

no nose, no mouth, and it might be said no face. Of the usual frontal part of a human being's physiognomy he has only the lower jaw and the upper part of the forehead. All the rest of the face is artificial, and throughout the country round he is known as the man with the wooden head. His name is Moreau.

The man is not a freak of nature. He was born perfectly formed, and grew to manhood with his senses unimpaired. In fact, so the people say, he was a good-looking young fellow of the age of 20, when, in 1871, he shouldered his gun in defence of his country in the Franco-German war, where he distinguished himself by his bravery.

His head, or face rather, is not made of wood, though it has that appearance. It is of platinum, shaped into the form of the features and painted so as to resemble human flesh. Of course, the resemblance is very bad, and as Moreau walks about the village where he lives, mingles with the neighbors and engages in the ordinary occupations of life, his appearance is more than strange—it is ghastly. The eyes shine white, like enamel set in a frame of some chalky substance. There is no expression to this curious mask. There is no opening of the mouth nor any movement whatsoever.

The change Moreau's appearance was caused by a remarkable experience in a desperately fought engagement before Paris. He was a gunner at a point in the line where the fire of the Prussians was particularly deadly. Four of his comrades had fallen at his side and he himself had been slightly wounded. Suddenly with a crash and a great roaring in his head, he felt himself spun round eight or ten times like a top, but so curiously poised on his feet that he did not fall. He felt no pain and did not realize that he was seriously injured. It seemed to him that a ball had struck him on the head and glanced off. There was a rush of blood, however, and he put up his hand to find the central part of his face gone. He pressed a handkerchief to the wound and started for the military hospital. His case was then considered hopeless, and it was believed that he would die within twenty-four hours. In fact, it was hoped that he would die.

Curiously enough, in spite of the shell's terrible mutilation, one eye had been left in the shattered socket, so that Moreau was able to see at first, but the hemorrhage was so great that his eye was torn away, and on the second day he was entirely blind. Very much to every one's surprise the poor fellow continued to live, and on the fourth day it was decided to operate upon his head. Thirty-five pieces of shattered bone were taken from the gaping wound, some of them very large pieces. No vital part seemed to have been touched, and owing to his strong constitution he recovered, his face having a terribly mutilated appearance, with parts of the cheek bones and forehead carried away and the eyes, nose, upper lip and a portion of the upper jaw gone. When he spoke his voice had a peculiar sound somewhat resembling a phonograph.

The surgeons made the best of a difficult case. The lower jawbone being intact, an artificial set of teeth was

attached to it, raised on a bridge-like platform, and these were made to work against another set of teeth fastened across one of the ribs of a mask, fashioned so as to cover the cavity. This mask was furnished with eyes, nose and lips, so as to give a certain ghastly resemblance to the human face. It was made of wax.

For ten years Moreau wore this mask constantly, even at night; but in 1883, while visiting some friends at Valenciennes, he had a severe attack of brain fever, and in one of his delirious moments he tore off the mask and broke it into pieces. Being very poor—in fact, entirely dependent upon his scanty pension—Moreau could ill afford to have another wax mask made to replace the old one, and for a long time he suffered agonies of humiliation because he had no way of concealing his hideous disfigurement. Finally, however, a petition was made to the French government and an artist was sent to make a platinum mask, and instructions were given that this mask must be kept in repair and painted whenever it became necessary, so as to imitate as nearly as possible the human appearance. Since then, about once a year, an artist from Paris visits the little village where Moreau lives and with brush and pencil makes such changes in the exterior of the platinum mask as are needed, restoring eyebrows and complexion, coloring the eyes and lips and in general making the old soldier look a little more like an animated doll and a little less like some horrible specter.

Notwithstanding his affliction it is said that the unfortunate man lives happily enough and is much liked by his neighbors. Strange as it may seem, he was able some years ago to persuade a comely maiden to become his wife, and she has borne him several children. As is usually the case, the man's remaining senses have become much quickened since his misfortune, and he manages to earn quite a sum every year by weaving baskets and doing odd jobs with his hands in the way of mending and repairing. He greatly enjoys fishing, and it is in this pastime that he often spends many hours along the brook referred to in connection with the painting of "Oaks of Brittany." Sometimes people who have not beard of him but who come across him when he is seated by the side of a stream angling, are startled by the appearance of a man whose eyes stare but never close, whose lips are red but never smile, whose white face gives no changing expression, and whose voice seems to come with a thick sound from behind a drum. When they learn his history he is frequently the object of charity in the way of a goodly gift of money.

Such is the account given of this strange case, the incidents connected with which, when once related, are vividly recalled by gazing upon the picture in the art exhibition of a pretty scene close to the home, and intimately connected with the associations of the gallant and sturdy Breton whose mask is a necessity to his comfort in life.

THE MURDERER of Mayor Harrison of Chicago having been declared sane and guilty, it is now necessary, in order to clear up all controversy, that the lunacy of a good many of the medical experts shall be admitted.

MAORI SUPERSTITION.

The Auckland (New Zealand) *Weekly News* of July 29, 1893, contains the following article, kindly sent to the NEWS by Elder B. H. Hollingworth (now laboring as a missionary in that land) who vouches for the correctness of the incidents, and adds that most of the parties named were members of the Church:

Constable Moore, of Kamo, has been making inquiries into the statements made as to several Maories of various ages having died through remedies prescribed by a Maori *tohunga* against witchcraft, or being *makutued*. The information he has received is to the effect that between the North Cape and Whangarei 40 or 50 Maories have died from the heroic treatment adopted.

A meeting of natives was to be held at Kaikobe on July 21, to consider the action of the *tohunga*, and what steps should be taken in the matter.

As a number of natives were said to have died in the Ngunguru district, Constable Moore went to Ngunguru on the 14th July, and made all possible enquiries as to the treatment by the *tohunga*. It appears the *tohunga* came to Ngunguru from Kaikobe about the 8th March last with a number of his followers, and had a meeting of natives at Thomas Wellington's *pa* on the Ngunguru river. At this meeting the *tohunga* is said to have told several natives that they were *makutued*, and that they would die if they did not come under his treatment to drive the evil influence away. They were then taken one at a time into a *whare*, stripped of their clothing and put into a bath of scalding water in a sitting position, and rubbed, and after about an hour of this treatment they were told to go out into the cold air. This operation was performed four times a day, and the patients cried most bitterly whilst it was going on. The constable has learned that of five that were treated in this way, four have since died in the Ngunguru district. Keri Brown died in a week after this treatment at Matakuri, being only six months old. Constable Moore saw Graham, a native, and he informed the constable that the *tohunga* was leaving Ngunguru for Kaikobe; that his family were *makutued*, and that they were told they would all die unless they went to Kaikobe and put themselves under the *tohunga's* treatment. Graham believed the doctrine propounded to him, and went to Kaikobe, where he placed his daughter, aged 15, under treatment. She was then regarded in the best of health. After eight days, being bathed in scalding water four times a day in the presence of her father, who assisted in carrying out this cure for the *makutu*, she died. The next to be put under the same treatment was his second daughter, aged 12, who died in four days. Graham's baby was put under the same treatment, and died in a week. Then one of his sisters was treated in the same way, and died shortly afterwards, at Waikomo, near Kawakawa. Four persons thus died, it is believed, from the effects of the hot baths. Graham informed the constable that in some cases the skin of the patients peeled off after going out of the bath.