

# HENRY NORBERT'S STORY

The Death of Theodore Knight.

By HENRY HAZLAND, IN THE "NEW YORK HERALD"

## CHAPTER III.

I own I had been impressed and stirred by what he said or by his manner of saying it. In my emotion I forgot the hundred excellent reasons I had to urge against him. A wiser man than I, however, observing how the subject agitated his interlocutor would have dropped it, introducing a new one. I shall never cease bitterly to reproach myself for my folly in pursuing it. If our conversation had stopped at that point the act, the crime, that followed it would very probably never have been committed. In my wisdom I said:—“Well, even so? What is there to be afraid of? Yes, undoubtedly, each mother's son of us may die at any moment. But why should we dread death, shrink from death? The bodily agony, even if supreme, cannot be of long duration; and as for the future life, if there is one, we have no reason to expect that it will be worse than the present.”

“Ah, there is just the point!” cried Knight. “The future life! You say, if there is one, I am convinced there is.”

“Well, even so? What of it? What I fail to understand is why you should fear it. What shadow of reason have you for imagining that it will be less endurable than the life we know here?”

“It is not a question of imagining, Norbert; it is a matter of demonstrable fact. In the future life—here is the horrible knowledge that lies upon my conscience day and night, torturing it like a coal of fire, racking me with an utter horror and dread of death—in the future life my portion will be hell.”

I looked at him. His face was livid. His lips were drawn back until they exposed the teeth. His fingers were clenched. His eyes stared fixedly at the wall in front of him, with a light in them that was almost maniacal.

“Hell! What? What? Good Lord, Knight, what ails you? To make you look like that, to make you look like that? Are you hoisting me? Are you acting? Or are you imbecile? Hell! What do you think you mean?”

“I am not hoisting you, nor acting a part, nor am I imbecile. I mean what I say, absolutely, exactly. After my death I shall find myself in hell.”

“May I be permitted to ask a question?”

“Twenty if you like.”

“Very well. Since when have you believed in hell?—you who, of all rationalists, need to be the extreme?”

“Since I cut my wisdom teeth. Since my eyes were opened to the obvious, I never was more of a rationalist than when, plucking up my courage, I dared to follow my reason to the furthest depth it would lead me and then recognized the necessity, the inevitableness of hell.”

“I declare, Knight, I think you are losing your mind. What reactionary talk is this? Those of us who are enlightened, in this age of the world's development, have seen clearly that given any personal future life at all it must be but a gradual and natural sequel to this life—a logical continuation of it—that the soul will begin there where it left off here; that it is the height of absurdity to expect an immediate and immense translation to a heaven or to a hell. Yet you—!”

Do you live in the nineteenth century or are you floundering in the ignorance and the superstition of the twelfth? You talk of hell. Well, taking hell for granted, what crimes are you guilty of, what deadly sins have you committed that you deem yourself doomed to hell?”

“None that I know of. I have committed no crimes, to my knowledge; and I believe my worst sins have been venial. But that is neither here nor there, or rather—no, that again is just the point. I will speak of that in a moment. What strikes me at present is the sublime conceit of those of us who are enlightened. What new and special revelation have you received—you who are enlightened—that you describe with such confidence and such complacency the nature of future life? Oh, the comfortable the flattering theology of men! The future life shall be but a natural and gradual sequel to this life—a logical continuation of it. We shall begin there where we left off here—smoothly, easily, without break, without violence! I tell you, man, in the future life every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain. There is no reason, no purpose, no justice, no excuse, for a future life which shall be but an easy and comfortable continuation of this; so that I, who have the start and advantage here, shall have the eternal start, the eternal advantage over you poor devil at this moment begging, or perhaps stealing, or it may be even murdering in the streets. In the streets, Norbert, shivering under the open sky, in body and mind and soul low and evil and loathsome, while I sit here in my safe house, before my fire, well fed, well clad, clean and virtuous and beloved. The valley must be exalted, the mountain and hill laid low; the crooked must be made straight, the rough places plain. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. There must be a heaven and a hell to correct the inequalities, to atone for the injustices that we are in the midst of here. Hell! Heaven! Of course I don't mean a hell of fire and brimstone, a heaven of music and glory. I mean a hell and heaven of the spirit; two opposite conditions of the soul.”

Knight had spoken with such sincerity it was impossible not to take him seriously and answer him respectfully. Therefore I said:—“Well, granting all that, granting hell, heaven—everything you wish—I have not yet understood, and I am particularly interested to learn, why you anticipate hell as your individual lot. You tell me you are guilty of no crimes and that your worse sins have been venial. I, who know you pretty well, should say that you have led a singularly moral life. Why, then, hell for you?”

“As I said a moment ago, the very point of the matter lies right here. I am rich, Norbert; and it is easier—it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.”

I lost patience. “Oh come, Knight,” I protested. “You don't mean to say that you believe such—such—” I hesitated for a word.

“Such what?” demanded Knight, turning large, surprised eyes upon my face.

“Such—oh, well, you know, that's utterly unreasonable. That's nonsense. Because a man chances to be rich—because he has inherited wealth or legitimately acquired it—he must be excluded from the kingdom of God! Oh! you know as well as I do that's preposterous.”

“Unreasonable! Preposterous?” Knight repeated, with the air of a man who mistrusts his hearing.

“Exactly so.”

“You—you forget, perhaps, who said it?”

“No, I remember perfectly who said it.”

“And do you venture to assert of any smallest word that fell from his lips that it is unreasonable or preposterous?”

“It was to your construction of the word that I applied those terms. It wasn't meant literally.”

“Can you tell me of any figurative construction that it will bear?”

“The eye of a needle” referred to was a famous gateway, through which it was difficult for a loaded camel to pass—difficult, mark you, but not impossible. It means, therefore, that the average rich man may have some difficulty getting into the Kingdom of heaven, because the average rich man is apt to be purse proud and ungenerous.”

“A deceit and a sham, Norbert,” Knight cried; “invented by ease-loving ecclesiastics, themselves rich, to the end of reconciling their unchristian luxuries to such shreds of Christianity as they had left. According to that reading, Christ's declaration is virtually meaningless, and I think we shall be safe in assuming that Christ always meant something when he spoke.”

“Well, then, it means a bad rich man.”

“It doesn't say so. As it stands it covers all rich men.”

“Well, then, it is unreasonable. It never could have been so meant by Christ. The notion that all rich men, good and bad, without discrimination, are destined to perdition is monstrous. I know no sane person who will maintain the contrary.”

“I am sane.”

“I was beginning very seriously to doubt this. But I confined myself to saying, ‘Well’.”

“Well, I am sane, and I will maintain the contrary. It was meant literally; it is literally true. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.”

“Which is a mere repetition of your previous assertion, not justified by the faintest scintilla of argument. I should be curious to hear your reasons, though, if you have any. It's a singular thesis. I should be interested to know what circumstances you can allege in support of it. But, waiving that for the moment, there's a manifest way out of your difficulties. You believe yourself doomed to hell because you are rich. Well and good. Sell all you have and give it to the poor.”

“Ah, yes, if I could—if I could. But there's the worst of it. I can't.”

“Can't? Oh, well, then you simply lack the courage of your convictions and hell will serve you right. If a man sees his salvation tangible before him, but is too weak to grasp it, he has no one but himself to blame if he is damned.”

“Oh, Norbert, you are obtuseness itself. Materialist that you are, you conceive by the word ‘riches’ material riches only. Those indeed I could give to the poor. But that would not mend matters in any smallest degree. The poor would remain as poor as ever; I should still be a rich man. Material wealth is nothing. It is my spiritual wealth—my wealth of soul and mind—which damns me. That I can neither sell nor give away, nor sequester, nor in any wise forfeit nor get rid of. That is entailed upon me. So long as I draw the breath of life in this body I shall be a rich man, and that is my damnation. Superior parts and culture, the love of the woman who to-morrow will be my wife, refinement, virtuous predispositions—there is my wealth—I cannot alienate it.”

I looked at the man in amazement. “I give you up,” I faltered. “So well as I comprehend it, you mean that you are to be damned for your virtues! It's a paradox which I own myself unable to cope with. Go on. I am waiting to be convinced that you are not insane.”

“I said at the outset, Norbert, that you would probably not understand me. I said, too, that perhaps it would be better for you if you should not understand me; better for your peace of mind, I meant. But then, on second thoughts, I said, it is perhaps always best in the long run to recognize and confess the truth. Thus far you have not understood me; I will show you the truth so vividly that you shall not forget nor doubt it ever again. If you like, mind! I make that stipulation; for I warn you beforehand that the fruit of the tree of knowledge is bitter, and that if you taste of it it will poison your life as it has poisoned mine. It's for you to choose.”

“Go ahead,” I said, lightly, “I guess I can stand it.”

“At your peril, remember. Well, here; you cried out just now, ‘he expects to be damned for his virtues!’ and you derided that for a paradox. Thereby you showed that on these subjects you have done no independent thinking; that you have swallowed whole the empty husks of formulae which constitute the diet of those people who take their creeds at second hand, their theologies by hearsay. You showed that you still profess the ethical doctrine which deems it meet and proper that a man should be rewarded for the good he does and punished for the evil; saved for his virtues and damned for his sins. Now I say that is indeed a paradox—a fallacy, repugnant to the feelings of every man who has a sense of fair play, inadmissible to the mind of every man who will give the matter two minutes of fearless thought. For consider a little. It proceeds upon the assumption of a free will,—a free will, and consequent moral responsibility. But you, who know a few principles of science, you know as well as I do that there is no such thing, that there can be no such thing, that no such thing is conceivable in man, as a free will, nor, therefore, a moral responsibility. You know that we are one and all of us under the iron and all exclusive dominion of Necessity; that we can no more help doing what we do than we can help being what we are. According to

## THE MYSTERIES OF HYPNOTISM.

The Strange Force Which Is Puzzling the Scientific World.

When a person has become thoroughly hypnotized, says a writer in the New York

World, he is but an automaton, moving, acting, thinking at the will of the operator, who can produce any sensation that he may desire. He can destroy sensation and produce complete anaesthesia. The fingers of a subject can be sewed together, drawing thread through the flesh, and the victim will remain an amused spectator. You can render any sense hypersensitive so that intense pain will be felt at the slightest touch.

Every sense can be intensified, though no other person in the room can be heard save the operator, yet the faintest whisper by him will be heard distinctly across a wide room. A watch in his hand can be heard at a distance of thirty or forty feet distinctly, and located even when the subject is blindfolded.

Memory is made exceedingly acute, so that things which in a normal state are forgotten are easily remembered and recalled. A young man who had lost a small article was made to remember where he had it last, and was sent for it, and returned with it as a matter of course, though he had searched long and painfully for it when in a normal state of mind. It is impossible to hypnotize an idiot, but not impossible to hypnotize a feeble-minded person, and there is a use of it indicated in that respect which promises development to such in acuteness and mental strength.

It can be made the instrument of many crimes. At the request of a physician present I suggested to a young lady whom I had hypnotized that she was suffering with a sore throat and pneumonia, and that she had a high fever and was ill. Her pulse increased so rapidly that in the space of five seconds the physician said that the increase was at the rate of forty beats to the minute. It is my opinion that I could have killed her by increasing the heart's action, and that a physician would have signed a certificate of death by pneumonia or paralysis of the heart.

She was of a gentle, kindly disposition, and yet, hypnotized, would commit murder at the operator's direction as readily as she would eat an apple. A paper dagger was placed in her hand and she was instructed to kill a person present, and she stabbed him with but little hesitation, and on being awakened had no remembrance of doing the deed. She would have committed suicide with the same indifference as she committed the murder and made no plea against it. The story that comes from France that such a thing was done and that the operator who commanded the suicide is to be hanged for murder is all a probable thing, whether the story published is an invention or a fact. A business man who could be hypnotized would write a check at the command of the operator and then forget ever having done it.

The whole phenomena of faith cure and so-called Christian science lie in the domain of this new science. Whatever there is in thought transference is here.

The English Salt Union.

The English Salt Union is about to declare a dividend of fifteen per cent. as the result of its first six-months' operations. This is a pretty penny and will not fail to aid another scheme that has been in contemplation for some time. Thomas Ward was sent to the United States by this same syndicate to value properties for the North American Salt Company. He has visited a great many properties and made an exhaustive examination of their capabilities. He is back in England again by this time and his report will be awaited with great interest on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Ward declined to give the press the result of his examinations of American salt-fields before sailing last week. But it is understood that it is likely to be such as to result in placing in England a large proportion of the securities of the American company, especially among the shareholders of the English Salt Union. Their fat home dividends would not make them averse to investing still further, especially as their agent appears to have been deeply impressed by the extent and value of the American fields as compared with English property of like character. These facts show which way the salt breeze is blowing just now. It is fortunate that salt is plentiful, but still ever so infinitesimal an increase in its price adds to the burden which these rapacious trusts are imposing on the people.

Forecasts of the Future.

We do not remember the last date fixed by the Rev. M. Baxter for the end of the world, nor the method by which he arrived at it; but it does not matter, for the busy prophet has recently revised his calculations and is now peddling in Paris a new set of forecasts of the future. He has discovered that the period between the years 1890 and 1901 will be that of the “great crisis,” and that the world will come to an end on April 11th of the latter year. There will be great wars, during which Germany will be overcome by France, and Great Britain will lose Ireland and India. General Boulanger will be the man of destiny during the war, and he will be followed by Prince Jerome Napoleon, the numerical values of the names of each being the mystic number 666. The first trumpet will sound between October 2nd and 20th, 1896, and the “casting down of Satan and his angels” will take place about December 15th of the same year. He will then “rage furiously on the earth” from that date till August 14th, 1897, “when he will become incarnate in Napoleon the antichrist,” whose advent to power will have been preceded by “the flight of Universal War and the Republicanism,” and will be followed by “the flight of Christians into a Wilderness on the Wings of the Great Eagle.” We hope Mr. Baxter's pamphlet in which this is all explained, is selling well, for his ingenuity and perseverance certainly deserve reward. He owes the public some apology, however, for shifting his dates so frequently.

“When the collection was taken up, President Harrison dropped a quarter upon the plate, which was carefully watched, and the coin picked out by Dr. Stewart, who collected the offering, as a keepsake.” This occurred in Philadelphia recently, and the Indianapolis “Journal” speaks of the incident as a display of the “extreme of snobbery.” It may be much worse than this, however, for there is no mention of the doctor having replaced the coin with an ordinary everyday quarter from his own pocket. This is a matter that should be cleared up.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Bolling water will remove tea stains, and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.

One ounce each of cloves, cedar, and rhubarb, pulverised together, makes a good perfume for closets and drawers, and the mixture helps to prevent moths.

To bathe the eyes properly, take a large basin of cold water, bend the head close over it, and with both hands throw the water with some force on the gently closed lids. This has something of the same effect as a shower-bath, and has a toning-up influence.

The preservation of rails in use is not the result of the vibratory motion or of an electric action due to the passage of the trains, but has lately been ascribed to the formation of magnetic oxide, produced by the compression of the rust on the metal. The rails are thus protected against the action of moist air in the same manner as iron oxidised by fire.

Wire-solder is made by punching small holes from one-thirty-second to one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter in the bottom of a sheet-iron pan along one-side, holes to be one-half inch apart. Set the pan upon a flat plate of iron or a flat stone slab, pour in the solder, and tip the pan so that the solder will flow through the holes, drawing the pan along the slab fast enough to leave trains of solder cooling in the form of wires. This will require a few trials to succeed well and make the wire even.

How to Sew on Buttons.—When you begin, before you lay the button on the cloth stuff, put the thread through, so that the knot will be on the right side. That leaves it under the button, and prevents it from being worn or ironed away, and thus beginning the loosening process. Then, before you begin sewing, lay a large pin across the button, so that all your threads will go over the pin. After you have finished filling the holes with thread, draw out the pin, and wind your thread round and round beneath the button. That makes a compact stem to sustain the possible pulling and wear of the button-hole. Buttons thus sewn scarcely ever come off.

The simplest and safest way to bore holes in glass is to use a copper or brass tube, quite thin, of the size of the hole. Bore a hole in a small block of wood about one-quarter of an inch thick—hole to fit the tube loosely. Fasten the block to the glass with bees-wax, so that the hole corresponds with the required hole in the glass. Insert the tube in the hole and pour emery—No. 90—and water into the tube with a spoon, and turn the tube back and forth with the fingers; or a little grooved pulley may be put on the tube to work with a string, in which case a centre should be placed at upper end to guide the tube. In this way a hole of any size, from one-eighth of an inch to an inch or more, may be cut through ordinary window-glass in a few minutes.

Mr. Rene Verhagen of Brussels, writing in “La Clinique” on the use of sulphonal as he has seen it employed in Würzburg under Professor Leube, mentions the great success which was obtained by its means in cases of insomnia, even when the patients were suffering from serious conditions, such as cardiac disease or Bright's disease, and when the drug was given for a prolonged period, occasionally for as much as three months. In many of the cases other drugs, such as opium, were contra-indicated. The dose usually employed at Würzburg is fifteen grains, and it is found that this is always sufficient; it is sometimes given as a powder and sometimes as an emulsion, when, although from its great want of solubility a portion of the dose is almost inevitably wasted, it nevertheless appears to answer its purpose. Some of the Brussels physicians are now beginning to employ sulphonal; but the sulphonal used seems to differ from that which is employed in Würzburg, as the effects are said to be less certain and more tardy in making appearance.

With regard to the accident which has occurred to the German Navy at Apia, it might be advisable, says the “British Journal of Photography,” to refer once more to the theory of Dr. Zenger of Prague, who suggested, as will be remembered, to make use of photography for the prediction of the weather. According to the doctor, photographs of the sun taken on orthochromatic plates offer a most infallible means to indicate with almost absolute certainty the approaching atmospheric and subterranean disturbances at least twenty-four hours before their setting in. In these photographs zones are often to be seen around the sun's disc—i. e., rings of circular or elliptical form, of white or grayish colour—and, if these zones appear of very large diameter and of unusual heaviness, this indicates that violent storms, thunderstorms, or magnetic disturbances will soon set in at the place of observation. At every ship's station should therefore be established a small photographic laboratory, in which photographs of the sun could be taken as often as possible. A much more reliable prediction of the weather would be afforded by this means than by the aid of the barometer now generally in use for this purpose, and precautions could therefore be taken in good time.

THE BRIDE'S ROOM DROPPED DEAD.

And After his Burial the Afflicted Bride Married a Rival Suitor.

A large crowd of people assembled at Mount Hope Church, Lamar county, Ala., on Sunday morning, to witness the marriage of Julius Shearer and Minnie Moran, two prominent young people of the neighborhood. Just as the preacher began the ceremony Shearer sank to the floor and died in a few moments. He had heart disease, and the excitement of the occasion brought on a fatal attack. Among those present in the church was William Langley, a rejected suitor of Miss Moran. At the first opportunity Langley approached the young lady and told her that Providence had interposed to prevent her marriage to Shearer. He insisted that she ought to marry him, as the Lord was clearly on his side. Miss Moran finally consented to marry Langley as soon as Shearer was buried. Shearer's funeral took place yesterday morning, and Langley and Miss Moran were married without Providential interference.

“Well, Johnny, I shall forgive you this time, and it's very pretty of you to write a letter to say you're sorry.” “Yes, ma; don't tear it up, please.” “Why, Johnny?” “Because it will do for the next time.”

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Tried to Make Him at Home.

“You couldn't give me a suite of two rooms with a bath-room adjoining, could you?” asked a young and aesthetic neophyte of a Montana hotel proprietor.

“A what?” asked the dazed Montanian.

“A suite of rooms.”

“A what?”

“Why, a suite of rooms—a parlor and a bed chamber.”

“How many is there of you?” asked the dazed landlord.

“No one is with me.”

“And you want two full rooms to yourself, and a bath-room thrown in? Well, if you ain't got the check I don't know who has. Here, now, show this chap up to that little room over the kitchen that ain't got but four beds in it. He wants to be kinder private, he does. And he wants a bath, too, so you give him a seaser of soft soap and the towel after the rest is done with it, and then show him where the pump is. This ain't exactly Boston, but when a gent from the Hub favours me with com'ny he gets the best we got, he does.”—[Drake's Magazine.]

## Mutual Endearments.

Two rival belles at an evening party were seated in the conservatory with their respective cavaliers enjoying their supper. The gas was turned down somewhat as it should be in a conservatory at an evening party. “My dear Julia,” said one of the fascinating creatures, “how beautiful your complexion is—in this dim light!” “Oh, thank you,” responded her rival; “and how lovely you look in the dark!”