is disgusting. The streets are very narrow and the stench dreadful. Pools of stagnant water are frequent, and a thick, green scum invariably covers them. From these pools clouds of gnats and flies arise, but the Chinamen seem to be perfectly indifferent to the insects.

The Chinese are said to be obtuse-nerved, and measurably insensible to suffering. Certainly the punishments inflicted on culprits in that country are of a character to shock an American. At the native jail in Shanghai one can see prisoners in cages, and undergoing various kinds of punishment. One of the caging processes is as follows: The culprit is put into a cage, through the top of which his head protrudes, and which is just long enough to allow the tips of his toes to touch the ground. In this position, hanging, as it were, by the neck, with just enough support from his

fect to prevent his neck from dislocating, the wretch must remain for days, until starvation and exhaustion put an end to his suffering. Often the offense, which is an excuse for this torture, is of the most trivial nature.

A number of brand new, British-built Chinese ships of war were lying at Shanghai. These vessels are known as the Alphabetical Fleet, because each one is named after a letter of the Greek alphabet. These vessels were all armed with guns of the newest patterns, and were for the most part officered by foreigners, though the sailors are Chinamen. They are of the corvette and "sloop-of-war" type, and are very efficient war ships, though, as in case of a rupture with a foreign country, should their officers resign their commissions, they would certainly fall an easy prey to the enemy. The Chinese are the most industrious people in the world, but they are not "great" as fighters, and without energetic leaders are utterly useless at critical moments. With a chief in whom they trust, like "Chinese Gordon," for instance, they will fight valiantly indeed, having, in fact, no fear of death; and the achievements of the "ever victorious army" show that there is good stuff in them, from a military point of view, if only the leader is sagacious and strong enough to bring it into action.

At the Hermitage, Yamadeva burst a blood vessel while playing bowls, and he could no longer take part in the entertainments. My master and Ling Look continued, however, at the Lyceum Theatre. It was here we made the acquaintance of the famous Chang, the Chinese giant. They were all in the theater between performances, and the light was rather dim. At the time of the introduction my master was standing in the depression occupied by the orchestra, and Chang was sitting in one of the front row seats. When Ling Look presented his friend, my master had no idea that Chang was a giant, and as the latter slowly arose to his

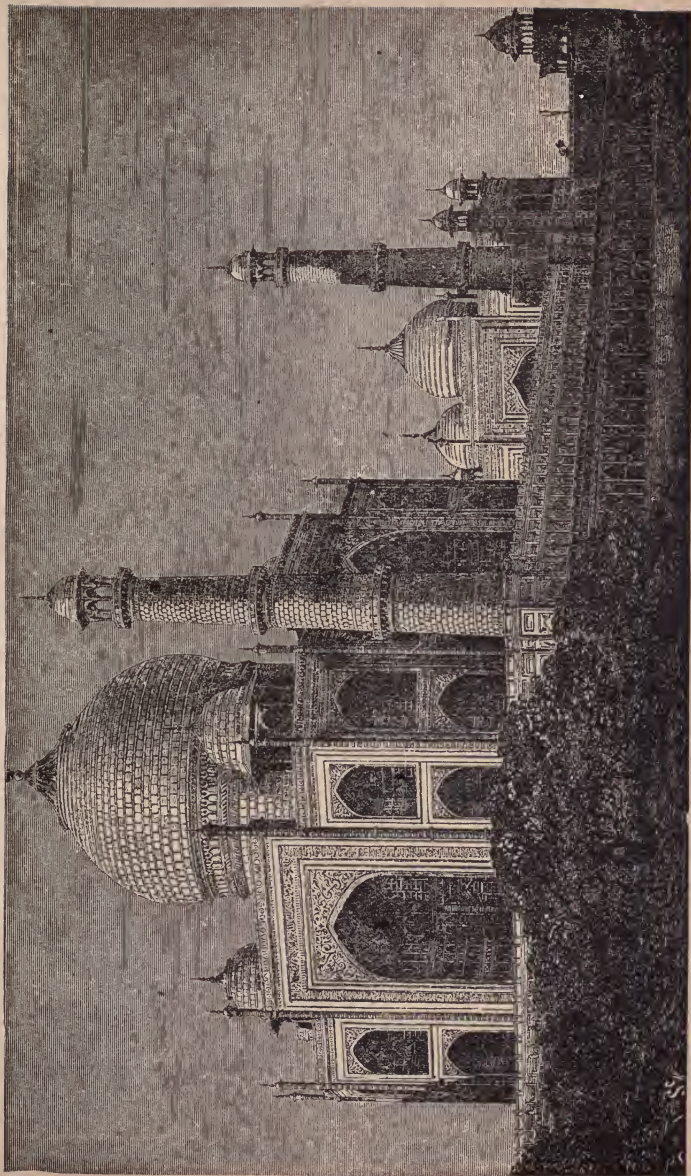


feet the advantage he had of standing on a higher level made him appear to be almost ten feet high. It was a startling sight, and my master, for a moment, was dumb with surprise. Chang was then a prosperous tea merchant in Shanghai. He escorted Kellar through the tea-houses of the city and took him to a Chinatown theater, where he occupied a box, for which they paid \$5. Every occupant of the box was served with a cup of tea made then and there. A little tea would be put in the bottom of a small bowl, a cup inverted over the tea and hot water poured into the bowl. The tea was drunk without sugar or milk. After the tea, nargilehs (Turkish pipes) were served. There was no scenery, and the gallery ran over the stage. When a man was killed in the course of the play, he would immediately get up and walk off the stage. An interesting feature of the performance was the dancing of a woman said to have the smallest feet to be found in China. They really were but about three inches long, being little more than soft hoofs, still she danced airily, and was surprisingly light and graceful in her movements.

Before ending his Shanghai season, my master accompanied his friend Riley, of the Grand Central Hotel, on a pleasant shooting trip up the Yang-tse-Kiang to Shantung. A shooting trip up the "Grand Canal" in a houseboat from Shanghai, is the acme of luxurious sport. The boat is just as comfortable as a house, and, in Far Eastern fashion, supplied with every possible comfort and luxury. During the night the coolies walk along the bank towing the boat, and when your "boy" calls you at daylight, you find yourself in the midst of "preserves," which extend for scores and scores of miles into the country devastated during the Taeping revolution, and which is still desolate. Game of all sorts abounds, however, and just putting on overboots and a solar topee, one can jump on shore and "walk up" ten or fifteen brace of birds and, perhaps, a deer, before the butler is heard calling from the boat

for breakfast. Then back you come, take a dip in the canal, get a fresh suit of pajamas, and sit down to battle with a gigantic appetite. The middle of the day is too hot for shooting, and, besides, the birds lie close; but towards four o'clock you begin work again and continue till dusk, and dinner, afterwards pipes and whist and numerous B's and S's, and to bed early so as to be "fit" the following morning. Whilst you are asleep the coolies tow the boat a few miles further up the canal, so that you have fresh ground each day. When you get back to Shanghai, after a week's absence, you have a boat load of "fijies" and other game, and have had a royal time.

My master is an excellent "snap" shot, and contributed his quota to each day's bag. It seems rather odd that, considering the apparent "hard-up-ness" of the inhabitants and the terrible strait to which every failure in the rice crop reduces them, they should not avail themselves of all this enormous supply of game at their very doors. But "these 'ere haythen is a queer lot," as the celebrated Mr. Corney Delaney observed, and if they don't know any better than to live on "swampseed" and the interiors of fowls, when they might have roast pheasant every day if they would take the trouble, it is nobody's fault but their own.



THE TAJ-MAHAL AT AGRA.

## CHAPTER XII.

## AT THE COURT OF AVA.

From Shanghai my master and Ling Look went to Foochow and Amoy and thence to Hong Kong. Yamadeva died on the way, and his remains were buried in the "Happy Valley," the European Cemetery of Hong Kong and one of the most beautiful burial places in the world. Soon after reaching Hong Kong, Ling Look became sick and had to go to the hospital. My master played in Theatre Royal and had a very successful season. After finishing his engagement there, he was induced to give a performance at the Polok (Chinese) theater. He had a crowded house, and not a few mandarins of prominence were in the audience. When a committee was required for the rope-tying test, Kellar induced two mandarins to come upon the stage to put the rope on him. They were quite skillful in the tying, but before allowing my master to go into the cabinet one of them stooped over to take a last and closer look at the knot, while he was in this position the other mandarin picked up a tambourine that was lying near, and with it hit his stooping companion a sharp rap on the back. Then with a face of blank, child-like innocence, such as only a Chinaman can assume, he quickly passed the tambourine behind his own back, and stood holding it there as quietly and unconcernedly as if asleep. As soon as he felt the blow, the stooping mandarin popped up his head and looked around in surprise. Noting the blank look of his comrade, knowing that Kellar could not have dealt the blow, and seeing that there was no one else on the stage, the Chinaman's knees began to smite each

other, his jaw fell, and with a screech of terror he ran from the theater, while the audience, which was in the secret, fairly screamed with laughter. But their laughter did not last long. The magician had no sooner taken his place in the empty cabinet than musical instruments began to clatter, hands appeared, and such other evidences of supernatural presence were given, that the audience almost to a man rushed from the theater shouting frantically, some of them screaming in "pidgin" English, "He belong Debillo!" It was useless to attempt to get them back. They had seen enough. If my master had been a veritable demon with a forked tail, cloven feet and a breath of flame, their fright could not have been greater.

After this engagement two of the Chinese committeemen visited my master, dropping their pigtailed in token of respect as they appeared before him. They presented him with two ten-pound cases of the choicest Chinese tea, such as is worth in China upward of \$4 per pound, and is only drunk by the high mandarins. Accompanying the tea was a note of which the following is a copy:

"To our very dear friend Mr. Kellar. Hoping he will accept this with a smile."

My master took the tea on board the American ship Great Admiral, from Boston, drank some of it with the Captain and his wife, and gave the rest to them. It had a delightful aroma, and was to other tea what the best Havana cigar is to one made of cabbage leaves stained with tobacco juice.

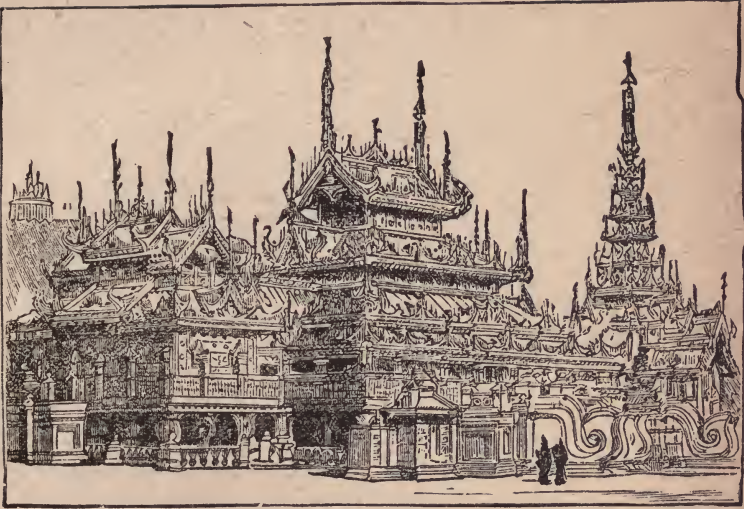
Having lost his two companions, my master took Mr. John Hodgkins as his assistant. They went over to Macao, a Portuguese settlement forty miles distant, and played in the Club Theatre. While at Macao, Kellar visited the famous grotto where Camoens wrote the *Luciad*, a grand poem in praise of Portugal, the country from which he was an exile.

The next stopping place was Manila, to reach which

Kellar crossed the China Sea on the little steamer *Esmeralda*, encountering a terrific hurricane on the way. A great earthquake occurred the day after his arrival. Prominent churches were destroyed, and many public buildings were ruined. The insignificance of human power, when compared with the forces of nature, was very strongly impressed upon my master by the event. He opened at the *Teatro Español*, and found to his delight that the earthquake did not interfere with his business. He was surprised to see the number of Chinamen at Manila who have become Catholics, but that was only until he knew that in no other way could they arrive at a dignity which would permit them to marry or do business in that city.

From Manila we took a trip to Ilo-Ilo, one of the most beautiful islands in the world, and the gem of the Philippine group. Thence we returned to Singapore and to Penang in the Straits of Malacca, and afterward across to Moulmain in Burmah, whence we took a steamer to Rangoon, where we performed in the Cantonment Theater, half way between the town proper and the Great Pagoda.

The Magician received an invitation from the King, through his agent, to visit him at the Court of Ava, and appear before his Majesty and the royal princes and nobles at the capital. We embarked on a small steamer, and after traveling up the Irrawaddy, a distance of about 700 miles, arrived at Mandalay, where we were met by an escort of priests and nobles, and, mounted on elephants, were conducted through long rows of bamboo houses, carved temples, and gold covered Pagodas to the royal palace of Ava. We passed through a gate, and were detained in an outer court where we were ordered to remove our shoes and await the pleasure of his Majesty. After waiting there for nearly an hour, we were informed that we could proceed and arrange the apparatus, which had been sent



ROYAL PALACE, MANDALAY.

in previously. Then we were conducted through two more rooms, and then entered the grand audience chamber, in one end of which a rude stage had been erected for our use. At the other end was a high elevation, on which were placed a number of screens of lattice work, from behind which persons could see, but could not be seen. After all the arrangements for the performance were complete, my master still had to wait an hour before the interpreter announced that his Majesty was ready to have the entertainment proceed. The King and the ladies of the royal household were behind the screens, and the performer could not get a glimpse at them. When the King was announced, the nobles prostrated themselves before the screens until their faces touched the ground, and they remained in that position until the master of ceremonies gave a signal for them to about face, when they turned their faces towards the stage, but were still on their hands

and knees, and so stayed during the entire performance. We were ordered to prostrate ourselves, but when we explained that it would be impossible for us to give our performance in that position, we were graciously permitted to retain an upright posture. When the performance was over, we were informed that His Majesty was so highly delighted with the entertainment that he would honor us by allowing us to look upon his countenance. The center screen was drawn aside, and we beheld his Majesty reclining on a satin couch. A number of white silk umbrellas were spread out above him. He is the only person in the kingdom who is allowed a white umbrella. It is the emblem of royalty. The quality of parasols ranges from white satin through all grades of gold, half gold, green silk, yellow silk, etc., to cotton; the umbrella in Burmah denotes the rank of the owner.

The King, with a sort of grunting, harsh voice, conversed with us through the interpreter. He desired that we should make our home in the capital. He would appoint my master conjuror to the Lord of the White Elephant. He should have every luxury he desired, and finally when all of his tempting offers had been declined, he demanded that Kellar leave his apparatus at the Court, and impart its mysterious power to one of his own subjects. This, my master explained, would be an impossibility, as the good genii who aided him would not care to transfer their services to others, and besides, they would be very angry if the Magician's plans were interfered with. All of this, of course, I in my character of junior devil, most cordially approved and endorsed. This seemed to impress his Majesty, and he made my master promise to give another performance at the capital before he returned to his own country.

We were then permitted to see the sacred White Elephant, a huge beast not nearly as white as Bar-num's. He was inclosed in a magnificent room. His



food was served on silver plates; his water trough was lined with gold, and his body was covered with the richest cloth of gold and satin. My master and his assistants passed the remainder of the day roaming about the city. At night they had very comfortable quarters assigned them at the palace, where they slept on mats, Burmese fashion. The next day they performed again before the royal household, and on the following day they intended to return to Rangoon by steamer, but the king gave positive orders not to allow them to leave the capital. As the steamers left only once every ten days, they became alarmed lest the king might take some other notion into his head before the ten days were over. But all their threats and prayers were in vain, and they were compelled to remain, as the king would not allow them to remove their luggage from the palace. They were treated like princes during their sojourn in the city, and besides having all their expenses paid, the king made them a present of 5,000 rupees (about \$2,500). When the day came for the next steamer to sail, they were reluctantly permitted to depart, and then only after much pleading and through the kind efforts of the Rev. Mr. Walsh, an American missionary. Even then my master was forced to leave his cabinet as security that he would return at an early date. He says he intends some day to redeem that cabinet.

Coming down the river we passed through the petroleum district, and the steamer took on a cargo of oil which was very abundant. Both sides of the river were studded with native towns, and in each could be seen a gold-covered pagoda, giving additional charm to a picture that was as strange as it was beautiful. We breathed more freely when we were once more safely landed at Rangoon, under the protection of the English flag, which, next to the glorious stars and stripes, my master believes to be the most cheering sight an American can see abroad.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE SPIRITUALIST EXCITEMENT.

While at Monemein we watched with very much interest the work of a number of elephants employed about a saw mill. The sagacity of these animals was wonderful. The one tending the saw would throw the slabs and bad lumber to one side on a rubbish pile, and lay each perfect piece of lumber as smoothly and evenly in its place as if guided by human intelligence. In many places, while on our Indian tour, we saw elephants doing work which it would seem could only have been performed by a reasoning animal.

After making profitable visits to Rangoon and Akayab, my master and I went to Calcutta, and opened at the Chowringhee Theatre, on the evening of December 30, 1877. During our stay we appeared before the Viceroy, Lord Lytton, and a great number of other notables, including the Nizam of Secundrabad; Sir Salar Jung, Prime Minister of the Nizam; the Marajah of Scinde; and the Marajah of Jeypore. Kellar was most cordially welcomed by the newspapers, as well as by the people of Calcutta. The *Indian Daily News* said: "During the past twenty-five years we have witnessed most of the entertainments of this class given in England and throughout Europe, and we can have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Kellar in his illustrations of the high art of prestidigitation has never been surpassed." The *Englishman* characterized the performance as "wonderful and most entertaining," while The *Statesman* declared that "whoever visits the really wonderful performance will get fully his money's worth of pleasure and surprise."

In Calcutta, as elsewhere, my master publicly challenged the "mediums" to produce at any one of their seances a single wonder that he could not reproduce on the stage as a trick, and to make the matter interesting, he proposed to hand \$200 to some charity of the city in case of failure. The Calcutta papers took the challenge up and called on the "mediums" in the community to show how real a thing Spiritualism was. As a result, the following correspondence took place :

To the Editor of the *Englishman*. SIR: I beg to state that I have visited the performances of the Royal Illusionists every night they have performed at the Theatre Royal, and advised my friends who have not seen them to go likewise. I have no fault to find with their clever burlesque of the Davenport seance ; first, because their imitations were well done ; and secondly because as is well known to all spiritualists, the lower phenomena of rope-tying have formed a portion of the stock-in-trade of the leading professors of the magic art for years. Spiritualism does not rest its sure foundations on such phenomena. That phase, and it is a phase, has been proved in my own circle by our private medium in the abnormal shape, having been tied in all sorts of ways by his guides, is simply one of the stepping stones toward the door of the temple of knowledge beyond, and can be successfully imitated, as all the lower or similar phenomena can, by any clever conjurer who may make it his study. A rather singular admission, however, was made by Mr. Kellar last evening (if I understood him properly) namely, that he traveled with the Davenports for years, assisted them in the cabinet, and knew all their secrets and tricks. Mr. Kellar did not say whether as a professed medium or conjuror. But it does not follow because the seance a-la-Davenport can be imitated, it is not genuine. In the early history of the celebrated brothers they were well known as spiritual mediums, whatever they may now pass for ; and I am by no means satisfied that what I have witnessed on several occasions at the entertainments of the Illusionists is really the same phenomena that I witnessed through the Davenports, though it resembles it so closely as to pass muster with the audience generally. Last even-

ing there were jubilant remarks made that "Spiritualism was now exposed;" but such logic was sadly at fault, as it does not necessarily follow that a thing may not be genuine because it can be successfully imitated. The Egyptian magicians performed the miracles of Moses, but on that account were the latter false? But to return to what I began. I was well pleased to be a quiet witness of all that passed, until I heard Mr. Kellar make a statement respecting Mr. Foster, the great spiritual medium. Mr. Kellar said that he would do all the tricks performed by spiritual mediums, including those of Mr. Foster, after having witnessed them three times. He threw down the challenge to them all. Though I am not a medium or a spiritualist, I am deeply interested, and therefore accept Mr. Kellar's challenge. I ask him to perform to the satisfaction of the audience and to mine, this "trick," which the late Dr. Ashburner relates in his work entitled "Animal Magnetism and Spiritualism" (page 323) as having been done by Mr. Foster in London.

It is as follows: "Sir William Jopham, with the concurrence of Foster, fixed an early hour for dinner. There were only the three of us at the dinner table. The servant placed the soup tureen on the table. No sooner had I helped my friends to soup than Sir William, who had preferred the seat with his back to the fire, requested permission to alter his mind as the fire was too much for him. He went to the opposite side of the table, forgetting to take his napkin with him. Immediately a hand, as real as the hand of any of us, appeared and lifted the napkin into the air gently and gracefully, and then dropped it carefully on the table. Almost simultaneously, and while we were still engaged over our soup, one side of the dining table was lifted up by some unseen power, and the moderator lamp did not fall from its place on the center of the table. The decanters, salt cellars, wine glasses, knives and forks, water carafes, and tumblers all remained in their places, although the top of the table sloped to very nearly an angle of 45 degrees. There was a wonderful conversation of my glass, china and lamp. The servant, who was waiting on us, stared and lifted up both his arms, exclaiming, 'Law, well I never!' And the next moment he cried out, 'Do look at the pictures,' which, with their ten heavy

frames had appeared to strive how far they could quit the wall and endeavor to reach the dinner table." Dr Ashburner, who was a man of high standing in his profession, goes on to say, "The appearance of hands is by no means an unusual phenomenon. One evening I witnessed the appearance of nine hands floating over the dining table." Now since Mr. Kellar took occasion to go out of his way to throw a shaft at Mr. Foster and other spiritual mediums, I hereby challenge him to produce at his illusion such detached hands as those which appeared through Mr. Foster's mediumship, over the dinner table of Dr Ashburner in London. Since Mr. Kellar does his clever conjuring tricks in the light, let him do these if he can. For instance, one of these detached hands might be sent to catch the canary which he allowed to escape into the body of the theatre. If he cannot do this, I will call on him to withdraw what he said of Mr. Foster and others.

In conclusion I may add, that I consider the Royal Illusionists very clever, and recommend all to go and see them. As for the adverse expression of opinion respecting spiritualism or its mediums, on their part or by any portion of their audience, I care very little. I know it to be true; have faithfully and patiently investigated its evidences both in and out of the circle, for many years, and proved them true.

GEORGE DALE DONALDSON.

Calcutta, January 5, 1878.

To the Editor of the *Englishman*. Sir: In reply to the letter of George Dale Donaldson, published in your issue of this morning, I beg to say that the gentleman's interpretation of my challenges to mediums is not correct. He requests me to reproduce certain experiments mentioned in Dr Ashburner's work, entitled "Spiritualism and Animal Magnetism." My challenge to mediums is this: I unequivocally and without reservation pronounce the so-called phenomena of spiritualism a humbug, and denounce all mediums as frauds. I hereby agree to wager the sum of Rs. 1000 or more, that I can fully, completely and satisfactorily perform and expose any manifestations of so-called spirit-power which I am permitted to witness three times. I have often attended Mr. Foster's seances, but I have never seen him do any such wonderful tricks as ascribed

to him in the work of Dr. Ashburner. If Mr. Donaldson can produce any medium who will cause detached hands to appear, such as are noted in his letter of to-day, I will give Rs. 2000 to any charitable institution in this city if I cannot reproduce *the same results*. I will conclude by saying, that when persons set themselves up as mediums, professionally or otherwise, and lead people to believe that they are bringing before them facts proving the immortality of the soul, they are doing a very solemn thing indeed, and the person who would for gain trifle with the most sacred feelings of our nature by pretending to do this, while all the time he is only carrying on an elaborate scheme of deception, is beneath contempt, and ought to be held up to the scorn of every honest man in the community. I consider it a duty to expose such frauds, and discourage them in their nefarious works.

HARRY KELLAR,  
Illusionist.

Theatre Royal, Calcutta, January 8, 1878.

To the Editor of the *Englishman*. SIR: I thought the absurd statement of Mr. Kellar at the Theatre Royal, the other evening, respecting the tricks of spiritual mediums and what he could do, were but empty chaff; his conduct with reference to my letter of yesterday confirms me in that opinion. Last evening he again repeated his remarks regarding mediums; but, instead of performing the trick which one of these despised mediums is reputed, on the best authority, to have done in London, he shuffled out of it by throwing out a ridiculous challenge, which he very well knew he was safe in doing, as in this part of the world no such powerful medium is known to exist, and therefore could not be accepted. But Mr. Kellar, who said he knew all the noted American mediums, and could do all their tricks, surely ought to have kept his word when I challenged him to perform that of Foster's, as recorded in my letter. When a noted juggler like Mr. Kellar asperses the characters of thousands of honorable spiritual mediums (both men and women), as he had done before a public audience and in his letter of this morning, he ought to be able to prove his assertions. And in what better way could he have done this than by doing what I asked him to do?

It is evident, notwithstanding his cleverness as a conjurer, he knows no more of the nature of spiritual phenomena than a great many who go to laugh at his so-called exposures. His burlesque of the Davenport seance is but a sorry one; it is true that it resembles that of the famous brothers in many respects.

That the Davenports were genuine spiritual mediums I firmly believe. I regret that mixing with the world in their travels has tended to demoralize them; but whether their manifestations are now supplemented by ordinary conjuring or not, I know that formerly they were genuine mediums, and, as such, were recognized by all classes in the Old and New Worlds.

To simplify matters between Mr. Kellar and myself, I shall forego my challenge to him about the spirit hands, and only ask him to allow one of the committee to enter the cabinet with him, and then cause the instruments to play, the same as was the case in the famous seance of the Davenport Brothers.

I await his acceptance of this challenge, yes or no, in plain terms. I shall be present, on Saturday evening, and Mr. Kellar can then give his consent to the above from the stage.

GEORGE DALE DONALDSON.

January 9, 1878.

To the Editor of the *Englishman*. SIR: It is a matter of regret to me that I have again to notice the latest production of Mr. Donaldson. For the sake of brevity I will pass by his abusive and offensively personal remarks on myself, and proceed to deal with the point of his letter. I will allow Mr. Donaldson, or any gentleman of his own choosing, to come upon the stage on Saturday; I will also have some gentleman from the audience (not a spiritualist) who attended one of the Davenport seances; I will do all that the Davenports did under similar conditions; I will allow Mr. Donaldson to enter the cabinet with me. I have fully explained the Davenport seance to the entire satisfaction of every intelligent person who has seen the performances of the famous brothers, at the seance we present nightly at the Theatre Royal.

I look forward with interest to Saturday, and hope to see

the amount of Mr. D's wager handed over to some charity, and trust that he will afterwards, like his friends, the Davenports, drop the spiritualistic theory, and admit that it is only a miserable burlesque on the movements of a higher development of which we know very little, and which ignorance will not be done away with until our spirits join the spirit land beyond the grave; and then, I trust, our power of perception will increase, our faculties will be ennobled, our employment will be higher, and we shall find other and more exalted work than shifting knives, forks and glasses, or even pictures, for our "untabernacled spirits."

HARRY KELLAR.

CALCUTTA, January 10, 1878.

When the evening for the test arrived, the crowd in the theater was so great that, although many extra chairs were placed in the orchestra stalls, large numbers of people could not gain admittance. Concerning this performance the *Englishman* of January 14, 1878, said: "The chief attraction of the evening, however, was the entertainment, in the course of which the tricks of so-called mediums were exposed. Three gentlemen formed a committee, and Kellar, having been securely tied with ropes for the cabinet trick, Mr. George Dale Donaldson was expected to come on the stage, but he did not enter an appearance, although loudly called for by the audience in every part of the house. It was amusing to see everywhere gentlemen on the tip-toe of expectation, turning to the nearest person, with whom he was unacquainted, in the hope that he was the man. George Dale, however, was, like the spirits he believes in, invisible, and although he was again called for, when Mr. Kellar, in the full blaze of gas light, untied the knots with which he was bound, and exposed the 'Fay' seance, he did not think it prudent to show his face. But the entertainment was none the less an agreeable surprise to those who had not witnessed it before, while those who had were as mightily perplexed to find out how it was done. At the conclusion of the performance, Mr.





THE SNAKE CHARMER, OF INDIA.

*H. 82*

Kellar intimated, for the information of G. D. D. and his fellow believers in 'Spiritualism,' that he was willing to stand by the terms of his challenge, and meet them at any appointed time for the purpose indicated in these columns. Here is an opportunity for mediums and believers, of which they should not be slow of availing themselves."

When the Magician's challenge had failed to bring a defender of spiritualism to the point of attempting to tie him in public, it had the effect of bringing a professor of knot-making to the front, as the following correspondence shows :

To the Editor of the *Indian Daily News*. SIR: Seeing lately several letters passing between Mr. George D. Donaldson and Mr. Kellar, of the Royal Illusionists, and the former not turning up on Saturday to make his challenge good, I now beg to propose to Mr. Kellar that he allow me to tie him in a similar manner as the famous Davenport Brothers were tied in Liverpool some years ago, and out of which they found it impossible to extricate themselves. I name Friday evening next as the appointed time, and if Mr. Kellar accepts my challenge through your paper, I shall be there without fail.

Yours, etc.,

W. T. HART,  
Comdr. Ship Compta.

To the Editor of the *Indian Daily News*. SIR: In reply to Captain Hart's challenge, which appeared in your issue of this morning, and in which he proposes to tie me "in a similar manner as the Davenport Brothers were tied in Liverpool some years ago, and *out of which they found it impossible to extricate themselves*," I beg to say that I accept Captain Hart's challenge unconditionally, the trial of skill to take place at the Theatre Royal, Chowringhee, on Friday evening next. I will allow Captain Hart to tie me to his own satisfaction, and I will release myself in less time than he will occupy in tying me ; if I can not do this, I will publicly acknowledge my defeat. As Captain Hart is one of the gentlemen who formed the committee that tied the

famous mediums in Liverpool, I shall be prepared to meet with some extraordinary rope-tying on Friday evening.

Yours, etc., HARRY KELLAR,  
Royal Illusionist.

CALCUTTA, 15th January, 1878."

To the Editor of the *Indian Daily News*. SIR: I have noted Mr. Kellar's acceptance of my challenge. I will be at the Theatre Royal Friday evening, and will tie Mr. Kellar in such a manner that I feel convinced it will be impossible for him to *release* himself.

Yours, etc., W. T. HART,  
Comdr. Ship Compta.

Captain Hart was not the man to confine his efforts to the columns of the newspapers. He meant what he said, and he confidently believed that he could tie Kellar as effectually as he had helped to tie the Davenport Brothers. How he fared in his attempt is thus told by the *Englishman* of January 21, 1878:

"After the usual exhibition of Mr. Kellar's unrivaled skill at legerdemain, the cabinet seance was introduced, Mr. Kellar releasing himself almost instantaneously from a rope artfully tied by a practiced nautical man, and drawn so tightly as to cut the wrist. Mr. Kellar subsequently re-tied himself in the brief space of three seconds. This business having been gone through, Captain Hart was invited to try his skill, and, having rejected the rope previously used, was allowed to operate with a much thinner one of his own. The tying was of a complicated character, involving Mr. Kellar's neck as well as his arms, and occupied some time. The cabinet doors being closed, there was a pause, and some people thought they observed an expression of triumph on Captain Hart's face. Any confidence he may have felt in the result, however, was of short duration, for soon the sound of a loose rope was distinctly heard, and in forty seconds from the closing of the cabinet Mr. Kellar emerged a free man, with the untied rope in his hand, amid the enthusiastic applause of the audience."

Captain Hart, with the hearty, straightforward hon-

esty of the typical sailor, acknowledged his defeat in a letter, of which the following is a copy :

To the Editor of the *Indian Daily News*. SIR: I consider it but fair on my part and justice to Mr. Harry Kellar, that I should publicly acknowledge, through the columns of the press, my inability to *securely tie* Mr. Kellar last Friday evening, at the Theatre Royal, although he submitted to be tied in a most complicated manner ; in fact, by the only known knots that most effectually puzzled the Davenport Brothers in Liverpool a few years ago. After almost an hour's struggle *they* found it impossible to free themselves; but Mr. Kellar was only *forty seconds* in accomplishing what I, and all who witnessed it, consider a grand triumph. In fact, the applause that greeted Mr. Kellar on emerging from the cabinet free testified that fact, and was as gratifying to me as it must have been to the great illusionist.

Yours, etc.,

W. T. HART,  
Comdr. Ship Compta.

It can well be imagined that the Magician's success added to his already very high reputation. His skill was the talk of Calcutta, and his entertainments drew crowded audiences of the best people. The *Indian Charivari* of February 1, 1878, voiced the popular feeling very neatly, in a half-page cartoon, which was intended to show a bond from which the Magician could not free himself. Kellar was represented as standing on his stage with two beautiful ladies, each of whom had one of his hands clasped in both of hers. Beneath the cartoon was the following :

“ KELLAR VANQUISHED.

“ After the masculine Hart's failure to bind Mr. Kellar, *Charivari* would suggest a trial of feminine H(e)arts, with the utmost confidence that the great illusionist would be powerless to free himself.”

Before leaving Calcutta, Kellar gave a benefit for the children of indigent Freemasons, netting about 900 rupees, and he also joined with other artists in giving a benefit to John Flynn, an injured member of

“Wilson’s Great World Circus,” which was then in that city. On another occasion he appeared at the Corinthian Theatre in a benefit to Mr. J. C. Fuell, who, on account of continued ill health, had been ordered home to England. Whenever my master appeared at a benefit of this kind he was forced to close his theatre for the night, but it has ever been a pleasure for him to contribute his services to meritorious objects, and he has regularly made it a point not to allow his selfish interests to interfere with his duty to others.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### IN THE PUNJAUB.

From Calcutta the Royal Illusionists proceeded to Allahabad, and on this trip had a practical demonstration of the deadly character of the cobra’s bite. This snake is common in India, despite the efforts made to exterminate it. Among the passengers on the train was a handsome young lady of apparently good estate, as she traveled first-class. She had no sooner retired to her berth than she gave a piercing shriek and sprang to the floor of the car. A cobra, hidden among the coverings, had bitten her on the arm. The injured member had soon swollen to twice its natural size, her face became puffed beyond recognition, and she died after suffering terrible agony for about three hours. The snake had probably crept into the berth to keep warm. Although at most times the temperature in India is uncomfortably high, in the cold season strangers, as well as snakes, feel the necessity of plenty of covering. Kellar always provided himself with plenty of thick clothing on such occasions, and the wisdom of his course was frequently made manifest.

There are a number of features peculiar to railroad

travel in India. Four classes of tickets are sold, and the accommodation varies accordingly. The first passengers have the use of a regular bath room in one end of their car, and but four people are put in one compartment. The second-class fare is one-half the first-class, and the conveniences are considerably restricted. Passengers of both of these classes, however, have comfortable sleeping rooms at their disposal without extra charge. The third-class travelers pay one-half as much as second-class patrons, and the fourth-class are carried for one-half of what it costs the third-class to travel, but they are herded into the cars like cattle.

While on the way to Allahabad, the train stopped at Benares Junction, and my master's companion, Mr. Hodgkins, asked one of the natives at the station for a glass of water. Now Hindoos believe the touch of a no-caste man is defiling, no matter what his position may be, and their custom, when giving a foreigner a drink, is to pour the water into his mouth. In this case the native was leisurely proceeding in the orthodox style, when the impulsive and impatient Hodgkins seized the earthen cup, drank in the natural way before the astonished Hindoo could prevent him from doing so, and then handed back the empty vessel. The native in anger dashed the cup to the ground, breaking it into a dozen fragments, and serious trouble appeared imminent. The magic influence of the rupee, however, avoided bloodshed.

At Allahabad we appeared at the Railway Theatre. One of the novel experiences of our stay in this town was the hideous wailing of jackalls and hyenas in the streets at night. These animals are useful as scavengers, but to the stranger they seem like evil spirits, so much do their cries resemble the voice of a human being in distress.

From Allahabad the Illusionists went to Lucknow, where they had additional proof that in India caste is everything. The man who sweeps your room will

not take an empty cup from your hand; your groom will not cut a little grass; a coolie would carry any load, however offensive, on his head, but, even in a matter of life and death, would refuse to carry a man, for that is the business of another caste. Whether it be Brahmin or Sudra, a priest in a temple, or a ryot in a field, the highest or the lowest, each has his peculiar duties, and to those only will he devote himself. Even the excommunicated or outcast pariahs, form castes among themselves. There are grades even of misery. But strict as the Hindoos are among themselves in the matter of caste, they are, if possible, even more strict in their relations with the outside world. Even a beggar on the street feels himself superior to the no-caste foreigner of whom he solicits alms.

While in Lucknow we played in the Chuddermunzil Club Theatre. The season was a remarkable one, and my master's fame penetrated to every hut in the city. When leaving the theater one day with his assistant, he saw a party of Hindoos eating chow in the shade of the building. The shadow of the assistant fell on one of the dishes, and immediately the party was in a state of angry excitement. To be threatened by ryots was not an unusual occurrence in the case of Europeans unused to their ways, but on this occasion the Hindoos seemed frantic. They smashed the dishes on which the polluting shadow had fallen, and then made a rush for Kellar's trembling assistant. Now it so happened that some of the party had seen my master on the stage, and as the Magician sprang forward to protect his friend he was recognized. Instantly there was a shout of warning that it was the *Nautch-Wallah*, and the entire crowd prostrated themselves, mumbling what was evidently a prayer for protection. A moment later they were slinking away, hiding themselves behind *dakh gharrys* (bullock carts), and glancing over their shoulders to see that the Magician was not about to call down the powers of darkness upon them. Like

all ignorant people the Hindoos are very superstitious, and, although their native jugglers do wonderful things with snakes and baskets and the like, they could not understand how such marvels as Kellar performed were within the power of a man who claims no assistance from the spirit world.

From Lucknow we went on to Delhi. The intention had been to give an exhibition in the Town Hall, and after much difficulty we succeeded in engaging it. We engaged a native to stick posters in every available place. After the work was done the Chief of Police (Hamilton) sent an order commanding that every bit of paper should be torn down, and the surfaces to which it had been stuck washed clean. The prospects for a good house were not very encouraging, but my master had been making a great deal of money, and he felt independent. He accordingly packed his apparatus and prepared to leave the place. At the railroad station he wrote a letter to the Chief of Police, telling him he could take his coolies and tear down the paper at his leisure. Of course the Delhi papers got hold of the story, and they poked a great deal of fun at the cranky official, who was himself forced to see to the scrubbing of the dead walls, while Kellar "folded his tents like the Arabs and silently stole away."

At Agra the Magician visited the celebrated Moti Masjid, or Pearl Mosque, said to be the most elegant mosque of Indian Mohammedan architecture. It measures 235 feet east and west, by 190 feet north and south, and the court-yard is 155 feet square. The building is raised on a terrace, and is almost entirely composed of white marble. But Agra is even more famous for the Taj-Mahal, a splendid mausoleum, built by the Emperor Shah Jahan, for the remains of his favorite wife, Mumtaza Mahal. The building is of white marble, with four tall minarets of the same material, one at each corner. The enclosure, including





VIEW OF CAIRO, EGYPT.

the gardens and outer courts, is a parallelogram of 1,860 feet by more than 1,000 feet. The tomb stands on a raised platform 18 feet high, faced with white marble, and is exactly 313 feet square. The building is an early example of that system of inlaying with precious stones, which became characteristic of the style of the Moguls after the death of Akbar. All the spandrills of the Taj, all the angles and more important architectural details, are heightened by being inlaid with precious stones, such as agates, bloodstones, jaspers and the like. These are combined in wreaths, scrolls and frets, as exquisite in color as they are beautiful. It is said that 20,000 workmen worked steadily for twenty-two years to complete the structure.

After a visit to Cawnpore, Kellar went to Jey-pore, where he visited the Rajah's palace and witnessed a grand fete. Elephants were dressed in rich housings, and there was an almost dizzying amount of barbaric pomp and splendor connected with the proceedings. At Benares my master visited the famous monkey temple, the Doorgha Kond, which, although ostensibly devoted to the worship of the Goddess Doorgha, is in reality the dwelling of swarms of large yellow monkeys which overrun a quarter of the city. They are maintained and carefully tended by the Brahmins, who imagine them to possess certain holy attributes. These monkeys are very mischievous, but to kill, or even maltreat one would be very likely to result in the death of the person so offending. At Cawnpore and also at Delhi, as well as at other places in India, my master saw large numbers of these protected monkeys. As this visit was made during what is the winter season in that country, the monkeys were usually seen huddled together in an effort to keep warm.

## CHAPTER XV.

## IN BOMBAY.

All of the prominent towns of the Punjaub were visited by the Illusionists, and business was generally good. On the 14th of February, 1878, they opened at the Framjee Cowasjee Institute, in Bombay, and speedily created a sensation. The Illusionists took part in a grand testimonial to Mr. John Wilson (of the Great World Circus) "under the patronage and in the immediate presence of Sir Richard Temple, the Governor, and suite," as the Bombay newspapers expressed it. The season in Bombay would have been exceptionally pleasant but for the Parsee owner of the Institute where the performances were given. He was a conscienceless creature, with a perfect genius for extortion. The curtain was extra, the lamps were extra, the oil in the lamps was extra, and so it went. When the Illusionists were ready to leave, the Parsee discovered a blotched place in one of the planks in the stage, and he wanted my master to partially rebuild the theater because of it. The impulsive Mr. Hodgkins at this point once more came to the front, and kicked the grasping landlord to the bottom of the stairs. Of course this was illegal, and also, of course, the Parsee was not slow in getting out a warrant for Mr. Hodgkins' arrest; but Kellar took good care to see that his companion did not fall into the way of the officers, and so the Parsee nursed his wrath, and his covetousness and his sores, and got no salve for either.

On the whole, my master has not such an exalted opinion of the Parsees as a good many other people entertain. Their mode of treating dead bodies of their

caste disgusted him. They build tall towers, with a grating over the top, and on this grating the bodies of their dead are laid. Vultures and the elements remove the flesh, and the bones tumble through the grating into the hollow interior of the tower. Often a bird flying over the city with a piece of Parsee flesh in his mouth drops a portion of the carrion, and as the flight of these scavengers is frequently over the Malabar Hill, where the city reservoir is located, the water is often polluted by this filth. While my master was there, the Government was seriously considering the project of roofing the reservoir to protect the water from such contamination.

We put up at the Bycullah Hotel while in Bombay, and were very much amused by the sagacity displayed by the myriads of crows with which the city swarms. The crows are protected by law, and they seem to know it, but they do not presume too much on the fact. It is like catching a weasel asleep to outwit one of them. And yet they were very bold. Sometimes in the early morning at *Chota-hazra*, if the window was open, scarcely a moment would elapse before a crow would be on the sill, and with many a hesitating step and wise look the bird would edge up to the coveted toast and with a dash would seize it and fly cawing to his comrades outside. There were always scores of crows in the trees about the hotel, and often my master would throw pieces of bread toward them. In every instance a crow would dart from his perch, and, getting under the falling fragment, catch it in his beak before it could reach the ground. A friend induced my master to tie a long, but very fine, thread to a piece of meat and throw it with a number of other pieces of meat to the ground. Not a crow offered to touch the dainty morsels. At length they began to fly about them, then they alighted near the meat, and soon every piece, except the one to which the thread was tied, was eaten up. A servant of the hotel once set a trap

for a rat, and a dishcloth blew from a neighboring bush and covered the trap. A foolish crow put his foot on the cloth and was caught. Instantly there was the wildest excitement in the crow colony, and as soon as the victim had been released from the trap, his companions set on him and pecked and pounded him to death. Theft, and even murders seem to be winked at by Bombay crows, but stupidity is a crime they will not condone.

The native town of Bombay literally swarms with people, and their peculiarities excite much wonder and surprise in the minds of strangers. They will not kill any animal, and they carry their tenderness so far as not only to scatter rice for the birds, but to sprinkle sugar near the ant hills for the benefit of those industrious little toilers. It is the custom in India for certain classes to burn the bodies of the dead, and every day during our stay in Bombay, we saw numbers of naked bodies of the dead carried through the town to the burning ghat, where they were either wholly or partially consumed before being thrown into the water. The Parsees, whose custom in this as in many other respects differs from that of the Mohammedans, have a bitter feud with the latter, and the result is that the police have often to interfere to protect them.

Of course we visited the famous Caves of Elephanta, in the Bay of Bombay, and marveled much at their wonderful peculiarities. But the time came all too soon when we had to bid adieu to India. The parting seemed to be regretted by the people as well as by my master. According to the *Bombay Gazette*, he gave his last entertainment "to a house crowded from floor to ceiling, and long before the advertised time for commencing, not even standing room could be had for money. The audience was composed of the elite of the city."

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE JUGGLERS OF INDIA.

Naturally on his first visit to India Kellar was curious to see something of the famous jugglers, of whom travelers have told such marvelous tales. He went out of his way to meet any famous performer who could only be reached in that manner, and the result was that between the time he landed at Calcutta and the time he embarked at Bombay, he had witnessed about everything of note in the juggling line that the country afforded. The opinion he formed, after seeing all they could show him, was that, apart from their skill as snake charmers, in the basket trick, and one or two other illusions, the ability of the entire fraternity of Indian jugglers is beneath contempt.

He had heard a great deal about the "wonderful mango trick," in which the native jugglers were said to plant a mango seed in the earth, whence it would be seen to sprout and gradually grow into a full sized mango tree, blossom and ripen fruit in full view of the spectators. It was further declared that the fruit would be handed around to whomsoever cared to taste of it. Stories to this effect had been told by so many travelers of repute, that Kellar really expected to find some merit in the trick. At Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Delhi and Bombay he saw native jugglers who did the mango trick, and each time they performed it precisely as follows: The fakirs, usually about five or six in number, would squat on the ground, and the spokesman would ask the spectators to select a spot of earth on which they desired the trick to be performed. This being done he would pick up the earth with a

small pointed instrument in order to make a soft spot; then putting up a skeleton frame of tripod shape, he would throw a shawl or cloth over it so as to make a sort of tent. One of the conjurers, wearing a long robe, with wide sleeves, would then produce a mango seed, and placing both hands and arms under the improvised tent, would plant the seed, his hands and arms being out of sight under the tent during the operation. His comrades would then perform some simple tricks with cups and balls, etc., after which the cover over the tripod would be removed, and a small sprout would be seen in the side of the mango seed. When the cover was again thrown over the tripod the fellow with the long sleeves would once more put his arms under the tent so formed. After another interval of three or four minutes the cover would be again removed, and there would be seen a branch of a mango tree about two feet high, bearing a few mangoes, some green and others ripe. The latter would be plucked and distributed among the spectators. The secret of this trick is so shallow that it hardly merits explanation. The man who placed his hands under the cover first inserted the sprout in the seed, and the next time he drew from his ample sleeve a branch cut from a neighboring mango tree, and thrust the cut end into the earth, which had previously been softened. At Allahabad the branch with the fruit toppled over, showing, instead of roots, the cut end of the limb, and thus was dispelled forever one of the illusions that had caused my master to marvel much, when reading about the wonders of Hindoo magicians.

Most of the wonders attributed to Oriental jugglers have never existed anywhere outside of the imaginations of those who tell them. The writers who declare that they have seen such impossible feats performed, as throwing a ball of twine in the air to form a sort of Jack-and-the-bean-stalk, up which the juggler climbed out of sight, pulling the string after him, and that th<sub>e</sub>

pistol shot of a companion conjurer brought the aerial climber to the earth in fragments, which, when brought together, became a living, uninjured man again, must have had their brains steeped in hash-eesh.

The feats of snake charming, however, are marvelous, and, if tricks, they utterly defy detection. In speaking of an experience with the snake charmer at Allahabad, my master says: "A fellow came into my room with nothing but a breech clout, and said, 'Plenty big snake here, Sahib. Plenty big snake in room.' I told him to go off; that I'd seen all his snake tricks, and did not want to be bothered, but he insisted upon it that there were plenty of snakes in the room, so I told him he could come in and call them out if he wanted to. He stood up in the middle of the floor and began to play on a sort of flute he had with him. Now mind you, there was no furniture in the apartment but a cot bed and two or three chairs. He had not played two minutes before I saw the sheet on the bed rise up till it looked like a small tent, and then an enormous cobra crawled out and coiled itself on the floor, with its head erect and its tongue darting out in anger. In an instant I saw other serpents approaching from the corners of the apartment, and they placed themselves alongside of their companion. The fakir, still playing on his flute, led the way to the door, and the snakes followed him. He paused on the threshold, and they reared their heads and hissed at him in anger. Just as I was beginning to get nervous, another fakir crept up behind him and cut their heads off with a sharp sword which he carried. I could learn nothing about this trick, if it was a trick."

In many other instances we saw marvels performed with snakes, and were also greatly pleased with the basket trick, of which much has been written, and of which the secret had been well kept. When he found a juggler who made a specialty of this trick, my mas-





FOREST SCENE, ISLAND OF MAURITIUS.

ter watched him closely, and this is what he saw. Having explained to the small company what he proposed to do, the juggler allowed them to select a spot on the turf in the open air where the trick should be performed. Here he stationed himself with a basket, with a hinged lid, at his feet, a little boy at his side and a sharp sword in one hand. He wore nothing but a breech clout. The company surrounded the conjurer in a circle so close that there was no possibility for any person to pass it without detection. The juggler placed the child in the basket, closed the lid, and began muttering a seeming incantation. While still praying he wove a large white cloth about his arm, and suddenly threw it over the basket, binding one end. He then drew the cloth towards him, brought it up around his waist and tucked the end in his clout, leaving a portion to hang down in front in graceful folds. This much done, he plunged the sword through the basket. As the child's agonizing cries were heard, the man drew back the sword all dripping with blood. Again and again was the sword thrust into the basket, the child's heart-rending screams growing fainter and fainter until they ceased altogether. The juggler asked that the basket be examined. It was opened and found to be empty. A gleeful shout was heard. The company looked in the direction from whence it came, and there sat the juggler's child on the limb of a small tree waving his arms and seeming as happy as a bird. Kellar paid the juggler two rupees (one dollar) and the secret of the trick was explained to him. He marveled at first that the man was willing to explain the mystery for so small a sum, but he soon discovered that only those who wore the Indian juggler's costume, the breech clout, could perform it. The trick is done in this way: The child is well trained. After he is placed in the basket, he watches his opportunity, and when the juggler spreads the cloth, the youngster slips from his hiding place, under

the cover of the cloth, crawls under the juggler, grasps a strap about the man's waist, and draws himself up between the juggler's legs. The cloth when brought about the man's waist hides the little fellow, who, from his unsuspected retreat, utters the piercing shrieks of the dying child. With a sponge saturated with a red liquid the juggler produces the blood stains. When the spectators rush forward to look into the basket, the boy slips from his place of concealment and makes his presence manifest wherever he has been directed to go.

Another trick which interested Kellar was performed by a fakir, whose outfit was a bowl of muddy water. He began operations by sprinkling some of the water on the ground, and then setting the bowl down on the dampened place. He would then put a small artificial duck in the water of the bowl. As soon as the duck was relieved from the fakir's hand, it would disappear under water. The fakir would squat a couple of feet or so from the bowl, and pound on a tom-tom, or small drum. Suddenly the duck would appear on the surface of the water in the bowl, but when a stranger's hand approached it, down it would go, and so, to the monotonous pounding of the drum, the bird would swim or dive as if alive. The secret of this trick is simple. The bottom of the bowl was pierced with a small hole, through which a horse hair was passed. The end of the hair within the bowl was attached to an imitation duck lighter than water. The other end of the hair was held by the fakir. The water sprinkled on the ground was to hide that which dripped through the hole in the bowl. All being ready, and the light duck being hidden beneath the muddy water, a heavy duck was placed in the bowl, and of course immediately sank out of sight. A slacking of the horse hair caused the light duck to appear whenever the fakir so desired, and a pull on the hair promptly took it out of sight. The pounding of the tom-tom served as

a blind for any movement the fakir's hand might make.

A very good trick was performed with half a dozen colors of powdered sugar, white, black, red, yellow, green and blue. The fakir would take a small spoonful of each color in his mouth, one after the other, and chew and swallow them. Then at the call of his audience he would blow any one of the colors from his mouth in a cloud. To do this trick the juggler had previously prepared six small capsules, each one containing a quantity of sugar of a particular color. These capsules were concealed in his mouth, three in either cheek. The sugar he seemed to eat was really swallowed. When any color was called for he would simply work the capsule containing that variety to the tip of his tongue, break the case with his teeth, and puff the dry sugar into the air before his astonished patrons.

In a few instances Kellar saw a juggler throw a quantity of sand into a bucket of water, and take it out as dry as if from an oven. In these cases the sand had been prepared by sifting it into a certain kind of melted wax, which gave an invisible and waterproof coating to each particle.

But the ordinary tricks of these world-famed conjurers were greatly inferior to those exhibited by the common sleight-of-hand performers, that visit fairs in Europe and America. The tricks already described are the only ones Kellar saw in India which are worth the mentioning.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## IN AFRICA.

From Bombay we moved northward to Kurachee and to Bassarah on the Persian Gulf, and thence by a small side wheel river steamer up the Tigris to the far-famed city of Bagdad. The steamer was covered around the cabin with plates of heavy sheet iron as a protection against the attacks of roving bands of robbers, who had a short time previously fired into the steamer from the river's bank. Instead of the glorious city of the Arabian Nights, we found nearly all of the large palaces and temples in ruins. The houses were low one and two story buildings, with the usual Oriental court yard in the center. There seems to be considerable trade going on, however, as the bazars were crowded with a motley throng of humanity, comprising Arabs, Jews, Christians, Turks, Armenians, and a variety of other nationalities, all clad in the garments peculiar to their countries, and using the language of their homes as far as possible. Much of the business of the city is conducted at little stands in the streets. There were then a few English merchants at Bagdad, and they seemed to be prosperous. The city contains a splendid arsenal, which is under the superintendence of British officers. In fact, it is difficult anywhere throughout the East to find a spot where the British have not found their way.

Bagdad reminds one much of Alexandria and Cairo. Hundreds of donkeys crowded the narrow streets, and camels are to be seen everywhere. The natives are kindly and hospitable, but all have a languid, don't-care-a-cent-if-school-keeps-or-not sort of air. An

English merchant, a Mr. Williams, entertained my master and his companion very kindly.

There is a great wealth of interesting ruins in Bagdad. On the top of one large tower was an enormous stork's nest, which had been visited by the storks for many years, they always returning to their old haunt at the beginning of the nesting season. The weather in Bagdad was so hot that it required some nerve to go into the street between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., and as there was no suitable place in the city in which to give a performance, my master was forced to be content to be simply a looker-on there. But he had no cause to regret that he had visited the famous city of the Caliphs. From Bagdad he returned to Bassarah, where he took the B. I. S. S. Co.'s steamer for Aden, and in that city we had to wait two weeks for a steamer on which to proceed to Zanzibar. While in Aden, Kellar gave a performance at the hotel. The British Admiral then commanding the East India station, furnished awnings, lumber for a stage, and men to put it up, as well as the band of his flag ship for an orchestra. The Admiral not only would not accept any free passes for the entertainment, but he insisted on buying whole rows of seats for himself and friends.

From Aden, the Illusionists proceeded down the east coast of Africa, and made their first stop at Zanzibar. The Sultan of Zanzibar is wise after the manner of absolute monarchs. He hasn't much of a kingdom, but he makes the most of it, and he rivals Solomon himself in the size of his harem. Of course His Imperial Effulgence is dusky in hue; that is a South African peculiarity. But for all that he was educated in Europe, and with the languages and culture of that quarter of the world he also acquired a fancy for its women. French girls fill his harem, and rumor says there are five hundred there. However that may be,

there is a small army of them, and they are kept hidden from eyes profane.

The Sultan had heard of the fame of Kellar, and the Magician was easily persuaded to appear at the palace. The Sultan's Major Domo was a darky named Capt. Mahomet, a thrifty old schemer, who allowed Kellar 1,000 rupees for giving the entertainment, and, as afterward transpired, told his Imperial master that the charge was 5,000 rupees. The extra 4,000 rupees found their way into Major Domo's pocket, and thus did he trick the trickster and measurably compensate himself for being able to speak fifteen languages. The performance was given in the open air on the plaza before the palace, the invisible beauties of the harem audibly expressing their delight, and the populace—who were admitted to one side of the plaza—often shrinking back with awe.

At Mozambique a brief stop was made, and the Royal Illusionists played for the Portuguese Club, making a great hit. Thence they went to Durban, Natal, where, on the evening of April 27, 1878, they opened at the Trafalgar Theatre. Shortly after this my master was taken sick with the Daingue fever, and was a sufferer from it for two weeks. At one time he was not expected to live. The best physicians in the place could not help him. When matters had reached such a crisis that hope had departed, an old sea captain was allowed to experiment with the sufferer. He simply applied cold compresses, and within twenty-four hours my master was on his feet again. The Illusionist did excellently at Durban, as also at Pietermaritzburg, where Kellar met, and became intimately acquainted with, Bishop Colenso. At Port Elizabeth, Kellar's artistic successes were renewed, the *Observer* declaring, "It is incomparably the most remarkable display the colonists have ever witnessed."

On June 3, 1878, my master opened at the Athenæum in Cape Town, entering upon a wonderfully suc-

cessful season of thirteen weeks. Among his patrons were Sir Bartle Frere, G. C. B., G. C. S. I., and all of the leading citizens. My master here engaged Signora Neri and Signor Nulli, prima donna and pianist of the Italian Opera Company, who contributed to the popularity of the entertainment. So notable did the entertainment at the Athenæum become, that on one occasion the principal of the public schools gave out as a copy to the writing class, "Kellar, the Royal Illusionist, is very clever," and on that day every school boy in Cape Town practiced with his pen on a statement which their elders, as well as themselves, heartily endorsed. The newspapers were lavish in their praise of the performances. The *Times* said: "Every evening Mr. Kellar has had to turn people from the doors." The *Argus* remarked: "Anything more refined and artistic could hardly be witnessed in any city of the world. Last evening the hall was filled with as intelligent an audience as is ever gathered in this city at a public entertainment, and, without exception, all pronounced the result marvelous." In reporting the performance, the *Times* said: "On Monday night Mr. F. G. Goodliffe and Mr. A. G. Jones tied the 'mediums.' Mr. Goodliffe mentioned incidentally that he had tied Maskelyne and Cooke, and this gave Mr. Kellar the opportunity of alluding to an unfair criticism, which had appeared in one of the leading journals of the town. He was very glad, indeed, that there was a gentleman present who had tied Maskelyne and Cooke, and he would ask him to give his verdict at the conclusion of the performance. The seances were then gone through, the tying was done with the greatest care, and at the conclusion Mr. Goodliffe expressed his opinion to the effect that this was the most clever performance of its kind he had ever witnessed." In another issue the *Times* stated: "On Monday night Dr. Shaw, of the South African College, was one of the committee who held the performer, and at the conclu-





THE WHITE TERRACE.

sion of the seance he stated that the performance was the most marvelous and the most mysterious he had ever seen." The challenges to mediums were continued at Cape Town, and Kellar also repeated his statement that he did not believe any person could tie him so securely that he could not free himself. Concerning the tying, a correspondent of the Cape Town *Evening Star*, of June 19, 1878, wrote as follows: "Mr. Kehoe, the proprietor of the Nova Scotia Hotel, and who has had, I believe, a great experience in sea life, intimated his willingness to engage the Illusionist, and a challenge was made by him and accepted by Kellar. The terms were brief. Kehoe stipulated that he should be allowed to use his own rope. Kellar replied that he accepted the challenge without reservation of any kind. Kehoe had formerly successfully tied 'Maxamilian,' and there were many who were fully persuaded of his ability to 'fix' the Illusionist. On the other hand, the Illusionist was equally confident that no one could 'fix' him, and with such directly conflicting opinions some bets were booked on the event.

"The last evening was to decide the matter, and at about half-past seven o'clock a large crowd had gathered round the doors of the Athenæum. Seats were at a premium, and yet only those who had been wise enough to secure seats in the course of the preceding day could be admitted. Five shillings each for gallery seats or standing room below were freely offered, but had to be declined, and at least as many people were turned away as would have again filled the hall. Among the audience were Sir David Tennant, Speaker of the House of Assembly; the Secretary for Native Affairs; the Commissioner of Crown Lands and Public Works; Mr. Kirkwood, M. L. A.; Mr. Goldschmidt, M. L. A., and many others.

"The cabinet seance brought to the stage a committee of three. While Kellar was being tied by one in a

simple square knot, another interposed and asked if Kellar would object to being tied by him and in his way. Kellar answered that he would, upon which the committeeman, with execrable taste, looked up at the gallery and spoke to the gods in Dutch. Beyond a doubt this sceptic scoffer and very clever man thought he had 'done' the Illusionists. The bad taste of the proceedings seemed somewhat to annoy Kellar, who asked the committeemen to speak in English, 'a language we all understand,' and added: 'this is not a rope-tying exhibition; it is an *expose* of spiritualism, but when it is over you may tie me in any way you like, and if I cannot release myself I will give you £100.'

"This silenced the sceptic, and the cabinet seance was proceeded with. In that part of it where Kellar has the hat on his head, his hands tied behind his back, and yet transfers the hat to the head of another, the very clever committeeman was specially sent to fasten the doors of the cabinet. Before he could even fasten one, Kellar banged the hat on his head with just the faintest *soup con* of malice. The astonished committee-man jumped back some three or four feet, and thenceforward was cowed. There was no more winking at the gods, no 'knowing' postures, but in their place a positive refusal to venture near the Magician, and subsequently a declaration that 'it beat him altogether.'

"This concluded, Mr. Hodgkins did the pillory test, an even more wonderful exhibition than the last, and next Kellar called upon Kehoe to come on to the stage and decide the challenge. Kehoe responded to the call without delay, and produced from his pocket a piece of coir (three-eighths of an inch) rope, eleven feet six inches long. While carefully uncoiling this, Kehoe made a speech somewhat in this strain: 'Our friend here said no one could tie him; I thought I could, and we had the challenge in the papers. At first I had some doubts about being able to do it, but since the spiritualist case in the Supreme Court this morning

(loud laughter), when the spirits lost (more laughing), I think I shall be able to tie him so he can't get out.'

"Kehoe then drew Kellar's hands behind his back, and commenced to bind him, the latter only stipulating that he should not cut his flesh. Sharply, and as one who thoroughly understood what he was doing, and had done it before, Kehoe lashed the hands together, round and round, with many a sailor's device, and finally exhausted the rope in as neat and apparently secure a tie as could be wished. Two ship captains among the audience testified to the genuine and thorough character of the lashing, and expressed their conviction that it would 'do' the Illusionist, while someone else declared the lashing would 'hold a man-of-war.' The whole operation had occupied two minutes and a quarter. Kellar himself expressed his doubt whether he should be able to release himself, and confessed that he had never been so well tied in the course of his experience. He then jumped into the cabinet, and 'time' was taken. Fifty seconds passed by, and the sceptic began to look triumphant, when suddenly a hand appeared through one of the openings in the cabinet, and seventeen seconds later Kellar himself appeared quite free, but with his wrists lacerated by the new rope.

"He was cheered and applauded to the echo, the hall ringing with shouts of 'Bravo, Kellar!' until one was almost deafened.

"So ended the Kehoe-Kellar challenge. That Kellar was secured as perhaps few other men could secure him, is beyond doubt, and his triumph was therefore the greater. It was a feat that will not soon be forgotten.

"In many instances spiritualists, who saw the wonders Kellar performed, declared that he was a powerful physical medium, without the moral courage to acknowledge himself as such. Immediately following the Kehoe test, a spiritualist wrote in this strain to the *Cape Times*, and wound up by saying, 'It is very wrong for him to abuse such power, and so ridicule,

for the sake of popularity, what I believe to be a great truth.'”

Kellar added to his popularity in Cape Town by refusing to play on the nights set apart in aid of the fund for the widows and orphans of the men drowned in the “*Eurydice*.” All of the papers commented on this generous act, and the *Evening Star*, of June 20, 1878, said: “His Excellency, the Governor, is about to extend for a second time, his patronage to Mr. Kellar. This act on the part of his Excellency shows a great appreciation of the merit of the Illusionist, and may be regarded as a graceful acknowledgment of the excellent taste and generous good feeling displayed by him in declining to perform on the evenings set apart for the entertainments in aid of those distressed by the loss of the *Eurydice*.”

The Illusionists took their farewell of a Cape Town audience on the afternoon of the 23d of June, and for that occasion appeared in the Exhibition Building. The *Times* said concerning the entertainment: “Notwithstanding the mud, which rendered it almost impossible to walk the streets of Cape Town on Saturday, and the showers of rain almost up to the hour of the entertainment, the largest crowd which has ever been seen in the Exhibition building was present to greet the Illusionists. The band of the Connaught Rangers opened the performance with an overture.”

During his stay at the Cape, Kellar became very well acquainted with Lieut. Col. F. A. Weatherley. All that time there were mutterings of the storm that afterward swept over Zululand, and cost the lives of so many British soldiers. Many people at the Cape despised the Zulus, but Col. Weatherley had a different opinion. He told Kellar that if war came, the Zulus would be found to be brave and desperate fighters. Like a brave man, he was not afraid to say that he dreaded the contest, and well he might. He fell in the disastrous fight on the Zlobane Mountain, on

the 28th of the following March. The career of this gallant soldier was a most creditable one. He was a son of Mr. Ilderton Weatherley, of Toronto, Canada, a grandson of Mr. John Weatherley, of Wellington, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was educated at Berlin, and served some time in an Austrian cavalry regiment, after which he entered the British army, joining the 14th Light Dragoons, with which he served in the Crimea, and took part in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, the battle of Tehernaya, and the siege and capture of Sebastopol. Subsequently changing into the 6th Dragoons, he served in India during the mutiny in the campaign at Oude. On returning to England he retired from the service and was subsequently in command of the Artillery Volunteers at Brighton, which position he resigned in 1877, upon going to South Africa to take possession of his property in the Transvaal. He had been a great favorite with Sir Bartle Frere during his service in India, and when the Zulu war broke out, he raised a picked corps of Lancers, and was placed in command of the Border Cavalry, with which he rendered great service to Colonel Evelyn Wood. At the battle of Zlobane his little troop, consisting of about sixty men, ascended the mountain and held the hidden enemy in check until the retreat was sounded, but when they turned and descended, they were at once surrounded by the Zulus, who rushed out upon them from the caves and krantzes of the Zlobane and the neighboring mountain. Col. Weatherley and his son, who was serving under him as a lieutenant, fought desperately, as, indeed, did every one of the little troop; but they were soon overpowered by numbers, the circle of savage warriors gradually narrowed, and only one officer and five men survived to return to camp, after having their horses killed under them, and themselves hiding among the rocks until the darkness of night enabled them to es-

cape. When last seen Col. Weatherley was supporting his wounded son on one arm, while with the other he was slashing right and left at the furious assailants who surrounded him.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### HARD LUCK TURNS.

On the 24th of June, 1878, Kellar left Cape Town on the steamship German, bound for England. He celebrated the fourth of July on board ship. The "Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save the Queen" were given to a chorus of popping corks, and all went merrily as well as patriotically. On the 14th of July, the Magician landed at Southampton. After a short season in that city, he proceeded to London, where he secured a new outfit, and soon after started for Havana via St. Thomas, on the Royal mail steamship Medway. A terrible hurricane was encountered on the way, but the good vessel carried its passengers safely to their destination.

Our tour of Cuba financially was most disastrous. The country was in an unsettled condition, and the people did not seem to care to be amused or mystified. We visited Matanzas, Cardenas, Villa Clara, Cienfuegos and Trinidad, among other places, and lost money everywhere. Returning to Havana we embarked for New York on the steamer Saratoga, determined to make a venture on American soil.

On the 9th of December, 1878, under the management of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, my master opened at Horticultural Hall, in Boston. One of his attractions at this time was the famous automaton, Psycho, and the entertainment he gave was one of great excellence. But, although the Boston newspa-

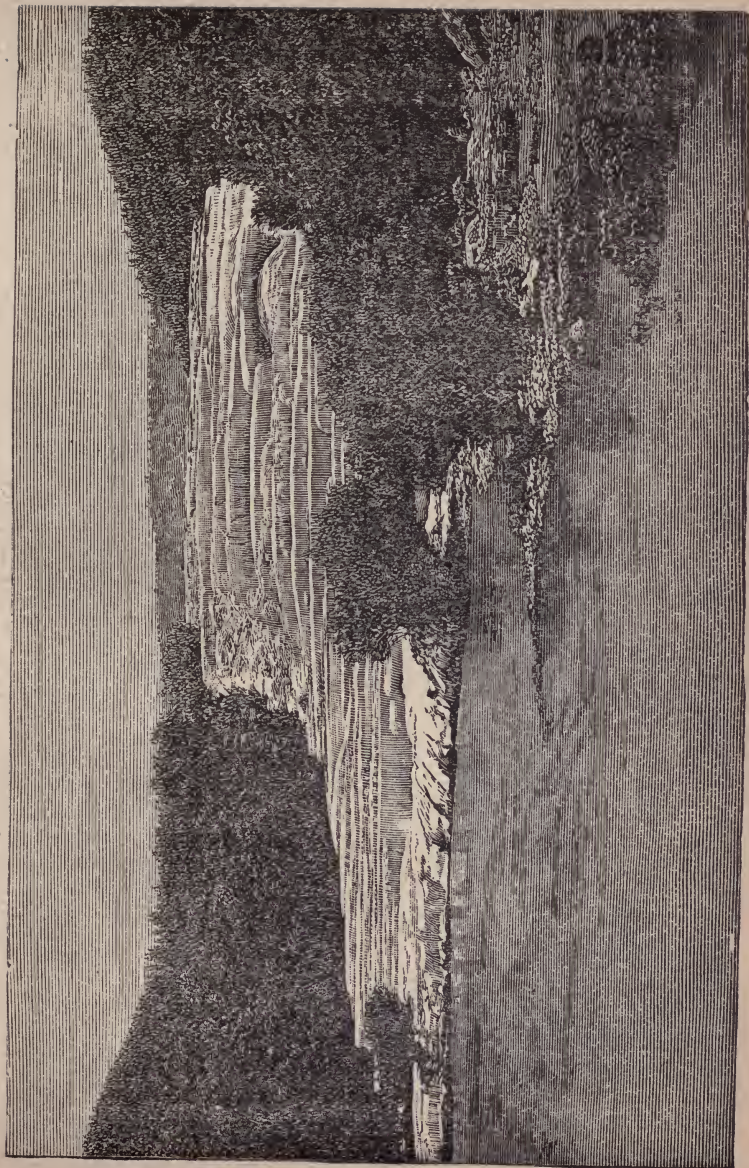
pers gave him strong support, and although his audiences were delighted with what they saw, his season was not a financial success. Heller, the magician, had died in Philadelphia but a short time previously, and the similarity of names made most people believe that Kellar was trying to make capital out of the dead man's reputation. The New York *Sun* voiced this popular feeling in a very cutting article, which was generally copied, and which turned the tide still more strongly against my master. A Boston *Herald* reporter one day handed him the following extract:

“Heller is hardly dead before we read of ‘Kellar the Wizard’ performing in Boston. Of course Kellar aims to profit by the reputation that Heller left, by adopting a close imitation of Heller's name. This is not an uncommon practice.”

In the issue of the *Herald* of December 21, the reporter thus describes what followed: “So that is from the New York *Sun*,” said Kellar. He laughed heartily and went on: “Why, my boy, I have a better title to my professional name than Heller had to his. Mine is my own. His true name was Palmer, and he adopted the cognomen under which he traveled. The idea that I am trying to build up a reputation on his name is too funny. Why, my name is really spelled Keller, and some years ago I changed the last vowel to ‘a,’ so that it should not be confounded with his. Heller and I were warm personal friends, and we have often spoken of the curious similarity of our names. Had this charge in the *Sun* been made by a Western paper, or one in any part of the world except the Atlantic States, I would not care a fig for it, for I am better known elsewhere than here, and the absurdity of the imputation would be apparent. Just look at this.”

Mr. Kellar produced a scrap-book filled with newspapers, and criticisms and programmes of his performances, printed in a dozen languages, and dating back four or five years. In every one of them his name ap-





THE PINK TERRACE.

pears as he gives it now. Then he brought out a mass of documents, some of which were executed far back in the '60's, and every one bore the name "Keller."

"These old ones," he said, "were written and printed before I altered the 'e' to 'a,' as I told you. I think they furnish pretty good proof that I am not 'profiting' by 'adopting a close imitation of Heller's name.'"

The reporter acknowledged that they did, and turning over the scrap-book found much material which interested him. There were programmes and newspaper excerpts in English, dated in San Francisco and other California cities; Carson and Virginia City, Nev.; Salt Lake City, Utah; Sydney, Australia (when under the patronage of His Excellency Sir Hercules Robinson, K. C. M. G., etc., and in presence of the Honorable Lady Robinson and suite, appear on the programme), New Castle, Brisbane, Bathurst, Melbourne, Victoria, Sandhurst, Adelaide, and other antipodean cities; Singapore; Dutch bills and newspaper extracts dated in Batavia, Java, Handelsblad, Soerabaja and Samarang; English and Chinese bills, the latter very curious, dated Shanghai and Hong Kong (one at the last-named place announcing a performance "under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency, John Pope Hennessey, C. M. G., Governor, etc."); Spanish and English programmes, and clippings dated Manila; English and Arabic ditto from Calcutta, Bombay and Allahabad; more in English from Natal, Cape Town (a lace trimmed satin programme dated at the latter place, announces a benefit to Mr. Kellar "under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency Right Hon. Sir Bartle Frere, G. C. B., G. C. S. I., etc.," and another satin "bill" from the former, a performance "under the distinguished presence of His Excellency Sir Richard Temple and suite"); still others in Spanish from Havana, and so on—a collection which would delight

the heart of a "professional" play-bill collector, a printer, or a linguist.

But it takes time to remove a popular prejudice, no matter how unjust, as my master found to his cost. After his Boston season he made a flying visit to friends in the West, and on his return trip had a pleasant experience, which the Boston *Herald* of January 15, 1879, describes as follows :

"On returning from Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. Kellar encountered a snow-block west of Buffalo, which detained the train a number of hours. Mr. Kellar, who is noted for his genial humor and spirit of fun, beguiled the hours by extracting gold pieces from a rustic old gentleman's whiskers, to the delight of all present, and the utter discomfiture of the simple old gentleman, who finally became excited at the large quantities of gold found in his beard, and declared he would not allow Kellar to take another cent from his whiskers. Immediately retiring to a quiet corner in the smoking car, he, by the aid of a pocket comb, made a thorough search through his beard and moustache. Failing in this he returned to Mr. Kellar and demanded the money taken from his person, and it was with much difficulty he was persuaded it was a trick."

Similar episodes are common in the experiences of any clever sleight-of-hand performer, and create much innocent amusement.

On the evening of February 3, 1879, my master opened at Concert Hall, in Philadelphia, and again, although the newspapers were all that could be desired, the public patronage was not forthcoming. Bad luck "followed fast and followed faster," and for about ten weeks my master manfully fought against it, hoping for a turn in the tide. During that time his expenses were over \$1,000 a week, and his receipts averaged less than \$12 a night. It was with difficulty that he got money enough to carry him to Washington, where he had an engagement with Mr. John Ford. The stigma of the Heller name still followed him. He had two

weeks of very bad business, and being "flat broke," in desperation he advertised a Sunday night lecture on Spiritualism, to be delivered in the National Theatre. Mr. Ford furnished the theater and the advertising, and took half of the gross receipts. The place was packed on the night of the lecture. The speaker quickly had the close attention of the audience. He exposed the methods of the mediums, and all went smoothly until he came to the Davenport cabinet test. At this point a venerable and dignified appearing gentleman arose in the audience, and challenged my master to allow him to tie him in the same way that he had tied the Davenport Brothers. He said that if permitted to do this he would defy Kellar to do what the Davenports had done. The man was very earnest, and declared that if Kellar failed to get loose when tied he was a fraud, and that if he did get loose it would be by spirit agency. Nothing could have happened to better please my master. He promptly invited the old gentleman upon the stage. The committee of one took great pains with his tying, and with many neat devices bound his hands behind his back. During the tying some sensitive and sympathetic persons in the audience had cried "shame," when they saw the vicious energy with which the cord was being drawn, but my master assured them that it was all right. Having finished his work to his satisfaction, the old gentleman turned to the audience with an air which plainly said, "I have him now. Let him do his business if he can." The sceptic's back was no sooner turned to him, than my master slipped one hand from its lashings and tapped the old gentleman on the shoulder, saying, "If you have my two hands tied behind my back, I must have a third hand." This was greeted with thunders of applause, ladies as well as gentlemen rising and cheering, and hundreds of voices shouting, "Bravo, Kellar!" The old gentleman himself joined in the applause, and said he gave it up.

This episode caused so great a sensation in Washington that two more Sunday evening lectures were given to crowded houses, and my master was once more comfortably on his feet, so far as money matters went, and furnished him with funds to go to Richmond, Va. Business again was frightfully bad. He opened in a large theater to \$1.50, and at the end of three days had barely money enough left to take him back to New York. His fortunes were now at a low ebb, but his self-reliance never for a moment weakened.

Arriving in New York, and feeling very disconsolate, my master met an old friend, Col. Willard P. Tisdell, of Washington, D. C., who kindly advanced money to pay for the passage of himself and assistants to Brazil, on the steamer Rio de Janeiro. It was at Rio that my master had met with the greatest financial success of his career, and it was to that city that his thoughts naturally turned when stranded in the States. Before leaving New York he wrote to Messrs McClure & McDonald of London, his lithographers, telling them that he had no printing, but also telling them that he had no money and no prospect of getting any except in South America. If they were willing to trust him for a small amount—say £50 worth—they might ship it at once to him at Rio, and he would be very grateful. The voyage to Brazil was uneventful. Kellar and his party landed at Para, and played without printing, getting money enough to proceed to Rio. At the capital he found over £200 worth of printing, which had been sent him by Messrs. McClure & McDonald, and this confidence of theirs cheered him mightily. He engaged the large Imperial Theatre, and found that his money had again given out. Expenses were very heavy at Rio. He went to the Emperor to get his patronage, for everything depended on the success of the opening night, June 10, 1879. Dom Pedro was very gracious, but he said he had an engagement at Petropolis for that date, and asked Kellar to defer

his opening until the 12th. Delay meant ruin to my master, for he had the theater engaged, and the rent must be paid. He said to the Emperor, however, if he would come on the second night it would do. Dom Pedro II, with that liberality and tenderness which has always characterized his relations with reputable artists of every class, waved his hand deprecatingly, and said in tones that sounded to Kellar like the voice of an angel, "Ze engagement in Petropolis is not an important one. I shall be zere on ze Tuesday." He came with the Empress and occupied the imperial box, and after the entertainment sent the Magician a present of 500 milreis. He visited the theatre four times during Kellar's stay at Rio, and appeared to be very much delighted with the performance. My master's success was enormous. Col. Tisdell was paid the money he had so generously advanced. The same steamer that brought the printing from the London firm carried back Kellar's draft for the amount. He had once more touched Fortune's fingers and gold was pouring into his coffers. His old love for Rio revived with double fervor. He adored the place. To him it appeared to be the loveliest spot on earth. And well he might admire it, for the natural features of the place are of a high order. The city of Rio Janeiro is chiefly built on a narrow, undulating plain, extending for six miles along the bay, and several rocky hummocks, which rise from the low ground, give the city a picturesque appearance. The harbor is one of the best in the world. It is an irregular basin penetrating inland fifteen miles, and varying in width from two to nine miles. The entrance is only 1700 yards wide, and is between two steep hills, the eastern about 1000 feet and the western 1270 feet in height. The latter is a conical, isolated mass of gneiss, called Pão de Assucar (sugar loaf). At its base is a fort, and on the opposite side another, forming the salient points of a system of fortifications designed to be impregnable. Just within



A KANGAROO HUNT IN AUSTRALIA.

See page 179.

and nearly midway of the entrance is an isolated rock also strongly fortified. The basin soon widens, and the shores winding in deep curves form beautiful bays and coves. Many islands are scattered over its surface, the largest of which are cultivated, and many of them are fortified. Numerous streams empty into the basin, adding much to the charm of the scenery.

From Rio Kellar proceeded to Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, at each place doing a big business. He afterward made a successful tour through the provincial towns of Brazil, and then, "with pockets full of money," returned to England.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### BEFORE HER MAJESTY.

It was early in November, 1879, that he landed on the "Little Isle," and on the 8th of that month he opened at the Winter Gardens in Southport. His success was instantaneous. The *Southport Critic* said of him: "Mr Kellar's illusions are simply wonderful, and no modern enchanter has created more surprises where it is difficult to create surprises at all." After a very successful season of one week at Southport, my master went to Edinburgh, where he opened at Waverley Hall. At this time he added three automata to his collection—Echo, a wonderful cornet player; Phono, a performer on another musical instrument; and Clio, a sketch artist of such skill as to quickly make a crayon portrait of any person indicated by the audience. These, with Psycho, made perhaps the most marvelous collection of the kind in the possession of any one entertainer. The canny Scotchmen found much to admire and wonder at in the entertainments at Waverley Hall. The *Daily Review* declared the



performance to be, "one of the most excellent ever provided for an Edinburgh audience." The *Scotsman*, the *Courant*, and the *Evening News* were also very complimentary in their notices. My master remained in Edinburgh for thirteen weeks, doing a good business and winning the favor of many of the most prominent people of the city. He had visits from the Duke of Buccleuch and his son, the Earl of Dalkeith, whom he had met at Bombay; from Prof. Blackie, Sir Noel Payton, Sir Daniel McNece, and other distinguished personages. After his Edinburgh season the Magician visited most of the cities and large towns of the United Kingdoms, meeting with a cordial reception everywhere. In March of 1880, he made a short engagement with Miss Haidee Heller (sister of the late Robert Heller), to give her famous second sight experiments at his entertainments, with the assistance of Mr. Warren Wright, and the new feature added, if possible, to the popularity of the performances.

On the 29th of April, 1880, Kellar was commanded to appear before the Queen, at Balmoral Castle, and Her Majesty seemed to be very much pleased with the entertainment.

During most of the remainder of the year 1880, my master traveled in England and Scotland, being well patronized by the people, and very favorably spoken of by the press. At Brighton he played for a week under the patronage of the Mayor, Henry Davey, Esq., J.P., and everywhere he enjoyed the support of the best people. There was no feature on the programme which was not favorably commented on, but the cabinet manifestations and the automata were, perhaps, most marvelous to the average audience. The following extract from the *Sussex Post* of October 12, 1880, very fairly represents the usual comments of the press on that subject:

“In the second portion of the entertainment, the audience is introduced to three of the most marvelous automata we have ever seen. They are Clio, the whist playing and calculating gentleman; Phono, the juvenile cornet player; and Arno, the sketching automaton, a dwarf figure mounted on a pedestal composed of a glass cylinder, which, not only in response to the command of Kellar, moved its hand and head in any direction, but solved the most intricate of mathematical problems proposed by members of the audience. A gentleman near us asked for the cube of 7,649, and, as rapidly as the cards containing the numerals could be lifted, the answer was given, namely, 447,521,580,449. Several equally great problems were solved. This automaton, whatever the intelligent cause, is certainly a marvel of mechanical skill, the nearest rival to it being the wonderful chess playing automaton, ‘Mephistopheles,’ which created such a sensation in Brighton last season. The cornet player is almost as wonderful. The figure of a small boy sits on a chair and performs in an expressive manner various popular airs to the pianoforte accompaniment. We have heard the ‘Carnival de Venice,’ with variations, performed less effectively by amateurs of repute, than it was by Phono last evening. The sketching automaton is also a source of much amusement. It last evening produced an excellent portrait of Sir Walter Scott, and, judging from samples of its artistic skill, which we have seen, its dexterity in that direction is equal to that of either of its confreres in the other departments. The entertainment is brought to a close by some clever spirit manifestations, Kellar being the medium. Altogether the entertainment is a delightful one, and one that cannot fail to please all who witness it.”

When in that neighborhood my master received an invitation from the Mayor of Cambridge to play in Guild Hall before the college boys. He found the youngsters to be a wild and hilarious set, who did their best to make it very lively for the Magician. Their interruptions were mainly confined to words, however, and Kellar answered their sallies after their own kind. Everybody was in the best of humor, and at

the conclusion of the entertainment the boys took Kellar on their shoulders and carried him to a banqueting hall, where a nice supper was served. He was requested to give a second performance, but declined, as one such experience was enough.

Early in December, 1880, my master embarked at London for Gibraltar, where he played in the Garrison



A ZULU KRAAL.

Theatre. Thence he proceeded to Malta, performing in the Theatre del Opera, and to Alexandria and Cairo, doing a very good business at each place. Returning to Spain, he appeared at Lisbon, and then proceeded to Funchal, in Madeira. In the latter place he stayed for two weeks, meeting with success, and then took a steamer for the Cape of Good Hope, landing at Cape Town on New Year's day, 1881.

The season was not a propitious one for entertainments of any kind. The Boer war had just broken out,

and the Basuto war was in progress. Nearly every family had sons or relatives at the front, and the excitement was very great. Despite these drawbacks, Kellar was welcomed with much cordiality on his return to South Africa, and the automata, which were the most novel part of the entertainment, excited much wonder and favorable comment. After a very successful season in Cape Town, Kellar proceeded to Port Elizabeth and Graaff Reinet. At the last-named place, he played for one night in the Stadt-Huis; but so great was the prejudice excited among the worthy burghers by the *diablerie* of the performance, that they refused the use of the Huis for another exhibition. They declared that they would not encourage a man who had dealings with the devil.

At Grahamstown my master did a splendid business in Albany Hall. His next objective point was King Williamstown, to reach which he was forced to take a long journey by coach. On the way he crossed the Fish River, near which point they encountered a large number of lion-killing apes, an extremely fierce, strong and aggressive member of the monkey family. At a distance these huge apes have a strong resemblance to lions, their heavy manes contributing to the illusion. They filed across the road in front of the teams, and then for a time sat on their haunches by the side of the way, barking. The drivers of the teams frequently stopped until the apes moved on. A suggestion was made that a shot be fired among them, but those who were acquainted with the habits of the animal, declared that to anger them would be to bring the whole mob upon the train, and would probably result in the death of every living creature about it. The apes were allowed to depart in peace.

From King Williamstown my master went to East London and Panmuir, and then to Queenstown by rail. At the last-named place, he played to good audiences for three nights, and then started on a twenty-five

days' journey by bullock wagon to Kimberley, in the heart of the Diamond District. If anything will try a man's temper it is to ride for a month in a wagon of any kind; but when that wagon is without springs and is dragged by eighteen bullocks, the man's anatomy, as well as his temper, is likely to reach a state of collapse.

After leaving Queenstown, the scenery became parklike, and even in a driving rain one could not help expressing admiration of it. When about twenty-five miles from Queenstown the party crossed the Bushman's Hook, a very steep hill up which the road winds at an angle of about forty-five degrees. It was a very toilsome ascent, and it required the combined efforts of three trains (fifty-four oxen) to pull their wagon to the top. The caravan consisted of eight wagons, each of which had a team of eighteen bullocks. The first contained Mr. Kellar's paraphernalia, and the others were laden with merchandise for Kimberley. It is usual when one wagon gets stuck, for the other teams to come to its assistance, and it is a case of "help one another" at each bad spot of road or hill. Once on top of the "Hook" the travelers found a wide expanse of country with ever changing scenery. From the top of the hill to Molteno, the road runs through a rolling country, with here and there a clump of trees. It was then the rainy season and they found the roads very bad. At times the wagons would sink below the hubs in mud. Then there would be a hitching-on of all the oxen to one wagon, and the drivers would yell like demons at the poor brutes, shouting "Treck, Treck!" to urge them on. From Bourgersdorp to Bethulie Mission Station is about eighty miles, the latter half of the distance being through a very beautiful country, which descends into the Orange Valley. The road wound around Kloofs and under the sides of hills, until at last it was a relief to get to the bottom and see the Orange River rolling over its rocky bed.

This river is a noble stream, but before the bridge was built at Bethulie it was a great bar to commerce and communication. Now, however, it is spanned by a splendid bridge nearly one-quarter of a mile long.

The Orange River divides the Cape Colony from the Orange Free State. Every wagon entering the Free State was then taxed £2, equal to \$10 U. S. money. This tax was apparently imposed for the purpose of keeping the roads in as bad a condition as possible. From Bethulie the travelers passed through a grand country, well wooded, well watered, and very fertile. Although cattle and sheep were plentifully scattered all over the face of the landscape, and notwithstanding there were innumerable well cultivated farms, they could not purchase one mouthful of food from the Boers, and had it not been for the fact that they had laid in a large stock of canned provisions at Queens-town, they must have fared badly. Kellar learned that English tramps, at the first rush for the diamond fields, overrun the country, and were treated with uniform kindness by the Dutch settlers, but that their hospitality had been abused in the most shameful manner. Often, when a Boer would give food and shelter to one of these tramps, he would find in the morning that his house had been robbed by the ingrate. They were excusable, therefore, for their hatred of all who speak the English language.

While in this vicinity Mr. Kellar and his party became very desirous to get some fresh meat. The reader may think they could have spared an ox or two from the nine pairs hitched to each wagon, because the reader didn't see them. As it was, the wagons often pulled the teams. Besides, it was a mutton day with my master, and so, in accordance with a custom of the country, he seized a sheep and had it killed, and deposited on the gate-post of the Boer's house thirty shillings in payment for the creature. The enraged Dutchman didn't see the money—a person rarely does

when a Magician handles it—and he raised such a crowd of his friends that Kellar was seized and bound with a rope. The Magician astonished the Boers by doing not the great Sampson act, but the great Kellar act. He untied the rope in a twinkling and threw it in his captors' faces.

It takes a great deal to astonish a Boer, but these farmers were nearly paralyzed. They didn't let the trickster go, however; they simply surrounded him at a respectful distance, and took him to their head man, a long-bearded, hard-headed, incredulous old burgher who believed nothing he didn't see and only half he did see. He scouted, in jerky Dutch, the wonderful story that was told, and called for the rope. There was a twinkle in my master's eye when Mynheer began to tie him, but he said nothing until the Boer had finished his work and with a grunt of satisfaction tucked the last end of the rope out of sight. The grin of assurance was still on the Dutchman's face when Kellar suddenly flung the rope, like a great coiling serpent, on to the roof of the man's house. The Boer's jaw dropped, his smile gave place to a look of superstitious terror. He shouted, as all fled from the Magician, that the devil was among them; that his house would be haunted; that bad luck would follow them. Kellar could only reassure them by climbing up and getting the rope. There was no lack of free mutton after that.\*

\*During the spring of 1886, while Mr Kellar was filling a very successful engagement at the Arch Street Opera House in Philadelphia, the substance of this Boer incident was published in the *Philadelphia Record*. On the succeeding day Mr. Kellar received the following letter:

“PHILADELPHIA, March 28, 1886.

MR. KELLAR—

DEAR SIR: I read in to-day's *Record* your experience with the Boers in South Africa. There are a great many people who would only consider that as an advertisement and not place any trust in it, but I may say that I can verify your statement, as I have personal knowledge of the fact. I was in Jagersfontein, Orange Free State, at

## CHAPTER XX.

## KIMBERLEY DIAMOND FIELDS.

Fauresmith had risen to some importance, owing to the development of the Jagersfontein diamond mines. The surroundings of the town were very beautiful, and there were many charming walks and drives. From Jagersfontein to Kimberley the road ran through a flat plain and crossed the Riet and Modder rivers, both of which streams the travelers were obliged to ford, as there were no bridges then (1881) at Jagersfontein.

Kellar went in advance of the bullock train, taking only one wagon and eighteen young bullocks. He was warned that he would not be able to get through, but that he would surely get stuck on the roads. As my master was very anxious to reach Kimberley at an early day, he determined to push on and take the risk. At the Riet River he found the water low, but a bad bank on the opposite side stopped further progress. At this point he was overtaken by a Dutch wagon train, also bound for Kimberley, and, after

the time, and jailer of the Jagersfontein prison. Your fame is well known throughout the Cape, and this feat, which you describe so well, near Bethulie, will be handed down among those ignorant Boers for generations. I went to Port Elizabeth in the early part of '79, and returned home in the fall of '82. Your traveling experience in bullock-wagons brings back old recollections. I trust you will be as successful here as at the Cape.

Respectfully,

GEO. D. JOHNSON, I.D.B.

No. 1512 South Thirteenth Street."

The I.D.B. following Mr. Johnson's name stands for "Independent Diamond Broker," and indicates that once upon a time he traded in diamonds at Kimberley without saying "by your leave" to the Government.



much bickering, the leader, a gray-headed old sinner, agreed to help Kellar across on payment of £7 (\$35), which exorbitant sum he paid with the best grace his ruffled mind would permit. He continued in the wake of the Dutch wagons until they reached the Modder River, where they all arrived late at night, too late to cross, as the river was very dangerous and the night as dark as Egypt. So they all encamped on the bank of the river. My master, however, remembering his experience at the Riet River, determined not to be caught again in a similar manner. He lay awake all night, and very early in the morning of the following day, gave orders to yoke in and start across the river. The current was very swift, and the water just touched the bottom of the wagon. After entering the river he pulled up stream about two hundred yards before he crossed to the opposite bank. He found this bank a little less than perpendicular, and full of ruts and soft mud, and there was only room for one wagon to go over at a time. Kellar pushed on and blocked the way with his wagon, and of course stuck fast. When the Dutchmen awoke they saw the state of affairs, and sent to know what he would pay them to help pull him up. The Magician, knowing that they could not pass him without first taking him up the hill, told them he was in no hurry, but could wait for his own train. However, if they chose to pull him out in order to be able to pass themselves, they were welcome to do so. After a great many "Verdamte Englanders" and other curses, they pulled my master's wagon up the hill, and he went on his way rejoicing.

From this point we had no further trouble until we reached the Kimberley Diamond Fields, one of the wonders of the world. Kimberley differed from any other place Kellar had ever visited. All of the houses were of galvanized iron. The streets were malodorous receptacles of empty sardine tins, broken bottles, dead dogs and cats and refuse generally. Ev-

erybody was busy and on the rush. All seemed to be diamond-mad, and at night they spent their time drinking bad whiskey, fighting, and in other amusements. The Kimberley mine is a deep basin that was once the crater of a volcano. More than five thousand men were employed in the pit. The hundreds of wire ropes running down from all sides to bring up the "blue," gave it the appearance of a huge spider's web. The walls around the sides of the mine are clearly defined by a rocky reef, while the center of the crater is filled with bluish clay, in which the diamonds are imbedded. This clay in the mine is hard as rock, and must be drilled and blasted. It is then put into buckets and hauled to the surface, where it is carted away to the tables (flat fields) and left to the action of the elements for about three months. This causes it to crumble, and it is then ready for the "wash-up," where it goes through a process of washing. The mud is carried away by the water, the gravel and stones being passed over a series of sieves. The very large stones are thrown on one side, while the smaller ones are carried on to a large sorting table, and the manager with a scraper carefully sorts this residue, picking out the precious stones. The smallest gems are instantly detected, and nothing escapes his eagle eye. In dry weather the streets of Kimberley are one mass of floury dust, that enters every crevice; and on rainy days the streets present the appearance of rivers of blue mud. When the rains are severe and long continued, the mines fill with water, and appear like immense reservoirs. Powerful steam pumps then work for weeks to remove the water, so that the mines can be worked again. Besides the water plague, there is an occasional caving in of the reef, which entails months of hard work for hundreds of men to clear away before operations can be resumed.



SCENES IN THE STREETS OF HEOGO, JAPAN.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## SUBSTITUTE FOR JAILS.

At Kimberley the Magician's success was enormous, the golden harvest well repaying him for the hardships he had undergone. For six weeks the Theatre Royal was regularly crowded with delighted audiences. At Kimberley Mr. Hodgkins, who had continued with my master since the sickness of Ling Look at Hong Kong, left the company to become secretary of the Royal Stock Exchange. When last heard of by my master, Mr. Hodgkins was still at Kimberley and doing well. In addition to his prominence in civil life, he had become a major in the British Cape Army. A benefit performance in aid of the Carnarvon Hospital, which my master gave at Kimberley, netted nearly \$500.

From Kimberley we went by bullock wagons through the Orange Free State to Bossof, to Bloemfontein, to Harry-Smith and New-Castle. At the last-named place we met Aylward, formerly of the *Natal Witness*, whose articles against the English were so scathing that he was forced to take refuge with the Boers. In 1886 my master again met Aylward in New York, a veritable soldier of fortune. He had had a wonderful career, and had been mixed up in a great many schemes against England, having been a Fenian and what not. Aylward has considerable ability as a writer, and his book on "The Transvaal" is exceedingly interesting.

From New-Castle we traveled on to Pietermaritzburg, where we became acquainted with Hon. Frederick Condé Williams, then Chief Justice of Natal, and one of those broad-minded, whole-souled men, who

make the world better for having lived in it. Justice Williams was at one time Chief Justice of Kingston, Jamaica, and now (1886) is a Judge of the Supreme Court of Mauritius. He has novel opinions on the question of punishment for crime, and my master became very much interested in his views. In the *Pall Mall Gazette* of February 5, 1886, Justice Williams published the following paper, which summarized his conclusions on this subject:

#### A SUBSTITUTE FOR JAILS.

Some experience as a practicing barrister on circuit and in London, and more as one of her Majesty's judges in various colonies, have commended to the writer the following conclusions and suggestions upon the subject of crime and punishment. They are epitomized as much as possible, in the earnest hope that they may not prove wearisome to the reader and to the thinker, but rather that this "seed sown by the wayside" may bear some good fruit; if not in the acceptance of the principle of the one chief change which is advocated, at least in increased consideration attracted to a subject very highly important to humanity.

Offenses against public order may be regarded as one of two classes—minor offenses, or contraventions; and serious offenses, or crimes. This article concerns chiefly the latter class. Punishment for crime may be considered to possess a threefold object—first, correctional, as applied to its subject; secondly, deterrent, in the case of its subject and of the public; thirdly, remedial, in the case of its subject. Our present punitive system fulfills, of course, in a certain measure, the first or corrective function—although not, perhaps, in so effective a form as the systems of the past, which certainly afforded far less costly methods of corrective punishment than ours. Our present punitive system, in its purely correctional aspect, may be more theoretically humane than its predecessors; but is it essentially advisable, in the interests of humanity, that the correction which the naughty boy receives in a flagellation at the paternal hand, should in the case of the naughty man be represented by long terms of hard labor and penal servitude, undergone at considerable expense to the public? If the criminal him-

self were consulted, he might possibly, as an alternative, desire a return to earlier and simpler methods. It is conceivable that many "jail birds" of to-day might well prefer a few hours per diem for a short season in the pillory, or a flogging at a cart's tail, or the loss of an ear, or even a turn or two on the rack, to imprisonment with the hard labor of shot-drill or treadmill, extending to months or even years. But in whatever respect our present punitive system fulfils the first or merely corrective function of punishment for crime, it but very partially fulfils the second or deterrent function in its influence on the criminal or on the public; and fulfils its third function, in its remedial effect on the subject punished, scarcely, it is to be feared, at all.

Experience has failed to prove that severe punishments have, in their bearing upon crime, a deterrent influence proportioned to their severity. When death was the penalty of theft beyond the value of a shilling or so, there were probably quite as many thefts in proportion to the population, and in consideration of the circumstances of the time, as there are now. And that brutal punishments tend to the brutalization of their subjects and of the public is an accepted theory of the day, and a theory with which the writer is little inclined to quarrel. As regards the subjects of crime, our present punitive system, so far from operating as a deterrent and a remedial influence, acts, on the contrary, to state the matter without mincing it, as a powerful incentive to the production and the maintenance of a criminal class. For one person whose punishment points him to better courses, or effectually warns him from evil ones, there are a dozen at least to whom the jail, with its companionships and associations, and with its after legacy of degradation and haunting police supervision, is the very nursery of a prolonged and professional career of crime. It is this last and gravest consideration which, as we cannot return to brutal punishments as an alternative to imprisonment, prompts the suggestion to abolish jails and convict establishments altogether as an element in the punishment of crime, except in the case of those who have proved beyond human doubt that they can never again be trusted with liberty. The confirmed and habitual criminal

of our present system may never have had, as a known and marked "jail bird," a fair and free chance of recovering himself, and becoming a useful member of society. Given him that fair and free chance, and given it over and over again to no purpose, let him, as a wholly useless and absolutely dangerous criminal wastethrift, be deprived altogether either of freedom or of life. The death penalty, under such a system, might be either entirely abolished or entirely extended to meet the case of the habitual criminal.

But for the convict who is not an habitual criminal, what should be his punishment? If jails and penal settlements have fined the honest citizen without adequately correcting, or deterring, or reforming the dishonest and the bad, what measure of penalty shall be meted out, supposing our suggestion to be adopted, to the occasional perpetrator of crime? Let us try a moral penalty. Let us have recourse to a means whereby every conviction shall be recognized by its subject as a certain and irrevocable step towards the total surrender of life or liberty, if he persists in evil courses, while it leaves him with equal consciousness that it is in his own power before that consummation is reached at any moment to turn to a wholesome life, and in that event to bury his past from human ken. Like the first murderer, whose sentence was determined by Almighty wisdom, he should have a "mark set upon" him as the consequence even of his first crime; but, unlike Cain, his "mark" should not be such as to be seen and known of all men. Let means be devised whereby the criminal shall carry about with him such definite and indelible marks of past conviction as shall not, on the one hand, be generally apparent; but, on the other hand, shall be always readily ascertainable upon a fresh conviction for crime. In the multiplying of these indelible marks, the ostensible punishment for each offense should consist; and when such marks are found, upon the infliction of a subsequent punishment, to have reached a certain number, the criminal's term of liberty for the remainder of his natural life, or his term of existence itself, should, *ipso facto*, expire. In the meantime, the penalty of the contravention might be applied to the criminal, upon each conviction, as a correctional influence, according as his judge might think it advisable.

The simplest and most effectual method of keeping the record of marks would consist in marking the subject literally. A system of individual registration of each criminal and of each offense would be exceedingly troublesome and costly, and would, besides, involve many difficulties as to identification, rendering its operation uncertain. A livset system, compelling every criminal to carry about a record of his convictions, would put a premium on forgery, fraud, and all sorts of 'dodges' to secure a clean bill of health, or to destroy or alter an unclean one. The effectual marking must be a marking indeed, and no independent record of it would be necessary or even perhaps advisable. The pain of a needle's prick for each indelible puncture is all that need be involved; a thousand such trifling pangs are voluntarily endured in the ordinary process of tattooing. There is, of course, a ludicrous side to the entire suggestion; but the writer pleads that it may not be dismissed with nothing more than a laugh. The marks should naturally be made on a concealed portion of the body. The law should provide safeguards for secrecy upon the part of those who make them or see them, until they arrive at the maximum which deprives their bearer of liberty or life. A register must be kept of those who have proved that any kindred marks which they bear are natural, or have been made accidentally or out of malice. For the rest, the marks themselves, without further confirmation or corroboration, should afford *prima facie* evidence of former convictions for crime. Suppose that twelve of such tattoo marks are held sufficient to forfeit a man's life or liberty, unless he can show to the satisfaction of authority that they have not been inflicted upon him in the way of legal punishment. Conviction of a first crime, possessing no features of extraordinary aggravation, would entail upon him a first tattoo mark with the punishment of a contravention added or not added, according to the judge's discretion, and a succession of similar convictions should add one mark each to the record. Or if a cumulative system of marking were adopted (and there may be something to say for cumulative marking, when marking only is the chief and permanent penalty exacted for each offense), the second conviction might be visited with two marks, and the third with three,





LADIES OF CEYLON:

while a fifth conviction, carrying the total number of marks beyond the maximum of twelve, would involve the life penalty. Where the crime itself presented features of extraordinary aggravation, its punishment might be the addition of two or more marks to the living record, instead of one; and these gradations of guilt in crime, along with the number of marks to be awarded them, should be strictly defined by law, either with or without the proviso that no first offense shall be visited with the maximum marks involving the immediate life penalty to a first offender. To the solitary act of crime, however atrocious, surely one place of penitence might be accorded.

“Such, in brief, is the suggestion which it is the object of this paper to bring forward; and the writer claims for it the following among other merits: That it would rescue first offenders from the fearful, lifelong consequences which now too often attend a single false step into crime. That it would afford a free and unfettered *locus penitentiae* to every criminal, so long as a *locus penitentiae* is likely to be of any good service. That, while stamping out in the long run the habitual criminal, it would rescue every criminal from being confirmed in his criminality by force of compulsory association and police persecution. That it would be eminently economical to the public purse, involving the abolition of our convict establishments and jails, and possibly a reduction in our police force, which expends its energies largely on watching and tracking old offenders. And, last but not least, that it would put an end to the ridiculous and scandalous anomalies which every day's experience shows to attend the apportionment of punishment to crime in the criminal courts of our country and of her colonies—anomalies to which enlightened judges like the present Lord Chief Justice of England have taken occasion from time to time to allude. ‘On Saturday,’ says the late issue of a Birmingham newspaper, ‘for the second time during the Warwick assizes, the Lord Chief Justice commented upon disproportionate sentences. It transpired that a prisoner named Christopher Owen, charged with stealing two fowls, had already undergone eighteen months' imprisonment for a similar offense, whereupon his lordship said: “I cannot impose such a sentence as that. What should I do if a

prisoner came before me for committing some outrageous crime, if eighteen months is not too much for stealing two fowls?" His lordship then proceeded to pass a sentence of six weeks' imprisonment with hard labor.' Unfortunately for the sacred cause of mercy combined with justice, few judges hold kindred views."

Justice Williams was very much interested in Kellar, and found much to amuse, instruct and mystify him in his performances. As their intimacy grew, and he became familiar with some of the Magician's experiences, he urged upon my master the advisability of writing a book, in which the story of his various tours of the world should be told, and to that inspiration the present volume owes its existence.

Kellar's next stop was at Durban, and here he was delightfully received. The following extract from the *Natal Mercury*, of June 21, 1881, gives a fair idea of the tone of the press criticism throughout South America:

Who is Kellar? He is one of the cleverest public entertainers who ever visited Durban, or anywhere else. He is one of the most wonderful platform magicians we have ever seen, and our memory goes back to the palmy days of the great Wizard of the North. We were very glad that he had such a good house to welcome him on Saturday night, at the Trafalgar, and have little fear that, as the fame of his wondrous performances spreads through the town, he will have overflowing audiences. There is a finish and grace about Mr. Kellar's entertainments that takes us back to some of those well ordered scenes at home, say at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Indeed there semblance to the exhibition of Maskelyne and Cooke at the Egyptian Hall, London, is quite striking, as we have at Mr. Kellar's in perfection all the astounding automata, which Maskelyne has made himself famous with. There is nothing in Mr. Kellar's performance to offend the most delicate mind, and yet there is enough in it to puzzle and baffle the wisest and shrewdest Durbanites—and we have a few wise and shrewd ones amongst us. Kellar is a most excellent master of the

black art, a perfect Prince of Darkness, if he will permit us to so libel him; and yet he works his spells with such ease and *nonchalance*, that we sit still, quite content to be so deliciously humbugged. He is a sorcerer of the first water, a most gentlemanly necromancer; and, although Dante would have condemned him to eternal punishment, as he does all magicians indiscriminately, we hope he will live long to dazzle his patrons with his wonders. Is that enough about him? It is surely high enough praise, and unless we look up the dictionary, we cannot find any better to say of Kellar. As to describe his performance, that is not possible. We are still so overwrought with the spell he worked on us, that all the dear delusions of the night have become mixed up in one pleasant phantasmagoria. We shall try to collect our thoughts before we write about him again, and meanwhile we cordially recommend any in Durban, or out of it, who want to pass as pleasant a couple of hours as they could wish, to go and see Kellar; he is at the Trafalgar every night this week.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### CHINESE GORDON.

From Durban Kellar went to Port Louis, Mauritius, on the steamer Lapland. He found the Victoria Loftus troupe occupying the theater, but they left on the steamer that brought the Magician to Port Louis, thus leaving him a free field. His reception amounted to an ovation. The place was packed nightly. Special trains were run from Curepipe, and other points, and the popular enthusiasm was unbounded. The Government gave the theater and gas free, and Kellar gave a benefit performance for the poor of the city, which netted upwards of 1,000 rupees. It was on the 12th of August that Mr. Kellar opened at Port Louis, and it was on the evening of the 5th of September that

he made his last appearance. Following is the account of Kellar's last appearance, as given in the *Sentinel of Mauritius*, of September 6, 1881:

MR. KELLAR'S LAST PERFORMANCE.

Last night Mr. Kellar appeared at the theater once more, in a benevolent character. The last performance but two, which has been given on his own account, was for the benefit of the poor of Port Louis, and last night he lent his services to a brother artist. If he has been able to be so generous during the very short stay he has been amongst us, the credit of his acts must be equally divided between himself and that public which has so highly appreciated his talents as a *prestidigitateur*, and so liberally extended to him their patronage. On every occasion of his appearance he has drawn good houses, and when the theater has not been actually crowded, there has been always some counter-attraction in the shape of a ball, or some other public gathering. It can, therefore, be truly said of Mr. Kellar, that he has been one of the most successful artists that has visited this island for several years past. And it will be admitted that he fully deserves all he has achieved. His various feats of prestidigitation are simply marvelous to all but the initiated, and they are performed with an amount of ease and dexterity that imparts to them an appearance of reality. That they can be enjoyed more than once has been proved by the appearance, night after night, of the same persons—not merely of men desirous of passing away their time, but of whole families who can not attend public assemblies without incurring some expense, and sacrificing their personal convenience.

Passing from conjuring to the second part of the performance, the audience is puzzled to understand the marvelous calculating powers of Psycho. No intelligent person believes that those powers are inherent in a mere automaton. We can understand the possibility of the mechanical construction of a figure capable of reading a series of numbers, and solving the most difficult arithmetical problems. But, in order to do that, these must have been calculated beforehand, and the figure could only answer them, and none other, whilst their number must be

of necessity restricted within certain limits. Whereas, with regard to Psycho, any member of the audience may propound any problem he or she pleases, either in square or cube root, the answer to which may be a whole number or in decimals. Such being the case, it is evident that the human intelligence which controls the movements of the figure has to make calculations and combinations of figures in the time necessary to write down the results, which leave the spectators bewildered as to the way in which they are obtained. Echo, the cornet player, and Clio, the sketching figure, have each attracted a great share of attention.

The dark seance has puzzled the public as much as any other part of the performance. Mr. Kellar is tied fast by the hands to a chair, in which he takes his seat inside the cabinet. Any member of the audience is at liberty to tie Mr. Kellar, and, as a matter of fact, there is always a committee to represent the audience. In ten seconds he is untied, and performs many marvelous feats, and when the door is opened he is found tied as before. It would be tedious, however, to recapitulate all the different features which rendered the whole performance a very attractive one. It is enough to say that no one has left the theater disappointed; on the contrary, the majority of those who went have repeated their visit more than once.

Should this paper precede Mr. Kellar to any of the countries he may happen to visit, all we have to say is—"Go and see him."

If the people of Port Louis were delighted with Kellar, he was charmed with them and their beautiful island. From its mountainous character Mauritius is most picturesque, and its scenery is exquisitely varied. There are three principal masses of mountains. The most important is the Ponce range, which consists of one principal ridge with several lateral spurs. Overlooking Port Louis are the singular peaks of the Ponce (2650 feet), so called from its supposed resemblance to the human thumb, and the still loftier Pieter Botte, a tall obelisk of bare rock



AN ELEPHANT HUNT—CEYLON.

crowned with a globular mass of stone. The favorite place of residence is Curepipe, situated about 1800 feet above the sea. The climate there resembles that of the South of France. Extensive sugar plantations, and the vegetation of both the torrid and temperate zones, give a peculiar charm to the landscape. Although now under English rule, Mauritius has largely retained its old French laws and customs, and the island is still markedly French in language, habits and predilections.

At Port Louis Kellar became acquainted with Colonel Charles G. Gordon ("Chinese" Gordon) and took a trip with him to Bourbon Reunion, one of the most delightful islands in the Indian Ocean. The climate is salubrious despite the great summer heat, and a large population live happily on its sloping mountain sides and its high central plateaus. Col. Gordon and my master visited Selazee, a station on the mountain, from which a magnificent view was obtained. Col. Gordon was a great admirer of the beautiful, and he was enthusiastic over the scene. In a newspaper interview in February, 1885, Kellar gave his experience with Col. Gordon in the following language:

"I met Col. Gordon on April 8, 1881, on the Island of Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean. He was on his way home to England, and had stopped to visit brother officers of the garrison. I had been invited to mess by military friends, and was introduced to a slightly built, tall man, apparently about forty years of age. He was of fair complexion, with blonde hair, blonde mustache, slightly streaked with gray, and the merest suggestion of side whiskers. 'Colonel Gordon' were the words used in the introduction, and I never dreamed that the unassuming man who grasped my hand was the famous 'Chinese' Gordon.

"My first impression of Gordon, before I learned his military title, and, in fact, before I was introduced,



was that he was a shrewd business man traveling for pleasure. He wore no uniform, and his manner suggested nothing of the service, nor conveyed any idea of position or authority. Yet from the start I was attracted to him. There was something magnetic about him, and you were drawn to the man without knowing or caring why. It flatters me to say that the attraction seemed to be mutual, and although I was with Gordon for only two weeks, a warm and lasting friendship grew up between us. When I left, he gave me these cards of introduction."

Mr. Keller showed two small visiting cards, in the corners of which "Chinese" Gordon had written a few words in pencil. One read as follows:

*Sir Thomas Wade, K.C.B.*

*Colonel Charles G. Gordon,  
Royal Engineers.*

*To introduce*

*Mr. Keller.*

The plate was engraved in a very small and neat script, with no flourishes or ornamentation. The other card was to this effect:

*To introduce Mr Keller.*

*Colonel Charles G. Gordon,  
Royal Engineers.*

*A Son Excellence,  
Li Hung Chang,  
Grand Secretary.*

"When I was leaving the island of Mauritius on my way to India, Col. Gordon asked me whether I intended to stop in China again, and on my answering in the affirmative, he gave these introductions, remarking that they might be of service to me. Sir Thomas Wade was British Minister at Peking, and Chang was the Grand Secretary of the Empire. When I reached China I had no opportunity of presenting them, and so

they remain in my possession, as souvenirs of a magnificent man.

“Gordon was a constant attendant at my performances. He was an enthusiast, bright, brilliant and jovial—a jolly, unassuming man of the world. He made a splendid companion anywhere, but more particularly aboard ship, where one’s amusements are limited, and where time hangs heavily on one’s hands. We made a trip together to the Island of Bourbon. A few days later he left for home by way of Aden, on the French steamer Dupleix. That was the last I have ever seen of ‘Chinese’ Gordon, though I hope to meet him again.”

Long after Col. Gordon had been butchered by the followers of El Mahdi, at Khartoum, in the Soudan, on the 27th of December, 1884, Kellar had faith that he would turn up all right. He could not for a long time believe that a man of his peculiar magnetism and wonderful power over barbarous and semi-barbarous people would be killed by them. Treachery was a danger that the Magician did not take into consideration, for he did not believe that any one would be false to Col. Gordon.

The steamer Maurice-Reunion took my master to Bombay, where he played at the Gaiety Theatre to moderately good audiences. On the invitation of Mr. Cowasjee Framjee, the proprietor of Lowjee Castle, he gave a special performance before a select party of English ladies and gentlemen, receiving 1,000 rupees in payment. He next visited Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Delhi and Agra, with indifferent success throughout, and barely paying expenses. He then proceeded to Calcutta, where for two months he had the grandest success of his career, outside of Brazil.

Kellar’s performances were, as before, given at the Chowringhee Theatre Royal, and he enjoyed the patronage of the Marquis of Ripon; Sir Ashley Eden, G. C. S. I., Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal; General

Sir Donald H. Stewart, G. C. B., C. S. I., Commander-in-Chief in India, and of other notables. The popular estimate of the Magician's ability was clearly expressed in the *Asian* of January 3, 1882, as follows:

“For many a day,  
We have heard people say  
That a wondrous magician was Heller;  
Change the H into K,  
And the E into A,  
And you have his superior in Kellar.”

While filling this engagement at Calcutta, Kellar heard much of the manifestations produced by Mr. Eglinton, a professed spiritual medium, who was giving seances there. As my master was advertised as an exposé of the frauds of so-called mediums, his presence in the city at this juncture caused something of a sensation in spiritualistic circles. Mr. Gordon, chief of the Howra police, and his wife, were firm believers in Mr. Eglinton's supernatural power. Mrs. Gordon was also a staunch supporter of the Theosophists, a sect that claims to hold intercourse with God and superior spirits, the members of which consequently attained superhuman knowledge by physical processes, as by theurgic operations of some ancient Platonists, or by the chemical processes of the German fire philosophers. It was not long before Mrs. Gordon sent Kellar an invitation to dine with her, and it was then that she proposed that he arrange a time when he could be present at one of Mr. Eglinton's seances. Mrs. Gordon was a refined lady, and a woman of superior intelligence, combined with a remarkable knowledge of the world, and an abundance of sound common sense. She was very anxious to convince the Magician of the truth of spiritualism, and to bring him to a realizing sense of the wrong he was doing by his so-called exposés. Mrs. Gordon described a remarkable seance she had had with Madame Blavatski, at Simla, when in broad daylight, at Mrs. Gordon's request, a shower of roses

fell upon the table, apparently through the ceiling, without visible cause. She also told how she recovered a jewel that had been lost some years before. Kellar was convinced that Mrs. Gordon gave a faithful description of the phenomena as they appeared to her, and whether her senses had been deceived, or not, that was a matter on which he could not pass judgment. She was certainly honest in her conviction. Madame Blavatski's character was not such as to render her incapable of deceit. She was a Russian Princess, and had had a checkered career as an adventurist.

On the first evening that Kellar could devote to that purpose he visited Mr. Eglinton's seance, and was very much surprised by what he saw. He afterward attended a dark seance, given by the same gentleman, and saw even more startling manifestations. He described both of these experiences in the letters given below:

To the Editor of the *Indian Daily News*. SIR: In your issue of the 13th of January, I stated that I should be glad of an opportunity of participating in a seance, with a view of giving an unbiased opinion as to whether in my capacity of a professional *prestidigitateur*, I could give a natural explanation of effects said to be produced by spiritual aid. I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Eglinton, the spiritualistic medium now in Calcutta, and of his host, Mr. J. Meugens, for affording me the opportunity I craved.

It is needless to say I went as a skeptic, but I must own I have come away entirely unable to explain, by any natural means, the phenomena that I witnessed on Tuesday evening. I will give a brief description of what took place.

I was seated in a brilliantly lighted room with Mr. Eglinton and Mr. Meugens. We took our places around a common teak-wood table, and after a few minutes the table began to sway violently backwards and forwards, and I heard noises such as might be produced by some thumping under the table. I tried to discover the cause of this movement, but was unable to do so. After this, Mr. Eglinton produced two common school slates, which I sponged,



VALETTA, THE CAPITAL OF MALTA.

cleaned and rubbed dry with a towel myself. Mr. Eglinton then handed me a box containing small crumbs of slate pencil. I selected one of these, and, in accordance with Mr. Eglinton's directions, placed it on the surface of one of the slates, placing the other slate over it, then firmly grasping the two slates at one of the corners. Mr. Eglinton then held the other corner, our two free hands being clasped together. The slates were then lowered below the edge of the table, but remained in full view, the room remaining light all the time. Instantaneously I heard a scratching noise, as might be produced by writing on a slate. In about fifteen seconds I heard three distinct knocks on the slates, and I then opened them and found the following writing :

"My name is Geary. Don't you remember me? We used to talk of this matter at the St. George's. I know better now."

Having read the above I remarked that I knew no one by the name of Geary.

We then placed our hands on the table, and Mr. Eglinton commenced repeating the alphabet until we came to the letter "G," when the table began to shake violently. This process was repeated till the name of Geary was spelled.

After this Mr. Eglinton took a piece of paper and a pencil, and, with a convulsive movement difficult to describe, he wrote very indistinctly the following words:

"I am Alfred Geary, of the *Lantern*. You know me and St. Ledger."

Having read this I suddenly remembered having met both Mr. Geary and Mr. St. Ledger at Cape Town, South Africa, about four years ago, and the St. George's Hotel is the one I lived at there. Mr. Geary was the editor of the *Cape Lantern*. I believe he died some three years ago. Mr. St. Ledger was the editor of the *Cape Times*, and, I believe, is so still. Without going into details, I may mention that subsequently a number of other messages were written on the slates, which I was allowed to clean each time before they were used.

In respect to the above manifestations, I can only say that I do not expect my account of them to gain general credence. Forty-eight hours before, I should not have be-

lieved anyone who had described such manifestations under similar circumstances. I still remain a skeptic as regards spiritualism, but I repeat my inability to explain or account for what must have been an intelligent force that produced the writing on that slate, which, if my senses are to be relied on, was in no way the result of trickery or sleight-of-hand.

Yours, etc.,

HARRY KELLAR.

Calcutta, January 25, 1882.

To the Editor of the *Indian Daily News*. SIR: As you have been interested in my experiences with the spiritualists in Calcutta, I send you an account of a—*to me—*wonderful dark seance that I attended on Sunday night. A party consisting of Mr. J. Meugens, Lord William Beresford, Mrs. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls, Mr. Eglinton and myself, met at No. 1 Commercial Building, Sunday evening. We assembled in a large room with very little furniture in it, and all the doors were bolted from inside and examined by me. The party of eight then seated themselves around a plain teak-wood table, on which were placed two musical boxes, a zither and a scroll of paper. The party having joined hands to form a circle, I having hold of Mr. Eglinton's on one side, the lights were put out. Almost immediately afterwards I felt Mr. Eglinton's leg brushing past mine as he commenced to ascend. As he got up to the full extent of my arm, still keeping a firm hold on my hand, I jumped on a chair and subsequently mounted on the table. Mr. Eglinton still continued to ascend, and for a few seconds lifted me off my feet, several inches above the table, and I slid backwards on to my seat. The party joining hands again, several of us, myself among the number, were sensible of the touch of cold, clammy hands that felt more like the wing of a bat than anything else I can describe, though the feel of the fingers was distinct. After this, small green lights appeared and disappeared on and around the table. We then heard the musical boxes being wound up, and then they commenced playing fast or slow, as directed by any of our party. I asked that three notes only should be played, and then one, which was immediately done. The boxes then commenced floating about the room, the large box descending lightly on

my head three times. One of the party suggested that the same box should touch Lord W. Beresford, and the box tapped him lightly three times on the head. The zither next passed close by my head, just brushing my forehead. Shortly after a slight ray of moonlight was visible through a portion of the window shutters. I leaned back in my chair so as to get this beam of light in a line with my vision, and almost immediately I saw the zither pass across, and appeared to be floating by itself. One of the audience then requested that it should play "Home, Sweet Home," and the plaintive air was distinctly heard. Without detailing the other phenomena, I may state that my chair was suddenly jerked from under me with great force, and when the light was turned up I found it on the table. In conclusion let me state that, after a most stringent trial and strict scrutiny of these wonderful experiences, I can arrive at no other conclusion than that there was no trace of trickery of any form, nor was there in the room any mechanism or machinery by which could be produced the phenomena which had taken place. The ordinary method by which Maskelyne and other conjurers imitate levitation, or the floating test, could not possibly be used in the room in which we were assembled.

Yours, etc.,

HARRY KELLAR.

The Magician was naturally very much exercised by what he had seen. He sought for means to reproduce, by natural means, all that Mr. Eglinton had done, except the levitation. He succeeded after much study and many experiments. Of course he makes no claim to performing the tricks by the same means that Mr. Eglinton used. It may be that he uses the same method, and it may be otherwise. He simply knows that he produces the same results. He explained to his own satisfaction how Mr. Eglinton could have gained information regarding his Cape friends mentioned in the writing on the slate. When Kellar played at Cape Town, in 1878, he performed at the Athenæum Hall. The proprietor of the hall, Mr.



Hutchinson, was a noted spiritualist, and when he found that my master was exposing spiritual phenomena, he set himself in strong opposition, and wrote many letters to the Cape papers denouncing the Magician. This action only had the effect of increasing Kellar's business. His houses were crowded nightly by the best people, and on the occasion of Sir Bartle Frere's visit both houses of Parliament adjourned and attended in a body. Mr. Eglinton followed Kellar at the Cape, and, as the latter long afterward ascertained, was the guest of Mr. Hutchinson. Is there anything unreasonable in the supposition, therefore, that Mr. Hutchinson told Mr. Eglinton a great deal about Kellar's affairs and his friends at the Cape of Good Hope?

Regarding the levitation feat, my master has never been able to reach a satisfactory explanation. What puzzles him most is how he could have been pulled up by Mr. Eglinton without feeling his own weight on his hand and arm. He seemed to lose gravity. Whether the occurrence was actual, and not a mere mental illusion, he is not prepared to say. It assuredly was a wonderful and unaccountable performance. Kellar regretted that he had no other opportunity to witness similar manifestations.

The Magician brought his season at Calcutta to a close while he was still enjoying excellent patronage. Daniel Bandmann reached the city with his company, and he had no place in which to give his performances. My master, with his usual liberality, turned his unexpired lease over to Mr. Bandmann without royalty or compensation of any kind.

Before leaving Calcutta Kellar went with Mr. Bandmann, at midnight, in a gharry, to visit the famous burning ghats, or open crematories, on the steps at the river side where dead bodies are incinerated. It was a weird and impressive sight. They saw a number of bodies burned, but were most impressed

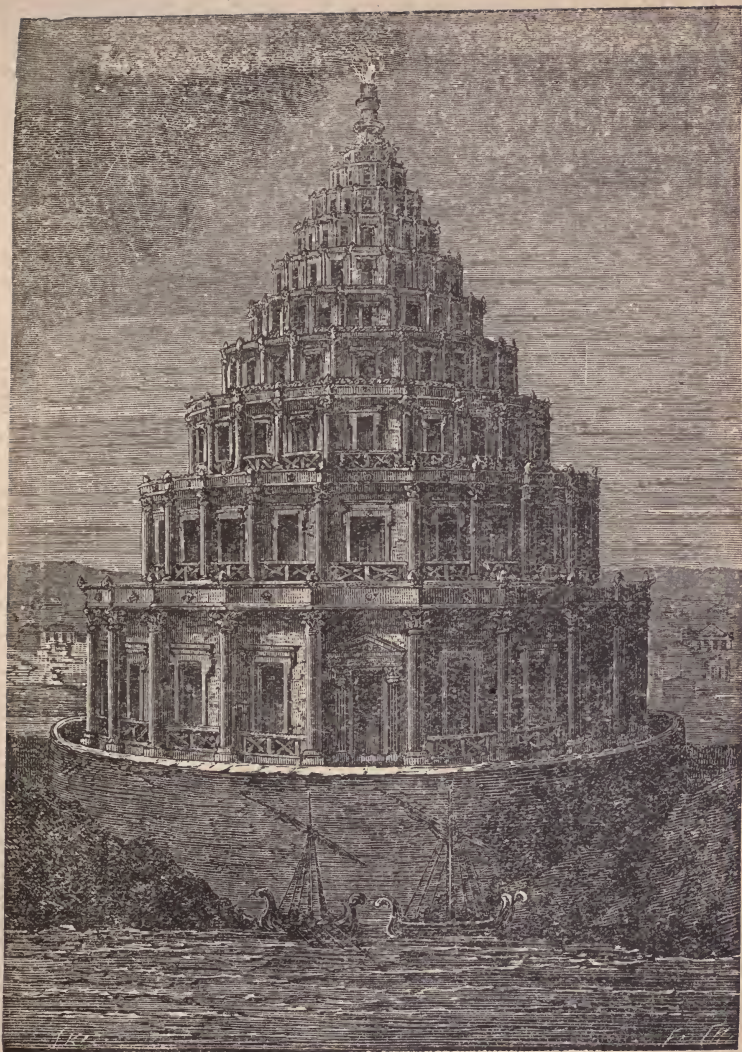
with the actions of a poor blind woman, whose daughter was dead. She was too poor to get fuel enough to make a proper pyre, so she arranged a small one. The body of the dead girl was trussed very much as that of a chicken would be that was about to be baked. There was not fire enough to completely consume the remains. The bodies of rich Hindoos are burned with a fire made of costly wood, and so in these last rites the treatment of the dead indicates the wealth and position of the deceased.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

### AMONG THE KANGAROOS.

From Calcutta Kellar went to Batavia, Java, his season there reaching from the 5th to the 23d of March, 1882. He became a victim of Java fever during this visit, and was very sick, but a good constitution and good care brought him through, and at the end of April he sailed for Melbourne, Australia, where he opened in St. George's Hall on May 6th, under the management of Mr. James Allison. Here, as elsewhere, his performances created a furore, and the more notable features were reproduced in an illustrated paper, the *Sketcher*. He played in St. George's Hall until June 7th, and then made a very satisfactory tour of the smaller towns in that part of Australia. Crossing to New Zealand, he continued his successes in the principal towns of that colony, receiving flattering notices from the newspapers generally, and adding to his fame as a magician. Thus the remainder of the year 1882 was passed, and with the opening of the year 1883 Kellar found himself at Poverty Bay, on the east coast of New Zealand. There he had another experience with the rope-tying doubter, this time an old



THE PHAROS AT ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

man-o'-war's man named George Rowley, a well-known character at the Bay. Rowley had a special rope, and spent ten minutes in doing the tying. In five seconds, after entering the cabinet, a hand was shown at the loop-hole, and in one minute and thirty-five seconds Kellar emerged with the rope in his hand.

From Poverty Bay we went to Tauranga, and then to Ohinemutu by coach, the route leading through Kauri groves and over hills. Ohinemutu is on the shores of Lake Rotarua. The surrounding country abounds with hot springs, in which the native Maoris cook their food, and there are many geysers which at intervals throw columns of steam and boiling water into the air. The holes filled with boiling water are so numerous that the stranger must exercise great caution to avoid falling into them. The springs are constantly starting up in unexpected places, so that no one knows when he is on safe ground. The sulphur springs, of which there are many, are believed to be a specific for blood and skin disorders. There certainly ought to be some redeeming virtue in them, as the odor they emit is about as foul as can well be conceived of.

The Maoris have degenerated into a set of lazy, drunken loafers, the men spending for drink the money they receive for the rent of their land, while the women only do such work as they must. At Ohinemutu Kellar visited the native temple, where the Maoris held their cannibal feasts only a few years before, when their custom was to devour their prisoners of war after first having boiled them in hot springs. Near Ohinemutu is a spring which emits a gas which quickly produces unconsciousness, if inhaled.

From Ohinemutu we continued to Lake Tarawera where Kellar engaged two female guides and several oarsmen to take us across the lake to one of the grandest sights on earth, the Pink and White terraces. For the entire outfit he paid £4. We were rowed across the lake to a small stream, where we disem-

barked and crossed through scrubby trees and over rocks to the White Terrace. This is a series of steps or platforms, one above the other, covered with a glossy substance that shone and sparkled in the sunlight like crystal. On the top of the terrace is a boiling geyser, which sends its scalding water over the glossy incline, adding constantly new layers to the glittering crust. From this point we were conducted through hundreds of hot geysers and mud volcanoes, to



a place called "The Devil's Hole." The name is fitting. The "Hole" is a stinking, screeching, rumbling, boiling caldron, which vomits forth volumes of steam and black mud. The heat, the foul smell, the steam and the noise suggest Dante's Inferno. Many of the geysers in that vicinity might well be classed as infernal. Sounds like the rumbling of thunder; the screeching of locomotives and the rattle of machinery are mingled with the hissing of steam, and the effect is startling and terrible.

The Pink Terrace was found to be even more beautiful than the White Terrace. There were about twenty-five steps, or platforms, of pink crystal, each about six feet high, and the entire district is little better than one seething, hissing, roaring caldron, wild, weird, and terrible beyond description. It is a sight which once seen can never be forgotten. The path in one instance led close by the mouth of a geyser which was quiet but a few minutes at a time. There was only room for one person to pass at a time, and Kellar's guides were very merry over his hesitancy to make the necessary dash. At the termination of the tour my master's guides took him to a pool of warm water, and told him that he must bathe. As he was entirely in care of the dusky beauties, he obeyed the order, and after a most refreshing dip returned to Wiaroa, where the chief ordered a grand "ha ka," or national war dance, in honor of the visitor—and the \$17.50 which the Magician paid him. The dance was similar to the war dances of most savage tribes, and consisted mainly of violent jumping around in a circle, beating the breasts with the hands, and shouting the word "Ha ka," with an interval between the syllables. The women of the tribe took a significant part in the dance.

The next stop was in Auckland, and thence *via* Sidney to Hay in New South Wales, where my master met his old partner, Mr. Fay, who was with him on his first South American trip, and who had given up the

show business after the shipwreck in the Bay of Biscay. Mr. Fay had invested his South American savings thriftily, and had established a general store at Hay, where he was doing an excellent business. Mr. Fay welcomed his old companion heartily, and among other efforts to amuse him took him on a kangaroo hunt. They drove about five miles out of Hay through the bush to a large rolling plain, where they found a herd of several hundred kangaroos grazing. They stopped when about five hundred yards from the animals, without having alarmed them. A pack of excellent kangaroo dogs (a species of Scotch grayhounds), was with the party, and these were at once let loose. The dogs made a bee-line for the herd, and each selecting a kangaroo, followed it regardless of the others.

Mr. Fay's favorite dog, Prince, chose an "old man" kangaroo, and forced him around in a circle to within a stone's throw of where Kellar stood. Both were going at a very rapid gait, and the kangaroo appeared like a ball rolling over the ground. It was a short but beautiful race. Every moment Prince was shortening the distance between them, until finally he seized the kangaroo by the tail and upset him, and before the "old man" could recover himself, Prince had him by the throat. One of the other dogs chased an "old man" to a water hole. The kangaroo got into the middle of the sink and calmly awaited the dog's approach, his intention being to drown him. This he certainly could have done had not the hunters come to the dog's assistance. Kangaroos when chased by dogs invariably run for these natural water holes, of which there are many in that part of Australia. As the kangaroo has very long hind legs he can stand in the deepest part of the water. When the dog swims up to him, he will use his fore paws to push the dog's nose under water, and will soon succeed in drowning him. An "old man" kangaroo will show fight when cornered, and they convert their hind feet into very

effective weapons, occasionally succeeding in disemboweling a man or horse by a vicious stroke.

We had a splendid day's sport, and landed five large kangaroos and one smaller one, the latter just as we were returning to Hay. We saw a large number of emus on the plain, but could not get near enough to shoot any of them. The kangaroos in the Riverina district are so plentiful that at certain seasons of the year it is a struggle for existence between them and the cattle. They often eat up all the grass. The Australian government pays a reward of one shilling per scalp for all that are killed. The kangaroo is excellent as food, being not unlike venison. Kangaroo haunch and kangaroo tail soup are common articles of diet in many Australian hotels.

The country about Hay is divided into large stations, or ranches, and they are all separated by wire fences, often six or eight feet high. Kangaroos leap over the fences with as much unconcern as if they did not exist. The ground is very dry in the summer season (December, January and February). There is not a pebble or stone of any kind to be found within many miles of Hay, and sometimes when the day is particularly hot the country is covered with innumerable sand spouts, just like the water spouts at sea, the dust rising hundreds of feet in the air, and moving like hugh spectres along the river banks.

From Hay my master proceeded to Melbourne, sending his baggage via Wagga Wagga and Albany, while he took a short cut by coach over the Old Man Plain to Deneliquin, where he took a car for the coast. While crossing the plain the coach was struck by a terrific southerly "buster," a sort of cyclone very common in that section. The "buster" was followed by a down-pour of hail, the coach was upset, the horses became unmanageable and landed in a gully, and one passenger was seriously injured. The temperature changed suddenly from about 95° to the freezing





SCENE NEAR LAUNCESTON, TASMANIA.

point, and the half frozen passengers were forced to walk about two miles to the post station.

From Melbourne my master made a visit to the then recently discovered big trees at Fernshaw, about seventy miles distant. These trees are situated in a mountain valley, on the head waters of the Yara River (the Yara's expanded mouth forms the magnificent port of Melbourne), and are the tallest trees in the world. Specimens have been measured that were

four hundred and seventy-eight feet high, and over fifty feet in circumference. The tallest trees in the Yosemite group in California only reach a height of about three hundred and fifty feet; but the girth of some of them is considerably greater than that of any at Fernshaw.

My master next went to Launceston, Tasmania, and then through that island to Hobart Town. The magnificent harbor at this place was much admired, and the wonderful variety and amount of fish to be found in the waters of the harbor excited astonishment. All Australian waters teem with fish, but at Hobart Town the best of the finny tribes seemed to have fixed their aristocratic residences. Kellar was delighted with Tasmania, as indeed he had been with many parts of New Zealand, and portions of Australia. But Tasmania seemed a perfect garden spot. The fruit trees were so heavily laden that the boughs were breaking from the weight. It was about as near to an earthly paradise as man can reasonably hope to find. The scenery near Launceston, the waterfalls and rapids, are very beautiful.

From Hobart Town we made a trip through Queens-town, and at Gympie met the great Herr Daniel Bandmann and Miss Louise Beudet, playing "Hamlet" in an old tumble-down place, with a kitchen scene for the palace and an ordinary wooden chair for a throne. In the first week in 1883 we halted at Maryboro', and here we met The Charles Turner and Annis Montague Opera Company. During much of this Queensland trip my master was in competition with Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous English war correspondent and lecturer. Mr. Forbes was drawing crowded houses, and other entertainments suffered when his was around.

At Mackay my master first came in contact with the Coolie trade for the sugar plantations of Queensland. The Coolies are South Sea Islanders who are brought

in large cargoes on sailing ships, and disposed of at auction to the highest bidder for three or four years' service. The poor fellows, as a rule, are kidnapped from their island homes, and brought to Queensland on speculation by the captains of the vessels. The Australian Government, for decency's sake, sends an agent with the slavers, and he is supposed to see that no natives are carried away by force, but these agents, as a rule, are a worthless lot of fellows, and not infrequently share with the captains in the profits of the



A GYMPIE MINER.

trade. Kellar had a long talk with one of these Government agents (a fellow who was drunk much of the time), and from him received many details of "Blackbirding." The usual way of capturing Coolies, he said, was to entice a number of them on board ship on pretense of making them presents, or trading with them. An interpreter would induce one of the poor ignorant fellows to put his mark to a contract which he could not understand, and the sailors would then force

the whole party down below and keep them there till the ship was far out at sea. If a question was raised, the mark on the contract was declared to be the signature of a Chief. Sometimes the natives resist, and even succeed in overpowering their captors, and then we hear terrible stories of the massacre of a white crew in the South Seas. Whoever thinks these pictures are overdrawn should read the *Queenslander*, a weekly publication of Brisbane, for the months of March, April, May and June, 1883. The money paid at the auction sales for the Coolies is nominally to reimburse the captains for the cost of their passage. The men often bring as high as £30 or £40 each (\$150 or \$200).

Our Magician was very handsomely treated by the newspapers of Queensland, as well as by the people. The *Maryborough Chronicle*, of June 6, 1883, said: "Colonists owe a debt of gratitude to accomplished performers, like Mr. Kellar, for visiting such out-of-the-way places as Queensland. This gentleman is so eminently superior as an exponent of a very amusing and instructive art, that he is thoroughly deserving of recognition wherever he goes."

Kellar's trip along the northeast coast of Queensland was on Captain Traver's steamer, the *Normandy*, and was inside the famous Barrier Reef, which skirts that coast for many hundred miles. One of the incidents of the long trip was the catching of a monstrous shark, the first large one my master had ever taken. The great number of sharks in these waters gives an unpleasant sensation to visitors, who see the big man-eaters darting about; but the natives pay but little regard to them, and swim around with the grace of mermen and the confidence of ducks. At Thursday Island Kellar saw about a dozen natives of New Guinea, who were in charge of a commissioner. They were finely built, yellow, muscular and intelligent. At Captain Traver's request the Magician per-

formed a few commonplace tricks, which surprised them very much, and when one of his assistants played on a cornet they were astonished beyond all bounds. Kellar was much disgusted with the natives of the northeast part of Queensland. They are wild, savage cannibals, and but a trifle above the monkey in the scale of intelligence.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### "JOHNNY NEWSKY."

From Thursday Island the steamer continued across the Gulf of Carpentaria to Port Darwin, the principal town of North Australia. There Kellar gave one performance while the steamer waited, and then proceeded to Singapore. While at Singapore he heard the boom of a terrible explosion, which occurred during the latter part of August, 1883, and resulted in the disappearance of the Island of Krakatoa in the Strait of Sunda, and the appearance of two islands in that vicinity, and which caused the destruction of many towns and the death of nearly 100,000 persons. The Java Sea and the southern part of the China Sea were literally covered with floating pumice stone, and the City of Batavia was covered to the depth of from four to six inches with ashes. At Colombo, Ceylon, the water receded so that for a time the shipping was left high and dry. The Government of Singapore thought the sound was that of men-of-war having a fight at sea, and a dispatch boat was sent out for over three hundred miles to ascertain what the trouble was.

Singapore has several streets occupied exclusively by Chinese houses of ill-fame. The girls are brought from Canton and other inland towns of China *via* Hong Kong on English steamers, on the pretense that they

will get situations in Singapore and the Straits settlements. When they reach Singapore they are taken to these infamous dens and forced to lead lives of shame. The houses are licensed by the English authorities, and should any one of these unfortunates attempt to leave, they are forced to go back by the police. The poor wretches have their fares charged to them, and they pay an exorbitant rate for board, etc., and as they are not permitted to leave Singapore until the debt is paid, the creatures who run the dens take good care to keep them in debt until they are too old and ugly to satisfy the requirements of their wretched calling. Sometimes we do hear of the authorities of Hong Kong stopping a cargo of these women as they pass through the town, but this only on rare occasions, and when there has been some pressure brought to bear by European visitors to the country. But as long as the Government of Singapore receives large revenues from the license issued to these places, there is little hope that the infamous trade will be suppressed. Is there any wonder missionaries accomplish so little in their attempt to Christianize the natives?

From Singapore we went again to Hong Kong, where, for the second time, we met the Victoria Loftus troupe. Mr. Jeff. D'Angeles was the commander of the company, and with him Kellar enjoyed a number of pleasant jaunts to points of interest. At the Happy Valley they visited the graves of Ling Look\* and

\*In our issue dated November 30, 1878, we published intelligence of the death of Ling Look in Hong Kong, China, in December, 1877. Some months thereafter a performer styling himself the original Ling Look appeared and performed in the music halls in England. This caused many of the original Ling Look's friends to rejoice that he was still living. Harry Kellar, of the Royal Illusionists, with whom Ling Look left this country and traveled to Australia, India and China, where he left the company after the death of his brother Yamadeva, now writes to a gentleman in this city, from Liverpool, England, November 10th, regarding an interview with the pretended Ling Look. From this letter we have been permitted to extract the following: "I came all the way from Scotland to see the man calling

Yamadeva, his two companions in the original Royal Illusionists combination. Beautiful tombstones were placed over each.

Throughout the English Colonies, and also in China and Japan, my master was treated with marked kindness by resident Englishmen. They were of a better class than the stranger usually encounters in England. Kellar, when among them, never felt as if in a strange country. He was at home. While he did not always approve of the English colonial policy, he has the greatest respect for the English officials and public servants of these colonies. They are, as a rule, high minded, noble, intelligent gentlemen, whom it is a pleasure and an honor to meet. Among those in Hong Kong who were particularly kind and hospitable to the Magician were Mr. Harry Wicking, and Colonel Parnell, a brother of Stewart Parnell, a thoroughly loyal British subject.

After a very satisfactory season in Hong Kong, of which the Hong Kong *Telegraph* of August 31, 1883, said they were “the best performances ever given within the walls of the city hall,” Kellar visited Japan, making his first stop at Nagasaki, a pretty place in the Southern Island. He enjoyed the jinriksha

himself Ling Look, now performing in this city, *only to find him an impostor*. I had corresponded with this man for some days, and his letters deceived me and led me to believe that he was actually my old companion. He certainly knows all of Ling Look's past life, and must have been in constant correspondence with him while we were making our tour through China and Australia. I introduced myself to this man as a friend of Kellar, and questioned him on our route, etc., and he gave me satisfactory answers, until I asked him about what month we arrived at Hong Kong, when he told me in April. Now, we were there in October. He also stated that the name of the hotel in Hong Kong was the Victoria, whereas it was the Hong Kong Hotel at which we stayed (there being no Victoria Hotel). I asked him if he would know Kellar, and he replied, ‘Do you think I am an impostor?’ I said ‘Yes.’ I then told him ‘I am Kellar,’ when he immediately took his hat and left the room.

“P. S.—You may show this letter to the editor of the *Clipper*, and he has my permission to publish it if he so desires.”—*New York Clipper*, Nov. 29, 1879.

rides through the beautiful, clean but narrow streets, and could not help remarking the great contrast to the filthy condition of Chinese towns. The harbor of Nagasaki is one of the loveliest spots in the world. It is a deep bay, or inlet, about four miles long, studded with fairy islands, and at its apex is almost in the shape of a gigantic horseshoe, surrounded by high hills clothed with trees and verdure. Around these hills also are innumerable native burying places. It happened that at the period of our visit there occurred the annual Japanese "decoration day." Instead of ornamenting the graves with flowers, as we do at home, the Japs cover the sepulchres with gaily painted lanterns. These are lighted at dusk, and the effect is wonderfully beautiful, the whole country for miles around being thus illuminated.

In the harbor of Nagasaki, and connected with the city by a handsome bridge, is the island of Desima. This is a Dutch settlement, and was occupied by colonists two hundred years before any other foreigners were permitted to settle in Japan. The island is an artificial one, and was built by the colonists, who, being regarded by the Japanese as barbarians, were not permitted to reside on the sacred soil of the country. So the persevering and thrifty Hollanders constructed Desima, upon which they were permitted to live in peace, although the natives regarded them with the contemptuous scorn a warlike race always entertains for mere traders. No more than three Dutchmen were allowed to visit Nagasaki at the same time. They were compelled to be in their own quarters by sunset, and a military guard was stationed at the end of the bridge to make sure that none of them disobeyed their orders. Once each year a ship from Holland was permitted to enter the harbor to bring the settlers her cargo for the purpose of barter. She went back filled with tea and rice and silk. Other communication there was none. This state of things



the patient and slow-moving Dutch endured for more than two centuries, content in the knowledge that they were the only foreigners in the land of the rising sun, and though the port of Nagasaki, as well as Yokohama, Kobe, Hakodadi, and the other "treaty ports," have for thirty years past been "open," and now swarm with Americans, English, Germans, French, and a mixed rabble from all the corners of the earth, the steady-going Dutch continue to jog along in their old fashioned manner at Desima. The island is not as large as the British settlement of Shameen at Canton, which is notoriously too small to play cricket on. Desima is about a quarter of a mile long and nearly two in breadth. Crossing the bridge from Nagasaki and its busy hives of people, one finds himself suddenly in an Amsterdam in little. The same spick and span cleanliness; the white houses with green blinds and tiles; the prim gardens with shrubs cut into the shape of impossible birds and beasts; the same stolid, slow, good natured huis-frau in white cap and short, coarse white dress, are all to be seen on the little island twenty thousand miles from the land of dikes, windmills and schnapps.

In Nagasaki we attended the peculiar Japanese "function" known as a "Johnny Newsky." This is a sort of native dance, supported altogether by women. The dance is somewhat after the style of the famous "bee" dance of the Egyptian Almelis, only that the pretty little rosy cheeked Jap "Moosies" are a vast deal more alluring than their prototypes in the land of Isis and Osiris. A "Johnny Newsky" can be readily arranged for at a fixed price per performer. It is usual that these shall be identical in number with the spectators, and the audience seldom consists of more than ten or a dozen. Tea and saki are served during the entertainment by the "Kotsikis," or barmaids, and generally speaking a well-conducted "Johnny Newsky" is attended with a great deal of fun.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## THE ELEPHANT HUNT.

From Nagasaki we went through the famous inland sea of Japan, passing through the wonderful Simonsaki Straits, where the swift current rushes between shores that are but a few rods apart. The sight is a grand and beautiful one, and the many islands with which the sea is studded add to the charm of the place. At night, when the steamer was near the Straits, the surface of the sea was alive with fishermen's junks. Each junk carried a large torch at the bow, and the effect was that of a monster torchlight procession extending as far as the eye could reach. The steamer had difficulty in working its way among the swarm of junks without running some of them down.

At Hiogo, or Kobe, my master played in the Gynnasium to crowded houses. He then went to Yokohama, where his triumphs were repeated in the Gaiety Theatre. At Yokohama he made the acquaintance of Mr. Fred Deacon, proprietor of a very large curio establishment. Mr. Deacon took the Magician about the city in a pony carriage, showing him all the important and interesting places in the vicinity. The peculiarities of Japanese life, which he then saw to excellent advantage, interested him greatly. He was very much pleased with the Japanese people. Their thrift, their honesty and their cleanliness, as well as their ingenuity and industry, delighted him. The influence of Western civilization is being felt in Japan, but many of the old customs remain. The whole of a Japanese house is one room. If apartments are wanted, screens of paper are slid into grooves be-

tween its mats on the floor and a room is partitioned off in a few minutes. Of course there is no privacy in such houses, but Japanese do not seem to care for privacy. Going to bed is ridiculously simple. Everybody takes a hot bath, and puts on his dry clothes again, and over the clothes draws a long wadded wrapper with enormous sleeves. A thick quilt is put on the floor, and a pillow of wood shaped like a cradle rocker, and having a wad of paper to rest the neck on, is placed at the head. When the Jap lies down, another thick quilt is drawn over him. A tray of food, smoking utensils and a lighted lantern are always within reach of the sleeper. When the Jap gets up in the morning he shakes himself out, rolls quilt, bedrobe and pillow into a package, shuts it up in a cupboard, dusts his matting, and is ready for the day. There are no stoves, no chairs, no stairs in a Japanese house. Cooking is done in little portable furnaces, and everybody sits on the floor. Everything is curious to the stranger. The carpenter pulls his plane toward him when at work. He saws on the up stroke, holding the wood with his foot, and does almost everything in a way which is just the opposite of European or American custom. The Japanese are as honest as the sun where the missionaries have not been. It is as natural for a Jap to be honest as for a Chinaman to be dishonest.

While at Yokohama, Kellar visited the great Diabutz of Japan, which is a monstrous idol of such size that four men can stand on his thumb. The grand and "perfect" mountain Fujiyama, with its crown of snow, can be seen from all parts of the island, and it gives impressiveness to a landscape of exceptional beauty. The Magician returned to Nagasaki on the steamer Kivah, the vessel on which Yamadeva died several years before. The voyage was a rough one, and a typhoon was encountered in the Inland Sea. The storm was of such violence that many junks were wrecked and many lives were lost.

On board of one of the Mitisbushu Company's steamers, Kellar set out in September, 1883, for Vladivostock, Siberia. He was warmly welcomed at the only Russian naval station on the Pacific, and what he saw there gave him a desire to make a tour of Russia proper. He gave several performances at Vladivostock with great success, and found the inhabitants remarkably intelligent and hospitable. They were anxious to do all in their power to please their visitors.

My master's next stop was at Shanghai, where he did a very poor business, owing to the fact that two other magicians had been there just before him, both swindling shows. He did not tarry long, but went to Hong Kong, where he met Colonel Gilder, of the New York *Herald*, a very pleasant gentleman, who, in the interest of his paper, was watching the progress of the Franco-Chinese War. Excitement was running very high among the Chinese, and about this time they attacked and burned the greater portion of the European town in Canton. The boastful spirit of the Chinese was well shown in one of their illustrated papers, which published a cartoon representing about one hundred Europeans running in terror from a single fierce Chinaman, who flourished a sword in each hand.

Inflammatory notices were distributed through the country with a view to stirring up the Chinese against the foreigners. One of them was to the following effect:

"These foreign devils are far inferior to the Chinese race in every respect. Of course some people will say 'How is it, if they are inferior, that they can do all these wonderful things, make steamboats, telegraphs and implements of war?' We answer this by saying that they kidnap our children, eat their brains, and use their flesh and fat in their devilish incantations;" and much more in the same vein.

The Chinese men-of-war in the harbor had native officers whose insolent swagger was ridiculous. They



GRAVES OF THE CALEPTHS.

would parade the streets, with long silk robes trailing the ground, play billiards, drink and carry on like rowdies of any other nation. It was their delight to be personally offensive to Europeans, crowding them out of their way whenever opportunity offered, and using insulting language at all times. Kellar visited a native merchant named Sun Shing, with whom he was acquainted, and who was noted for his intelligence and ability. A conversation to this effect ensued:

Kellar—"Well, Sun, what will you do when the Frenchmen come down here with their men-of-war and clean you fellows all out?"

Sun—"Hah! You sabe Flenchman?"

Kellar—"Yes."

Sun—"Flenchman, he belongee alle samee one piecie lat (rat)."

Kellar—"Yes."

Sun—"You sabe Chinaman?"

Kellar—"Yes, I sabe Chinaman."

Sun—"Chinaman he belongee alle samee one piecie cat. By and by cat jumpee on lat (rat), chop, chop (quick). No more lat (rat)."

The Chinaman's prophecy came very near being true.

Of course there was not much encouragement for a showman to remain in China under existing circumstances, so Kellar soon left Hong Kong for Manila. He arrived there about the middle of October, and played in the Teatro do Tondo with enormous success. A terrific hurricane came on while he was at Manila, but noticing the threatening clouds, he ordered his assistants to go with him to the theater and pack their trunks, which were solid and waterproof. They had scarcely finished their work when the roof of the theater was lifted off and everything that was exposed was drenched. The Magician's apparatus escaped without damage, through his forethought and promptness.

The famous cigar factory of Manila, covering about six acres, and giving employment to about ten thousand women, was one of the attractive features of the place. The city is the capital of the Philippine Islands and the center of Spanish commerce in the East.

Kellar next took a trip among the islands of the Philippine group to Ilo Ilo, and thence he proceeded to Hong Kong once more, where he took a French steamer to Saigon, in Cochin China. Saigon is a very beautiful, clean little town, and the theater is like a fairy palace in a flower garden. It is supported by the government, and artists are allowed use of it free of charge. There was great excitement because of the Tonquin war. French troops were arriving every day, and the whole town was in a state of war preparation. The French authorities vied with each other to make my master's stay a pleasant one, and the letters he brought to the mayor from friends in the Mauritius stimulated that official to many kind offices. Steamers land about two miles from Saigon, and the route from the landing to the town is through a jungle, which is said to be infested with tigers. But my master did not see any tigers, and he was soon afloat bound for Batavia the third time. On his way he saw the sea still covered with pumice stone, from the Krakatoa eruption, although it was near the end of December, almost four months after the great upheaval. Business in Batavia was good, and so it was in Penang, to which place Mr. Kellar went *via* Singapore. The Island of Penang formerly belonged to the King of Queda in Malacca, but was given by him in 1785 as a marriage portion with his daughter, who married Captain Light, the master of a British ship trading in the Straits. The English East India Company bought the island from Light in 1786, and afterward in consideration of an annual income paid to the king, the sovereignty of the island was ceded to them.

A visit was next made to the mines of Perak, where

my master gave two performances on a good certainty, and then took the steamer Assam for Ceylon. He landed at Colombo in March, 1884, and stayed there two weeks waiting for a steamer by which he could take passage for England. He gave one performance in the Club Theatre, and called on Arabi Pasha, the exile from Egypt, who was teaching a school. Arabi wore a fez after the Turkish fashion. He was quiet and unassuming, and received the Magician very kindly.

While Kellar was in Ceylon, a former Governor visited the island, and an elephant hunt was gotten up in his honor. My master was invited and Baron Stracey and a number of other English gentlemen also took part in the hunt. The party went by railroad over the mountains to near Kandy. They then took dhak-gharrys to the jungle, and were ready for the sport. Elephant hunting as there carried on is rather elephant catching. The big beasts are neither shot nor injured in any other way, but are driven into enclosures or stockades, and taken something like a big fish in a big net. A great army of beaters scour the country for miles around and drive a herd of elephants toward a corral. Great wings, formed of trees, posts and brushwood interlaced, are first encountered by the huge animals, and these direct their course to a smaller and stronger enclosure, which leads by a narrow entrance to a still smaller enclosure, and this in turn opens into the corral proper, which is made very strong by posts chained together. As soon as the herd has been frightened into the corral, the entrance is closed, and the elephants are prisoners. Tame female elephants are then put in among the wild ones, and while the gallant males are busy making love to the new comers, skillful attendants slip unnoticed into the corral and chain the legs of the tuskers. The rest is simple. It does not take the elephants long to comprehend the situation, and before many weeks have passed the wildest of them are as tractable as so many cattle.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

## IN NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.

Kellar's homeward trip was to Aden and through the Red Sea and Suez Canal. When on the canal he found the weather so cold that even overcoats failed to produce a satisfactory degree of warmth. A stiff breeze from the north did the mischief. At Malta he played in the Opera House, and at Gibraltar he appeared for one night in the Garrison Theatre, while the steamer waited. His audience was large and enthusiastic. Continuing his journey by the steamer *Ravena* of the P. & O. line, he soon reached England, and at once proceeded to fit up for an American tour. He added some important features to his apparatus, and renewed such of his outfit as had suffered from the hard usage of an around-the-world trip. When he finally landed in New York he was possessed of an exceptionally fine magical collection. Before opening his regular season in New York, he gave some private exhibitions to members of the press. The *New York Dramatic News* of August 12, 1884, contained the following concerning one of these exhibitions, which is here reproduced as giving a very fair notion of the Magician's entertainment, as witnessed by hundreds of thousands of people during the next two years:

The Professor ascended the stage, and brought out a beautifully finished automaton dressed a la Turk, which he invited us to inspect. After that solemn duty had been performed, the Turk was placed upon a glass stand, and the Professor came to us with the statements, that the delicate mechanism of the figure could be controlled by force of will. We thought of the number 4,384, and whispered

the number in the ear of the performer, who was standing with his back to the stage, when the Turk instantly set the number up in figures before our astonished eyes. We then wrote a question, which was instantly answered in the same manner. Then the performer handed us a common slate and a number of Webster's dictionaries. We examined the slate, and after seeing it carefully cleaned, closed it and selected one of the dictionaries. Then we inserted a card between the leaves at random, and handed the book to the Professor, the slate which we had kept closed remaining on our lap all this time. The Professor then asked which word on either side of the pages we wished written on the slate. We selected the first on the left hand page. The tiny bit of pencil, which had been placed inside the slate, began to scratch away, and on opening the slate we found not only the word but the definition in full, written in a plain, bold hand. This experiment was varied with several popular works of fiction, until we became convinced that anything the Professor chose could be written on a blank slate when closed and held by any one. The Professor then requested us to write a question on one of our own cards, which we enclosed in an envelope and gave to him. This being done, he placed it to his forehead for an instant, when the wonderful Turk began a series of gesticulations, which ended in his producing our question plainly written on a sheet of paper, to which was attached a very reasonable answer. We were then requested to hand the Professor any coin or bank note. A national promise to pay was produced, when the Professor stepped upon a plate of glass with his face towards us, and back towards the automaton, when the wonderful piece of machinery instantly produced the number of the note, without the least word or sign from any one. A cabinet was then brought on the stage and taken to pieces. We examined every part, and saw it put together again, which was the work of a moment. The Professor called our attention to the cabinets used by the Davenport and other so-called mediums, and then directed us to close the door, which was done, when instantly a frightful uproar began on the inside. The door was opened and the cabinet found to be empty. We looked under, over and behind the

cabinet, then closed the door once more, when spirit hands, faces and death heads appeared above, under and at a small window in the cabinet. We opened the door with the same result as before. The door was closed for a third time, and we were requested to think of some one we wished to see or hear. We thought of Arbuckle when instantly a cornet appeared at the window, and the well known solo, "Down Upon the S'wanee River," was executed in a style that would have done credit to the great virtuoso. We sat spell-bound, until the Professor opened the door and disclosed the empty interior for the third time. The door was again closed, when out through the closed side apparently came a female face and form, followed by a skeleton six feet high. The skeleton walked about the stage, danced, threw its arms about, and finally raised one fleshless hand to its grinning skull, and performed the decapitation act by taking the skull from the body and sending it spinning over our heads, the jaws rattling like a pair of castanets all the time. The skull flew around the hall, then returned to its former place and the whole affair vanished—it was impossible to tell how or where. The Professor then came forward and said: "Sometimes I am seized by an unknown force, and transported over the heads of the audience. Now, as I cannot control this force, I wish you to remain perfectly quiet, as any demonstration might prove fatal to me." We noticed a merry twinkle in his eye, but said nothing, for slowly but surely the Professor began to rise until his head was above the top of the gallery, when he advanced over our heads, came to a full stop and hung, like Mahomet's coffin, suspended in mid-air. Slowly he passed around the room, and finally returned to the stage without accident. He then called attention to the fact that there were no wires, or mechanical appliances of any kind used, and we saw from the course of his flight and our close proximity to him, that any mechanical support was impossible. The Professor proposed to give several more experiments, but we were satisfied.

Kellar opened at the Park Theatre in New York, on the 22nd of September, 1884, to very good

audiences. After two weeks he went to the Athenæum Hall in Brooklyn, for a fortnight, and, returning to New York, put in six weeks at the Grand Opera House Hall. He was very handsomely treated by the New York newspapers. Following are extracts from a few of them :

“The best exhibition of magical skill we have ever seen.”—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

“His tricks brought out rounds of applause.”—*Tribune*.

“The entertainment was a success from beginning to end.”—*Clipper*.

“One of the most astonishing performances ever given in New York.”—*Journal*.

“Mr. Kellar's Kellarisms out-Heller the late Mr. Heller's Hellerisms.”—*Brooklyn Times*.

“So startling were the tricks performed, that a sense of fear and awe possessed many who were present.”—*News*.

“The wonders were warmly applauded by a large audience.”—*Post*.

“Improvement on the tricks of the Davenport Brothers.”—*Times*.

“The entertainment called for much applause.”—*Telegram*.

“A very interesting entertainment.”—*Herald*.

On the evening of December 15, 1884, we began a season at the Egyptian Hall in Philadelphia, and made the unprecedented run of 323 consecutive performances there. The season was strikingly successful from a pecuniary, as well as from an artistic point of view. Nothing like it had ever before been seen in the Quaker City. During many successive weeks the full capacity of the hall was taxed to accommodate the throngs that crowded to the entertainment, and the patronage was among the best classes in Philadelphia.

My master's pronounced antagonism to the claims of spiritual mediums, gave him peculiar prominence at this juncture, because of an investigation which was

being conducted by a commission of prominent scientific men. Mr Adam Seybert was a Philadelphian of wealth and leisure. At middle age he conceived the idea that he had a mission in regard to spiritualism, and he associated much with mediums. Many philanthropic notions possessed him. At one time he tried to raise a sentiment in the community that soda and other mineral waters were preferable to alcoholic drinks. He succeeded in raising the standard of bakers' bread, and he gave the city the clock and bell that are now (1886) in the steeple of Independence Hall. Mr Seybert was one of the dupes of the Katie King fraud, and he was victimized in various ways by the mediums. When he died he directed that his body be cremated, and he left \$60,000 for the maintenance of a chair of "Moral and Intellectual Philosophy" in the University of Pennsylvania. A condition of the bequest was "that the incumbent of the chair should, either individually or in conjunction with a Commission of the University Faculty, make a thorough and impartial investigation of all systems of morals, religion and philosophy, which assume to represent the truth, and particularly of modern spiritualism." The condition was accepted, and in 1883 a commission composed of the following gentlemen began an investigation: Dr. William Platt Pepper, Rev. George S. Fullerton, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Prof. Joseph Laidy, Prof. R. E. Thomson, Dr. August Koenig and Mr. Coleman Sellers. The Commission has paid particular attention to clairvoyance, mesmerism, animal magnetism, second sight, prophecy, and materialization, but never let the public hear a word about their opinions as the investigation proceeded. In the matter of spiritualism, before going far the committee made one very important distinction. They divided the question of the validity of any manifestation into two questions:

First—Is the phenomenon actual or apparent; that

is, does one see, or feel, or hear it, or does he only think he sees, or feels, or hears it; does it exist only in his imagination?

Second—If the phenomenon is real, what produces it? Natural or supernatural agencies? Human beings or spirits?

Invitations were sent out to all of the great mediums of the country, and to all who profess to expose mediums, to come before the commission. Dr. Henry Slade, the slate writer, gave six sittings, for which he received \$300. Maud Lord came on from New York, and the bright lights among the mediums responded from every point of the compass. And the exposers came too. Foremost among them was Kellar, and it was pretty generally understood by those interested in the matter, that what he produced by admitted natural means before the commission, surprised the members more than had the performances of any person who claimed to operate by spirit power. Kellar would not say what tests he had given, and the commission will not make any public announcement until its final report is prepared, but it is probable that the following indicates one line of experiments which were shown on that occasion :

*Philadelphia Record*, Feb. 18, 1885 :

On Monday afternoon Professor Kellar gave a private seance at Egyptian Hall, to several newspaper representatives. Mr. Kellar's object was to demonstrate that he could produce by natural agencies what Dr. Slade professes to accomplish by spiritualism. Mr. Kellar, after assigning the gentlemen present to places around the table, and within two feet of himself, produced nine slates, and, after washing their surfaces, selected two; then placing a piece of pencil between them he held them aloft in full sight of every one present. Immediately a scratching sound was heard, and, on opening the slates, the following message was found written in plain characters :

“It would perhaps be easier to believe that these mani-

festations are the result of spiritual power, than that they are merely a conjurer's trick. They can, however, all be traced to natural causes."

Two more slates were selected, and held beneath the table by the magician's right hand, the thumb of which was all the time in sight of all the company. After considerable scratching, this message appeared :

"Just returned from the Soudan. Gordon is alive and will return safely to England. BEN ALLAH."

The third slate similarly held, stated :

"With such undoubted evidence of a spirit world, why will you persist in doubting it?"

Below the above message appeared Prof. Kellar's signature in Chinese characters.

As a final test of his power, the following question was written on a slate: "What is the height of the Washington Monument?" This the Professor was not allowed to see. He, however, placed the slate beneath the table as before. In a short time the scratching sound was heard, and, on placing the slate on the table, the following answer was given on the obverse side: "We have never visited Washington Monument, therefore can not give its height."

Professor Kellar then requested the gentlemen to join hands, after which spirit rappings were produced, and the Professor, in an explanatory way, said: "It is just such exhibitions as I have given you that lead credulous people to believe in spiritualism."

The one hundredth performance at Egyptian Hall was made memorable to my master by the receipt of a \$550 watch and a \$125 chain. Kellar at each performance did his famous trick with finger rings borrowed from persons in the audience. The last of the rings is regularly found tied by a ribbon about the neck of a Guinea pig, which is taken from a bottle from which a variety of liquors has just been poured. When Kellar broke the bottle on the night in question, to pull out the Guinea pig, he found the watch and chain fastened to the animal, and a card inscribed: "Call for Col. Mann." As soon as the surprised Magi-

cian could collect his senses, he made the call, and Col. William B. Mann presented him with the watch in a neat speech, to which my master could scarcely find words to reply. The house was crowded and the audience applauded long and lustily.

A pleasant episode of this engagement was a visit from the venerable "Fakir of Ava," with whom Kellar learned the art and mystery of his calling. The Fakir was delighted with the progress his pupil had made, and was apparently as much mystified by some of the experiments as any one in the audience. In a conversation with a friend, the Fakir was afterward asked :

"What constitutes a great magician?"

"Quickness of mind, gumption, mother wit, the power to take an audience with you from the start," replied the Fakir. "I will give you an example from my own career, of what I mean: I was showing in Nashville, Tennessee. At my first seance, Mrs. Polk, the widow of the ex-President, was present. I asked her to let me take her bonnet, which she did after some hesitation and urging on the part of some of her husband's brothers, who were present also. I took the bonnet, and before her very eyes, and before going back to the stage, tore it in half, apparently, by accident. I appeared very much frightened at what I had done, but said I would do what I could to repair the mischief. I pointed my conjurer's cannon at the ceiling and fired. Immediately the bonnet fell to the floor. I picked it up and handed it to Mrs. Polk, asking her in the meantime if it was hers. She examined it carefully, and said it was. That insured my success in the place, and I played to crowded houses for a week. Now, how do you suppose I did it?"

"You didn't tear up the bonnet," replied the friend promptly.

"Yes I did," said the Fakir. "That's precisely where I made my hit. The bonnet which fell from the



ceiling was a precise duplicate of Mrs. Polk's bonnet, which I had had made by a milliner as soon as I saw the original the day before, and also ascertained that Mrs. Polk would be at the exhibition. You see I wanted to play my first trick on a person so prominent that every one would know that collusion was impossible, and I wanted to utterly mystify that person, as I could not have done had I gone back to the stage and done my trick there. You see it took the audience with me from the start. It's more the knowledge of human nature, than any particular dexterity, which constitutes the conjurer."

"Is the art advancing?"

"Bless you, yes. These slate tricks, table tippings, and so forth, we of the old school never dreamed of."

About the middle of March the famous pugilist, John L. Sullivan, was in Philadelphia to meet Dominick McCaffrey in a glove fight. He first had an encounter with Kellar, however. The following from the Philadelphia *Times* of March 18, 1885, explains the occurrence:

After John L. Sullivan had eaten a couple of pounds of rare beefsteak at breakfast yesterday morning, at the Girard House, he sauntered about the hotel until noon, and then took a walk out to the Chestnut street bridge, with his trainer, Patsy Sheppard. His cheeks were rosy when he got back to the hotel at nearly two o'clock, and he remarked to Sheppard that he felt as strong as an ox. At two o'clock the Boston slugger and Sheppard went to the matinee at Egyptian Hall. When Professor Kellar began his cabinet trick, he invited a committee to go on the stage and tie him. The audience shouted for Sullivan, who, with Mr. George Lovell, went on the stage. They used a piece of rope similar to a bell cord on street cars to tie Kellar with. Sullivan took hold of one end of the rope, and Lovell held the other. In trying to tie the Professor's right wrist, they broke the rope in two pieces, as if it had been a piece of twine. A new rope was obtained, and Kellar was finally tied. He then invited Sullivan to go into the cabinet with

him. Sullivan went, and, in relating his experience last night, said :

"I never was so much surprised in my life, as I was a few minutes after I went into Kellar's cabinet. I said to him, 'What are you going to do with me now?' and the next thing I knew my overcoat was gone. I felt all around for it, but couldn't find it, and then I was chucked out of the cabinet on to the stage, as if I had been shot out of a cannon. My inside coat was turned inside out, and I lay sprawling on the stage as if somebody had tucked me in the jugular. I'll be blanked if Kellar isn't the strongest little man I ever saw. I got my overcoat back, and turned my inside coat right side out, and got off the stage. I don't want any more cabinet business; not this trip, anyhow." It was the first defeat the champion had ever met with.

My master also had an amusing experience with the great tragedian, Edwin Booth. It was on the afternoon of April 13, 1885, that Mr. Booth, Mr. William M. Singerley and Dr. Furness, a member of the Seybert Commission, attended a private seance at Egyptian Hall, and it was a very much surprised tragedian who shook hands with the Magician Kellar at the close of the performance. It was the cabinet trick. Kellar, after being securely tied to a chair with the assistance of Mr. Booth, asked the great actor to put his head inside of the cabinet. Mr. Booth did so, and in a twinkling his hat which he wore was transferred to the Magician's head, while he appeared in Kellar's hat. The look of blank astonishment that spread over Mr. Booth's face was ludicrous in the extreme. Kellar, still securely tied, called for the cabinet doors to be closed. In an instant a great racket was being made inside, and naked arms were thrust through the apertures in the doors. "Well!" said Dr. Furness, dodging a tambourine that came flying out of the cabinet, "what do you think of it, Booth?" "I think," said the tragedian, shouting into the doctor's ear trumpet, "that it is the devil." A plain flat table was then produced, and Mr. Booth was asked to place his

hands on it, and let his thumbs touch those of Kellar, who stood on the opposite side. This was done, and the table was lifted into the air. Mr. Booth let go, and in a moment more Kellar brought it down with a loud crash, breaking off one of the legs.

Kellar gave a number of "benefit" performances during his stay in Philadelphia, and he took a prominent part in the grand performance in aid of the Actors' Fund, at the Academy of Music on the 9th of April.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

### KELLAR AND SPIRITUALISM.

WHILE in Philadelphia, Kellar was sharply attacked by the *Banner of Light*, a Boston publication in the interest of spiritualism. What Editor Colby was pleased to term his "gross inconsistency" was harped on with much energy. Kellar's statement that he had traveled with the Davenport Brothers as their assistant, was denied by the *Banner* on the alleged authority of Mr. Ira Davenport, the father of the brothers. The *Banner* continues:

The Davenports left New York on the 27th of August, 1864, accompanied by Rev. J. B. Ferguson, a gentleman of education and position, formerly a clergyman of Nashville, Tenn., as their agent. He was forty-seven years of age, a man of integrity and honor, of high religious principles, purity of character, deep thought, and eloquent expression, and eminently adapted to the service upon which he at this time entered. He accompanied the brothers to Europe as an interpreter to the public of the objects and nature of the manifestations made in their presence. Is it likely that such a person would have allowed the assistance, interference or presence in any responsible position, of this Kellar, who admits that he was "a boy" at the time?

Mr. Kellar says: "I was the assistant at a private seance, which the Davenport Brothers gave in London to a number of gentlemen, among whom were Dion Boucicault, Charles Reade, Algernon Borthwick, Lord Bury, Captain Inglefield and others. The brothers were both tied in their cabinet. Lord Bury stepped up and leaned over one of them to examine the knot, when the other quickly slapped him on the back. There was a murmur in the room. These great men were struck with awe. Now, let me tell you, this rope trick depends upon mere physical dexterity, and the slap was made like a flash and pretty hard." But here is the description Dion Boucicault wrote of it: "A small, white, delicate female hand suddenly appeared above one of the doors of the cabinet. It quivered for several seconds, and then, slowly descending, tapped Lord Bury gently on the shoulder, and then melted in air." Mr. Kellar adds: "It is just in this way that otherwise sensible people allow their senses to be deceived, and their imaginations preyed upon."

Now let us see how far these sensible people allowed such disastrous consequences; and to do so go to Mr. Boucicault himself. The seance to which Mr. Kellar refers occurred in Mr. Boucicault's house, on the evening of October 11, 1864. In addition to those whom Mr. Kellar mentions as having been present, were, Sir Charles Nicholson, Sir John Gardner, Sir C. Lennox Wyke, Rev. E. H. Newenham, Rev. W. Ellis, Mr. James Matthews, Mr. I. Willes, Mr. H. E. Omerod, Mr. J. W. Kaye, Mr. J. A. Bostock, Mr. H. J. Rideout, Mr. Robert Bell, Mr. J. N. Mangles, Mr. H. N. Dunphy, W. Tyler Smith, M. D., Mr. E. Tyler Smith, Mr. T. L. Coward, John Brown, M. D., and the eminent author and publisher, Mr. Robert Chambers. These are they whom this conjurer, Kellar, flippantly alludes to as having had their senses deceived, and their imaginations preyed upon.

On October 12th, the day after the seance, Mr. Boucicault wrote an account of it to the editor of the London *Daily News*, a copy of which lies before us. In the course of Mr. B's letter, occurs the following passage, referring to the incident mentioned by Mr. Kellar; compare it with Mr. Kellar's version:

“While Lord Bury was stooping inside the cabinet, the the door being open and the two operators seen to be seated and bound, a detached hand was clearly observed to descend upon him, and he started back, remarking that a hand had struck him. Again, in the full light of the gas chandelier, and during an interval in the seance, the doors of the cabinet being open, and while the ligatures of the Brothers Davenport were being examined, a very white, thin female hand and wrist quivered for several seconds in the air above. The appearance drew a general exclamation from all the party.”

The *Banner of Light* editors deny that there are any fraudulent mediums. When a medium is caught in a trick, the *Banner* people insist that he was simply under the control of wicked spirits, who maliciously try to make trouble wherever they can. No amount of “exposure” can convince such men of fraud on the part of a medium, and their credulity is equaled by that of thousands of those who endorse the spiritualistic doctrine. The following extract from the *Banner of Light* of the same date as that which contained the extract quoted above, shows the childlike confidence with which assertions of the mediums are received by many spiritualists :

#### THE ALLEGED EXPOSURE OF MOTT.

There is no question in our mind but that Mr. J. H. Mott is a *bona fide* medium, notwithstanding the allegations of fraud against him which have recently appeared in the Kansas City and other newspapers. The people where he belongs, intimate friends and acquaintances, who have had sittings with him very many times, all attest to his reliability as a medium for the physical manifestations. Skeptics may imagine that they have really exposed him by “squirting” analine upon the spirit forms, and subsequently finding the same on the body of the medium; yet this fact proves nothing in the light of the knowledge which practical experience in such matters has demonstrated, not only to us but others who have given the subject close attention. For instance, when the Allen Boy me-

dium visited Portland, Me., several years ago, and held seances there under the patronage of Mr. J. B. Hall, then connected with the *Portland Press*, a reporter bedaubed a portion of his back hair with printers' ink, then stood at the aperture from which spirit hands and arms issued. The result upon this particular occasion was, that, after the spirit hand pulled the reporter's hair, a request was made to see the medium's hand; when, lo and behold! ink was seen upon the medium's fingers, which was decided then and there to be a conclusive proof of fraud. Even Mr. Hall, the manager of the medium, was perplexed in regard to the case, and wrote to us for an explanation, if one could be given. After consultation with several of our spirit friends, we were informed that the ink from the hair pulled by the spirit hand, as above described, was simply an electrical transfer from the spirit's hand to the medium's—that, consequently, the medium had committed no fraud whatever. It was also told us that if we would procure a certain number of individuals, whom the spirits named, and hold a circle under spirit direction, they could prove that the Allen Boy medium was innocent of the least trickery; and we were requested to write to Mr. Hall to ask his friends to suspend judgment in the case, until we had experimented with a physical medium, in regard to the transfer of colors.

We then secured the services of an excellent physical medium, Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, who will corroborate our statement, and held our seance in the *Banner Building*, where she was located at the time. After firmly securing Mrs. C. to her chair (which was stapled to the floor) we seated the company around the table. The musical instruments, excepting the brass drum, which was suspended to the ceiling ten feet above the medium's head, we took into our printing office one story below, not allowing any one present to know what we intended—not even the medium herself. We then crocked the bass drumstick with a thin coating of *black* ink, so that if any one should handle it, the ink would be transferred; we also striped the large bell-handle (four inches in length) with *red* ink; on another instrument we made three dots with *blue* ink. We subsequently placed the various instruments

upon a side table out of reach of the medium, took our seats on the right of the lady, placing a friend on the left to be sure she did nothing with her left hand, while the right hand was passing continually, during the beating of the drums and ringing of the bells, over the back of our left hand. At this time the light was extinguished, and while it remained so the drum was beaten and the bells rung. Upon turning on the gas, to our astonishment and to the astonishment of every one in the room, the drumstick was seen falling from the drum, and upon examining the medium it was ascertained *that the hollow of her right hand was completely crooked with black ink*, precisely as it would have been, had she handled the drumstick. Thus the fact that a materialized hand did the drumming was fully demonstrated. We also found a streak of red ink, an exact counterpart of that upon the bell handle, on the neck of the medium; besides the dots on another part of her form were reported as having been seen by the ladies who subsequently examined her person, thus proving conclusively to every one present the absolute fact of the transference of colors by spirit agency alone.

Taking these facts into consideration then, what is the hypothesis in regard to the analine coloring fluid which was found upon the medium Mott? Simply that it was an electrical transfer, and nothing else. We fully agree with our Philadelphia contemporary, *Mind and Matter*, which says: "The doubt about the case prevented a consideration in that connection, of the demonstrated fact that marks left upon the dress or person of a spirit form, had been found upon the medium, when the marked spirit form was seen to vanish as it was absorbed by the medium from whose organism it had emanated."

When spiritualists themselves (to say nothing of skeptics) learn more fully of the subtle laws which govern genuine mediumship in all its phases, they will be less swift to condemn, as some do, these subjects of the spirit-world workers; and hence we fully agree with the paper above mentioned, that "a great outrage has been perpetrated upon Mrs. Mott."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## AT HIS OLD HOME.

After a short Brooklyn season, and a series of performances at Atlantic City, Asbury Park, and other seaside resorts, my master paid a professional visit to Erie, his old home. The *Erie Herald* of Sept. 12, 1885, says: "Since the announcement that Harry Kellar, the celebrated magician, had come home on a visit, and would give a series of entertainments at the Opera House, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and Wednesday matinee, the manager of the Opera House has had a steady demand for seats." The *Dispatch* lovingly called him "Erie's demon." Concerning the performance, the *Herald* of Sept. 15th said:

Never did the Park Opera House contain a more appreciative audience than that which filled it to overflowing last evening, to witness Kellar's wonderful performance. Great as is the reputation which he has made abroad, the people of his native city could hardly believe that he had attained such a high degree of proficiency. It would require a couple of columns of space to describe the performance in detail. It is enough to say that the promises made in regard to it were more than fulfilled. The expression of one enthusiastic gentleman who sat watching the performance of the great magician—"He's the devil himself"—was in a modified sense the general sentiment. In short, Kellar's exhibition is marvelous. Everybody was charmed, not only by his skill, but by his stage presence and his easy and polished manner. The impression which he made upon his audience was that of the gentleman and scholar. Erie feels proud of the great and only Kellar.



The *Herald* of Sept. 17th said :

Last evening Harry Kellar gave his farewell performance at the Opera House. The audience was a representative one, and was even larger than either of those of the two preceding nights. At the conclusion of his performance, Mr. Kellar thanked his audience for the manner in which they had received him in this, his native place. He assured them he would remember them with gratitude. During his stay in this city he renewed hundreds of acquaintances. Before leaving, he made his parents presents of good sized checks, and gave his nieces a gold watch each.

The *Dispatch* said :

On Monday night, Harry Kellar, the renowned prestidigitator and a native of Erie, opened a three nights' engagement to a packed house, and gave such universal satisfaction, that for the next two nights there was no standing room, and many were turned away. He is not only the most accomplished master of the "black art" who ever visited Erie, but he is also a polished gentleman, and a thorough student and scholar.

On the 21st of September, 1885, the Magician inaugurated a New York season at the Comedy Theatre, Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street. His success was unequivocal. The *World*, the *Journal*, the *Graphic*, *Tid Bits*, the *Police Gazette*, and other papers made his entertainment the subject of elaborate illustrated articles. The *Clipper* published his portrait, cabinet size, with a very complimentary notice, and he was most cordially welcomed on every hand. At one performance Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was an interested spectator, and after the entertainment he complimented Kellar, by saying that most of the tricks were beyond his comprehension, although he was familiar with the methods employed by almost all of the modern magicians. The one hundred and fifty-ninth performance of the New York season was celebrated on the evening of February 2, 1886, by the

presentation of a handsome souvenir to each lady and child in the crowded audience.

The New York season was brought to a close on February 19th, after a run of 179 consecutive performances, and on the 15th of the following month my master returned to Philadelphia, giving performances at the Arch Street Opera House, to large audiences, until May, when he took the road. His first stop was for a week at Wilmington, Del., thence to Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago (at the latter place he made the longest run on record, 103 nights), and the principal cities of the West and Southwest, meeting with a gratifying reception everywhere.

Having thus briefly sketched the more or less supernatural and decidedly checkered career of my great master, I, his "familiar," and in this instance his scribe, take leave of him and my polite readers for the time. We shall meet again, however, if my readers are by any means interested in what I have set down. Wizards and sorcerers are immortal, and their fame, at any rate, lives after them. The Magician, like the King, lives for ever.





BEAUTIFUL MISS MENTON.

THE MENTONS.

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WAS IT A CRIME?

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By C. F. R. HAYWARD.



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# CONTENTS.

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CHAPTER.	PAGE.
I.—OLD ENEMIES MEET, . . . . .	9
II.—AMID RETORTS AND FURNACES, . . . . .	22
III.—BEAUTIFUL HELENE MENTON, . . . . .	32
IV.—IT WAS HARDLY MURDER, . . . . .	35
V.—“WHY NOT MORE THAN FRIENDS,” . . . . .	43
VI.—IT WAS A SWELL NIGHT AT THE MENTONS, . . . . .	54
VII.—“SHE IS A SHE DEVIL,” . . . . .	66
VIII.—“MY GOD! THIS IS AWFUL,” . . . . .	75
IX.—“BUT IS IT RETRIBUTION!—RETRIBUTION!” . . . . .	86
X.—“I CALL GOD TO WITNESS THAT I DID NOT KILL PAUL DENMAN,” . . . . .	94
XI.—HER HAND RELAXED ITS HOLD UPON THE RAIL- ING, AND SHE FELL FROM THE WITNESS CHAIR, . . . . .	103
XII.—“THANK GOD THERE IS LIGHT AHEAD,” . . . . .	117
XIII.—A BURNING DESIRE FOR REVENGE UPON THE MAN WHO HAD ROBBED ME OF MY LOVE, . . . . .	127
XIV.—“NOT GUILTY,” . . . . .	140
XV.—THINK OF THE AWFUL VENGEANCE SHE WREAKED THROUGH YOU. . . . .	152





# THE MENTONS.

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## WAS IT A CRIME?

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### CHAPTER I.

#### OLD ENEMIES MEET.

“What a strange old gentleman your father is, Miss Menton,” said Mrs. Mittens.

Mrs. Mittens is one of those women who look to be anywhere between thirty and fifty. Her eyes are faded; so are her cheeks, though she has found a means of partly disguising the hard wrinkles which have made eccentric zig-zag lines through them. When she speaks it is apologetically; when she laughs it is hysterically, and when she is silent it pains one to look at her.

She had seen old Mr. Menton on several occasions—caught furtive glimpses of him as he had passed a door, or slipped silently up the stairway. But she had never heard Miss Menton speak of him; and this had set Mrs. Mittens to thinking.

There was one quality which this washed-out little widow possessed in all its pristine vigor — she was as inquisitive as she had been twenty years before; and the peculiar fact that Miss Menton's father never joined in the conversations of his daughter's guests — never even gave his presence to the nightly assemblages in his own house, convinced Mrs. Mittens that there was some secret reason for his mysterious conduct. She had been eagerly awaiting an opportunity to apply the inquisitorial pump to Miss Menton.

It offered itself in this way: The old gentleman, still vigorous under the weight of sixty years, with eyes like a hawk's, which glittered under a fringe of shaggy gray brows, had, a moment prior to Mrs. Mittens' question, entered the dining-room. After recognizing its half dozen occupants with a dignified bow, he had requested his daughter to come to his study before she retired. That was all: He had gone out as he had entered, and his footsteps soon died away as he ascended the stairs leading to his study.

“Strange! How, strange, Mrs. Mittens? I do not understand you.”

Miss Menton spoke with an icy deliberation which chilled little Mrs. Mittens to the marrow.

She stared at Miss Menton helplessly for a moment, and then gathered her wits sufficiently to make answer that she had merely meant to remark "that Mr. Menton didn't seem to like society."

The beautiful woman who had caused Mrs. Mittens' discomfiture thawed a little. Throwing back her head she said, with a patronizing smile:

"Father is devoted to his studies. He has but little time for society. But I'm sure he would feel hurt if he knew *you* thought him unsocial."

This sugared sarcasm was wholly lost upon Mrs. Mittens. She was glad to escape so easily, and she suppressed herself for the remainder of the evening.

Mr. Lawrence Montague, a stage-struck young man who had become an actor, but who had never been able to convince even the critics that he knew anything about his art—he was really not a bad fellow, off the stage—had just asked the fair hostess if she did not think that realism in art was robbing the stage of its romance, when a servant brought in a card. Miss Menton looked at it.

"Show them up," she said.

"Mr. Wheeler and a friend," she added, turning to her guests. "I wonder who the friend is? I beg your pardon, Mr. Montague; what did you say about realism?"

“I said,” repeated the actor, impressively, “that realism is crowding ——”

“Ah! here’s Mr. Wheeler,” said Col. McPhister, who had been half-dozing in an easy chair in the corner; and poor Mr. Montague did not get the sympathy which his romantic nature and his idealized views of the dramatic art craved.

None of the company thought it unusual that Wheeler should bring a friend to a house where he himself was merely a visitor, without the formality of first asking permission of the hostess. There was nothing conventional about the Mentons. One did about as one pleased at their house.

Mr. Henry Wheeler, artist and magazine scribbler, a constant caller at the Mentons, entered, accompanied by his friend.

“My old chum, Mr. Denman,” said he, presenting his companion to Miss Menton.

Wheeler’s friend had entered the doorway as self-possessed as an indifferent man of the world could be. But when he raised his eyes to recognize the introduction, he changed color perceptibly; and Miss Menton turned pale. She stared at the man before her as if in doubt whether to take the hand he had extended. His embarrassment was too pain-

ful to witness. Finally Miss Menton said with much sweetness and grace:

“Mr. Denman is welcome—as all of Mr. Wheeler’s friends are;” and she at once turned her attention to her guests, entertaining them with a rare tact which had made her famous.

But Paul Denman did not recover his equanimity so readily. He sat pale and silent throughout the evening. His one or two attempts to appear at ease were awkward failures. Wheeler, who had witnessed with surprise the embarrassment which the meeting between his friend and Miss Menton had caused both, watched him as closely as he could without attracting the attention of the others, and tried to conceive a satisfactory explanation.

It was with a feeling of infinite relief that Denman saw him rise and say good night to Miss Menton, and he smiled for the first time during his brief stay in the Menton house when the woman, the sudden meeting with whom had so visibly affected him, held out her hand and very frankly and cordially bade him repeat his visit soon.

Paul Denman was not a man whose appearance invited confidence, though it was not altogether unprepossessing. He was tall, well built, with good features, and an easy, graceful carriage. But there

was a something about him that repelled one. A physiognomist would have said that his eyes were deceitful, his mouth cruel and sensual. Whatever it was in his nature that told one he was not a man to trust, readers of human nature were not slow to discover its presence. Children were afraid of him, and good women avoided him. And yet he was popular, in a way, with men. He was a brilliant conversationalist, and delightfully entertaining as a *raconteur*. He had been absent from New York for eight years — since the death of his father, who had left him a snug patrimony which he might by industry have enlarged into a magnificent fortune, but which he had chosen to fritter away in the fleeting enjoyments of a fast life.

When Wheeler met him by accident that morning he had not been two hours ashore from the Etruria, which had brought him back to his native land. They had been chums at college, though there had never been much sympathy between them, and Wheeler had not hesitated to inquire if he had come back to America to go to work for a living.

“Not quite so bad as that,” Denman had replied, “but devilish close to it. By economy”—and he laughed derisively to show his contempt for the

word — “I suppose I can scrub along for a couple of years longer as a gentleman.”

Wheeler had invited him to be his guest until he should decide whether he would remain in New York, or go to San Francisco to visit a sister who resided there, and Denman had accepted. Wheeler was one of the few persons whom Denman really liked — or thought he liked.

“One would not have much trouble in guessing that the occupant of these rooms is an artist,” said Denman, as he lit his cigar, and sank comfortably into a large chair and gazed lazily about him, upon their return from the Mentons. He seemed to have forgotten all about the unpleasant episode of an hour before.

Wheeler had three rooms. The two larger ones were connected by folding doors, which were always open. A small apartment, adjoining the real parlor — which Wheeler used as a studio, in which he painted passable pictures and wrote clever sketches and *critiques* — was the artist's bedroom. They were seated in the studio. The walls were decorated with all sorts of odd conceits. There were studies in crayon, water color and oil, half-finished pictures, a few really good paintings — by other artists — and a dozen or more rare engravings and

etchings. A collection of old swords, lances, daggers and pistols, with a shield in the center, hung upon the wall, arranged with artistic effect. On the mantel beneath there were two very delicate statuettes, a clock, and half a dozen smaller objects. An easel stood in one corner of the studio, on which there was a stretched canvas with a blue sky background painted across the top, and a few dim outlines scratched on the lower half. The front room Wheeler called his chamber of state. An old-fashioned bedstead, high and Puritanical in its severity, stood in one corner. The half dozen chairs which were scattered about were old style and unique. Wheeler had succeeded admirably in producing an antique effect of the *tout ensemble*.

The artist was not in his usual cheerful mood. His thoughts reverted to the meeting between Miss Menton and Denman. Again and again he tried to solve the mystery of that strange expression in Miss Menton's eyes, the sudden pallor of her face, and the embarrassment of Denman. While his friend was admiring the general arrangement of the rooms and their furnishings, Wheeler arose and walked to the fire-place; looked thoughtfully into its vacant blackness, and then suddenly turned to Denman and asked earnestly:



“What is there between you and Miss Menton?”

A shade of annoyance crossed his friend's face. He moved uneasily in his chair.

“Nothing,” he answered, evasively.

“But you have met her before?”

“Yes.”

“Where?”

“In Paris.”

“When?”

“Five years ago.”

“Were you intimately acquainted with her?”

“No.”

“It was not a love affair then?” with a nervous attempt at a laugh.

“No.”

Wheeler looked relieved. Denman arose and walked to the window.

“Do you get a good light for your work here?” he asked.

“Good enough,” answered Wheeler, absently. “But tell me,” he added, impulsively, “why should your meeting with Miss Menton have caused you so much embarrassment?”

Denman frowned. “See here, old man,” said he, turning from the window and looking his companion square in the face, “it can do you no good to

know anything about why I was for the moment upset to find myself face to face with Miss Menton. If you had told me the name of the woman whom I was to meet, I would not have gone with you. However, I am surprised that she recognized me. We were never even friends. Let that satisfy you for the present. Some day I may tell you the whole story — though it would probably put you to sleep,” and Denman yawned as if the mere thought of it were soporific.

To Wheeler there was something exasperating in Denman’s manner. He felt, too, that his friend was concealing something from him; but he merely said:

“Very well; as you please. Of course it’s no affair of mine.”

Wheeler tried to say this as if he really did not care to know the history of the “affair;” but he soon relapsed into a moody silence. Denman looked at his friend furtively, and, without changing his expression, picked up a comic paper which was lying upon the table and began to turn its leaves listlessly. He only half guessed the reason of Wheeler’s inquisitiveness. He thought it was merely idle curiosity. It never entered his head that Wheeler was in love with Miss Menton, and Wheeler himself

would not have admitted it, for the reason that he did not know it. And in truth he was not in love with her, though with an artist's eye he had admired the lines of her superb figure; and the peculiar dreaminess of her red-brown eyes had impressed him strangely. But an infatuation for the beautiful Miss Menton had been growing within him none the less strong because of his unconsciousness of it. It never occurred to him that he might one day find it difficult to get out of the meshes into which he had voluntarily plunged.

The meeting between Denman and Miss Menton, the former's refusal to explain the cause of the palpable uneasiness of both attending it; Denman's evident desire to conceal from him the history of their acquaintance in Paris, and Miss Menton's sudden change from coldness to warmth, as she invited Denman to repeat his visit—all this irritated Wheeler, and he lashed himself into a silent passion of jealousy. He made himself believe that he was simply annoyed because Denman had not given him his full confidence, to which he convinced himself he was entitled through the fact that he had been the cause of their meeting.

Henry Wheeler was an impulsive, warm-hearted fellow of thirty-two; as susceptible to kindness as

to sunshine; moody at times, always illusionary, and, though of a cheerful, open disposition, a victim to presentiments. He lacked poise. If the day on which he was about to seek a purchaser for his last painting or *critique* were cloudy, he regarded it as an omen of failure. If he were contemplating an undertaking, the success of which seemed doubtful, he would flip a coin in the air. If it fell "tails" when he had mentally called "heads," he would try the charm again, and if with the same result, he would either turn from his purpose in morbid discouragement or go about it weighed down by the conviction that he would fail. His moral nature was a weathercock, which swung more easily to the right than to the wrong, but which any wind, good or bad, could move, were it strong enough.

The physical man was pronounced. He stood six feet in his stockings, and was of symmetrical proportions. A pair of hazel eyes looked out at you from under a high brow, almost abnormally developed at the sides, where the hair grew away from the temples. A phrenologist would have said that the organs of ideality and sublimity were developed so greatly in excess of the other organs as to make it impossible for Henry Wheeler to view the affairs of every-day life from a practical standpoint.

It is very rarely that a man of his temperament attains perfect physical development; and Wheeler would not have attained it but for his great love of the fields and the water. He would stroll for hours across the rolling farms on the Hudson, happy to be alone with the birds and flowers; and he found scarcely less delight in sailing and rowing. He was a paradox in more ways than in his mental and physical temperament. Though possessed of great spirituality, yet he was at times grossly material; though tender hearted as a woman and generous in his instincts, yet he could be guilty of the most atrocious and cruel selfishness. He never studied himself, nor attempted to solve the lack of harmony in his nature.

A yawn from Denman aroused Wheeler from his feverish musings. He chided himself for having acted so ungraciously to a guest, and with as much cheerfulness of countenance as he could assume, he showed Denman to his room, and bade him good night.

Denman's eyes glittered with coarse desire as he sat upon the edge of the bed, deep in thought. He arose, disrobed, and as he turned out the gas muttered to himself:

“I wonder if it would be as dangerous to cultivate the Mentons in New York as it was in Paris.”

## CHAPTER II.

### AMID RETORTS AND FURNACES.

Little Mrs. Mittens told the truth when she said that Mr. Menton was "a strange old gentleman," and she might have added that Miss Menton was a strange young lady. Between this odd pair there existed a relation that was utterly devoid of the affection natural between father and daughter. They seemed to be nothing more than good friends, who understood each other's idiosyncrasies, and tolerated them.

The old man spent most of his time in the study. It was in the roof. No one but Menton and his daughter had ever set foot within the threshold since the old man had completed the arrangement of his retorts, furnaces, surgical instruments, chemicals, and books. The servants were almost afraid to pass the door. You could not have hired the chambermaid to enter this terrible apartment—indeed, the strange ways of the Mentons, with the added mystery of the old man's laboratory, made it almost impossible for them to keep a servant longer than a

month. The servants liked Miss Menton well enough, for she permitted them to do about as they pleased, and seemed to be an ordinary mortal like themselves. But the old man was a constant source of terror to them. Even their lively imaginations could not picture the inside of his laboratory sufficiently horrible. They were confident that he was in league with the devil; and the cook, who had never seen him, but who had been filled with fear and wonder by the tales the chambermaid and dining-room girl had told her touching the old man's peculiarities—very much exaggerated, of course, and colored as highly as the imaginations of these simple women could paint them—would not have been at all surprised if this magician in the attic should take it into his head to transport the house, servants and all, to the infernal regions by one wave of the wand which she felt assured was always convenient to his hand. Nothing but her laziness kept her in the Menton kitchen. She was opposed to early rising; and the Mentons did not breakfast till ten.

There was one thing which the servants did not attempt to explain; and that was, what Mr. Menton did with so many dogs. Nearly every week a fresh dog was coaxed or driven into the old gentleman's

study. Menton would go out for a walk and come back with a dog. When once the door of the "study" had closed upon the canine the night knew his howl no more. Thus old Menton's mystery was always associated with dogs, and the cook was of the opinion that he ate them.

Lucius Menton was a true *savant*. He was unknown to the world, though one or two of his friends were members of the French Academy; but he had never written anything for the scientific magazines, and knew only three scientific men in New York; one, a doctor whose countenance was so evil that no Christian would have him at his bedside; the second, a chemist who was employed by one of the large chemical manufacturing firms of New York; and the third, a specialist in physiology—a man who would have won a name in the world had he not made the mistake of experimenting on himself in order that he might fully appreciate the condition of mental exaltation produced by opiates. This man eked out a precarious existence by assisting as a proof reader in a house which published medical works.

These men were not in Menton's confidence. O, No! He treated them with consideration because they were at times useful to him; but not one of





IN A VERY UN-PARIAN WAY I KNOCKED HIM DOWN.

See page 40



them had ever been in his study, and he was always careful that they should not find the slightest indication to lead them to the secret of his investigations. He had an income which made it possible for him to live in ease without a thought of to-morrow or time. He was of French blood, and, as a fitting conclusion to the dissipations of his youth, had married a French ballet dancer, who had died five years after giving birth to a beautiful girl whom Menton had always regarded very much as he would the child of a friend, which he was in honor bound to rear. He had named her Helene. She had traveled all over the world with him, and had grown to have some interest in her father's scientific studies, though she spent only as much time in his company as pleased her; and he never bothered himself to inquire how she occupied herself when he was busy with his books and experiments.

In fact he did not care. He believed in neither religion nor ethics, and though not coarse in his nature, was totally devoid of moral refinement. With all this, he was kind to the poor, cultured, and apparently a gentleman of the old school. Such were Lucius Menton's surroundings when we find him devoting the ripe strength of his intellect to the investigation of a theory which, if proved,

would startle the physiological world. It was to this end that he was continually luring stray dogs to his laboratory, where, by the aid of vivisection, he might demonstrate the error of the established theory of the circulation of the blood. He fondly hoped to some day burst upon the scientific world like a comet, and in a blaze of glory show the old fogies that the lungs, not the heart, are the organs which pump the life blood through the arteries of the body.

He was seated at his desk, writing rapidly, his eyes aglow with enthusiasm when his daughter entered. Her guests had departed. She had come at her father's request—and with a purpose of her own.

"I'm nearing the end," said the old man, throwing down his pen, and clenching his fists through nervous excitement; "my theory is right and it will be accepted — *it must* be accepted!"

Miss Menton had heard this before. It did not elate her; indeed, if she had fully believed her father had really accomplished his great undertaking she was not in a mood to rejoice with him.

"I hope so," she said indifferently, and then with a sudden burst of feeling which seemed to intensify the peculiar redness of her eyes, and in a

voice trembling with only half suppressed passion, she exclaimed:

“I have found him!”

“Who?” and Menton frowned. He did not like to have his great discovery disposed of so flipantly for any “he.”

“Denman!”

“Denman!” repeated the old man in surprise. “Well, what do you propose to do with him now that you have found him?” he continued coolly after a pause. He picked up his pen and turned to his writing

Miss Menton was silent. The quiet of the laboratory, heavy with the stale fumes of acids and gases, was broken only by the scratching of Menton’s pen, and the rustle of the silk which covered Miss Menton’s heaving bosom. The fire died out of her eyes. Her lips trembled. She looked vacantly toward the window:

“I don’t know,” she answered hopelessly.

“Where did you find him?” asked the old man grimly.

“Here.”

“What, in New York?”

“In this very house,” and the color came back to Miss Menton’s cheeks, and her eyes blazed again.

“He did not seek *you?*”

“No. Wheeler brought him. He seemed frightened when he stood face to face with me. He could not have known that he was going to meet me. And I was startled, too; but I recovered myself much quicker than he did.”

“I am not surprised at that,” and the old man gazed upon his daughter admiringly. “But I suppose you will forget the past, and let him go? It will save trouble and annoyance.”

“Forget!” The woman drew up her superb figure to its full height. She looked a very Phædre. “Forget! Never!” she hissed. “Can I forget that it was he who robbed me of the man I loved, of position, wealth, and happiness? Can I forget that but for his act I might to-day be a Countess? No! No.”

“But what do you purpose to do?” asked the old man, without a trace of sympathy in his voice. His daughter did not answer. After a moment of thought she said in a strained voice:

“If he is as anxious to make love to me as he was once, I may give him an opportunity.”

“What then?”

“Wait and see.” With a nervous laugh Miss Menton started toward the door, and after a con-

ventional and meaningless good night, she left the room. The old man was alone with his retorts and bottles. He soliloquized——: “She’ll pay that poor devil principal and interest on the debt she owes him. Of course, he will make a fool of himself over her if she gives him the slightest encouragement — they all do. Well, if she can take her revenge in that way, it’s harmless enough. But what if the fellow has no heart to break?”

## CHAPTER III.

### BEAUTIFUL HELENE MENTON.

Helene Menton was more beautiful and fascinating at thirty than she had been at twenty. She was a rare woman — a beautiful animal, and clear and sparkling in her intellectuality. It is doubtful if she could have become a truly good woman under any circumstances. She had inherited the passionate nature of her mother, with its attendant lack of moral balance, together with the selfish, indifferent temperament of her father; and these hereditary traits were as strongly marked as is the color of a child born of negro parents. Such as she was nature had made her. She had no desire to be better; she might have been much worse. She was tall, sinuous, and yet not slender. Her figure contained all the charms which plumpness gives, with the dignity and grace which are almost inseparable from slenderness. There was a magnetism in her presence which sent a thrill through men who were susceptible to physical beauty. Her eyes — which had exerted so strange an influence



over Henry Wheeler, despite the natural aversion he had felt for the woman upon meeting her for first time—were of that odd combination of color which to the student of faces denotes a peculiarly passionate nature and pronounced will power. Had she been born a man, and become a soldier, she would have moved men to great deeds of daring by her personality, and the magnetism of her eyes.

Her position in society was equivocal. In truth, it must be admitted that she did not move in what is called society. She never went out except to the play and the opera, and the only people she knew in New York were those who came to her house. And a queer lot they were; artists, actors, Bohemian writers, one or two retired army officers, and a few women, whose only accomplishments were an ability to talk a great deal, sing a little, and dress decently. These women were not what one would call *comme il faut*, and yet one could not prove that the lives they led were not above reproach. They stood upon that neutral ground which lies between admitted virtue and pronounced wickedness. Miss Menton was head and shoulders above this collection of femininity, intellectually—and morally, too.

She was resigned to existence as she found it;

never craved that society which was beyond her—or if she did her ambition was known to no one but herself—and did not burden her mind with speculations upon what may come after death.

A bad woman—the gentle reader will say. Bad? Yes; but is she responsible for it? Her very individuality was inherited. She can not make herself better than she is. Her surroundings would forbid that, had she the desire. It is not pleasant to draw the picture of a woman who has all the graces of body and mind, and yet who is as empty of holy womanly sentiment as a statue is of feeling. But the duty of the writer is to show you the people in this strange episode of the nineteenth century as they really existed. It would be a more pleasing task to give virtues to all of them, and warm, open natures; but it would not be a true picture. If you can find anything in Miss Menton to admire, cherish it. If you can not, at least remember that she is the child of Lucius Menton, and a French ballet dancer; and be charitable.

## CHAPTER IV.

### IT WAS HARDLY MURDER.

Denman became a constant visitor at the Mentons. He was there almost nightly, and by the good natured people who gathered there was voted the wittiest and cleverest of Miss Menton's guests.

Wheeler viewed Denman's popularity and the advancement he seemed to be making in Miss Menton's good graces with displeasure. He grew morbid and restless. Once or twice he resolved to remain away from the Menton house and the unhealthful atmosphere which permeated it, and devote himself to honest work with brush and pen. But these resolutions were no sooner made than broken. He felt miserable in that atmosphere; but he was in despair when out of it, especially when his imagination pictured Denman and Miss Menton chatting gaily together.

The peculiarity of Wheeler's passion was that it probably would never have assumed serious proportions if Paul Denman had not come upon the scene, and, by the mystery of his former acquaintance with

Miss Menton, aroused his jealousy, which in turn had increased his infatuation.

He did as other impressionable men had done before him: refused to listen to reason and rushed headlong into a sea of misery with his eyes open. Denman was not long in discovering his friend's unhappy condition. He liked Wheeler, and with a seriousness unusual with him, he asked:

“Tell me frankly: do you really care for that woman?”

Wheeler's face flushed, and he asked hotly: “By what right do you speak of Miss Menton as ‘that woman?’”

“Well, call her Miss Menton, if you please. But I see that it is not necessary to repeat my question; you evidently care a great deal for her. I'm sorry for you, my friend.”

“I don't want your sympathy,” said Wheeler, sulkily; “you seem to be as much in need of condolence as I.”

Paul Denman laughed. “Not at all, my dear fellow,” he said. “There is not the slightest danger of my heart ever becoming entangled there.”

This satisfied Wheeler for a moment. Then he asked: “If you dislike her so much why do you spend so much of your time at her house?”

“She is very pretty,” replied Denman, twisting his moustache; “and one can’t meet pretty women every day, and clever ones at that.”

To hear Miss Menton discussed in this insolent manner was unbearable. “You are trifling with her then,” exclaimed Wheeler. At that moment he would have laid down his life to defend the woman whom he did not even thoroughly respect.

Denman looked at him in genuine surprise. “Wheeler,” said he, “you really seem to have some faith in Miss Menton. You don’t know her. She is not worthy of your confidence—certainly not of your love.”

Wheeler rose and paced nervously up and down the room. Denman watched him with much concern. He honestly pitied him. Suddenly Wheeler stopped in front of Denman’s chair. His face was very white.

“Denman,” he said, his voice tremulous with the intensity of his feelings, “we are friends. Friendship has its obligations. I beg of you to tell me what you know of Miss Menton. Why is she not worthy of my confidence? Why is she not worthy of the love of any man? Explain to me the mystery that lies between you. How came you

to know her in Paris? Tell me all. I have a right to know."

"I would rather not," answered Denman, gravely.

"But you said you would, and I hold you to your promise."

"You are mistaken, Wheeler; I did not promise, for I never intended to tell you. I merely said that perhaps I would tell you. However, you shall hear the story. I have never told it to anyone else, and I now tell it to you in the confidence of friendship. The secret which you so desire to know concerns me more closely than it does Miss Menton. I killed her lover."

"Murdered him!" exclaimed Wheeler, starting to his feet in horror.

"Hear me out," said Denman, motioning with his hand for Wheeler to resume his seat. "I killed him in a duel. It was his life or mine. It would have been mine but for an accident. The circumstances which led up to the duel were these: Five years ago I was in Paris. You have never been in Paris. Multiply the wickedness of New York by ten, and you will only approximate the gilded degeneracy of the French capital. Being young, rich, and with a desire to leave no pleasure

untasted, I plunged into dissipations of every description. The Mentons lived in Paris very much as they live here. It was not difficult to get into their house. I was taken to it by a friend, just as you took me to see Miss Menton here in New York. I saw men playing cards; there was a general air of looseness about the place—at least it seemed so to me. I took it for granted that it was a gaming place, and I had not a doubt but that the beautiful woman who presided over it was the decoy that led men to their ruin. To me, an American, the presumption was natural that this woman was like hundreds of others in Paris. I was wrong in my first supposition. Her house was not a gambling den; and perhaps she was not so bad a woman as I believed. But I did not discover my error until too late. Heated with wine, upon taking my departure, I said something to Miss Menton which she construed as an insult. You should have seen her eyes flash! Nothing daunted, I returned the next evening. I was refused admittance; that is to say, in polite terms, ‘Miss Menton was not at home.’ This angered me. To be kicked out of such a place made me frantic. I felt sure that I was not culpable. I did not believe that any pure woman could lead the life that woman led. By that

reasoning I excused my action, and I hated her heartily.

“Three nights later I entered a café. Not ten feet from the table at which I had taken a seat, sat Miss Menton and a fine looking fellow—a German Count, as I afterward learned. Still smarting under the humiliation she had put upon me, I boldly and insultingly stared and sneered at the woman. Her companion could not but observe it. He crossed to where I sat and demanded an explanation and an apology. I laughed in his face. He slapped me with his open hand. I retaliated in a very un-Parisian way by knocking him down. Upon regaining his feet he handed me his card, and demanded mine. I gave it to him. As I expected, on the following day I received a challenge. You may be surprised, but the prospect of a duel delighted me. It had been the ambition of my silly youth to fight one, and one of the first things I did on arriving in Paris was to secure a fencing master—you remember how much I liked fencing at college? Well, under this Frenchman’s training I became, as I thought, very proficient. The Count’s challenge gave me the very opportunity I had been longing for. I accepted it, and much to his surprise, chose rapiers. He had supposed that being an American I would,



of course, choose pistols—they have an idea over there that every American carries a revolver and uses it on the slightest provocation.

“We fought in Belgium. I very soon made two discoveries: first, that fighting a duel with naked swords was quite a different thing from a combat with foils, with the face protected by a mask; and second, that the Count was more than my match. Twice he lunged at me so wickedly that it was with the greatest difficulty I parried his thrust. I acted entirely on the defensive. After we had been on guard for, say three minutes, he began to act as if he intended to finish me at once. He advanced cautiously. I retreated as well as I could, but he continued to approach, disengaging his sword by quick feints. It unnerved me. I thought my time had come. In sheer terror I ducked my head and involuntarily extended my sword arm. It saved my life; for it so happened that at that very instant the Count was preparing to lunge. His blade passed harmlessly over my shoulder; mine penetrated his heart—ran clear through him. He gasped, threw up his arms, and fell dead. I returned to Paris, took the first train for London, and two days later was steaming toward India. I have not been in Paris since.”

During the recital of this story, Wheeler had not once removed his eyes from the man who had so coolly and graphically detailed the killing of another.

"I am glad you told me," he said in a constrained voice. "I can not say that I blame you. It was hardly murder. But do you think this Count was Miss Menton's lover—I mean in the French significance?"

"You know as much about that as I do," returned Denman, recovering his old free-and-easy manner. "For my part, I mean to find out. To that end I am a visitor at her house. If he was, why should not I, the victor take his place?"

Wheeler recoiled. "This is horrible," he said. "I should think you would shun rather than seek her. I believe," continued Wheeler, with conviction, "that your opinion of the woman is wrong, and that you will be sorry if you try to prove that it is right."

"What! Haven't I cured you?" exclaimed Denman.

"No; you admit yourself that you do not *know*; that you only surmise."

"Let's drop the subject," said Denman. "No good can come of a further discussion of it."

They did not speak of Miss Menton again until three weeks later.

## CHAPTER V.

### “WHY NOT MORE THAN FRIENDS?”

Wheeler found Miss Menton alone when he called a few nights after he had become possessed of Denman's secret. He looked into her eyes with a new interest in their beautiful possessor. “A good opportunity to study her,” he thought as he took the hand which she charmingly extended as he entered.

“It's not often I have the pleasure of a quiet conversation with you, now,” he said.

“Is it really a pleasure?” she asked, gently.

“A very great one,” Wheeler replied.

“Then you must come often in the afternoon, when I am always alone. You may be sure the pleasure of our talks will be mutual. But where is Mr. Denman to-night?”

Wheeler's spirits sank. “Oh, he'll drop in later, I suppose,” he replied, indifferently. But he could not entirely conceal his annoyance. “Why does she think of him, after what has happened?” he asked himself. “Can it be that Denman's opinion

of her is right?" The thought was misery. He sat silent and morose. The change in his expression and manner did not escape Miss Menton. That it conveyed an intelligence was evident from the softer light that came into her eyes.

"Let us not talk about him," she purred insinuatingly. "I want to tell you of a conversation I had with Professor Ryse — you know the professor, the old gentleman who knows so much about physiology and who comes here to talk with papa sometimes? Of course you do. Well, just before you came, he was telling me of some very wonderful things that have been done recently by the French psychologists, who have been investigating hypnotism. Do you believe in it?"

"Most assuredly," said Wheeler, happy once more.

"What do you think it is; magnetism or something of that sort?"

"No; not exactly, though something like the hypnotic condition may be produced by magnetism. To tell the truth, I don't know much about it — only enough to believe in it."

"It seems to me," said Miss Menton, with a perceptible shudder, "that there must be something supernatural about it."



MINE PENETRATED HIS HEART—RAN CLEAR THROUGH HIM.

See page 41



“Don’t you believe her; she knows better,” said a voice.

They looked up. There stood old Mr. Menton. He laughed. “Don’t let me interrupt your learned conversation,” said he; “I’m merely looking for the daily papers.”

He found them on the floor, near where his daughter was sitting. As he started to leave the room he turned to Wheeler and said jocosely: “Don’t let my daughter deceive you. She is not so silly as to believe in the supernatural in anything. She would not be my daughter if she were.”

Wheeler smiled, for want of something better to do. Miss Menton followed her father with her eyes as he went out of the door. It was not an affectionate glance that she gave him.

At this moment Col. McPhister and Mr. Montague were announced. The former came in briskly; the latter strode in as if he were making the fifth entrance in the rôle of Hamlet.

“We were talking about hypnotism,” said Wheeler, who had a real interest in the subject. “What do you know about it, Colonel? We are sadly in need of enlightenment.”

“Never heard of it,” grunted the old warrior,

gallantly lifting the hand of the fair hostesses to his lips.

“A most entertaining subject,” said Montague with a superior air; “one which appeals to all contemplative minds, and one to which I have given much thought.”

“If that’s the case, I suppose you’ve exhausted it,” barked the Colonel, with rasping sarcasm; “but what’s it like, anyway?”

Mr. Montague did not deign to reply. He even turned his back upon the grumpy Colonel.

“It’s something like mesmerism,” volunteered Wheeler.

“Then it’s a damned humbug—if you’ll excuse my emphasis,” replied the Colonel, promptly.

Miss Menton smiled. His “emphasis” was pardoned. He knew it would be. He had often offended in the same way, and had been forgiven every time.

“Yes,” the old fellow continued, “I’ve seen a good deal of that kind of humbug. It’s a good enough thing to write about, and it may interest scientific men to fool away their time over it, but a man’s a fool to believe in it, all the same. It’s like the mind cure—something for women to talk about



—good enough for infants and idiots, but nonsense for level-headed men.”

“The mind cure, as you vulgarly call it,” said Mr. Montague, interjecting himself into the conversation with mild dignity, “is one of the transcendental discoveries of our time. It proves that thought is; that matter is not.”

“The devil it does,” said the Colonel, contemptuously.

Mr. Montague was above noticing the interruption. “You are a metaphysician, are you not, Miss Menton?” he continued.

“I’m afraid my knowledge of metaphysics is not great enough to entitle me to that distinction,” smiled Miss Menton.

“Beg pardon, but you do not understand me,” explained Montague with a kindly patronizing air that was so ridiculous that Wheeler almost laughed aloud; “I meant to ask if you had not studied the science of curing what is commonly called disease by the influence of the mind?”

“And do you call that metaphysics?” broke in the Colonel, impatiently. “How long does it take to learn it?”

“I mastered it in two weeks,” said Mr. Montague, with considerable emphasis; “but, of

course," he added, "I had no part to play in that time."

"Except the part of a fool," said McPhister, *sotto voce*. He went on in a loud, aggressive voice, as if his intelligence had been outraged: "Two weeks, do you say? And you call yourself a metaphysician! Why, my dear sir, it may surprise you, but there are men — men of brains, too — who have studied metaphysics for a lifetime who dare not call themselves metaphysicians. Metaphysicians made in two weeks! Bosh! I am pained to tell you, sir, that your philosophy is even worse than your acting — a damned sight worse, sir," and the Colonel sat down very hard in a very soft chair. The old fellow was disgusted, and he did not conceal it. But if he thought he could hurt Mr. Montague's feelings he was mistaken. That æsthetic representative of the art histrionic had only pity for the vulgar materialism of his military friend. He made no reply.

Wheeler had been very much amused by the passage at words between McPhister and Montague. He admired the old soldier for his blunt nature as much as he disliked Montague for his weak-minded pretentiousness. Turning to Miss Menton, he said, pleasantly:

“If our belligerent friends will permit me, we'll resume our instructive conversation on hypnotism. So you really believe there is something supernatural about it?”

“Papa has given me a reputation for such pronounced materialism that you would not believe me if I were to say yes,” replied Miss Menton, elevating her brows.

The Colonel was already dozing; Montague was at the other end of the room making himself believe he was criticizing an etching.

“I would believe anything you might say.” Wheeler said this in a low voice — almost a whisper; so low that only the ears for which it was intended heard it.

Miss Menton gave him a glance that made his blood tingle. McPhister was soon sound asleep, and Montague, having sense enough to see that he was *de trop*, took his departure. It was the shortest call he had ever made at the Menton house. When they were alone, save for the sleeping presence of the Colonel, Miss Menton placed her hand confidently on Wheeler's arm and said:

“Do not think me bold, Mr. Wheeler, but I feel drawn toward you; we shall always be friends, shall we not?”

“Why not more than friends?” he asked, eagerly, taking her hand and holding it in both of his, as he looked tenderly into her eyes.

Miss Menton sighed. “That can never be,” she said, with a sad smile; “besides, I could not make you happy. But we may always be friends. I need friends, Mr. Wheeler.”

The voice was so soft, so sweet, that Wheeler would have sworn its possessor was as good a woman at heart as ever breathed. He was about to say something foolish when Miss Menton said, prettily:

“I move the previous question; let’s go back to hypnotism.”

“Anything you like,” said Wheeler. “Hypnotize me, if you want to; you already have me under a spell.”

Miss Menton rose suddenly and walked over to the mantel. She trembled violently. Could Wheeler have seen the expression on her face he would have been startled by its awfulness. It was that of a person who has conceived an idea that frightens even the mind which has created it. But when Miss Menton returned to her seat her face was calm, and only the strange light that burned in her

eyes indicated her mental excitement; and Wheeler did not notice this.

“I believe I could hypnotize you,” said Miss Menton, slowly; “for it seems to me that sympathetic natures have power over one another.”

Wheeler was at the point of putting her hand to his lips to prove that the sympathy to which she referred existed, when McPhister awoke with a snort and asked Wheeler to go to lunch with him. The artist was not hungry, and he would have declined the Colonel's invitation had not Miss Menton risen from her chair, prepared to bid them good night, thus indicating that she was not averse to bringing the conversation to an end.

Wheeler left the house in company with the Colonel in a feverish daze. He was not sure whether he was satisfied or not with the result of his visit.

When they had gone Miss Menton began to pace nervously up and down the room. Her face was a study—a combination of fear, doubt and determination. She stopped short in her walk. “I'll try it, anyway,” she said. She turned out the lights. A moment later she was alone in her chamber.

## CHAPTER VI.

IT WAS A SWELL NIGHT AT THE MENTONS.

Wheeler got on famously with Miss Menton after their psychological interview. He thought he discovered new qualities in her every day. She seemed more thoughtful. In her society he found peace and contentment, and he was quite satisfied to let matters run as they would. He was not in love with her; but the sentiment he entertained was very much like love.

Denman still remained his guest. They had pleasant chats at night before retiring, and Denman's friendship for Wheeler increased. The two weeks prior to the night at the Menton house, which will be described presently, were the most peaceful that Wheeler had enjoyed for years, and Denman seemed to have been refined by his association with the artist. Apparently he had abandoned his campaign on Miss Menton's affections — much to Wheeler's relief. All the good in the man seemed to have suddenly come to the surface. His conversation was not so coarse and flippant as it had been,

and he was less cynical in his criticisms of persons and things. He once actually considered the advisability of opening an office and beginning the practice of law. Wheeler had laughed at him. "You will not do that until the banks return your checks unpaid," he said, and Denman had laughingly admitted that his friend was about right.

It was a swell night at the Mentons. The parlors had not contained so many guests for a year. It was an informal gathering; and its size was due to the coincidence of a great many of Miss Menton's acquaintances having taken it into their heads at the same time to pay her a visit. Professor Ryse was there, with his friend Dr. Grip—who looked like a caricature; Mr. Landis, the chemist; Mrs. Mittens (her first appearance since the sudden congealing Miss Menton had given her some weeks before); Mr. Montague and a friend who *could* act, but who could not do anything else, and who could do that only under the stage manager's coaching; Col. McPhister; Judge Blackwood, a sedate looking man, who, through the invitation of McPhister that night made his first appearance in the Menton circle, and half a dozen other men and women who cut no greater figure in this strange episode than they did in Miss Menton's reception that night; they

were useful simply as a background. Wheeler and Denman dropped in about nine o'clock. They were both in high spirits. The conversation had drifted through one channel into another, and out again into vagueness, until finally it ran against the theme in which the greatest number of those present seemed to be most interested. It was psychology.

Professor Ryse introduced it by referring casually to the wonderful feat in mind reading which a young man had accomplished in Boston.

"This young man," continued the Professor with the air of a man who speaks *ex cathedra*, "succeeded in finding a small scarf pin which had been concealed in a fireplace in a house nearly a mile distant from the room in which he sat, blindfolded, and in the presence of a committee. The person who concealed the pin was also a member of the committee. The mind reader was placed in a carriage. The committee man, who had hidden the pin took a seat beside him. The reins were placed in the mind reader's hands. There was a constant contact between the hands of the mind reader and the person who concealed the pin. After some hesitation the mind reader drove straight to the house where the pin was hidden and found it without difficulty."



“He must have had a confederate,” remarked Judge Blackwood.

“No,” replied the Professor, “I am quite sure the test was honest. Several members of the committee occupied seats in the carriage with him. There was no opportunity for deception.”

“Do you not think it can be explained by muscle reading, and more reasonably than by mind reading?” ventured Mr. Landis. “There are a number of scientific men in Boston who investigated the matter and convinced themselves that it was really muscle reading. It seems to me quite natural that the person who hid the pin, and kept its location constantly in his mind, should have unconsciously directed the young man to the object by muscular pressure on his hand, or by some other indication of that nature. The sympathy between the mind and the muscles is strong, you know.”

“I do not put any faith in that theory,” said the Professor. “I have not the slightest doubt of the truth of what is called mind reading. Tests have been made by the use of the galvanometer. The mind reader has held one end of a wire, the subject the other. When the galvanometer was applied to the wire there was a perceptible deflection of the needle. To me this proves what I have always

maintained in theory, that thought is what one might call, an electric essence. But I see no reason why one should question the genuineness of mind-reading, when more wonderful psychological phenomena thrust themselves under our eyes every day. The experiments which the French scientists have made in hypotism—and successful experiments, too—indicate that we are as yet infants in our understanding of the subtle qualities of the mind and its power.” The Professor was eloquent. It was his favorite theme.

“Is this hypnotic power a special natural gift, or can it be acquired?” asked the Judge, who had become interested in the subject.

“Any one can acquire it, though there are still quacks who profess that it is possessed by but few persons. I was discussing this question at some length with Miss Menton on my last visit,” continued the Professor, “and was describing to her a remarkable case which has just been reported from ——.”

“Yes,” interrupted Miss Menton hastily, but not rudely; “the Professor told me all about this wonderful power, and how easily it can be acquired. I feel that I could exercise it myself with a little

practice," and Miss Menton laughed lightly as she tapped her fingers with her closed fan.

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it," said the Professor. "The only requisite would be a willing subject and the proper conditions. There is nothing mysterious about the power, and the sooner the charlatans are exposed the better. Miss Menton could produce the hypnotic sleep as readily as any one could."

"Let's have an experiment," said the Judge, who believed in improving opportunities as fast as they presented themselves, when they promised instruction.

"Wouldn't that be nice," chimed in Mrs. Mittens; "it reminds me of the time my sister and I sat down at a table at Madame La Grange's and tried to get the spirits to move it."

Professor Ryse looked at the faded little widow with benignant pity.

"Won't *you* try the experiment?" urged the Judge, turning to the Professor.

"I beg you'll excuse me," Ryse answered. "It will be more amusing to let some of the young people try it. The result will be the same, I think."

"I'm willing to try my power," said Miss Menton. Her face was flushed with excitement, and her

eyes blazed with a light that was peculiarly intense.

“Who will be my subject?”

“I will,” said Denman promptly. He had no faith in Miss Menton’s ability to mesmerize him, but he was quite ready to undergo the pleasure of the experiment.

“So will I, Miss Menton,” said Wheeler, rising and crossing to where Miss Menton stood; “and my claim is the prior one. Don’t you remember I offered myself as a subject once before?”

Miss Menton remembered it only too well; but she only said: “Did you? Well, then you shall be my subject. ‘First come, first served,’ you know,” she added with benignity to Denman. “Your turn will come,” and she laughed almost hysterically.

Denman good-naturedly withdrew in favor of Wheeler, and as Miss Menton made preparations for the test, Montague remarked to McPhister, “What a gay mood Miss Menton is in to-night. I have not seen her so lively for a long time,” and the Colonel nodded.

The fair hostess placed a chair in the middle of the room, and at her direction Wheeler took his seat in it with mock gravity. He was quite willing to

be hypnotized, but like Denman, he doubted Miss Menton's ability to do it.

"Now I must have some small, bright object," said she, assuming the air of the platform experimenter in mesmerism; "something round and bright."

"I have just what you want," said Colonel McPhister, as he unhooked from his watchchain a small gold sphere. He handed it to Miss Menton.

"What makes it so heavy, Colonel?" she asked.

"There's a bullet inside of it," he replied; "it was inside of me once. When the surgeon cut it out I asked for it. When I got so I could walk to a jeweler's I had it incased in a gold shell. I carry it as a cheerful memento," and the Colonel smiled grimly.

Miss Menton shuddered and turned pale. Ryse thought she was going to faint. "How awful!" she exclaimed; and Wheeler thought to himself, "How tender hearted she is!"

"Now let's begin," said Miss Menton, recovering her spirits, though her face was still pale and a wild excitement burned in her eyes.

"I'm ready," said Wheeler, assuming an air of resignation.

After enjoining silence Miss Menton took a seat

immediately in front of Wheeler. At her direction he placed his left hand in her right. Then with her left hand she held the golden bullet, grasped between the thumb and fore finger, immediately in front of Wheeler and about two inches above his eyes.

“That is one of the simplest ways of producing artificial somnambulism,” explained Professor Ryse.

“I must have quiet—perfect quiet,” said Miss Menton with mock severity; and then to Wheeler: “Now put your mind in a quiet, receptive condition, and fix your gaze intently upon this little ball.”

Wheeler did so. He stared at it with an earnestness that made even Miss Menton smile; Mrs. Mitens tittered audibly, and Colonel McPhister burst into a loud guffaw. This broke the spell. Wheeler laughed outright, and Miss Menton in prettily assumed displeasure declared that she would make no more experiments in the presence of flippant people. “I am confident I could hypnotize Mr. Wheeler if we could be left alone,” she said with earnest conviction.

“I’ve no doubt of it,” chuckled McPhister to himself.

“Let’s give her a trial,” said the Professor.

"She's only a novice and can surely do better if left alone with her subject."

At his suggestion they all retired to an adjoining room, closing the door behind them, and leaving Miss Menton and Wheeler alone. Three minutes had not passed before Miss Menton called, "Come in." McPhister, the Professor, Denman, Montague, Judge Blackwood and the others re-entered the drawing-room. They found Wheeler sitting in the chair precisely as they had left him, except that his eyes were closed.

"He seems to be asleep," said the Professor.

"He's shamming," said Denman, incredulously.

"You may be sure he's not," retorted Miss Menton, sharply. "He is completely hypnotized. I will prove to you that he is absolutely under the influence, and under my control."

She stuck a pin in his arm. Wheeler did not move nor evince the slightest indication of pain. Then she made him laugh, weep, declaim and sing, much to the amusement of all who were assembled, save Judge Blackwood, who regarded these phenomena more seriously.

"Will Mr. Wheeler have any recollection of this when he comes to himself?" he asked of Professor Ryse.

“Not the slightest.”

“I will send him to Paris,” exclaimed Miss Menton, with a sudden impulse. There was quiet for a moment. “What do you see?” she asked, placing her hand upon Wheeler’s head.

The subject’s lips moved, but no sound came from them. After a short interval he began to speak slowly and without animation:

“I see a large restaurant. A lady and gentleman are seated at a table. They are talking. Now the gentleman rises and goes over to another table where a dark complexioned man is sitting. There is a quarrel. The gentleman slaps the dark man in the face. The dark man knocks him down.”

“What else do you see?”

There was another pause, then Wheeler continued in the same slow manner. “A beautiful woman sits alone and weeps.”

“Well, we’ll let her weep,” said Miss Menton, with a harsh laugh, putting her hands to her temples nervously.

“Now,” she said, turning to her astonished guests, “if you will all retire I will bring my subject out of his sleep. You know it will not do to let you see how this is done,” she added, with an air of mystery.



The Professor led the way into the next room. Denman was very white and his legs trembled under his weight as he followed the others, but he said nothing. After a few moments had passed, Miss Menton came to the door again and opened it. "Now you can come in," she said, "Mr. Wheeler is himself again."

Wheeler was standing by the mantel examining his face as reflected in the mirror. He looked dazed and sheepish as he turned to the many eyes that were looking at him so quizzically.

"Well, how did I do?" he asked.

"You were a fine subject," said the Judge, "and afforded us much entertainment. I would not have believed so wonderful a thing could be done, had I not seen it with my own eyes."

The others congratulated him, and particularly Miss Menton, upon the success of the experiment. A few moments later, at McPhister's suggestion, Judge Blackwood and himself started to go. The others of the gathering soon followed. Wheeler went down the stairs out into the cool air with Denman, like a man walking in his sleep. He did not seem to have fully recovered from his hypnotic nap.

## CHAPTER VII.

### “SHE IS A SHE DEVIL.”

They walked several blocks in silence. Wheeler was too much engrossed in thought to speak, and Denman was so angry that he dared not trust himself to refer to what had just taken place in Miss Menton's parlors. Wheeler proposed that they stop at a restaurant which they were passing.

“I think a cup of coffee will do me good,” said he; “I feel stupid and heavy.”

“I should think you would,” remarked Denman with bitter sarcasm.

“What do you mean?” asked Wheeler in surprise. They entered the restaurant and seated themselves at a table.

“After you have given your order I will tell you,” replied Denman, shortly. “All I want is a pint of claret and some crackers,” said he, turning to the waiter. Wheeler gave his order, and repeated his question. He was hurt by Denman's manner.

“I mean that you have made a fool of yourself,”



IT WAS A SWELL NIGHT AT THE MENTONS.

See page 55



said Denman, angrily, “by permitting that woman to put her nonsense into your head.”

“But you offered yourself as a subject, too. Where’s the difference?”

Denman laughed contemptuously.

“What are you driving at?” said Wheeler, knitting his brows.

“You act your part very well, Wheeler.” Denman’s voice was bitter, and his manner was insinuatingly insulting. Wheeler was not slow to resent it.

“Do you mean to say that I am not telling you the truth when I say that I’m utterly ignorant of what took place while I was under Miss Menton’s influence?” he demanded, rising and looking down at Denman sternly. There was not a trace of color in his cheeks.

Denman saw that he was wrong. “If you give me your word as a gentleman that what you say is true, I accept it, and apologize. But I will tell you what happened. You will then be better able to judge whether I was altogether to blame for suspecting you.”

He related all that had taken place while Wheeler was in the hypnotic sleep, repeating, almost word for word, Wheeler’s description of the scene in the French café.

Wheeler was amazed and alarmed. "What a dangerous power," he said with an expression of awe. "She must have said those words mentally which I uttered, and conveyed them to my mind in that way. But what could have been her object?"

"To show me that she has not forgotten. Your description brought back that scene very vividly, I assure you. Was it for this she encouraged me to come to her house? Her manner to-night filled me with a strange fear. I shall never set foot in her house again." Denman kept his word.

"I do not blame you for suspecting me," said Wheeler with gentle frankness, all his anger disappearing; "but do not be blue about it. I shall never let her experiment on me again. You may be sure of that. However, I do not think you need fear Miss Menton; she is a very tender-hearted woman."

"She is a she devil," said Denman savagely.

Wheeler did not answer. He saw that his friend was out of sorts and he pitied him. There was a silence between them for a moment. "Let us go home," said Wheeler, rising abruptly.

Denman kept his seat. "Wheeler," said he, moodily, "I think we had better part. That woman exerts a dangerous influence over you. You do not

see her as I do. She hates me, and is sure to break our friendship sooner or later. Why not escape that unpleasantness? Let us go our different ways from this point. You go to your rooms; I will go to a hotel. I feel wretched to-night and want to be alone. I will send for my luggage to-morrow.”

“I won’t listen to it,” interrupted Wheeler.

“But I am determined.”

“Well, then, at least do not make me feel that I have driven you from me. Go to-morrow, if you will, but come home with me to-night. I beg you will show me that much consideration. I think it due me, don’t you?”

Denman reluctantly consented. They arose and left the restaurant in silence.

“That’s a strange pair,” said the waiter to the cashier; “quarreling one minute and good friends the next. If I’d ’a been the slender chap I’d ’a never held out to have the other one come and sleep with me if he didn’t want to.”

But the cashier evinced no interest in the matter, and the waiter strolled leisurely down the hall to attend to the wants of an old gentleman, who had for ten minutes been vainly trying to get somebody to bring him something to eat.

Denman and Wheeler soon reached the latter's quarters.

"Cheer up, old man," said the artist; "I never saw you so down in the mouth before. You'll be all right in the morning."

"I hope so."

They bade each other good night. It was very cordial on Wheeler's part. Each retired to his own room. The little clock on the mantel, with its sweet, far-away-sounding bell, was just striking the hour of twelve.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is one of those brilliant nights in November. The moon is at its full. The stars glitter in the steely air, and the earth slumbers peacefully in the pale light. The heavens are glorious in their radiance. They reflect none of the blackness and misery of the great city, whose pulse is not stilled, even in the hour of sleep.

The moon's rays penetrate the room in which Denman sleeps. One can almost distinguish every article in the room — and even beyond, in the studio, the outlines of the furniture can be seen dimly.

The clock on the mantel, with its soft, mellow bell, is sounding the hour of three. The figure of a human being comes out of the darkness and



moves slowly toward the center of the studio. It stands for a moment motionless.

It crosses slowly and softly to the fireplace. It seems to be searching for something on the mantel — no; it is above the mantel, for it reaches up to the collection of arms, which can be seen dimly in the faint light. The hand moves mechanically over the lower part of the heavy shield which forms a center piece — around which the knives, pistols and sabers are arranged — and finally rests on the handle of a poniard. This it removes cautiously and noiselessly. Grasping it tightly in its hand, the figure advances slowly toward the front room. The only sound is the breathing of Denman. His sleep is deep and healthful. Just at this moment he turns from his side and lies full upon his back; but his sleep is not broken

The ghost-like figure continues to approach. Its walk is slow, almost stately. It has entered the front chamber. It pauses an instant. Now it clutches the poniard more tightly and resumes its measured tread across the large room to the bed where Denman lies.

It stoops over the sleeping man. With great deliberation it pulls down the covering, and with its left hand locates the exact position of Denman's

heart; then, with a downward stroke, plunges the poniard into it up to the hilt.

Denman gives a faint gasp, and is dead.

The figure in white relaxes its grasp upon the handle of the poniard, and slowly straightens to an erect position. Its hand is empty. The bright handle of the poniard glistens in the moonlight. Its blade is hidden in the heart of Wheeler's friend. With the same mechanical motion that has characterized its every motion in this silent tragedy, the white form slowly retraces its steps to the rear room, and disappears noiselessly in the darkness.

All is quiet. A murder has been done, without a sound to give evidence of the deed, and without human recognition. The moon is shining. Its rays fall upon the dead body of Paul Denman.

## CHAPTER VIII.

“MY GOD! THIS IS AWFUL!”

As Denman was generally a late riser, Wheeler was not surprised when he awoke at nine o'clock to find his friend not yet out of bed. At any other time he would have gone out to breakfast and left Denman to sleep as long as he liked; but knowing that Denman would keep his word, and seek new quarters that day, he felt it incumbent upon himself as host, to be present when the man with whom he was about to part for so strange a reason, should take his leave. So, after he had finished dressing, he called out in a cheery voice: “I say, old man! Isn't it about time you were crawling out?”

There was no answer. Wheeler gave an extra stroke of the brush to his hair, and called again. Still no answer. “He sleeps like a log,” he said to himself as he crossed the studio and entered the front chamber. The sight which met his eyes fairly curdled his blood.

Upon the bed, only half covered, lay Paul Denman, dead. His eyes were wide open, set in an

expression of agony. His hands were raised above his head, tightly clasped. The breast of his night shirt was stained with blood, and there was a pool of it on the bed near the left side of the body. Near the stain on the night robe the handle of a dagger stood upright. The blade was buried to the hilt in the heart of the motionless body which lay before Wheeler's terrified gaze.

"My God! This is awful!" he exclaimed, and under an impulse of extreme terror he ran to the window, raised it with frantic haste and cried:

"Murder! Help!—Murder!"

Then he returned to the bed on which Denman lay. A sudden desire to remove the dagger from the bloody wound took possession of him. He leaned over the body of his dead friend; but the instant his hand touched the poniard he recoiled with an undefinable horror.

He stood gazing at the ghastly spectacle, almost helpless. He made an effort to collect his thoughts—to *do* something; but he was like one who has lost his reason.

There were sounds of hurried feet upon the stairs, and a moment later loud knocks upon the door. It occurred to Wheeler then, for the first time, that all the doors were locked. This recalled

him to something like his normal mental condition. He hurriedly unlocked the door. A policeman entered the room, and peered about inquiringly, still holding the knob of the door. A dozen or more persons, who had followed him up the stairs, attempted to squeeze their way in, but the officer drove them back and closed the door.

“What’s the matter?” he asked.

“Matter? Can’t you see,” said Wheeler pointing to the bed.

“When did this happen?”

Wheeler calmed himself sufficiently to describe briefly how he had risen, dressed, entered the front room to awaken Denman, and found him dead.

“Were all the doors locked?” asked the officer.

“I suppose so,” said Wheeler. “This door is always locked. I have not tried the other one, which leads into my studio. That’s the one I use, and I’m sure I locked it last night.”

He started toward the studio door. “Let me see,” said the officer peremptorily. This door was also locked; evidently just as Wheeler had left it the night before.

“There is something mysterious about this,” said the officer to himself, casting a suspicious glance at Wheeler.

“Can’t we take that knife out?” asked the artist, with a shudder.

“No. I will have the Coroner here in a few moments. Leave the body as it is.” The officer leaned over and examined the handle of the dagger.

“Have you ever seen this knife?” turning to Wheeler.

The smell of the blood made Wheeler sick and dizzy, as he bent over the rigid form. “Why!” he exclaimed, rising in surprise, “it belongs to me. Here is its fellow,” and he led the officer into the studio to the collection of arms over the mantel. He was right; the poniard on the right of the shield was missing; the other was in its proper place on the left.

“He must have committed suicide,” said Wheeler, with conviction. “Poor fellow!”

“Was there any reason why he should?” The policeman asked this as a matter of form. He was not impressed with the suicide theory.

“Perhaps not,” said Wheeler thoughtfully, “though he was not in his usual spirits when he retired.”

“That will be looked into,” said the officer. “I will notify the Coroner at once — I must ask you to come with me.”

“I am very faint; I have not had my breakfast yet,” explained Wheeler. “I will go and get it and return at once.”

“I will go with you.” These words, and the officer’s manner, suggested to Wheeler the first thought that he would naturally be suspected of the murder of Denman; but he dismissed it as not worthy of serious consideration.

“Very well,” said he, with dignity. “Come with me if you wish. It will only take me a few moments.”

They left the scene together. The policeman locked the door and put the key in his pocket. On their way to a neighboring restaurant he telephoned for the Coroner. Wheeler was just finishing a chop when the Coroner entered the dining-room.

“Is the corpse here?” he asked with an air which indicated that he was ready for business.

“No, sir; just around the corner. This gentleman,” pointing to Wheeler “occupied rooms with the deceased (the policeman spoke as if he were giving his testimony). He was in the room with the body, with the doors locked, when I was called.”

Wheeler gave the officer a contemptuous look. To the Coroner he said: “My name is Henry

Wheeler. I'm an artist (the preserver of the peace jumped to the conclusion that he was a song and dance man). The dead man was my friend."

"What was his name?" asked the Coroner.

"Paul Denman."

The Coroner made a note in a small book which he took from his pocket. Then he said: "Come, Mr. Wheeler, let us go at once and get this business off our hands as soon as possible."

Wheeler accompanied the representatives of the law to his rooms. "This is murder," said the Coroner, as he bent over the corpse and examined the position of the body and the expression of the face.

"Might it not have been suicide?" asked Wheeler.

"No." The Coroner spoke with decision. "I'm sure it was not. If he had plunged that knife into his heart himself he never would have removed his hand. He would have retained his grip upon the handle, and you would have found him in that way. Muscular action ceased too soon after the knife entered the heart to have permitted his hand to be removed."

Wheeler was silent. He did not agree with the Coroner; but he did not think it worth while to argue the point over Denman's death.



“Well,” said the Coroner briskly, “we may as well take that knife out now,” and he leaned over, and with some little difficulty removed the poniard. The blood had congealed around it, and set it firmly in its death sheath. “He has not been dead more than five or six hours,” he added. Turning suddenly to Wheeler, he said, “My dear sir, I am compelled to perform an unpleasant duty. I shall have to place you in charge of this officer.”

“You can not think I killed my friend,” exclaimed Wheeler in horror.

“I have not formed any opinion,” replied the man of inquests, with much tact. “You will be suspected; you can see that yourself—indeed, you *are* suspected. It is, therefore, my duty to have you placed under arrest.”

“But can I not give bail?”

“That will be for the magistrate to decide.” The Coroner wrapped the knife in a piece of paper and put it in his pocket. “Come,” he said, “I will go to the Police Judge with you. If he will admit you to bail you will have no further annoyance until the inquest is held. You will have to be there, of course.”

“But,” expostulated Wheeler, beginning to lose his temper, “you have no right to suspect me. Do

you suppose that if I had committed a murder I would take no precaution to conceal it? Is it reasonable that I would call for an officer to come and find me with the doors locked? Could I not have averted suspicion in a hundred ways?"

"That's all very true, Mr. Wheeler. I'm sorry for you; but you are the victim of circumstances. My advice to you is to keep cool, and get the best lawyer you can find in New York to defend you. It is better for you to come quietly and avoid sensation as much as possible."

Wheeler saw that there was no alternative. He accompanied the Coroner and the officer down the stairs out into the street, past a gaping crowd which had assembled at the door.

They found the recorder in his private office. It did not take long to issue a warrant for the arrest of Henry Wheeler, charging him with the killing of Paul Denman. The Coroner suggested that as Mr. Wheeler was held merely on suspicion, and was prepared to give bonds for his appearance, it would be well to permit him to send for his bondsmen at once. The recorder placed the bail at \$20,000, and Wheeler hurriedly wrote and dispatched a note to Mr. Ellersly, a rich merchant who had bought many of his pictures, and whom he regarded as a

patron, to come at once and bring with him another bondsman. Half an hour later, Mr. Ellersly, a bluff, genial-faced old gentleman, appeared accompanied by his partner Mr. Furst. Without a moment's hesitation, after listening to Wheeler's nervously narrated story of the tragedy, they signed a bond for his appearance. Mr. Furst left them at the door, after assuring Wheeler that he would do all that lay in his power to aid him."

"Now you must get a good lawyer" said Mr. Ellersly to Wheeler — "do you know one?"

"No; except by reputation."

"Well, I do" said Mr. Ellersly. "My friend Jack Wright — Jack and I were boys together — is just the man. He is not a criminal lawyer, but he will take an interest in your case, and do you more good than any professed criminal lawyer could. Do you know, if I were charged with a crime, and was innocent of it, I would get a lawyer who had never figured in the criminal courts, but who had the confidence of judges; but if I were guilty, I would retain a criminal lawyer as soon as possible — the more criminal the better. Now as you are innocent it is plain you don't want a criminal lawyer; but one like Jack Wright."

The old gentleman's hearty manner was a tonic

to Wheeler. He grasped Mr. Ellersly's hand and thanked him as only a man who is in desperate straits can thank the one who brings succor and hope. Mr. Ellersly called a cab. They entered it, and were driven to the office of John C. Wright, Esq.

Lawyer Wright was about the age of Mr. Ellersly, say sixty. His face was grand in its strength of will and character. Thoughtful gray eyes looked straight at you from beneath a broad projecting brow. Here was a man on whom a weak brother might lean with full confidence in his strength and honor. When he had heard Wheeler's story, recited in exact detail, he asked, kindly but very seriously: "Have you told me all," Mr. Wheeler.

"Everything."

"You do not think it possible for a person to have entered the room at night, by other means than the door?"

"No — unless by the window."

"That's not likely. Is there anything which could be construed into a cause that would warrant the suspicion that you had committed this crime — anything that could be made to appear as a motive?"

Wheeler thought a moment. "No," he answered "I can think of nothing."

“Return to-morrow, and we will go deeper into the case” said Mr. Wright. “I have other business that must be disposed of at once. But you may trust me not to forget you. You shall have my best efforts, for the sake of my old friend” and he gazed affectionately upon Mr. Ellersly, who grasped his hand warmly, and said, “Always the same, old Jack.”

Mr. Ellersly insisted that Wheeler should accompany him to his home. “Returning to your rooms is out of the question” he said. “It would unsettle your nerves — and they are in a pretty bad condition already. You need all the strength you have. Come and make your home with me until this thing’s all over.” There were grateful tears in Wheeler’s eyes, as he re-entered the carriage with his big-hearted patron.

## CHAPTER IX.

“BUT IT IS RETRIBUTION!—RETRIBUTION!”

Miss Menton stood at the window and looked down into the street. She had been restless all day. The excitement of the night before had brought on a nervous headache. She had tried to read, but even the latest French novel failed to interest her. The servants were surprised to see her rise from the table leaving her breakfast almost untouched; and she had eaten very sparingly at lunch. It was an unusual thing for Miss Menton to be without appetite. Even her father noticed it.

“What is the matter?” he had asked.

“Nothing. I will be all right by evening,” she had answered, as she abruptly left the dining-room.

Turning from the window, Miss Menton rang for a servant. “Go out and buy me an evening paper,” she said. The girl soon returned.

“There’s bad news in that paper, Miss!” she said, excitedly, as she placed a copy of *The Telegram* in Miss Menton’s lap.

“What is it?”



PLUNGES THE PONIARD INTO HIS HEART UP TO THE HILT.

See page 74





Miss Menton looked up suddenly, and with interest. Any kind of news was welcome if it would drive away the *ennui* from which she was suffering.

“Mr. Denman has been murdered, and Mr. Wheeler has been arrested,” replied the servant, breathlessly. “It’s awful, ain’t it, Miss?”

Miss Menton turned deathly pale, put her hand to her heart convulsively, and sank back in her chair. Thinking she had fainted, the girl started to leave the room to call old Mr. Menton.

“Never mind,” said Miss Menton, recovering herself with an effort. “I am better now. It was a great shock to me. You may go, Mary.”

“She was awfully fond of one of them,” said Mary to the cook, to whom she hastened to tell the news which she had read in *The Telegram*, before giving it to Miss Menton, “but I can’t tell which. I think it’s Mr. Wheeler, though.” The cook and Mary settled themselves comfortably for a long talk. They had not had so exciting a subject for conversation for a long time.

Miss Menton opened the paper with trembling fingers. Under flaming head lines she found this sensational account of the mysterious death of Paul Denman. It did credit to the reporter who wrote it, considering that he had devoted only two hours

of his legs and brains to the collection and the embellishment of the facts (?):

Paul Denman and Henry Wheeler occupied rooms together on Sixth avenue, near Thirty-fourth street. Denman was a man of leisure, having, it is understood, an assured income. Wheeler is well-known in artistic circles. He is said to be an artist of promise, and has exhibited several paintings at the Academy. He is also a frequent contributor to the magazines. These men were apparently friends.

As Officer Sullivan was passing the house this morning, at about nine o'clock, he heard a cry of "Murder! Help!" He looked up and saw a man standing at an open window. This man was Wheeler. It was he who had cried for help. Officer Sullivan hurried promptly to the scene. To his surprise he found the door of the room locked. He demanded admittance. After a short delay the door was opened. The officer found Mr. Denman lying dead upon the bed with a knife in his heart. His suspicions were at once aroused. He believed that a foul murder had been committed. Wheeler pretended to be very much grieved at the death of his friend. He said he had found him dead upon rising a few moments before, but he could give no satisfactory explanation of how the crime could

have been committed by anybody but himself. He tried at first to make the Coroner — who was summoned by Officer Sullivan — believe that Mr. Denman had died by his own hand, but the Coroner did not accept that theory. He had Wheeler arrested. The prisoner furnished bonds at the Jefferson Market Police Court. The reporter tried to find him to get his statement, but was unable to do so, the alleged murderer disappearing very mysteriously after leaving the police court.

The evidence against him thus far is circumstantial; but it so strong that Officer Sullivan thinks there is not the slightest doubt of his guilt. He devoted the entire morning to working up the case, and he has discovered what he believes to be a valuable clue. A waiter in a restaurant on Sixth avenue, about six blocks from the house in which the murder was committed, tells a story which connects Wheeler very closely with the crime. His name is John Snyder. He is on what is called the “night watch” in the restaurant in question. He begins work at noon and stops at two o’clock the next morning. This morning he was on his way down town — “taking an airing” — as he expressed it to the officer, before going to work. It so happened that he was passing the house where Wheeler and the murdered

man lived just as Wheeler was brought out by the Coroner and Officer Sullivan. He says he recognized him at once as one of the two men who had been in the restaurant in which he (the waiter) is employed, on the night before. These men had high words, and one of them rose to his feet, as if about to strike the other. Snyder says that Wheeler was this man. He went on to tell Officer Sullivan that the quarrel seemed to have been amicably settled, and that the man whom he recognizes in Wheeler, begged the other to go home with him — if only for that night. He seemed to be particularly anxious, so Snyder says, that his companion should go home with him. Upon hearing this story Officer Sullivan took the waiter to the morgue and showed him Denman's body. Without hesitation Snyder pronounced it to be that of the man with whom Wheeler had had the quarrel in the restaurant the night before.

This would seem to establish a motive for the crime, though it is not yet known what the quarrel was about. Certain it is, however, that Snyder's testimony will aid the authorities to unravel the mystery. The Coroner says Denman had not been dead more than seven hours when he was called. The date of the inquest has not yet been set.

Miss Menton gazed vacantly before her. The

paper had fallen from her hands. She seemed dazed — unable to comprehend the full meaning of what she had read. She heaved a profound sigh. “Poor Wheeler,” she murmured, and an expression of true pity softened her face.

“But it is a retribution — retribution !” she added hysterically, and she staggered out of the room.

## CHAPTER X.

"I CALL GOD TO WITNESS THAT I DID NOT KILL  
PAUL DENMAN."

Mr. Ellersly insisted on going to lawyer Wright's office with Wheeler, when the latter started down town to keep his appointment. The old gentleman's heart went out to the young artist in his suffering.

"You need a friend, my boy, and I intend to devote myself to you until this bad business is ended," said he. "I am convinced of your innocence, and it will help others to believe in it if the world sees that your friends stand by you."

"Yes; but can we make the world believe it?" Wheeler asked, moodily.

He had passed a sleepless night. His face was pale and worn, and there were dark circles beneath his eyes. The strain was beginning to tell on him already. The more he thought of the situation in which circumstances had placed him, the clearer it became that it would be difficult to prove his innocence. After reading the statement of the waiter,

Snyder, in the morning papers, he had been filled with a sudden fear. He had entirely forgotten the incident in the restaurant. It came back to him now with startling force. He saw that its bearing upon the case would be magnified by those who were disposed to believe him guilty. So depressed was he that he felt that only a miracle could save him. He tried to formulate a theory to explain Denman's death by other means than suicide, but he failed at the very start. Denman had no enemies — at least, none that he knew of; and besides, even if an enemy had desired his death, how could it have been accomplished? Were not all the doors locked, and every means of entrance barred? It was possible, of course, for the murderer to have entered by the aid of a pass key, but that was not likely. In despair he turned to his first impression, that Denman had died by his own hand; but even that theory seemed weaker to him than it had the day before. Leaving out of consideration the Coroner's presumption — that if Denman had stabbed himself death would have followed so suddenly that he would not have had the strength or will to remove his hand from the poniard — Wheeler could not entirely convince himself that Denman would have

had the moral courage to end his own life. Still, there was no other way to solve the mystery.

"Come, come," said Mr. Ellersly, cheerily; "keep up your courage. Jack Wright will get us out of this; you may depend upon it."

"I hope so," said Wheeler, in a voice indicative of anything but hope.

They had reached the lawyer's office. Mr. Wright was waiting for them—or rather, for Wheeler. He seemed surprised to see Mr. Ellersly. The latter noticed it. "You'll see a good deal of me, Jack," he said; "more than you have seen for years. I intend to stay right with this matter until you have brought my young friend out all right."

The lawyer's face wore an unusually grave expression.

"I would like to talk with Mr. Wheeler privately, if you will kindly leave us alone for a few moments, Ellersly," he said. "We have serious business on hand, and there must be no misunderstanding at the start."

"He, too, suspects me," said Wheeler to himself, bitterly.

"Do you want me to go out, Henry?" The old man spoke with the solicitude of a father.

"No, no," replied Wheeler, with feeling "I



have nothing to hide from you; and I want to lay my whole heart bare to Mr. Wright.”

“That’s well spoken,” said the lawyer. “Now we shall know what we are about. To begin with, explain to me the story of the waiter, which is printed in all the papers this morning. I was dumfounded when I saw it; for it does not accord with the assurance you gave me yesterday, that there was nothing which could be construed as a motive to connect you with the crime. Tell me all about it.”

“I had forgotten the circumstance,” said Wheeler, and he spoke with a sincerity that carried conviction. “The waiter has exaggerated. There was no serious quarrel. It was over in a moment.”

“What was the cause?”

“We had spent the evening at the house of Miss Menton—a kind of general resort for men about town. The Mentons are scientific people—that is, the old man is a scientist, and his daughter, who lives alone with him, has naturally taken some interest in his studies. We had an experiment in hypnotism. I was the subject. I permitted myself to be put under the hypnotic influence by Miss Menton, who caused me to describe a certain scene which took place several years ago in Paris, in

which both she and Mr. Denman had figured. This made Mr. Denman angry. At the restaurant he suggested that we part company at once. He knew Miss Menton was his enemy, and he believed she had sufficient influence over me to break our friendship in time. He finally consented to return to my rooms that night. That was all."

"Why did this Miss Menton hate Denman?" asked the lawyer.

"Must I tell you? I pledged my word to Denman that I would never disclose his secret."

"Your life is in danger, Mr. Wheeler; if that secret has the slightest bearing on this quarrel, it is your duty to make it known. I insist upon knowing it."

Wheeler hesitated a moment, and then without reserve told Denman's story. The lawyer followed its recital closely. "A very strange case!" he muttered.

"Do you love this woman — Miss Menton?" he asked abruptly.

Wheeler flushed. "I admire her very much," he admitted.

"Were you ever in love with her?"

"Seriously? No."

Mr. Ellersly had listened with wonder to Wheel-

er's statement. “How in the world did you ever get into such company?” he asked, shaking his head reprovingly.

“They are not such bad people,” explained Wheeler, quickly. “They are very clever, and I liked to visit them because there is nothing conventional about their house.”

“It's always wiser for a man to be conventional, even if he does find it dull,” put in the lawyer, dryly. “Many a man, and woman too, has got into trouble by trying to ignore the rules which govern society.”

“I can see that very plainly now,” said poor Wheeler, dejectedly.

There was a moment's silence, broken by Mr. Wright, who said: “The line of the State's prosecution which we must meet, is quite clear to me. It will be alleged that you were in love with this woman; that Denman came between, and you grew jealous; that after the quarrel in the restaurant you seemingly forgave him, and urged him to come to your rooms. Why? Simply that you might kill him.”

Wheeler almost groaned aloud. Dark as was the picture his fears had drawn, it was not so black as this.

“What can I do?” He asked the question hopelessly.

“Mr. Wheeler,” said lawyer Wright, “look me squarely in the face. As you expect your life to be spared in this world, and forgiveness in the next, tell me the truth. Did you kill Paul Denman?”

Wheeler rose to his feet, raised his right hand involuntarily, and with a voice choked with the emotions which swelled his bosom, said: “I call God to witness that I did not kill Paul Denman. A murderous thought never entered my heart.”

He tottered to his seat, and wept like an hysterical woman. “This is unmanly, I know,” he said, attempting to calm himself. “But I can’t help it. All is dark before me. I feel like a man at the bottom of a deep pit, groping around for an outlet, and fearing every moment to fall into an awful abyss. My mind is a chaos of a thousand vague thoughts chasing one another in mad confusion. I fear I shall go mad.” The wretched man arose and paced the floor in a nervous excitement painful to witness.

“He has a highly nervous temperament,” said Mr. Ellersly to Mr. Wright, by way of explanation. “I have always known that.”

“Poor fellow!” and the lawyer arose and

placing his hand on Wheeler's shoulder, said: “I believe you are innocent, and I will use my heart and brain and soul to make a jury believe so.”

“God bless you!” said Mr. Ellersly wiping a tear from his eye.

This confidence and sympathy made a man again of Wheeler. It was what he had craved. He began to show an interest in his case.

“What defense will you make?” he asked.

The lawyer did not answer at once. After a moment's thought he said: “I can't tell until after the inquest. I don't know what evidence they will produce.”

Wheeler and Mr. Ellersly took their leave, the former in better spirits, and with a faint hope that lawyer Wright would be able to clear him with honor.

No new facts were developed by the inquest. The Coroner courteously permitted Mr. Wright to be present and to cross-examine Snyder the waiter, who finally admitted that the quarrel between Wheeler and Denman was not a serious one. He said he could not tell what the quarrel was about, because he only heard a word now and then; he judged the men were quarreling from Wheeler's actions. The result of the inquest was as Mr.

Wright had supposed; Wheeler was held to await the action of the grand jury, which, it is needless to say, found a true bill against him.

Wheeler had come to regard Mr. Ellersly's house as his home. He remained there until the trial took place three weeks later, going nowhere except to lawyer Wright's office. Mr. Wright had prepared the only defense that could reasonably be made. He purposed to show that the relations between the men were really friendly, and to deny that the testimony of Snyder was sufficient to warrant even the suspicion that Denman had died by Wheeler's hand; but had in a moment of despondency committed suicide.

"That ought to clear me," said Wheeler, when Mr. Wright told him his plan. "There can be no doubt that Denman committed suicide."

"I have very grave doubts," said the lawyer seriously; "but it is the only defense we can make. The truth is, circumstances are very much against us."

Wheeler's hopes fell again. "If that's the case I'm afraid the jury will take the worst view of it."

The lawyer made no reply. He was afraid so, too.

## CHAPTER XL

HER HAND RELAXED ITS HOLD UPON THE RAILING,  
AND SHE FELL FROM THE WITNESS CHAIR.

On the day of the beginning of the trial of Henry Wheeler, charged with the killing of Paul Denman, the court room was well filled with spectators. The Denman murder was still the sensation of a great city where sensations are the daily product of the police courts. Up to this time the newspaper reporters had not been able to discover that there was really a woman in the case, though several of them in their speculative articles on the mystery had hinted at it, on general principles. However, the peculiarity of the crime in itself was sufficient to hold public interest.

When Wheeler entered the court room and took a seat by the side of his lawyer there was a buzz of whispering voices. The sentiment of the spectators was that he did not look like a murderer. He was very pale, very thin, and his once erect form was slightly stooped. He had suffered during that short month more than a man of harder nature could

have suffered in a year. He had been despondent ever since Mr. Wright had so frankly told him that the chances were against him.

A fine, drizzling rain was falling without. Wheeler regarded this as a bad omen; and when he looked up to the bench and saw Judge Blackwood there, his heart sank within him. His mind went back to that memorable night in the Menton house. Not one of the guests who were present that night had come to offer their sympathy — yes, one had; Colonel McPhister, and he had done it with a heartiness characteristic to the man. “The Judge will be like the others,” Wheeler thought. “He will believe that I was in love with that woman, and jealous of Denman.”

The day was consumed in getting a jury — and an exceptional jury it was, composed of sensible business men and intelligent mechanics.

“If we can’t get justice from that jury,” remarked lawyer Wright to Mr. Ellersly, “we may as well give up.”

Mr. Wright’s purpose was to gain as much time as possible, and he improved every opportunity that offered itself to delay the trial. He was not without hope that something would turn up that could be used to the advantage of his client. He was fearful



A POLICEMAN ENTERED THE ROOM, AND PEERED ABOUT INQUIRILY.



See page 77.



that he could not make the suicide theory sufficiently strong to overcome the circumstantial evidence which the prosecution would offer.

The next day the examination of witnesses was begun. Officer Sullivan testified to the discovery of the body, to the fact that the door of the room in which the dead man lay was locked when he arrived, and he swore that Wheeler seemed to be dazed and frightened. The Coroner related the conversation which he had with Wheeler; and the physician who made the autopsy satisfied the jury that a man could not live long with a knife in his heart, and that, consequently, Denman had died almost instantly. It was his opinion that Denman had not been dead more than ten hours when he first saw the body, which was at 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the discovery of the crime.

Snyder, the waiter, told a straight story of the quarrel in the restaurant. It was evident that he was honest, and Mr. Wright's cross-examination did not materially weaken the testimony he had given.

Something of a sensation was created when the clerk called the name of Miss Helene Menton. It was the first intimation the audience had received that there was a woman in the case; and when it saw that there *was* a woman, and a handsome one as

well, its interest increased one hundred per cent. Miss Menton came forward and took the stand.

“How old are you, Miss Menton?” Question by the District Attorney.

“Thirty.” The answer came in a clear, melodious voice.

“Do you know the defendant?”

“Yes.” It was little more than a whisper.

“Your Honor,” interrupted Mr. Wright, “I must ask that the witness remove her veil. I do not think Miss Menton will object,” he added politely.

Before the Judge could speak Miss Menton had removed her veil, disclosing a face deadly white. Its strange beauty captivated jury and audience at once. The examination was continued.

“Miss Menton, how long have you known the defendant?”

“More than a year.”

“Did you know the deceased?”

“Yes.”

“How long?”

“About a month.”

Mr. Wright hastily scribbled a memorandum on the foolscap before him.

“What were the relations between the defendant and the deceased, so far as you could discover?”

“Apparently friendly.”

The District Attorney seemed to be disappointed in the answer. He continued:

“Did the defendant ever express an opinion of the deceased to you?”

“Once, I think. He said that Mr. Denman was a strange fellow; that there were some things in his character that he liked, and many that he did not.”

“Miss Menton, did not the defendant regard himself as your lover?”

“I’m sure I can not say,” replied the witness, with perfect self-possession, and without change of countenance.

“Did he not make offer of his love to you?”

“Not exactly.”

“Did he never, in all the time you knew him, say anything which led you to believe that he loved you?”

“I don’t know how to answer that,” said Miss Menton with a faint smile.

“Answer in your own way,” said the District Attorney encouragingly. Miss Menton after a moment’s hesitation replied:

“Once he intimated that he entertained a warmer

feeling than friendship for me. I think that was all."

"Did he not in many ways show that he thought more of you than of other women?"

"Perhaps so; your question is difficult to answer."

"Was not Mr. Wheeler jealous of you?"

"Not that I know of."

"Did he have any reason to suppose that Denman, the deceased, was his rival?"

"No." It came very sharp and bitter.

"Might he not have imagined that he had some cause to believe so?"

"I object to that question," said Mr. Wright. "He's got no business to ask the witness what she thinks some one else thought."

The objection was sustained.

"Then I will put it in another form," said the District Attorney, determined to carry his point. "Was there, or had there ever been, anything between you and the deceased, which the defendant could have construed into a cause for jealousy?"

"I refuse to answer that question," said Miss Menton coolly. The jurors opened their eyes very wide, and there was quite a stir in the audience.

"The question is a proper one," said the Judge; "the witness will please answer it."

Miss Menton was defiant for a moment, then she answered, apparently with great frankness:

"I can truthfully say there was never anything between Mr. Denman and myself that could have made Mr. Wheeler jealous."

The District Attorney did not press that point further.

"The defendant and the deceased were both guests at your house on the night before the murder, were they not?" he continued.

"Yes," answered the witness, with a slight tremor in her voice.

"What took place at your house that night?"

"We had some experiments in hypnotism," replied Miss Menton, making a perceptible effort to appear at her ease.

"Well, what was done?"

"Mr. Wheeler was hypnotized."

"By whom?"

"By me."

"What do you expect to show by this rambling examination," interrupted Mr. Wright.

"You'll find out soon enough. Just be patient," replied the District Attorney sarcastically. He went on with the examination:

“Did Mr. Wheeler do anything on that night which led you to believe he disliked the deceased?”

“No.”

“Did he do anything at which the deceased could have taken offense?”

“Mr. Denman seemed to have taken some offense at something Mr. Wheeler said.”

“Said when?”

“When he was hypnotized.”

“What was it?”

“I don't know; nothing that appeared to me to be a cause for offense. He may have been angry because Mr. Wheeler consented to make the experiment.”

“I shall show before I get through, Your Honor, that the quarrel in the restaurant was on this very point.” Having thus delivered himself, of his intentions, the District Attorney announced that he had no more questions to ask the witness.

Mr. Wright began his cross-examination. Miss Menton had not made a bad witness — that is, she had not done much injury to Wheeler's case. It would seem to have been politic for Mr. Wright not to press her further, but he could not afford to lose a possible trick in this game of life and death.

“Miss Menton,” he began, “you say you knew



Mr. Denman about a month. Are you not mistaken?"

Miss Menton clutched the railing nervously, as she answered in a low voice:

"No."

"Let your mind go back five years, and see if you can not recall a meeting with the deceased before you met him in New York two months ago?"

"No." The voice was still lower, and she pressed her hand to her heart. Mr. Wright followed up his advantage. He asked in a stern voice, which was very effective:

"Didn't you meet him in Paris five years ago, and haven't you good cause to remember that meeting? Answer my question."

But the witness was in no condition to answer questions. Her hand relaxed its hold upon the railing, and she fell from the witness chair in a swoon. Her father, who had occupied a seat near by, rushed to her side and raised her in his arms.

"My daughter has been very ill for some days," said the old man, addressing the Court. She is suffering from a nervous affection which I fear is likely to end her life at any moment. The excitement has been too much for her."

A carriage was summoned, and Miss Menton, still unconscious, was placed in it and hastily conveyed to her home. As it was then late in the afternoon, the trial was adjourned to the next day.

Mr. Wright rubbed his hands with satisfaction as he entered his office accompanied by Wheeler and Mr. Ellersly. "I don't know what advantage I can put this to," he said, "but it's something to have got the best of it on the first day. We've got the sympathy of the jury to-day. We'll try hard to keep it, and we may yet be able to upset this motive theory."

But Wheeler could not see it in that light. He feared that all the facts, if they were brought out, would make the alleged motive stronger than ever.

That night, while Mr. Wright was in his library at home, busily at work upon a theory that Denman had committed suicide through remorse for the killing of Miss Menton's lover — a theory which he purposed to have Miss Menton aid by her testimony, a servant brought him a letter. To his surprise it was from Lucius Menton; but its contents were even more surprising. It read:

"Come to my house at once. My daughter is very ill — dying, I fear. She insists upon seeing you, and Mr. Ellersly."

Without stopping to speculate upon the object of Miss Menton's desire to see him, but feeling intuitively that it had some important bearing upon Wheeler's case, Mr. Wright ordered a cab and drove rapidly to Mr. Ellersly's house. That good old soul was in bed, but it did not take him long to dress himself. He entered the cab with the lawyer, and soon they were at the door of the Mentons. They were shown at once to the room where Miss Menton lay. The ugly face of Dr. Grip met them at the door.

"She is very low; she can not live much longer," he said as he passed out of the door, leaving them alone in the room with the dying woman.

A moment later Mr. Wright re-entered the drawing room, where Dr. Grip and Menton were quietly discussing the efficacy of a new anæsthetic.

"I must have a stenographer at once," he said with only half suppressed excitement. "There is no time to lose."

Dr. Grip volunteered his services as a messenger. At Mr. Wright's suggestion he took the cab in which the lawyer and Mr. Ellersly had come, and which was still standing at the door, and drove to the house of Mr. Wright's managing clerk, who was soon ready to return with him.

Upon arriving at the Menton house they found Mr. Wright awaiting their return with anxiety. He hurried the stenographer into the sick room. The door closed behind them.

Two hours later it opened, and Mr. Wright, Mr. Ellersly, and the clerk re-entered the drawing room. Lucius Menton was not inquisitive. He asked them no questions, and the trio entered their cab and drove away.

Dr. Grip hastened at once to Miss Menton's bedside. "She seems calmer," he said to Mr. Menton who had followed him into the room, "but she is very much weaker. Death may come at any moment."

As lawyer Wright let himself into his house with his latch-key he said to himself: "This wonderful story may be true — I believe it is, but can I ever make a jury believe it?"

## CHAPTER XII.

“THANK GOD THERE IS LIGHT AHEAD.”

Johnson, Mr. Wright's clerk and stenographer, did not sleep that night. The December sun peeped in through the window and found him still at his desk. His busy pen did not rest until it had covered a score or more sheets of close lined legal cap. The poor fellow was tired out, but he appreciated the importance of the task, and he did not grumble. Johnson was a representative of a large class: Trustworthy, loyal to his employer, and always willing. How rare it is that one of these over-worked, under-paid clerks, to whom matters of great import are entrusted, proves false or recreant! And how rare it is that their loyalty is appreciated and rewarded!

Mr. Wright made his appearance an hour earlier than usual that morning, and Mr. Ellersly and Wheeler entered the office only a few moments behind him.

“What is this hurry and excitement?” asked

Wheeler. "Mr. Ellersly is very mysterious. He will not enlighten me. Is there new hope?"

"Yes; let that satisfy you, for I have no time to talk now," he answered. "We have a month's work to do in a day, and we can't waste a moment."

Piqued at the abruptness of Mr. Wright's reply, Wheeler took a seat near the window, and tried to interest himself in the morning paper. He had grown indifferent. He did not care much how the case might end.

Court would not open for an hour; and Mr. Wright improved every moment of the intervening time. On the way down town he had stopped at the residence of Dr. Gray, his family physician, and left word for him to come to his office as early as possible; and the doctor put in an appearance shortly after the arrival of Wheeler and Ellersly. Wright had a hurried consultation with him in his private office. As they came out, and Dr. Gray prepared to go, he turned to Mr. Wright and said:

"You may depend upon me. It will not be so difficult as you thought. Fortunately Nurgson, the celebrated physiologist of Paris, who has made this subject a special study, is now in New York. I can get you half a dozen other scientific men who will give their testimony, and be glad of the opportunity."

“We must have them to-morrow,” said Mr. Wright.

“Do not fear; they will be on hand, I promise you.” And the doctor hurried away.

“Have you completed that document, Johnson?” asked Mr. Wright.

The clerk replied that it was all ready for him, but that he would like to compare it with his notes again. Johnson was a very careful clerk.

All this hub-bub and mysterious conversation awoke Wheeler from his apathy. He knew that something must have happened to affect his case favorably, but what it was he could not surmise. However, he had grown to have such complete confidence in Mr. Wright that he was quite willing to leave the case entirely in the lawyer’s hands. Besides, he had grown weary of speculating upon the mystery of Denman’s death. He had believed from the first that his friend had died by his own hand, and no matter how he might reason and theorize he always returned to that conclusion. He could not understand how any man who knew him could for a moment doubt his innocence.

“Come, Mr. Wheeler; it is time to go.” The brisk voice of Mr. Wright startled Wheeler from his reverie.

The crier was opening the session when they entered the court room. The attendance was larger than it had been on any previous day of the trial. The newspaper accounts of the testimony of Miss Menton, and the dramatic climax which her falling from the witness stand in a swoon had caused, had created a new interest in the trial; and applicants for admission were so numerous that one could hardly squeeze into the space between the doors and the railings.

When the jury had entered the box, and the trial had been formally resumed, Mr. Wright arose and in a grave voice and impressive manner, said:

“I beg the Court to adjourn this trial for a day. New evidence — evidence which affects my client very closely, which proves his innocence has been discovered. I will present it to the Court to-morrow, together with the testimony of several witnesses, for whom I shall ask the Court to issue subpoenas to-day.”

“What is your new evidence?” sneeringly asked the District Attorney. “Could you tell us now?”

“I could, but I will not,” answered Mr. Wright curtly.

“The Court will grant the adjournment if you can show good cause,” said the Judge.



“I have no wish nor reason to conceal the evidence which I purpose to introduce,” replied Mr. Wright. “And I am willing that the gentleman who seems determined to have my client punished, guilty or not guilty, shall have full opportunity to investigate its source, and overcome it if he can.”

“Proceed,” said the Court.

“I purpose to show,” continued Mr. Wright, speaking with a force and earnestness which commanded the attention and respect of every one in the room, “that my client has been the victim of a strange plot — and as foul as it is strange. I shall show that it was his hand that drove the dagger into the heart of Paul Denman, but that he is not responsible — neither to God nor to the law for —”

“I protest,” cried Wheeler, with startling vehemence, jumping to his feet and raising his hand to the Judge. “I have been deceived. Whatever Mr. Wright may mean by this I shall not consent to it, for it is false. I kill Paul Denman! I a murderer! It’s a lie! I will not submit!”

Wheeler was beside himself with excitement. His eyes dilated and his whole frame shook with emotion. The District Attorney smiled, and looked at the jury out of the corners of his eyes as much

as to say: "What do you think of this business now?"

A quiet satisfaction beamed in Mr. Wright's eye for a moment. Then turning to Wheeler he said, kindly: "You may trust me, Mr. Wheeler. Sit down and compose yourself." Wheeler resumed his seat in a maze of bewilderment.

"It's all right, Henry," said Mr. Ellersly, leaning over and whispering in his ear.

"I shall show," continued Mr. Wright, after quiet had been restored, "that my client committed this act while in a hypnotized condition, the scientific explanation and proof of which will be furnished in due time. This condition was produced in him by the witness who gave her testimony yesterday, and who fainted on the stand — Miss Helene Menton. I have her dying statement to that effect — a statement which no court can refuse to receive. The poor creature may be dead now; at the best she can last only a few hours."

It was almost impossible to preserve order in the court room. Men and women began talking aloud, and the commotion finally became so great that it was necessary for the bailiff to assert his muscular power as well as his official authority to restore quiet.



HER HAND RELAXED AND SHE FELL FROM THE WITNESS CHAIR.

See page 113.



The District Attorney was on his feet in an instant.

“This is without precedent—”

“That’s true,” assented Mr. Wright, parenthetically.

“I say it is without precedent,” repeated the District Attorney, waving his arms like a windmill. “Here comes an attorney and asks for delay that he may present evidence to prove that his client is guilty—to which the client very naturally objects. And what kind of testimony is it? Why it’s as ridiculous on its face as an old woman’s ghost story. I hope Your Honor will not grant an adjournment.”

“But the Court will,” said Judge Blackwood, with a promptness and decision that almost took the District Attorney’s breath away. “It will not do,” he continued, gravely, “to scoff at things we can not understand, especially when there is a life at stake,” and the adjournment was granted.

Wheeler was so weak and nervous when he reached Mr. Wright’s office that he begged permission to go into the private room and lie down. Mr. Wright’s explanation to the Court, in which he had shown that Miss Menton had caused him to do a murder, had unmanned him. He dared not think

of it, and yet the lawyer's words echoed and re-echoed through his brain.

"Now do you see why I did not want to tell Wheeler?" said lawyer Wright to Mr. Ellersly when they were alone. "I knew that a man of his impulsive, nervous nature would be quite certain to act just as he did when the secret was revealed. We can never make him believe that he committed that murder, and that very fact strengthens our case with the court and jury. To-morrow I will read the confession."

"Thank God there's light ahead," said Mr. Ellersly, fervently. "But poor Wheeler! It will blight his life."

"That's where you are mistaken," answered Mr. Wright. "It will not blight his life a whit more than it will mine."

## CHAPTER XIII.

A BURNING DESIRE FOR REVENGE UPON THE MAN  
WHO HAD ROBBED ME OF MY LOVE.

When the Denman murder trial was resumed on the following day there were half a dozen scholarly-looking men occupying seats within the railing. "Those are the experts," said a *quid nunc* in the audience, and those who heard him looked at the scientific gentlemen with much the same interest they would have exhibited in viewing a collection of Bengal tigers.

When Mr. Wright arose and began to unfold a roll of manuscript the audience held its breath, for the promised confession, the strangest of all confessions ever known in the annals of crime of the great city of New York, was about to be read.

"This," said Mr. Wright, "is the statement of Helene Menton, made *in articulo mortis* on the twelfth day of December of this year — the day before yesterday. The unhappy woman since that time has gone before that higher Court where all may hope for mercy. Let us hope that she may

receive it. She died at 12 o'clock last night." Mr. Wright continued: "The confession reads thus:

" "Believing death to be at hand, I, Helene Menton, as an act of justice to an innocent man, and in the hope of forgiveness through this act, solemnly declare that I am morally guilty of the murder of Paul Denman. That the world may not judge me too harshly let me relate the story of my life:— I will tell why I was moved to be revenged upon the man who robbed me of happiness and honor, when they were almost within my grasp, after long years of misery and neglect. I was born in Paris on the 30th of June, 1856. My mother, who, at the time of her marriage was a dancer of some renown in the theatrical world of Paris, died when I was five years old, leaving me to my father's care. Even my earliest recollections are sorrowful and bitter. I craved affection but could not find it. My father was cold in his nature. I saw but little of him, as most of his time was devoted to his studies. When I was eight years old I went with him to India. We spent three years there. I was left to the care of nurses most of that time. My father had a craze to solve the mysteries of occultism. It never occurred to him that the nature of his child was



worthy of investigation. From India we went to England. Russia soon offered attractions to him. So it was, up to my twentieth year we were constantly journeying from one country to another. His associates were mostly scientific men. It made no difference what a man's moral character was; so long as he was a scholar my father's house was always open to him. I grew to womanhood in an atmosphere of cynicism, selfishness and materialism. I never knew a truly good woman in my life. I have never known the refining influence of home. My surroundings have been without sentiment, without love, and without a tinge of moral color.

“‘And yet the woman's heart within me did not wither in this unhealthy atmosphere. I had vague longings for a life that was not cold, hard and selfish. I believed that I deserved a kinder fate. My hopes seemed about to be realized when Paul Denman thrust himself into my life. We had been living in Paris about five years. Those five years had been full of misery to me. It would have been better for me had I left my father's house and sought refuge in a convent. Once I thought of doing so; but my father had destroyed my faith in religion, by his cold and logical arguments, and I turned back to the old life without hope.

“The society which I met at our house in Paris — I could not call it home — was gradually killing what little sentiment and tenderness there was left in me, when I met the Count Ludwig. He was brought to our house by one of my father’s friends — a German. He was the first man I had ever met since I had become old enough to understand human motives who seemed to have an honest respect for me. He talked to me of those things of which I had so often thought in my lonely misery — of home life, of his mother, and once I found myself weeping as I listened to his description of the beauty and goodness of his sisters, and the happiness of one of them in her preparations for her approaching marriage to a man she loved and respected. These were the first tears I had shed since childhood. My grief deeply moved the Count. His sympathy was sweet to me and I poured out to him the story of my unhappy life. “Poor child!” said he, and he took my hand and pressed it kindly. From that moment I loved him with a love that women who have had affection all their lives could not understand. I worshipped him.

“He became a constant visitor at our house. I held myself aloof as much as possible from the

others who came almost nightly. My father put no restraints upon his guests. They played at cards, drank till late into the night, and came and went as they pleased. This was my father's idea of hospitality. It amused him to see men get drunk, and he would laugh heartily when they lost their money at cards. He never joined them at the gaming table. My love for the Count ennobled my aspirations, and I hated my surroundings with a bitterness stronger than ever. To my great joy I soon discovered that my affection for the Count was reciprocated. The bliss of the moment when he took me in his arms and kissed me — the first kiss a lover ever imprinted upon my lips — comes back to me now, and I am happy, even in these my dying moments. I was to be his wife, an honored wife — and a Countess. I will not deny that the position I would secure in society by marrying Ludwig increased my desire to become his wife, and influenced me almost equally with my love for him, in naming an early day for the wedding.

“ ‘I was to get out of the meshes which had held me all my life. I was to live among good people, to be respected — a Countess. Women who have never known what it is to be without the respect of the world — to be unknown and neglected — can not

appreciate how great was the joy which possessed me when I saw the way opened to an honored place in society. I was to have been married to the Count in December — five years ago. In November Paul Denman was brought to our house by a young art student — a forward young man who had called only once or twice before. Denman was one of the coarsest men I had ever met. He did not have even the superficial refinement of the professional *roué*. He presumed that because it was not difficult to be introduced at our house, and because of the unconventionality of the life we led, that I was entitled to little better treatment than the shameless women of the streets. I directed the servants not to admit him if he should call again. He came on the following night. The servants carried out my commands, and he turned from the door, cursing me and every one in the house. I think he was drunk that night as well as the night before.

“ A few nights later, on returning from the opera with the Count, happy in his society and in the prospect of our approaching marriage, we stopped at a *café*, as was our custom after the play or opera. This man Denman occupied a seat at a table near where we sat. I had not told Ludwig of the insult he had offered me. I dared not. Denman seemed

bent upon showing me that he despised me. He stared at me so contemptuously and insultingly that Ludwig noticed it, and before I could entreat him not to pay any attention to him he had crossed to where Denman sat. They quarreled. Ludwig was the smaller man of the two, and Denman, the coward, took advantage of his physical power; he knocked him down. The Count challenged him. I begged him not to fight with so low, so base a man, but I could not change his purpose. I prayed that night for the first time since my childhood. I might have known that such prayers as I could offer would not be answered; I had no right to expect it.

“ ‘I never looked upon the face of Ludwig again. He fell by the hand of a man his inferior in courage, in honor, and in manliness. Perhaps it was his fate. My father had a passing interest in my grief. He searched all Paris for Denman, but could not find a trace of him. Two years later we came to New York. My father was born here, but was educated abroad, and had no love for his native country. We live here very much as we did in Paris, though my father’s associates in New York are of a better class, morally, than those who gathered around him there. I had drifted back into the old life. If anything I grew harder, more

indifferent than ever, without hope of happiness, but with a burning desire for revenge upon the man who had robbed me of my love, and cheated me of a place among good women. Can I be blamed? What else was there for me to live for?

“‘I was leading this miserable existence when Mr. Wheeler — who, next to the Count, I admired more than any one I had ever met — brought Denman to our house. He did not know whom he was to meet. He trembled under the glance I gave him. His conscience made a coward of him. From that moment I devoted my every thought to devising some means of revenge. Nothing but his life would satisfy me. I encouraged him to return. I knew his weakness, and seemingly lowered myself to the level on which he had placed me. I had not yet thought of a way of wreaking my revenge. I had only one desire; that was, to kill him. I believe it would have resulted in my doing the deed with my own hand had not a novel means presented itself. The method which I used suggested itself to me after a conversation I had with Prof. Ryse. He described to me how the investigations of hypnotism had been carried to such an extent in Paris as to prove beyond a doubt that an impression could be conveyed to a person, while in the

hypnotic state, which could be re-awakened at any time that might be determined upon by the operator. He showed me the report of a case in which a man who had been hypnotized had been directed by the person who hypnotized him one week from that day and hour, to take off his shoes and stockings and walk barefooted for a hundred yards. The experiment was a success. The Professor pointed out the danger of the abuse of this strange power—a murder might be done by its aid, he said.

“ ‘My mind acted quickly. I decided to try this powerful agent, with which I was familiar in a general way. I never thought of Mr. Wheeler as a subject until he himself suggested it in a playful way. I can not comprehend how I consented to make *him* a partner to my crime. The opportunity suggested itself sooner than I had expected. On the night of the 6th of November there were a number of guests at our house; among them Paul Denman, Mr. Wheeler, Dr. Grip, Mr. Landis, Colonel McPhister, and his friend Judge Blackwood. The conversation turned upon psychology, and Prof. Ryse, who has made hypnotism the subject of thoughtful study and investigation, began to

describe the advancement which had been made in it.

“I felt guilty even in the contemplation of the act, and was fearful that Professor Ryse would go on to say that it was possible for a murder to be done through its power—as he had suggested to me.

“I was not unfamiliar with the method of producing the hypnotic trance. I would have known how to do it without Professor Ryse’s directions. To every one in the room but myself the hypnotising of Mr. Wheeler was a pleasing experiment—nothing more. My first attempt failed. I had not intended that it should succeed. It was my purpose to be alone with Mr. Wheeler. I succeeded in getting the other members of the company to leave the room. Mr. Wheeler was perfectly willing to be hypnotized. He suspected nothing, feared nothing.

“I could not have found a better subject. In a very few moments he had, by following my directions and gazing fixedly at the small object I held in my hand—a golden bullet—prophetic instrument, which I had borrowed from Colonel McPhister—passed into the hypnotic state. It was



then that I called the guests in. I caused Mr. Wheeler to do a few of the things which are in the alphabet of hypnotism. I could not resist the temptation to mentally describe the scene at the *café* in Paris, which led to the loss of my lover, the blasting of my hopes—and to this crime. Mr. Wheeler repeated the words aloud. I could see that it struck fear to Denman's heart, and I enjoyed it with a savage satisfaction.

“I was in doubt as to whether I could convey an impression to Mr. Wheeler mentally that would be active after I should arouse him from his trance. So, pretending that there was a great deal of mystery connected with the process of bringing him out of the sleep, which I did not care to explain, I asked the company to leave the room. They did so. It was in the moment that they were absent that I repeated aloud, and with all the impressiveness I could assume, these words: “At three o'clock, get a knife and plunge it into Paul Denman's heart.” I said these words three times. Poor Mr. Wheeler repeated them after me, as innocently as he would have repeated a prayer. Then I awoke him from his trance, and the party dispersed. Suddenly, the thought entered my mind that it was impossible for

Wheeler to carry out my directions, because he would doubtless be asleep at that hour. I had never heard that an impression could be retained and put in execution if the subject were in a natural sleep at the time when that impression should suggest itself to the mind. This doubt brought with it the hope that my wicked plan would fail. I began then to realize how awful it was to make a murderer of this innocent man who trusted me. The deed was done as I had ordered it: it was done at the hour I had named, as the autopsy proves. Henry Wheeler is as innocent of the crime as a babe unborn. I am the murderess, as much so as if I had with my own hand driven the dagger into Paul Denman's heart. The persons whose names I have mentioned in this, my dying confession, who were present when I hypnotized Mr. Wheeler, will attest the truth of my statement as to what took place at my house. I am about to die. I am not sorry that Denman was murdered. I feel that the only crime I committed was in making Mr. Wheeler the instrument. By the friendship he once professed for me I beg his forgiveness. I was heartbroken and desperate when the means was placed in my hands to destroy the man who had, without cause,

robbed my life of the only hope and happiness it had ever known, and I could not resist the temptation to employ it. I die; glad to quit a world which has been so hard to me. Henry Wheeler is no more responsible for the death of Paul Denman than is the inanimate knife which penetrated that bad heart.' ”

## CHAPTER XIV.

### “NOT GUILTY.”

During the reading of the dying confession of Helene Menton, the voice of Mr. Wright was the only sound that broke the stillness of the court room. It created a profound sensation, not only among the spectators, but among the jurymen.

Mr. Wright proceeded to prove by Mr. Ellersly and Johnson the correctness of the document which he had just read, after which Prof. Ryse was called, and the taking of what has come to be called “expert” testimony was begun. Prof. Ryse first described what had taken place at the Menton house on the night of the murder, corroborating the testimony of Miss Menton in every detail, so far as it related to what was done in the presence of the guests.

“You are sure that Mr. Wheeler was hypnotized by Miss Menton, are you?” asked Mr. Wright.

“There is no doubt of it.”

“Do you believe it possible for an impression to have been conveyed to him while he was in the hyp-

notized state that would impel him to commit an act after he should be brought out of that state?”

“Yes.”

“Do you think it possible for this crime to have been committed as set forth in Miss Menton’s confession?”

“Yes.”

“Please tell the jury something of the general characteristics of the hypnotic power.”

“Hypnotism,” began Professor Ryse, “is not yet thoroughly understood. The uses to which it may be put are more numerous than even the most advanced scientific men dreamed of five years ago. The hypnotic condition, as nearly as it can be defined, is almost a counterpart of somnambulism. It is a well established fact that the sleep-walker has absolutely no remembrance in his waking moments of what he has done in his somnambulistic tours. It is so in hypnotism. It has been proved, by frequent experiments, that a man may be hypnotized on a certain day and have a train of thought awakened in his mind by the operator, and then be suddenly restored to his normal condition. A week later, say, the same man is again put into the hypnotic trance. It is quite likely that he will at once take up the subject which the operator had

suggested to his mind when he was in the same condition a week before, and continue it until the operator directs his thoughts into other channels. It has been proved, too, that the operator may convey impressions to his subjects, which, under a command given to the subject at the same time, will emerge from the registering ganglia of the brain at a day and hour, even weeks distant, and be as potent as if the subject were still in the hypnotic sleep before the operator."

"What kind of memory would you call that?" asked Mr. Wright.

"That can only be conjectured. Some writers claim that it is purely cerebral memory. There can be no doubt that the spinal cord may be educated to perform the functions of cerebral memory. I believe that actors have unconsciously cultivated medullary memory. By its aid they are enabled to repeat lines of a part without conscious volition. However, wherever the place of retention of an impression may be, there can be no question but that it is retained. I see no reason to doubt that the crime was committed through the hypnotic power, in view of the statement of the operator."

The celebrated Nurgson, the French physiologist, could not give his testimony in English, and

it was with some difficulty that the court interpreter made clear some of his technical phrases. He began by describing the immediate effect of the hypnotic influence. Said he:

“The first step is to put the subject into a profound sleep — a state of complete unconsciousness. His mind is a blank. He has no thoughts save those which are suggested to him by the operator. He is as if in a dreamless sleep; dead, for the time. As I have said, mental activity is awakened only by the operator. In the ordinary biological condition the subject has his eyes open and seems to know what is taking place; but in the complete hypnotic trance his eyes are almost invariably closed. He seems to be in a torpor. His bodily movements are slow, and his mind, even under the immediate direction of the operator works laboriously. There is an appearance of stupidity about him.

“Some subjects are more susceptible than others, though nine persons in ten may be hypnotized. The chief requisite is a willingness to submit to the influence. The subject must be in a state of mental abstraction; from that state he passes by imperceptible stages into the hypnotic condition. He becomes, as has been well expressed

by an English writer, a mere statue of attention, a listening, expectant life; a perfectly undistracted faculty. While in this expectant condition, anything that is suggested to the subject is magnified; joy is doubly joyful; fear is doubly fearful. Every sense is exalted. The subject's whole being, his entire sensibility seems to live in each faculty of perception, as it is aroused to action. Even his physical strength is increased; his muscles will stand a strain that would lacerate them if he were in his normal condition. Men who are incapable of lifting a hundred pounds can be made to lift twice that weight. Persons have been known to perform feats while under the hypnotic influence which they would not dare even attempt in their usual state.

“Hypnotism is really an artificial sleep. What takes place during the time that a person is in that sleep may be likened to the dreams that one has in his natural sleep of which he has no recollection — unconscious cerebration. There is nothing supernatural about it. There can be no doubt that it is a dangerous power. Properly used, however, it may be made of incalculable benefit to mankind. Patients on whom operations were to be performed have been hypnotized and the operation done with-



out pain to them and without their knowledge. It is the most powerful of all anæsthetics, and altogether harmless in its effects. Its value in medicine is just beginning to be understood. Just before I left Paris an experiment was made in the *Salpetriere* Hospital, which was more wonderful than the exhibition of the power of hypnotism which this case affords. A woman who had been hypnotized was placed in a chair on one side of a screen; a dumb woman suffering from hysteria was seated on the other side. A large magnet was placed near the hypnotized dumb woman, and by its aid a magnetic current was established between the two women. Speech was almost instantly restored to the dumb patient; and the other, when awakened from the hypnotic condition, was dumb. She was unable to utter a sound for several hours, but in a very short time recovered the full use of her organ of speech.”

“But do you believe that an impression conveyed as you have described, could be put in execution while the subject was in his natural sleep?” asked the District Attorney.

“It is not impossible.”

“Have you ever known of such an instance?”

M. Nurgson admitted he had not. He added:

“No man can say to what extent hypnotism may be carried. It is one of the most powerful agents mankind possesses. The world is only awakening to its uses.”

“If murders are to be done by its aid it is better that the world continue in ignorance, I think,” remarked the District Attorney.

Other scientific gentlemen were called. They all testified to the admitted existence of the hypnotic power, and in various ways described its attendant phenomena. They asserted their belief in the possibility of the commission of a crime by a hypnotic subject at the command of a wicked operator.

The District Attorney had no testimony to offer. He had not been able to find a scientific man in New York who was willing to go upon the stand and deny the existence of the hypnotic power, or the possibility that a crime might not be committed by its agency. Thus the trial of Henry Wheeler was brought to a close, so far as the taking of testimony was concerned.

The District Attorney knew that he had lost his case; he read it in the faces of the jury, in the manner of the Judge, and there could be no doubt in his mind as to where the sympathy of the spec-

tators lay. His argument was brief. He showed that it had been proved that Wheeler was found in the room with the body of the murdered man, and with the doors locked; that there had been a quarrel between the prisoner and the deceased on the night before the crime was committed, and that there was presumptive evidence of the existence of jealousy on Wheeler's part, creating a sufficient motive for the crime. He sat down, feeling that he had done his duty.

“I leave the case of my client as it stands,” said Mr. Wright. “The dying words of Helene Menton, and the testimony of these eminent men, versed in the science of the mind have, I believe, convinced the jury that Henry Wheeler is not responsible to his God, nor to the law, for the commission of this act. The scientific gentlemen, who have described this strange power, have told you so. If they can not be believed in a matter of this nature, who can? If they do not know, who does?”

In charging the jury Judge Blackwood felt it to be his duty to lay particular stress upon the importance of the “expert” testimony. “We live in a progressive age,” he said, “and it will not do to set aside those things which our minds can not at first fully grasp. My name is mentioned in the

confession of Helene Menton. It is true that I was present at her house on the night before Paul Denman came to his death. I feel it to be my duty as a Judge, irregular as it may seem, to assure you that on that night I saw indisputable evidence of this strange power. Now, if you believe that Helene Menton told the truth in her dying words, it will be right for you to accept the testimony of the scientific gentlemen who have explained the known extent of this power, and acquit the prisoner at the bar."

"Thank God for a Judge who is not afraid to aid justice," said Mr. Wright to himself.

The jury retired. It had been absent not more than ten minutes when a tipstaff announced that it was ready to report. The jurymen filed in and took their places.

"Have you agreed upon a verdict?" asked the Judge.

"We have," responded the foreman. He handed a slip of paper to the Clerk who read, aloud:

"Not guilty."

A cheer went up from the audience. No attempt was made to restore order. Wheeler was hurried away by Mr. Wright and Mr. Ellersly. Seated in

the lawyer's office, Mr. Ellersly said with pride, as he glanced at Wright:

“Didn't I tell you, Wheeler, my boy, that Jack would get you out of your troubles?”

“To him and that noble woman I owe my life,” replied Wheeler with feeling.

“What noble woman?” asked Mr. Ellersly in surprise.

“Miss Menton, of course. It was a grand sacrifice; only a noble woman could have made it.”

“What are you talking about?” said Mr. Ellersly sharply. “If this noble woman had not died as she did you would have been hanged. There was no sacrifice about it. Most people confess their crimes before they die.”

“You are mistaken in your opinion of Miss Menton,” replied Wheeler calmly. “She had committed no crime. I believe she made that statement to save my life, not because it was true. I am as sure in my heart of that as I am that I did not commit a murder.”

“Who did then?” asked Mr. Ellersly, beginning to fear that his friend had gone daft.

“Denman died by his own hand.” Wheeler seemed to be annoyed that Mr. Ellersly should believe that Denman had been murdered.

## CHAPTER XV.

“THINK OF THE AWFUL VENGEANCE SHE WREAKED THROUGH YOU.”

The Menton house was closed — indeed, it was the Menton house no longer. With its beautiful hostess cold in a new-made grave, with the wonderful laboratory of Julius Menton denuded of its furnaces and retorts, and their owner over the seas in Paris, ending his degenerate days in selfish oblivion, it suggested only a memory of the days agone. But the drawing room in which Miss Menton had held her *salons* seemed to retain the old atmosphere.

When Julius Menton advertised the sale of his furniture, Henry Wheeler hastened to buy it; and when old Menton moved out Wheeler moved in, much to the surprise of his friends, who thought he should be the last man in the world to take up his abode there. Mr. Ellersly protested vehemently. He could not comprehend how Wheeler could voluntarily surround himself with the associations which lingered around the place.

“You might as well go to an insane asylum at

once,” he said. “The memories of this place will drive you mad.”

“They will be sweet memories to me,” Wheeler answered, simply.

And so they were. He placed his easel in the old drawing room, and his working hours were spent there. He believed he could feel the presence of the woman who had spent so many sad and bitter moments within its walls. The only grief he had was for the loss of her society. In his dreamy moods he could imagine himself listening again to her voice, and he could see the outlines of her superb form. He erected a monument over her grave, and revered her memory with a tenderness that was almost hallowed. At times, his friends feared that the shadow which had fallen upon his life had unsettled his mind, and yet there was nothing in his manner to indicate that he was unhappy. Though more thoughtful than of old, yet he was as frank and cheerful as ever. He was not in need of their sympathy.

He rarely thought of Denman, and when he did it was without tenderness. The friendship which had once existed between them was not perpetuated in memory. He sometimes felt that he owed it to

Miss Menton to despise the man who had caused her so much misery.

He painted as he had never painted before, and he wrote with a new virility. His character seemed to be more stable, his individuality more intense. He made a name for himself. Perhaps his strange history had something to do with bringing him into prominence, for anything or anybody who is unlike anything or anybody else is quite sure of attention from the world these days. However that may be, Wheeler had more commissions than he could fill. Thus he had entered a new life. The mystery of Paul Denman's death had been a turning point in his career.

One day, five years after the trial, Mr. Ellersly, still hale and genial, though whiter of beard and hair, sat in Wheeler's studio, watching with interest the development of a picture under the artist's brush. They had sat for some moments in silence. Mr. Ellersly looked long and thoughtfully at a life-size, half-length painting in oil which hung upon the wall immediately opposite the artist's stool. It was an idealized portrait of Miss Menton — a truly wonderful work in its poetic treatment.

"Henry," asked Mr. Ellersly, suddenly, "why do you have that picture hanging constantly before



you?” nodding toward the portrait. “Doesn’t it give you the blue devils when you look at her, and think of the awful vengeance she wreaked through you?”

“Why should it?” asked Wheeler, turning from his work, seriously but with evident irritation.

“Of course it should not,” replied Mr. Ellersly, quickly and apologetically, “for you are not responsible for the act; but doesn’t it call up unpleasant memories?”

“My dear Mr. Ellersly,” said Wheeler, “I can never forget the kindness you have shown me, nor the true friendship and aid you gave me when I most needed sympathy and help. But I must beg of you not to speak of this matter as if it was I who killed Paul Denman. The thought is repulsive to me and equally as absurd. I have never talked with you on this subject — that is, I have never told you what I believe, what I *know*.

“Let us admit to start with that Miss Menton despised Denman. It is possible that in the bitterness of feeling which the wrongs he had done her engendered, she may have attempted to take her revenge in the way she described in her confession. This may be possible; but I do not believe it. She would never have made me a party — even an inno-

cent one to a crime — to a murder. However, admit that she did intend that I should do a murder. Does it follow that I did it? Not at all. If she had directed me to fly across the East River I believe those experts would have sworn that it was not impossible for me to have done it. The theory on which I was cleared of the charge of killing Paul Denman was ridiculous. I am very sorry that Miss Menton's confession was ever introduced. It placed me in an awkward position. I could have been cleared by showing that Denman killed himself. We were all frightened at the time. For myself I know that it was impossible to think clearly. But I can see it all very plainly now.

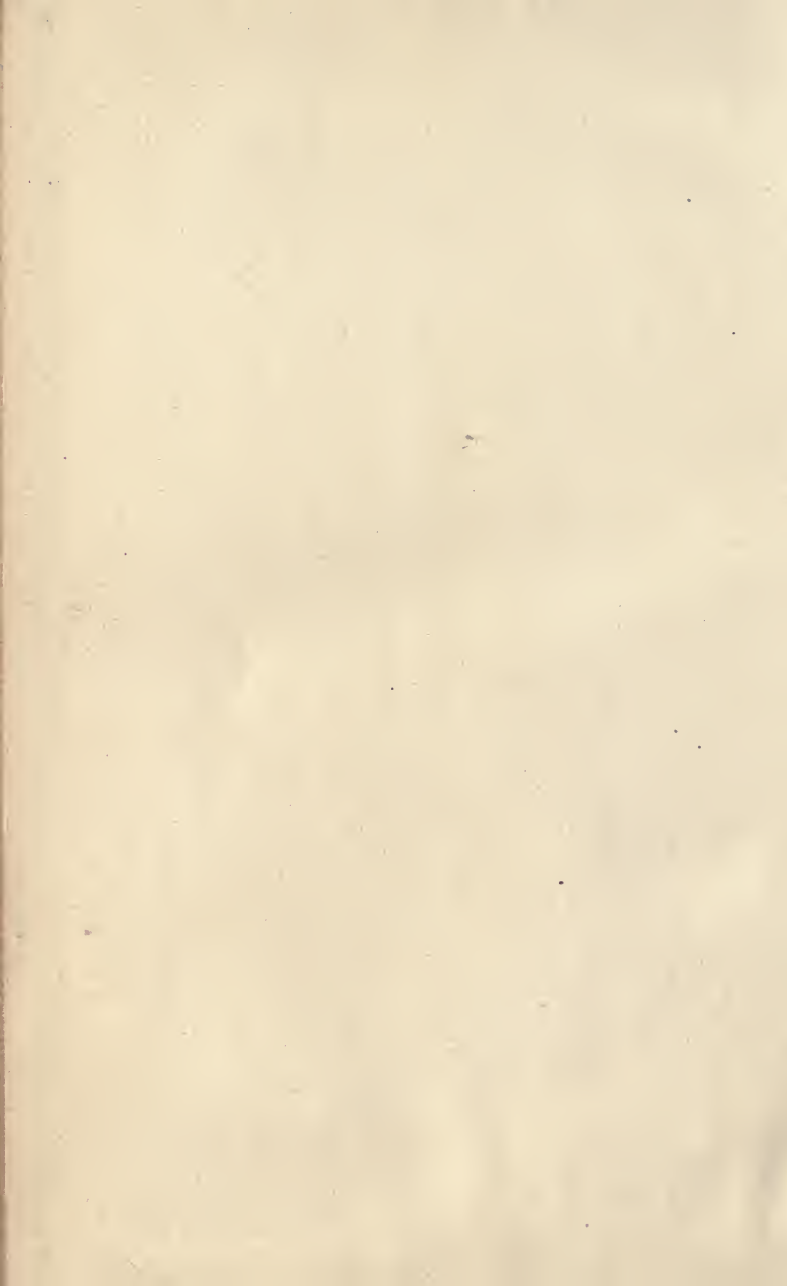
“Wright should have shown that there was no motive to connect me with the crime; that there was absolutely no reason why I should have killed Denman. We were not rivals, and I was never jealous of him, simply annoyed, at first, because I could not learn what the relation had been between Denman and Miss Menton in Paris. The fact that I was discovered in the room with the doors locked could have been used to my advantage, for a murderer does not give the alarm to notify the world of his crime, and call in witnesses to prove that he is the guilty man. The whole theory is wrong.

“I am convinced that Denman died by his own hand. There was no murder about it. He was morbid and full of strange fears that night, as he himself confessed to me. Probably remorse so preyed upon his mind as to suggest the ending of a useless life. The jury could have been made to see this. Wright’s theory and his experts were unnecessary. If I committed that crime, don’t you believe that in all the years that have passed some sudden thought would have come to me—some re-awakened impression that would bring back the deed to my mind? There would be a something that would tell me that it was really I who killed Paul Denman. I have never had such a thought—never the vaguest kind of impression. On the contrary, my belief that Denman committed suicide grows stronger every day. I am a reasonable man; I am in health; my brain is not affected, and I can understand a proposition as clearly as most men. Therefore I refuse to believe that I could commit a murder under any influence and not know it. A thousand experts could not make me think otherwise. I shall believe as I do now to my dying day.”

And he did.









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