

THE MESSIAH OF NEW MEXICO.

Wonderfully like the story of the Scriptures as rehearsed in the New Testament is the tale upon every lip in the central part of New Mexico to-day. Wonderfully like the scenes of the Bible, in setting and in some of the characteristics, have been the scenes enacted there.

In New Mexico, where the native population may be seen daily in the wheat fields cutting grain with a sickle, where the grain is still separated from the chaff beneath the feet of horses, where the mortar and pestle are still commonly used in the home manufacture of flour and bread is baked in a clay oven resembling a dog kennel (for stoves are very uncommon in the abodes of the Mexicans outside the principal towns), there suddenly burst upon the view of these people, whence no one seems to know, a man bearing a striking resemblance to the pictures of the Christ who looked upon just such



THE "HEALER."

scenes as these nearly nineteen hundred years ago; a man who tastes not of food, a man whose touch brings sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, motion to the halt, peace unto the suffering. Like the Christ he was first doubted by these people, though he came among them professing to be no more than he appeared. Like the Christ, he won his followers by his kindly deeds, his cures of the afflicted, his unselfish devotion to mankind. Like the Christ, he was persecuted by the higher class of the Mexican population, threatening him as an impostor, a sharper, a schemer, a luatic, and his persecutors he transformed into his staunchest friends.

FOLLOWED BY HUNDREDS.

For more than two weeks he has been followed by hundreds wherever he has gone. To-day a constant stream of people passes before him praying that he touch their hands. Blind, deaf, and halt are led or carried to him; women with tiny babes bring them to him to be healed of ailments real or imaginary; old, middle-aged, young, ignorant and educated Mexicans, Americans of the highest standing in the community visit him at the lowly homes he most frequents or in the homes of the rich and prominent, in which he is a welcome guest. Great lines of carriages and waggons and saddle horses stand before every house he enters, the owners, drivers, or riders have come for him to take him to the home of some one who is suffering. Each and all, high or lowly, he treats the same, and from no one will he take a cent for the services he has performed, though money is repeatedly pressed upon him. For all he has the same kindly greeting, the same kindly treatment.

Stories of his cures are beyond belief. Many of them have been investigated, and now even the most credulous is willing to admit the man is doing many men good and no man harm—that he is honest in his endeavours to aid suffering humanity and consistent in his actions. As to whence comes his power opinions differ. Among the Mexicans few doubt it comes directly from Heaven; among the Americans it is attributed to animal magnetism and the principles upon which the Christian Science doctrine is founded.

Monday afternoon, July 15th, a Mexican *attache* of the morning newspaper in Albuquerque rushed breathlessly into the office, his face the picture of amazement. The day previous he had been at Peralta, a small town on the Rio Grande River, about twenty miles south of that city. There, he said, he had seen a man who was the perfect picture of the prints of the Christ which adorn the walls of the ancient Cathedral of San Felipe, the towers of

which have been outlined in the blue sky of this South-west land for more than three hundred years. This man had been surrounded all day long by crowds of people. He had held the hands of a blind man and sight had been restored to him; he had touched the hands of a woman who had been paralyzed for years and she left as well as in the days of her maidenhood; he had treated many others and all had been benefited. Since his advent into that village, in a miraculous manner, several days before, it was known he had not tasted food.

APPEARANCE OF THE HEALER.

He is a man of about six feet in height, and weighs probably 160 pounds. His form is that of the athlete, and like the athlete, he has all the supple grace of the man of trained muscles.

First of all to strike the observer is the remarkable likeness between the man and the pictures of the Christ. The long, flowing brown hair, curling a trifle at the shoulders, over which it spread, was there parted in the middle and combed smoothly over the ears. The brown beard, falling gracefully upon the breast was there; the small white patches devoid of hair just at the corners of the mouth, which mark the perfect Jewish facial adornment, were there. The eyes, blue and clear as the skies without, beamed with a kindly light upon all who approached. The mouth, firmly and delicately cut, was faintly seen between beard and moustache. As long as the mouth was closed the resemblance between the man and a picture of the Christ, which adorned one of the walls of the room, was complete; when the lips parted the illusion was shattered, for the absence of two teeth in the upper jaw robbed the face of its striking appearance. For clothing the man wore simply a blue calico shirt, a blue jeans 'jumper' falling over the hips to meet blue overalls, much too short for him, and not meeting a pair of cheap socks which covered the feet. No hat, no shoes did the man wear, and the sun intensely hot.

First to apply to him for the healing touch was a relative of the host, an old man who had totally lost the sight of one eye. Motioning him to a seat by his side, the 'Healer' took the hands of his patient in his own. For five minutes the two sat there speechless. The lips of the 'Healer' could be seen to move from time to time, and occasionally his big blue eyes were directed upward. Now and then, too, a shudder seemed to pass over him, his body swaying with the emotion. The old man's sightless orb was directed toward the face of the man to whom he appealed for succour and his body swayed with the emotion of anticipation. They sat there speechless until the old man arose and with a sigh departed to the placita.

Men, women and children took the seat he had vacated and the former proceeding was repeated. Some left the chair declaring their pain had vanished; others said they had noticed no beneficial results. As the 'Healer' held the hands of his patients he talked with the people.

'I shall be thirty nine years of age in a few days,' he said, in answer to a question. 'I was born in Alsace-Lorraine when it was a French possession, and am therefore a Frenchman.'

The voice and accent indicated the German, and the name given by him, Francis Schlader, proved that he was of German extraction.

Sunday morning Schlader appeared in Albuquerque, at the home of Mrs Werner, in that portion of the city called Old Town.

At first few persons but the Mexicans went to him for treatment. As stories of cures from the lips of the patients themselves filled the air the more highly educated Spaniards and the Americans began looking into the matter. Every day the 'Healer' made converts, and men who had derided him as an impostor publicly apologized for their unbelief and unkind remarks. The 'Healer' began yielding to the pleadings of some of the most wealthy citizens, who desired him to go to their homes, until, when it became generally known he would go when asked, he has been the guest of some of the most prominent citizens of Albuquerque. All admit there is something remarkable about the man; all admire him for his honesty of purpose and endeavour, and all admit he is doing much good.

Many of the leading people of the city are among his patients, and the result of their treatment is being watched by the entire city. One prominent and wealthy citizen has promised to build Schlader a church if his wife be cured of an affliction.

UNSPOILED BY POPULARITY.

In spite of the laudation given him, in spite of the fact that he is eagerly sought by the rich and influential, Schlader's manner has not changed in the least. He treats all alike, and seems not to know or see the persons he grasps by the hands.

The fame, notoriety, what you will, of the 'Healer' has spread over the entire country. The newspapers, the banks, the telegraph office, the Post Office, and

private citizens by the score are daily in receipt of letters from all parts of the country asking about him.

To-day he is the idol of a large part of the population of this district. Whether he will continue so remains to be seen.

THE NEW ZEALANDER ABROAD.

IRISHMEN claim that their capital is one of the most beautiful of European cities, and impartial judges are not inclined to dispute their contention. There are some very fine buildings in Dublin, and several large parks; and off-shoots of the Wicklow Mountains constitute a picturesque background to many of the streets on the south side of the Liffey. The river divides the city into two equal portions, and is spanned by a number of fine bridges, the last of which, Carlisle Bridge, connects the two great thoroughfares, Sackville and Westmoreland-streets, and is the point from which the finest views of the public buildings and river are obtained. The harbour gives shelter to large vessels. Dublin University or Trinity College is an ancient institution, having been founded by Queen Elizabeth. It is a distinguished seat of learning, and has given to the world many men conspicuous for ability.

SWINDLING APPLIANCES.

EVEN the swindling gambler is 'good for business' in his own particular way. This, at all events, is the case in New York, where the manufacture of swindling appliances for gamblers seems to be as flourishing an industry as pork-butchering in Chicago. The gentlemen who are at the head of these manufacturing houses which exist 'to assist the doctrine of chance' are wonderfully inventive, their goods including crooked faro boxes, 'fixed' roulette wheels, marked cards loaded dice, and ever so many other pretty little contrivances. Marked cards, it would seem, are the most popular means employed by the gentle cardsharp in the pursuance of his profession. Various methods enable the sharper to distinguish the different cards. One of the most common is by a slight variation in the pattern of the back of the cards. Some of the variations are so slight that it seems almost impossible for any gambler, however keen his eyesight, to detect them. What is called the bicycle card is a favourite advantage card. The pattern represents a bicyclist riding along a road, while an owl sits in a branch of a tree on one side of the way. The limbs of the trees are bare and the little twigs which stick out just beyond the owl's perch determine the value of the card. They vary in number and position according to suit and value. The difference is exceedingly small, and even if you know the cards are crooked it is difficult to discover where the crookedness lies. Leaded dice furnish another means for swindling. When dice are skillfully loaded and the advantage is not too apparent, detection is impossible without cutting them in two. In making them great skill is required. The die is drilled through to the centre over one of the black spots, a plug made of the same material as the die is inserted, and the spot rebacked. This plug is a little shorter than the hole drilled, and thus leaves a hollow space, which influences the fall of the die according to its position and depth. Sometimes this hollow space is filled with a heavier material. Dice are made to throw high or low or to favour one particular number. The proper size and position of the plugs are only learned by long experience. Most of the orders come from the Southern negro 'crapshooters.' They are exceedingly particular about the dice they use, and require only a slight percentage in their favour. If dice were too pronounced on the side of the shooter, suspicion would be at once aroused.



CANINE SAGACITY.

ARABELLA: 'Be quiet, Fido, anyone to see you barking like that would think Mr Jones wanted to steal something!'