

A NEW HEALER IN NEW YORK AND HIS WONDERFUL CURES.



PROFESSOR DAMON'S NEW TREATMENT FOR THE SICK AND DISEASED. Strange Goings-On Every Day in Masonic Temple, Where Professor Damon Is Performing Wonders with His New Vitapathic Treatment.

A healer with a new theory of how to cure the sick has come to New York and has accomplished remarkable results. Unlike other healers he works in public without pay, and any one may see how he does it.

He is Professor S. J. Damon, formerly a practicing physician in Connecticut. His cures are performed every day in the Masonic Temple, Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street. Professor Damon differs from the average "healer" New York has known. He makes no extravagant claims of power from Heaven, and requires no faith on the part of his patients. He asserts that he has found a new principle in medicine which he proposes to make known to the

world in public and by actual works. His theory is as plain as it is novel. Briefly put, life and health depend upon animal magnetism in the body. Does the supply of this run low, then sickness of some sort ensues. The one and only way to combat such evils, he says, is to force a fresh quantity of magnetism into the system.

And with himself as a reservoir of the magnetic fluid, and with one hand at the base of the patient's brain, the other briskly rubbing the afflicted part, he has the circuit of energy complete, and the current of "vital force" sweeps into the body of the sick, straight to the root of the disease.

It is astonishing with what success the Masonic Temple healer has treated the

crowds of sufferers who come to him day after day.

The hall was filled the other afternoon when a Journal reporter looked on. The sick and the infirm, some of them the very worst cases of hopeless suffering, were seated to the number of nearly twenty in the semi-circle of big chairs at the back of the platform. At the front of the stage sat a little woman gasping, her face set with pain. She was Mrs. Annie Mulligan, of No. 115 West One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street, and she was suffering from lung trouble, pain in the side and rheumatism. Her fingers were doubled up almost like claws.

Tenderly, as if he were dealing with a child, the Professor bent over her. The left hand grasped the back of her head, the

MADE BY JOHN Y. M'KANE.

A Handsome New Oak Desk for Warden Sage's Office in Sing Sing.

JOHN Y. M'KANE has just completed a Sage's office at Sing Sing Prison. It is very handsome oak desk for Warden an elaborate piece of work.

The desk is made of quartered oak. It is five feet high and five feet three inches wide.

This desk is finished in what is called "piano finish," and there are few planes which can show a more highly polished surface. It is built after the latest model of office desks, and has a patent lock. When the roll top is closed all the drawers are locked.

There are four large drawers in each side of the bottom of the desk and two private closets in the body, while there are pigeon holes in abundance. Warden Sage is proud of his new possession, and contemplates having one built to send as a sample to Superintendent of Prisons Lathrop's office. He thinks when the Superintendent sees it he may allow him to build enough of such desks to supply all the public offices of the State. The desk to buy would cost, hand carved as it is, probably \$250.

The carving in its oaken surface is one of the principal beauties of the desk. The carving was done by Giovanni Cardiana, who was sentenced from New York for five years and two months for grand larceny.

Cardiana is a professional designer and draughtsman, and a graduate of an art college in Rome. His work on the desk is beautiful, and consists of ornamentalations on all the drawers and on all the edges of the desk, especially around the top, where there is a border of vine leaves about an inch and a half wide. The leaves in this are brought out with minute distinctness.

It seems impossible that a man with Cardiana's skill should be an inmate of a prison for the crime of grand larceny, when his work would command such good prices as to make him a rich man if he stuck to it. During the past week he has been placed in charge as instructor of the class in wood carving and freehand drawing, which has been organized by Warden Sage in Sing Sing since the cessation of work in the prison.

This class is open to all those convicts who wish to learn carving and drawing. John Y. McKane is the best known of all the prisoners in Sing Sing Prison. He is a more valuable man to the State than any one confined in any State institution.

It is under the personal supervision of John Y. McKane that the new buildings, especially the handsome new Administration building, are being constructed and finished. He urges the men to their best efforts, and those who have watched him at work say it is a treat to see him jump in and take hold of a hammer or a saw and give an example of how things should be done.

AN ACTUAL PICTURE OF A MODERN CRUCIFIXION.



(From a photograph by Captain Galloway.) TORTURED BECAUSE OF A CRUEL MONARCH'S WHIM.

How the Bloodthirsty King of Benim, the African Autocrat, Crucified a Woman Because There Was Too Much Rain.

WOMAN'S temple, and he behind her deftly "cushioning" the muscles, as far as a near observer who stood directly at his side could see, with yet another strange movement of his long, plant fingers.

He rubbed close into the eye sockets, and the tips of his fingers brushed over the eyeballs again and again. Those looking on were on the tip of expectancy.

"Keep your left eye closed now," he said, "and open the right (which was totally blind). Can you see anything?"

Sadly she shook her head. "No, no!"

"Well, now the left. Open!"

"Oh, it is clearer, brighter. I can see much better."

"Wait. Close it again! Now lean back!" Again he rubbed and pressed. "Now open!"

A startled cry of surprise came from the woman. "W—why, I see! I see!" she almost screamed. "I can see clearly. I can see everybody in the audience. God bless you, sir!" And the poor woman almost fell a-weeping.

Professor Damon patted her upon the shoulder. "Your left eye has been restored to you," he said. "I am very glad. But the right is gone for good!"

An old soldier, Corporal Thomas H. Primrose, of Battery B, New Jersey Artillery, once of the Army of the Potomac, now living in Boonton, N. J., hobbled on the platform with a cane to have treated a leg that had been drawn out of place with rheumatism since 1875. In ten minutes he walked away, swinging his cane in the air. Another strange cure was that of Mrs. Julia Evans, of No. 42 Perry street, who for three years had endured severe head pains and fainting spells. She had been obliged to practically drop her trade as dressmaker all this time. The Professor found her trouble to be a congestion at the base of the brain, the seat of many ills, according to the theory of vitapathy, and relieved her at once.

"Why, I'm well, I'm well," she cried. "It's too good to be true! Are you sure, Doctor, it won't come back?"

Under the treatment the pains from kidney trouble that had lasted for six years in the case of Ruth Pontney were cured like magic, and Miss Linda Nelson, of No. 23 De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn, was made to hear after fifteen years of almost total deafness.

King DRUMAMI, of Benim, on the west coast of Africa, whom a British expedition is now starting out to whip, has original ideas in the matter of human torture. He has contributed something new to our knowledge of how to put people to death.

He has made a study of human torture. Upon one side of his kingdom he witnessed the efforts of the King of Dahomey as a torturer of human beings.

On the other side of Benim the King of Ashantee was, at the same time, killing thousands of human beings in the Grove of Skulls. Both these monsters have now fallen. But Drumami still reigns at Benim City and will continue to torture men and women until the British arrive there.

Just what the invaders of Benim may expect to find is shown by a photograph taken there by Captain Galloway, of the British Army, with Mr. J. H. Swainson, of Liverpool, visited the capital of the kingdom last Fall. They found the remains of men and women who had been tortured on every hand.

One of the most ghastly spectacles they witnessed was the body of a woman crucified and lifted high in the air, where, with outstretched arms and legs, she was silhouetted against the evening sky. This dreadful illustration of the despotic power of Drumami could be seen from far and near.

The woman had been crucified as a sacrifice to the god of rain. There had been too much rain in Benim for the comfort of the King, who is troubled with rheumatism.

It continued to pour day after day when His Royal Highness Drumami wanted the sun to shine. So when he got up one morning with an unusually bad attack of rheumatism he ordered a human sacrifice.

His henchmen went into the market place, and taking the first unhappy negroes they met they marched her to the outskirts of the town, where the terrible Forest of Blood is situated. Here upon a knoll, from which the trees had been cleared, they prepared to crucify her as a sacrifice to the god of rain in accordance with the savage wishes of the superstitious monarch.

At this place in the Forest of Blood are the trunks of two tall trees, extending to a height of forty feet from the ground. Smaller timbers are placed crosswise between the tree trunks, giving to the whole a gridiron appearance against the sky.

Here the unhappy woman was crucified on the topmost beams. Dragged up the tree trunks by her burly captors, her arms were bound by stout thongs.

Thus she hung suspended before the crowd of ignorant savages who watched the crucifixion. Then her ankles were bound by other thongs.

Her neck was bound to a pole running vertically between the two main trunks. On top of this pole barbaric emblems were tied.

There the woman, staring with wide-open eyes through rain and shine, was left to die. The sun, which came forth shortly after she had been crucified, beat down mercilessly upon her head.

Gnats, mosquitoes and other poisonous insects of the African jungle gathered in clouds about her. The night added to her sufferings by bringing hordes of hungry jackals about the foot of the horrid scaffold upon which she had been crucified. These creatures, with hungry eyes, leaped about the foot of the scaffold, howling dismally.

The sufferings of this poor creature must have been excruciating. Hung high in air, she was left there to die to gratify the brutal instincts of one of the most bloodthirsty monarchs who ever lived.

When Captain Galloway and Mr. Swainson visited Benim they took a photograph of this awful spectacle. The woman at that time was dead, but her body was left there as an object lesson in government, and King Drumami said he would take his own time about having it removed.

If Drumami had been less bloodthirsty he might have retained his throne. But, added to his interference with trading on the coast, he has mercilessly tortured and executed any of his subjects he found holding relations with the white men. This was in addition to the wholesale slaughters he ordered whenever the white men were ordered whenever the white men were ordered whenever the white men were ordered.

Drumami will doubtless meet with the same fate as Prempeh, the King of Ashantee, who is now locked up as a prisoner upon the gold coast. The campaign is expected to be finished before March.



JOHN Y. M'KANE MAKING A NEW DESK FOR WARDEN SAGE OF SING SING.