STRANGE VISIONS SEEN IN A CLEAR GLASS OF WATER

Hallucinations Hard to Explain by Scientific Experimenters.

CRYSTAL GAZING A FAD.

Psychical Research Society Trying to Find Out Why People See Queer Things in Goblets and Globes.

Crystal visions are the latest fad of the Society of Psychical Research. That association of progressive servants has devoted much of its attention recently to the ability of certain persons to produce hallucinations by gazing into glass globes or goblets of water. It has obtained data of startling results and is preparing to astonish the world with a mass of learned literature upon the subject which it is collecting.

Professor J. H. Hyslop, of Columbia College, is the most active member of the society in New York. Though he is a scientist of the most severely practical type, he is convinced that the illusions of crystal-gazers are well worthy of study, as having possible bearing upon undiscovered scientific truths. With clear, unbiased mind, he gathers all the statistics he can find and turns them over to his fellow-seekers after knowledge. During the past few years he has studied carefully several cases that have come under his personal observation and has furnished to the society much interesting information concerning the strange phenomenon.

It should be premised that the society is not an organization with a hobby. As its name implies, its object is to search for all stories, histories, autobiographies and traditions that may possibly have anything to do with psychical phenomena. It is absolutely unprejudiced and makes no attempt to shape facts. All it tries to do is to collect them. If the trend of the evidence it gathers leads it to a belief in the supernatural, it is satisfied to accept spiritualism or any other doctrine that may be established by the facts; if the mass of testimony leans toward materialism and a denial of the existence of everything spiritual, equally good. It is simply a jury of scientists and other thinkers prepared to try the case of the Seen vs. the Unseen upon its merits.

Professor Hyslop was quite willing to talk of crystal gazing when a Journal reporter saw him in the crowded library of his residence, No. 510 West One Hundred and Forty-ninth street. After having prefaced his remarks with a reiteration of his disinterested position upon the question, he went on to say:

"Crystal visions are among the most curious of unexplained phenomena. Strictly speaking, they have little scientific value, so far as I know. They are simply hallucinations produced by gazing at a crystal globe or a glass of water, and seem to have little if anything to do with the will of the individual. Often the illusions are mere mosaics of previous incidents in the experience of the gazer; sometimes they are visions of things which the gazer has never actually seen, but which, like most so-called 'strange' dreams, may easily be imagined by anybody of active fancy.

"Still, I have witnessed many startling coincidences in connection with those same hallucinations. It happens not infrequently that the gazer sees in the crystal or water scenes which have actually happened, or possibly, are actually happening at the time. Then it is that the phenomenon seems to encroach upon the realm of the supernatural, and is called by most unthinking persons 'second sight.' As a matter of fact, nothing has been adduced to show that the coincidence may be explained as an instance of clairvoyance. In fact, I am tempted to throw the clairvoyant out of the reckoning altogether, as almost unworthy of consideration in the question.

"Telepathy, in my opinion, may prove to be part of the cause of the phenomenon. What I mean by that qualified statement is that if other facts yet to be established happen to prove conclusively that there is such a thing as telepathy, or thought-transference, I shall be nearly willing to accept it as an explanation of the faculty of crystal-gazing. There may be many other ways in which the existence of the telepathic communication may be demonstrated. As I say, crystal-gazing is not sufficient in itself to do so, but we may ascertain in the future that thought-transference is responsible for the visions seen in the crystal.

"Remember, the scene in the crystal is not a complete hallucination. In the first place, the image is seldom, if ever, the actual size of the supposed scene. If a gazer has a vision of a man, the figure seen in the crystal or water is always much smaller than the man himself. So the vision is not a perfect illusion. In fact, the gazer is never deceived by the vision, but always realizes, even while seeing it, that it is only a hallucination.

"Again, the vision can generally be traced to the observation; unconscious at the time, of the object or objects seen in the mirror. It is surprising how many things we see without realizing that we are looking at them, and still more astonishing how we remember sights that have never attracted our conscious attention. You may be walking along the street and see a woman with a red shawl. It is almost certain that that garment, being unusual under the prevailing fashions, would attract your attention immediately. You might not notice, however, that the woman wore a black bonnet, if there were nothing unusual about it; but weeks afterward the unconscious observation of the bonnet might crop up in your memory. Possibly you could not recollect when you had seen a woman in a black bonnet; or, at any rate, that particular black bonnet; nevertheless, the image of the black bonnet might be almost indelibly impressed upon your mind and cause you to do not a little guessing.

"The most remarkable case of crystal visions that has ever come within my personal observation is that of the wife of a Brooklyn clergyman, a most estimable lady, who would be greatly pained to see her name in print. Therefore you must pardon me for keeping her identity secret. I can assure you, however, that I have utmost faith in the sincerity of her statements, and, in fact, know her to be incapable of deceiving either herself or me as to the manifestations of the phenomenon. For the purposes of this interview I shall call her, with your permission, Mrs. D.

"For many years this lady has had crystal visions frequently. She can produce hallucinations by gazing into either the globe or the goblet. Most of her visions are merely mosaics, as in other instances, but some of them have been, if nothing more, curious coincidences.

"One day, looking into the globe, she saw a woman, evidently ill, lying in bed. Alongside the woman was a little child—how old, she could not determine. She conceived the idea that the woman was her sister-in-law, who was in the West, but she could not recognize the face. A few minutes later she saw a vision of the graveyard in her native town, and noted with interest that the gate and walls were just as she had last seen them in early youth. The interior of the cemetery, however, was strange to her. She could not find a single one of the dozens of monuments and headstones with which she had been familiar, and that fact led her to believe—for she is interested more or less in psychical research and understands something of her own phenomenon—that the vision was a mosaic. Bear in mind, the memory retains thousands of unimportant scenes and bits of scenes, which it jumbles together just as you shake up the pieces of colored glass in a kaleidoscope, producing an endless variety of combinations.

"Mrs. D. knew, however, that her brother was down with typhoid fever at the family home and that he was not expected to live. She momentarily expected a telegram summoning her to his bedside, and all her baggage was packed, in preparation for a hasty start. The visions, following so closely the latest letter she had received from her parents, worried her sadly, and she was just about to leave for her home, when she got a letter or telegram saying that the crisis of the disease had been passed and that her brother would recover.

"Three months later she went West and, with great difficulty, drew from her father and mother, both of whom were bitterly opposed to psychical research, facts that completed the coincidence. They told her that her brother, during the worst hours of his illness, clung to the delusion that his wife had presented him with another child and that he saw it constantly lying on the bed beside its mother. Then, too, at the time when he was most dangerously ill, his relatives were so sure he would die that his other sister, a young girl, was already discussing with her father the advisability of purchasing a plot in the new cemetery, as the old graveyard was in such a hopelessly dilapidated condition.

"Now, those facts may be taken as explanations of the two visions seen in the crystal by Mrs. D. The hallucination in regard to the mother and child may have been transferred to her by her brother, although he was delirious, and the conjunction of ideas in her sister's mind in regard to the old and new graveyards may have caused Mrs. D. to see the vision of the cemetery with the familiar gate and wall, but not the strange tombstones. Telepathy may have been the process by which those ideas were transferred from the minds of her brother and sister to that of Mrs. D. and thrown by her into the crystal visions.

"For the gazer appears to have the power of projecting ideas into the crystal, though involuntarily, and thus forming the visions. A thought occupying the mind of the gazer may be made external by a process opposite to that of ordinary sight. When you see anything in the ordinary way it is because rays of light travel from that object to the retina of the eye. Similarly, an image formed in the brain may travel outward along the optic nerve and the outer eye, and be projected into the globe or goblet. This is not speculation, but a fact well within the knowledge of any occulist.

"Many of the crystal visions are beautiful and equally explainable. One day Mrs. D. saw a small room with prettily tiled walls and Elizabethan windows. Through the lattice of one of the windows came a shaft of soft light that finally rested upon the marble floor. While she was admiring the light a beautiful white dove flew in at the other window, the lattice of which was open, and hovered in the middle of the broad beam. There it poised until all of the outlines grew dimmer and the vision gradually faded away.

"The good lady was absolutely unable to account for the vision. She was positive that it was not a memory of something she had previously seen. It must be, she asserted, a creation of her own fancy. After she had assured me that she had never seen a dove in a flood of light, I turned to the family Bible, which lay upon an adjoining table, and said 'Here is the dove.' Sure enough, the frontispiece was an elegant engraving of the very vision which she was so positive she had never seen before, and which, as a matter of fact, she had looked at hundreds of times. Then I reminded her that the symbol of the dove and the light was by no means uncommon.

"Hypnotism may have something to do with the visions, but I doubt it. It is true, however, that any one gazing long at any beautiful object, such as a ball of crystal or glass of pure water, can become hypnotized. Charcot used to hypnotize his subjects with a mirror which he revolved rapidly in front of their eyes, thus throwing a quick succession of bright rays upon the retina. In the absence of confirming evidence, though, I am inclined to be slow in accepting anything as an absolute explanation of the phenomenon. Really, I believe hypnosis has little to do with it.

"An English lady who is known to her fellow members of the Society for Physchical Research merely as Miss X., is even more remarkable than Mrs. D. Her observations of her own case, too, are of great value, for she is a university graduate and has kept careful data of all her phenomena. She sees visions not only in the globe and goblet, but even in the sheen of the ink with which she writes and in the inkstands itself. This is interesting, as showing that the form of the crystal is immaterial. I have never heard of prisms being tried upon gazers, but I dare say they would operate quite as well as the globes. The glass of water, in fact, gives prismatic effects at times.

"Miss X. has not only optical but aural hallucinations. She can hear long conversations in a sea-shell, generally speeches which she has heard, but which she has never exactly listened to before. One evening she was at a college banquet. On returning home she placed a shell to her ear and heard distinctly every word of the conversation she had held with the gentleman on her right, but just in the middle of it she was astonished to hear this sentence, in another voice:

"'Then you are a vegetarian?'

"She knew she had not heard that remark during the evening, nor could she remember having listened to it at any other time. Suddenly she remembered that the gentleman who had sat upon her left was an old acquaintance. Believing that she might have received the vegetarian idea telepathically, she sat down immediately and wrote a note to him, asking him if he had uttered the remark quoted at any time during the banquet. He called upon her the next morning and expressed his surprise that she had quoted him so correctly, though he declared he had not made the remark in her presence. After leaving the banquet hall, he said, he met on the street an old college chum. Upon asking his chum whither he was going, the other replied that he was about to take a late supper at a restaurant where no kind of meat was sold. Thereupon the friend of Miss X. said, interrogatively:

"'Then you are a vegetarian?'

"Miss X. was convinced that this was a genuine instance of thought-transference. There was no possible way in which she could have heard the remark with her material organs of hearing, for she did not leave the banquet hall until half an hour after the gentleman on her left had gone, and besides, he had met his chum several blocks away from the place.

"Whether or not the aural hallucinations of Miss X. are to be explained in the same way as are the crystal visions, I am not prepared even to guess. All I can say is that if patience, coolness, careful collection and comparison of evidence and tireless sifting of all testimony upon the subjects can do so, the Society for Psychical Research will arrive at the explanation sooner or later."

Professor Hyslop positively declined to give the rein to his fancy in discussing the question, maintaining that it was a matter for scientific exactness, not irresponsible guesswork. Certainly the lively interest of such a well-known thinker, to say nothing of men like Andrew Lang and Mark Twain, who are also members of the society, proves that the subject must be worth investigating.

CRYSTAL GAZING THE NEW FAD OF SOCIETY.

FIRST MILLIONAIRE SENT TO THE GALLOWS.

Is It Possible to Hang a Rich Murderer in This Country?

CRIME OF A ST. LOUIS DOCTOR.

Killed Wife and Babe, and Is Spending a Fortune to Save Himself.

Is it possible to hang a millionaire? Suppose a millionaire were convicted of murder—would he be able to defeat justice with his money? Can the power of wealth overthrow the laws made for rich and poor alike, or is it really true that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor—even for a rich murderer?

These questions were never before so full of meaning as now, when a millionaire is under sentence of death for murder. He is the first millionaire in this country to be sentenced for a capital crime. Will Dr. Arthur Duestrow be hanged? He is a millionaire and he is a murderer.

Dr. Duestrow murdered his wife and infant child. He is now in jail at St. Louis. He is striving by every known means to escape punishment for his brutal passion. Already he has spent $200,000 in the effort to buy his freedom. He has sent agents secretly to Europe to hunt up traces of insanity in his ancestors, hoping thereby to escape the gallows on that ground. His hirelings found much in Duestrow's ancestry that was bad, but nothing to justify the claim of hereditary insanity. Twice the jury disagreed, but on the third trial Duestrow was convicted.

The murder for which Duestrow has been convicted was committed in St. Louis on February 13, 1894. Blood-curdling and brutal in all the circumstances by which it was surrounded—the apparently cold and deliberate slaying of a young and beautiful wife and their little prattling baby—it naturally shocked the city.

At 4 o'clock Duestrow returned to his home at No. 1724 South Compton avenue. Exactly what happened before the murder has not been clearly established. He fired five shots. One bullet entered the brain of his wife, another perforated the jaw, a third pierced the breast of the child, a fourth passed through the little one's head, and a fifth missed a human target and buried itself in the wall. After the shooting Duestrow rushed from the house, crying frantically. He ran to the Compton Hill Police Station. Arriving there, he cried out that his wife and child were dead and that the deaths were due to accident.

The prosecution claimed that the murder was deliberate and was caused by his desire to live with a disreputable woman. The defence claimed that there was absolutely no motive for the crime, and this was one of the arguments made in support of an insanity plea.

The tragedy, according to the Chicago Chronicle, was one of the saddest that had occurred in St. Louis for many years. The dead wife was highly respected. She was the daughter of the late Mr. Leisse, at one time vice-president of the German Savings Institution. Through the mismanagement of those associated with him in a manufacturing business he lost his entire fortune and died of a broken heart, leaving a wife and four children, one of them an invalid. Such were the financial straits to which the family had been reduced that even their homestead had been encumbered.

At the time of her father's death the daughter, who afterward became Duestrow's wife, was but eighteen years of age. She had been reared, like her sisters, in comparative wealth, and had cultivated tastes. All the sisters obtained positions, for the purpose of maintaining the family. Two of them became teachers in the public schools; the third (Mrs. Duestrow) secured a commercial position. This she retained until a short time before her marriage.

The marriage seems to have been the result of a meeting between the then Miss Leisse and Duestrow at the Liederkranz concerts. The sisters were accomplished musicians, and occasionally sang at these concerts, as well as in church choirs and musical entertainments for charitable purposes. Duestrow seemed to be deeply attached to Miss Leisse. Very shortly after the marriage, however, the affection seems to have ceased. The honeymoon was spent in Europe. After her return from the trip the friends of Mrs. Duestrow noticed how sadly she had changed after a few months of married life. Hers was one of innumerable cases where money could not supply happiness.

Duestrow, from all his acts, seems to have been by nature coarse, brutal and arrogant. The sudden accumulation of inherited wealth seemed to increase the selfishness of his naturally selfish character, which seems to have been utterly devoid of a single touch of refinement. He abused his wife in his drunken fits and acted at all times the part of a man unworthy of the love of a true woman.

Arthur Duestrow's breeding was not good, and his boyhood was spent in poverty. Late in life his father made a big hit in mining stock, getting in on the ground floor of the Granite Mountain, one of the richest properties in Montana. Prosperity did not agree very well with him and he died in a few years, but not until after he had taken Arthur from trade and set him up as a gentleman. The boy matriculated at a medical college, but, though he spent five years there, he was not graduated. Old Mrs. Duestrow had spent her life as a household drudge, the only pleasure she got out of existence being "through the medium of the family growler," according to the testimony brought out on a former trial to prove that Arthur was begotten under adverse circumstances. She died in Germany about eight months ago, where she had gone in Arthur's interests. She left a large sum of money to her murderous son.

The only relative the murderer now has is Miss Huldah Duestrow, who recently attained her majority and came into her property. While not as wealthy as Arthur she has the income from $500,000, and will probably be able to get along on it. She is closely guarded by a German serving woman, who seems to have gained complete mastery over her. Huldah refuses to testify in court in her brother's behalf, and has not seen him since the murder. It is said she was deeply attached to her sister-in-law, who, being a woman of gentle breeding, was anxious to improve Huldah in every possible way, and, therefore, gave her much good advice and instruction.

A VERY FAST YOUTH.

Immediately on coming into his property Arthur developed an astonishing capacity for whiskey and an acute predilection for disreputable women. He gloried in the fact that he was one of the best dressed men in the country. He went armed constantly and boasted to his cronies that he had money enough to get himself out of any sort of a scrape. For a year before the tragedy he spent the most of his time in the company of a woman with whom he consorted, though he possessed one of the most beautiful homes in the West End.

That this woman was bent on breaking up the family has since been proved beyond question, though she dropped into obscurity soon after the murder. Duestrow gold, it is said, paid her to hide herself. She realized the fact, it is claimed, that the boy was more in her way than the wife, and set about to turn his father against him.

A few days before the tragedy he took the little one to see her, as he had frequently done before. She sneered at it and asked him if he was fool enough to believe that "that brat" was his, pointing out the fact that it had neither his eyes, hair nor features. This was true. Baby Duestrow was almost the exact image of his mother. Duestrow brooded over this incident and drank more than ever. The murder may not have been exactly the sequel of the woman's insinuations, but it is certain that she set him against the child, who up to that time seemed to appeal to the only good that was left in him.

The fight for Duestrow's neck has been the bitterest one in the history of crime in Missouri, if not in America, and yet his fortune has grown under the strain. A dollar is placed wherever it is thought it will do the most good to contribute a mite, no matter how infinitesimal to the murderer's acquittal.

But the hardest fight is yet to come. While Arthur Duestrow stands to-day a convicted murderer, there are still at work in his behalf the shrewdest criminal lawyers in the West, who, backed by the murderer-millionaire's bank account, will seek by all known stratagems of their profession to cheat the gallows. Duestrow has feigned insanity, and this still seems to be the only hope of the defence to save the prisoner's neck.

BOOTH AND THE CREAM PUFF.

The Famous Tragedian Once Had a Trying Experience.

"I once saw Edwin Booth have a very trying experience," said James E. Wilson, the leading man of "Burmah."

"It befell him while he was having a quiet little stroll all by himself in one of the small cities where he was acting. Seeing some particularly delightful looking cream puffs in a conspicuous part of a restaurant, he stepped in and purchased one. Without stopping to ponder upon the peculiarities of cream puffs, Mr. Booth, in the most calculating and enthusiastic manner, bit exactly in the centre of the spongy delicacy. Of course, a small stream of the cream oozed out at each side of the bite, and gathered itself together on Mr. Booth's cheeks. Just at this juncture some one in the shop recognized the tragedian and cried out, 'Why, that's Mr. Booth!'

"Half a score of people crowded about and eyed the figure with interest. It was a trying position for a great tragedian, who was conscious of being in anything but a tragic role. But he went calmly on with his refreshment, eating with as much unconcern and enjoyment, apparently, as if he were 'far from the madding crowd.'

"'But,' he said afterward, with a twinkle in his eye, 'I never did a better bit of acting in my life.'"

DAUGHTER OF A HERO.

Miss Sandford's Father Was in the Revolution.

SHE IS NINETY YEARS OLD.

She First Saw the Light at the Corner of Ann and Nassau Streets.

New Jersey boasts a daughter of the American Revolution whose title to membership in the order of that name is so clear that even the most captious and carping dame may not cavil thereat. This lady is Miss Eliza Sandford and she is ninety years old. She is the daughter of a man who fought for the cause of American independence through Winter's cold and Summer's heat, who lived to enjoy the benefits won by the patriots, and who laughed loud and long for many years over Great Britain's large share of discomfiture.

On the rolls of the Nova Caesarea Chapter of this order, whose members are mainly recruited from the old families of Newark and the Oranges, Miss Sandford's name is emblazoned.

She is proud of the chapter and the chapter is proud of her, for the records of this order of patriotic women show but few instances where the daughters of Revolutionary heroes have been active members, and it is doubtful if any other chapter can point to a living member whose father fought in those dark days, just before the dawn of liberty.

Miss Sandford does not recall the roar of the Revolution save through hearsay, but she remembers with vivid distinctness her father. It seems odd in this, the 120th year after the colonists had thrown off the yoke of oppression and the old Liberty bell had sounded its thunderous notes of freedom, notes which in deep, vibrating tones proclaimed to all the earth the dawn of a new era, that a daughter of one who had fought under the tattered ensign of General Washington's army should be alive to tell the tale as heard at her father's hearth.

But Miss Sandford is very much alive, and looks as if she had seen but a few years over the half-century mark, and she tells of her father in a plain, straightforward manner that carries conviction even when unsupported by the family Bible and a host of other proofs that defy contradiction.

Miss Sandford is the daughter of William Sandford, who enlisted in the American army in 1776. He was born in Newark, November 12, 1752. His birthplace was the family farm that extended along both sides of the Passaic River for a long distance. It was one of the old-time farms that were cultivated by men in those days, when land had only the value of its productiveness and when the crops raised were the gauge of its owner's prosperity.

The site of the farm in Newark, as near as may be defined, was along the river front, in the district now marked by the section extending from Third avenue to Belleville, and an equal amount on the opposite side of the river made up the acreage over which Mr. Sandford exercised the privileges and duties of ownership.

It was here that Miss Sandford lived for many years and her home is not far removed now from the old ancestral estate.

Early in 1863 the Sandford ancestors came from the Barbadoes and after a few immigration flights settled in New York. Here William Sandford finally placed his household penates in a dwelling that has long since given way to the demands of commerce.

Miss Sandford was born at the corner of Ann and Nassau streets. Her father was twenty-four years old when he married his first wife, Anne Sandford, his cousin, who was but nineteen years old. Several children blessed this union, and then came the war; the great struggle which was to last for eight years. Although cumbered with a young family, Mr. Sandford responded to the call to arms and went into the ranks among the first volunteers and served until the war was ended. He was a stout, small-boned man, with sandy hair and healthful complexion and when the fighting was over he returned home with the rank of orderly sergeant.

Soon after this his wife died and later he married again. Miss Anne Chapman was his choice and she was destined to be the mother of Eliza. When the latter was two years old the family went to New York.

The old homestead property has long since passed into other hands. Some of it has been sold, some of it given away, as was the lot on which stands the Episcopal Church. The first edifice erected on the ground given by the Sandfords was burned, but another was built, in which worship was continued. Mr. Sandford's death occurred in 1842, but he lived long enough to tell his children many anecdotes of the Revolution and to inculcate a love of country that Miss Sandford to-day cherishes.

It was not all glory in the struggle for liberty, and Sergeant Sandford had his share of tribulation. He was once made a prisoner and at another time just escaped the enemy by hiding in a wheat field, with but scanty clothing. So scanty that he had to keep himself concealed until long after the enemy had departed. Service under such officers as Huntingdon, Squire, Pearson and Gilman was bound to be full of incident and he was at different times under the command of each of these gallant soldiers.

Of such stock comes Miss Sandford. She lives at No. 128 Orange street, Bloomfield, and when visitors ring her bell she is always ready to receive them with old-fashioned courtesy and to talk of her life and her father and the Revolutionary heroes she has seen. On the subject of General Lafayette she grows enthusiastic. With clearness she recalls the day of his visit to Newark. How he rode in the procession in an open carriage and how grand and beautiful the Lafayette bower looked stretched across Broad street, where Trinity Church now stands.

Three years ago Miss Sandford joined the Daughters of the American Revolution and manages to attend all the meetings of her chapter. A movement is on foot to induce Congress to grant her a pension and it promises to be successful.

TWO SOUTHERN COLONIES

From One All Negroes Are Barred, While from Another White Men Are Rigidly Excluded.

The race prejudice so widespread in the South has reached its climax at a place called Fitzgerald, Ga., where a new experimental colony has been established. Under no circumstances are negroes permitted in the colony, which is exclusively reserved for white men. So popular has this feature of the colony become among the Southerners that another colony, on similar lines, is soon to be established in Ware County, in the immediate neighborhood. An amusing contrast to these departures is a negro colony, which is being established on the Abbeyville & Waycross Railroad, and where white men are rigidly excluded. This is in the adjoining county to Fitzgerald.