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Ye Quaint Magazine



Vol. 4

SEPTEMBER

No. 1

YE QUAIN'T MAGAZINE,

19

Boston, Mass.

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The Quaint Magazine

For the Collection of Odd, Queer and Curious Things.

VOL. IV.

BOSTON, MASS., SEPTEMBER, 1903.

No. 1

ONE OF THE MISSING.

A SENSATIONAL STUDY.

EARLY in the morning of July 3, 1864, Jerome Searing, a private soldier of General Sherman's army, then confronting the enemy at and about Kenesaw Mountain, Georgia, turned his back upon a small group of officers, with whom he had been talking in low tones, stepped across a light line of earthworks and disappeared in a forest. None of the men in line behind the works had said a word to him, nor had he so much as nodded to them in passing, but all who saw understood that this brave man had been intrusted with some perilous duty. Jerome Searing, though a private, did not serve in the ranks: he was detailed for service at brigade headquarters, being borne upon the rolls as an "orderly." Orderly is a word covering a multitude of duties. An orderly may be a messenger, a clerk, an officer's servant—anything. He may perform services for which no provision is made in orders and army regulations; their nature may depend upon his attitude, upon favor, upon accident. Private Searing, an incomparable marksman, young—it is surprising how young we all were in those days!—hardy, intelligent and insensible to fear, was a scout. The general commanding his brigade was not content to obey orders blindly without knowing what was in his front, even when his command was not on detached service, but formed a fraction of the line of the army; nor was he satisfied to receive his knowledge of his vis-a-vis through the customary channels: he wanted to know more than he was apprised of by the division commander and the collisions of pickets and skirmishers. Hence Jerome

Searing, with his extraordinary daring, his woodcraft, his sharp eyes and truthful tongue, was selected. On this occasion his instructions were simple: to get as near the enemy's lines as possible, and learn all that he could.

In a few moments he had arrived at the picket-line, the men on duty there lying in groups of from two to four behind little banks of earth scooped out of the slight depression in which they lay, their rifles protruding from the green boughs with which they had masked their trivial defenses. The forest extended without a break toward the front, so solemn and silent that only by an effort of the imagination could it be conceived as populous with armed men alert and vigilant—a forest formidable with possibilities of battle. Pausing a moment in one of these rifle-pits, Searing crept stealthily forward on his hands and knees, and was soon lost to view in a dense thicket of underbrush.

“That’s the last of him,” said one of the men; “wish I had his rifle; the Johnnies will hurt some of us with it.”

Searing crept on, taking advantage of every accident of ground and growth to give himself better cover. His eyes penetrated everywhere; his ears took note of every sound. He stilled his breathing, and at the cracking of a twig beneath his knee stopped his progress and hugged the earth. It was slow work, but not tedious; the danger made it exciting, but by no physical sign was the excitement manifest. His pulse was as regular, his nerves were as steady, as if he were trying to trap a sparrow.

“It seems a long time,” he thought, “but I cannot have come very far; I am still alive.”

He smiled at his own method of estimating distance and crept forward. A moment later he suddenly flattened himself upon the earth and lay motionless, minute after minute. Through a narrow opening in the bushes he had caught sight of a small mound of yellow clay—one of the enemy's picket-pits. After some little time he cautiously raised his head, inch by inch, then his body upon his hands spread out on each side of him—all the while intently regarding the hillock of clay. In another moment he was upon his feet, rifle in hand, striding rapidly forward with little attempt at concealment. The enemy was gone.

To assure himself beyond a doubt before going back to report upon so important a matter, Searing pushed forward across the line of abandoned pits, running from cover to cover in the more open forest, his eyes vigilant to discover possible stragglers. He came to the edge of a plantation—one of those forlorn, deserted homesteads of the last years of the war, upgrown to brambles, ugly with broken fences, and desolate with vacant buildings having blank apertures in place of doors and windows. After a keen reconnoissance from the safe seclusion of a clump of young pines, Searing ran lightly across a field and through an orchard to a small structure which stood apart from the other farm buildings on a slight elevation, which he thought would enable him to overlook a large scope of country in the direction that he supposed the enemy had taken in withdrawing. This building, which had originally consisted of a single room, elevated upon four posts about ten feet high, was now little more than a roof; the floor had fallen away, the joists and planks loosely piled on the ground below or resting on one end at various angles, not wholly torn from their fastenings above. The supporting posts were themselves no longer vertical. It looked as if the whole edifice would go down at the touch of a finger. Concealing himself in the debris of joists and flooring, Searing looked across the open ground between his point of view and a spur of Kenesaw Mountain, a half mile away. A road leading up and across this spur was crowded with troops—the rear guard of the retiring enemy.

Searing had now learned all that he could hope to know. It was his duty to return to his own command with all possible speed and report his discovery. But the gray column of infantry toiling up the mountain road was singularly tempting. His rifle—an ordinary “Springfield,” but fitted with a globe-sight and hair-trigger—would easily send its ounce and a quarter of lead hissing into their midst. That would probably not affect the duration and result of the war, but it is the business of a soldier to kill. It is also his pleasure if he is a good soldier. Searing cocked his rifle and “set” the trigger.

But it was decreed from the beginning of time that Private Searing was not to murder anybody that bright summer morning, nor was the Confederate retreat to be announced by him. For countless ages events

had been so matching themselves together in that wondrous mosaic to some parts of which, dimly discernible to our consciousness, we give the name of history, that the acts which he had in will would have marred the harmony of the pattern. Some twenty-five years previously, the Power charged with the execution of the work according to the design had provided against that mischance by causing the birth of a certain male child in a little village at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, had carefully reared it, supervised its education, directed its desires into a military channel, and in due time made it a sergeant of artillery. By the concurrence of an infinite number of favoring influences and their preponderance over an infinite number of opposing ones, this sergeant of artillery had been made to commit a breach of discipline and fly from his native country to avoid punishment. He had been directed to New Orleans (instead of New York), where a recruiting officer awaited him on the wharf. He was enlisted and promoted, and things were so ordered that he now commanded a Confederate battery some three miles along the line from where Jerome Searing, the Federal scout, stood cocking his rifle. Nothing had been neglected; at every step in the progress of both these men's lives, and in the lives of their ancestors and contemporaries, and of the lives of the contemporaries of their ancestors, the right thing had been done to bring about the desired result; had anything in all this vast concatenation been overlooked, Private Searing might have fired on the retreating Confederate army that morning, and would have probably missed. As it fell out a captain of artillery having nothing better to do, amused himself by sighting a field-piece obliquely to his right at what he took to be some Federal officers on the crest of a hill and discharged it. The shot flew high of its mark.

As Jerome Searing drew back the hammer of his rifle, and with his eyes upon the distant Confederates considered where he could plant his shot with the best hope of making a widow or an orphan or a childless mother—perhaps all three; for Private Searing, although he had repeatedly refused promotion, was not without ambition—he heard a rushing sound in the air, like that made by the wings of a great bird swooping down upon its prey. More quickly than he could apprehend the grada-

tion, it increased to a hoarse and horrible roar as the missile that made it sprang at him out of the sky, striking with a deafening impact one of the posts supporting the confusion of timbers above him, smashing it into matchwood and bringing down the crazy edifice with a clatter, in clouds of blinding dust!

Lieutenant Adrian Searing, in command of the picket guard on that part of the line through which his brother Jerome had passed on his mission, sat with attentive ears in his breast-work behind the line. Not the faintest sound escaped him; the cry of a bird, the barking of a squirrel, the noise of the wind among the pines—all were anxiously noted by his overstrained sense. Suddenly, directly in front of his line, he heard a faint, confused rumble, like the clatter of a falling building translated by distance. At the same moment an aide-de-camp approached him on foot from the rear and saluted.

"Lieutenant," said the aide, "the General directs that you move forward your line and feel the enemy if you find him. If not, continue the advance until directed to halt. The Forty-second will support you. There is reason to think that the enemy has retired."

The Lieutenant nodded and said nothing; the aide retired. In a moment the men, apprised of their duty by the non-commissioned officers in low tones, had deployed from their rifle-pits, and were moving forward in skirmishing order, with set teeth and beating hearts. The lieutenant mechanically looked at his watch.

Six o'clock and eighteen minutes.

When Jerome Searing recovered consciousness, he did not at once understand what had occurred. It was indeed, some time before he opened his eyes. For a while he believed that he had died and been buried, and he tried to recall some portions of the burial service. He thought that his wife was kneeling upon his grave, adding her weight to that of the earth upon his breast. The two of them, widow and earth, had crushed his coffin. Unless the children should persuade her to go home, he would not much longer be able to breathe. He felt a sense of wrong. "I cannot speak to her," he thought; "the dead have no voice; and if I open my eyes I shall get them full of earth."

He opened his eyes—a great expanse of blue sky rising from a fringe of the tops of trees. In the foreground, shutting out some of the trees, a high, dun mound, angular in outline and crossed by an intricate, patternless system of straight lines; in the center a bright ring of metal, the whole an immeasurable distance away—a distance so inconceivably great that it fatigued him, and he closed his eyes. The moment he did so he was conscious of an insufferable light. A sound was in his ears like the low, rhythmic thunder of a distant sea, breaking in successive waves upon the beach, and out of this noise, seeming a part of it, or possibly coming from beyond it, and intermingled with its ceaseless undertone, came the articulate words, “Jerome Searing you are caught like a rat in a trap—in a trap, trap, trap.” Suddenly there fell a great silence, a black darkness, an infinite tranquillity, and Jerome Searing, perfectly conscious of his rathood and well assured of the trap that he was in, remembering all and nowise alarmed, again opened his eyes to reconnoiter, to note the strength of his enemy, to plan his defense.

He was caught in a reclining posture, his back firmly supported by a solid beam. Another lay across his breast, but he had been able to shrink a little away from it so that it no longer oppressed him, though it was immovable. A brace, making an angle with it, had wedged him against a pile of boards on his left, fastening the arm on that side. His legs, slightly parted and straight along the ground, were covered upward to the knees with a mass of debris which towered above his narrow horizon. His head was as rigidly fixed as in a vise: he could move his eyes, his chin—no more. Only his right arm was partly free, but he could not get it from under the heavy timber athwart his chest, nor move it outward more than six inches at the elbow. “You must help us out of this,” he said to it.

Searing was not seriously injured, nor did he suffer pain. A smart rap on the head from a flying fragment of the splintered post, incurred simultaneously with the frightfully sudden shock to the nervous system, had momentarily dazed him. His term of unconsciousness, including the period of recovery, during which he had had the strange fancies, had probably not exceeded a few seconds. The dust of the wreck had not

wholly cleared away as he began an intelligent survey of the situation.

With his partly free hand he now tried to get hold of the beam which lay across, but not quite against, his breast. In no way could he do so. He was unable to depress the shoulder so as to push the elbow beyond that edge of the timber which was nearest his knee; failing in that, he could not raise the forearm and had to grasp the beam. The brace that made an angle with it downward and backward, prevented him from doing anything in that direction, and between it and his body the space was not half as wide as the length of his forearm. Obviously he could not get his hand under the beam nor over it; he could not, in fact, touch it at all. Having demonstrated his inability, he desisted, and began to think if he could reach any of the debris piled upon his legs. In surveying the mass with a view to determining that point his attention was arrested by what seemed to be a ring of shining metal immediately in front of his eyes. It appeared to him at first to surround some perfectly black substance, and it was somewhat more than a half-inch in diameter. It suddenly occurred to his mind that the blackness was simply shadow, and that the ring was in fact the muzzle of his rifle protruding from the pile of debris. He was not long in satisfying himself that this was so—if it was a satisfaction. By closing either eye he could look a little way along the barrel—to the point where it was hidden by the rubbish that held it. He could see the one side, with the corresponding eye, at apparently the same angle as the other side, with the other eye. Looking with the right eye, the weapon seemed to be directed at a point to the left of his head, and vice versa. He was unable to see the upper surface of the barrel, but could see the under surface of the stock at a slight angle. The piece was, in fact, aimed at the exact center of his forehead.

In the perception of this circumstance, in the recollection that just previously to the mischance of which this uncomfortable situation was the result, he had cocked the gun and set the trigger so that a touch would discharge it, Private Searing was affected with a feeling of uneasiness. But that was as far as possible from fear; he was a brave man, somewhat familiar with the aspect of rifles from that point of view, and of cannon, too; and now he recalled, with something like amusement, an incident of

his experience at the storming of Missionary Ridge, where, walking up to one of the enemy's embrasures from which he had seen a heavy gun throw charge after charge of grape among the assailants, he thought for a moment that the piece had been withdrawn; he could see nothing in the opening but a brazen circle. What that was he had understood just in time to step aside as it pitched another peck of iron down that swarming slope. To face fire-arms is one of the commonest incidents in a soldier's life—fire-arms, too, with malevolent eyes blazing behind them. That is what a soldier is for. Still, Private Searing did not altogether relish the situation, and turned away his eyes.

After groping, aimlessly, with his right hand for a time, he made an ineffectual attempt to release his left. Then he tried to disengage his head, the fixity of which was the more annoying from his ignorance of what held it. Next he tried to free his feet, but while exerting the powerful muscles of his legs for that purpose it occurred to him that a disturbance of the rubbish which held them might discharge the rifle; how it could have endured what had already befallen it he could not understand, although memory assisted him with various instances in point. One in particular he recalled, in which, in a moment of mental abstraction, he had clubbed his rifle and beaten out another gentleman's brains, observing afterward that the weapon which he had been diligently swinging by the muzzle was loaded, capped and at full cock—a circumstance the knowledge of which would doubtless have cheered his antagonist to longer endurance. He had always smiled in recalling that blunder of his "green and salad days" as a soldier, but now he did not smile. He turned his eyes again to the muzzle of the gun, and for a moment fancied that it had moved; it seemed somewhat nearer.

Again he looked away. The tops of the distant trees beyond the bounds of the plantation interested him; he had not before observed how light and feathery they seemed, nor how darkly blue the sky was, even among their branches where they somewhat paled it with their green; above him it appeared almost black. "It will be uncomfortably hot here," he thought, "as the day advances. I wonder which way I am looking."

Judging by such shadows as he could see, he decided that his face was

due north; he would at least not have the sun in his eyes, and north—well that was toward his wife and children.

“Bah!” he exclaimed; “what have they to do with it?”

He closed his eyes. “As I can’t get out I may as well go to sleep. The Rebels are gone, and some of our fellows are sure to stray out here foraging. They’ll find me.”

But he did not sleep. Gradually he became sensible of a pain in the forehead—a dull ache, hardly perceptible at first, but growing more and more uncomfortable. He opened his eyes and it was gone—closed them and it returned. “The devil!” he said, irreverently, and stared again at the sky. He heard the singing of birds, the strange metallic note of the meadow lark, suggesting the clash of vibrant blades. He fell into pleasant memories of his childhood; played again with his brother and sister; raced across the fields, shouting to alarm the sedentary larks; entered the somber forest beyond and with timid steps followed the faint Path to Ghost Rock, standing at last with audible heart-throbs before the Dead Man’s Cave and seeking to penetrate its awful mystery! For the first time he observed that the opening of the haunted cavern was encircled by a ring of metal. Then all else vanished and left him gazing into the barrel of his rifle as before. But whereas before it had seemed nearer, it now seemed an inconceivable distance away, and all the more sinister for that. He cried out, and, startled by something in his own voice—the note of fear—lied to himself in denial: “If I don’t sing out I might stay here till I die.” He now made no further attempt to evade the menacing stare of the gun-barrel. If he turned away his eyes an instant it was to look for assistance (although he could not see the ground on either side the ruin), and he permitted them to return, obedient to the imperative fascination. If he closed them it was from weariness, and instantly the poignant pain in his forehead—the prophecy and menace of the bullet—forced him to reopen them.

The tension of nerve and brain was too severe; nature came to his relief with intervals of unconsciousness. Reviving from one of these, he became sensible of a sharp, smarting pain in his right hand, and when he worked his fingers together, or rubbed his palm with them, he could feel

that they were wet and slippery. He could not see the hand, but he knew the sensation; it was running blood. In his delirium he had beaten it against the jagged fragments of the wreck, had clutched it full of splinters. He resolved that he would meet his fate more manly. He was a plain, common soldier, had no religion and not much philosophy; he could not die like a hero, with great and wise last words, even if there were some one to hear them, but he could die "game" and he would. But if he only could know when to expect the shot!

Some rats that had probably inhabited the shed came sneaking and scampering about. One of them mounted the pile of debris that held the rifle; another followed, and another. Searing regarded them at first with indifference, then with friendly interest; then, as the thought flashed into his bewildered mind that they might touch the trigger of his rifle, he screamed at them to go away. "It is no business of yours," he cried.

The creatures left; they would return later, attack his face, gnaw away his nose, cut his throat—he knew that, but he hoped by that time to be dead.

Nothing could now unfix his gaze from the little ring of metal with its black interior. The pain in his forehead was now fierce and constant. He felt it gradually penetrating the brain more and more deeply, until at last its progress was arrested by the wood at the back of his head. It grew momentarily more insufferable; he began wantonly beating his lacerated hand against the splinters again to counteract that horrible ache. It seemed to throb with a slow, regular recurrence, each pulsation sharper than the preceding, and sometimes he cried out, thinking he felt the fatal bullet. No thoughts of home, of wife and children, of country, of glory. ~~The whole record of memory was effaced.~~ The world had passed away—~~not~~ not a vestige remained. Here in this confusion of timbers and boards is the sole universe. Here is immortality in time—each pain an everlasting life. The throbs tick off eternities.

Jerome Searing, the man of courage, the formidable enemy, the strong, resolute warrior, was as pale as a ghost; his jaw was fallen; his eyes protruded; he trembled in every fiber; a cold sweat bathed his entire body; he screamed with fear! He was not insane—he was terrified.

In groping about with his torn and bleeding hand he seized at last a strip of board, and, pulling, felt it give way. It lay parallel with his body, and by bending his elbows as much as the contracted space would permit, he could drag it a few inches at a time. Finally it was altogether loosened from the wreckage; he could lift it clear of the ground its whole length. A great hope came into his mind; perhaps he could work it upward, that is to say backward, far enough to raise the end and push aside the rifle; or, if that were too tightly wedged, so hold the strip of board as to deflect the bullet. With this object he passed it backward, inch by inch, hardly daring to breathe lest it somehow defeat his intent, and more than ever unable to remove his eyes from the rifle, which might perhaps now hasten to improve its waning opportunity. Something at least had been gained: in the occupation of his mind in this attempt at self-defense he was less sensible of the pain in his head and had ceased to scream. But he was still dreadfully frightened and his teeth rattled like castanets.

The strip of board ceased to move to the suasion of his hand. He tugged at it with all his strength, changed the direction of its length all he could, but it had met some extended obstruction, and the end in front of him was still too far a way to clear the pile of debris and reach the muzzle of the gun. It extended, indeed, nearly as far as the trigger-guard, which uncovered by the rubbish, he could imperfectly see with his right eye. He tried to break the strip with his hand, but had no leverage. Perceiving his defeat, all his terror returned, augmented tenfold. The black aperture of the rifle appeared to threaten a sharper and more imminent death in punishment for his rebellion. The track of the bullet through his head ached with an intenser anguish. He began to tremble again.

Suddenly he became composed. His tremor subsided. He clenched his teeth and drew down his eyebrows. He had not exhausted his means of defense: a new design had shaped itself in his mind—another plan of battle. Raising the front end of the strip of board he carefully pushed it forward through the wreckage at the side of the rifle until it pressed against the trigger-guard. Then he moved the end slowly outward until he could feel that it had cleared it; then, closing his eyes, thrust it against the trigger with all his strength. There was no explosion: the rifle had

been discharged as it dropped from his hand when the building fell. Jerome Searing was dead.

A little later a line of skirmishers swept across the plantation toward the mountain. They passed on both sides of the wrecked building. A short distance in their rear came Lieutenant Adrain Searing. He cast his eyes curiously upon the ruin and sees a dead body half buried in boards and timbers. It is so covered with dust that its clothing looks gray. A Confederate soldier. Its face is yellowish white; the cheeks are fallen, the white teeth rigidly clenched. The hair is heavy with moisture, the face as wet as the dewy grass all about. From his point of view the officer does not observe the rifle: the man was apparently killed by the fall of the building.

"Dead a week," said the officer, curtly, moving on, mechanically pulling out his watch as if to verify the estimate of time. Six o'clock and forty minutes.

—*Ambrose G. Bierce in San Francisco Examiner.*



A SESQUIPEDALIAN RETROSPECTIVE REVERIE.

BY A BOSTON MAIDEN.

Oh! I oft cogitate on the mystical past,
Æons of ages ago,
When cohesion of molecules first began
In terrestrial caverns below.
Yes, I oft speculate how the heulandite grew,
In its tetrahexahedronical way,
Enclosed in its amygdaloidal home,
In that antediluvian day.

Oh! the great pachydermatous Dinotheriums roamed,
Though hypostatically unknown to me,
In those hyperborean regions of cold,
By the paleocrystic sea;
But by some sudden glacial cataclysmic change,
Oh! the whole Brobdingnagian troop
Were irrevocably buried in Cenozoic drift,
And irretrievably lost "in the soup."

—*Puck.*

Larry O'Dee.

W. W. FINK.

Now, the Widow Magee
And Larrie O'Dee
Had two little cottages out on the green,
With just enough room for two pig-pens between.
The widow was young and the widow was fair,
With the brightest of eyes and the brownest of hair,
And it frequently chanced, when she came in the morn
With the swill for the pig, Larrie came with the corn.
And some of the ears that he tossed from his hand
In the pen of the widow were certain to land.

One morning said he :
"Och ! Misthress McGee,
It's a washte of good lumber this runnin' two rigs,
Wid a fancy petition betwane our two pigs !"
"Indade, sure it is !" answered Widow McGee,
With the sweetest of smiles upon Larrie O'Dee.
"And then it looks kind o' hard-hearted and mane
Kapin' two fri'ndly pigs so exsaindin'ly near
That whinever one grunts thin the other can hear,
And yit kape a cruel petition betwane !"

"Shwate Misthress McGee,"
Answered Larrie O'Dee,
"If ye fale in yer heart we are mane to the pigs,
Ain't we mane to oursilves to be runnin' two rigs?
Oh ! it made me heart ache whin I paped through the cracks
Of me shanty lasht March at yez swingin' yer axe
Wid yer purty white hands just as red as a bate
(Though I really must say that yez handled it nate),
A-sphlitten yer kindlin' wood out in the shtorm.
Whin one little shtove it would kape us both warm !"

"Now, piggy," said she,
"Larrie's courtin' o' me,
Wid his delicate, tinder allusions to you;
So now yez musht tell me just what I musht do.
For, if I'm to say 'yes,' shtir the swill wid yer shnout;
But if I'm to say 'no' yez must kape yer nose out.
Now, Larrie, for shame ! to be bribin' a pig
By a-tossin' a handful o' corn in his shwig !"
"Me darlint, the piggy says 'yes !'" answered he,
And that was the courtship of Larrie O'Dee.





ASTROLOGY



CONDUCTED BY DR. DEROLLI, HOTEL PELHAM, BOSTON

Lucky AND Unlucky Days for September-October

These predictions will not fit into every life with accurate details. They are safe deductions from planetary relations and will be found helpful and in the main quite correct. Of course, to get at an individual experience and to take advantage of precise work a chart of each person must be studied.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

1. A good start for this month. Safe for any legitimate uses. Don't speculate in stocks.
2. Just like yesterday. Promising, helpful, good, don't speculate.
3. Better for business than social duties. Saturn and the moon do not work well in love.
4. Not strong for social attitudes, fairly good in business matters. Keep conservative.
5. Wide awake day. Don't get fooled by great stories of stocks, wealth and ventures. Carefully and safe, - is all right for you.
6. Sunday. A fine day for all good things. If you have done any one a wrong now is the time to undo it.
7. Full moon. Fine day for new and important decisions and acts, decide, act. Have confidence. Exercise in open air.
8. Danger of impulsive acts. Don't get hasty in your words. Keep the brake on your tongue.
9. Featureless. Your only danger will be that you want everything in one day.
10. Tip-top day up to nine in the evening. Then go to bed and don't argue.
11. Fine day for strong purposes but poor for ventures. You will be tempted to do a rash thing.
12. First-class for social or business. One of the best. Don't give her any rest till she says yes.
13. If she did say yes this will be a great day for you. It's a great day for all good deeds.
14. This is a poor one. Don't undertake great duties and keep from all risks.
15. Safe if you are not rash. Keep cool. Go slowly.
16. Excellent for business, for writings, asking favors.
17. Saturn opposes moon. This is not good. Better be cautious.
18. Here you are doing better again. Good day to clean up old matters or in a conservative way begin new.
19. All right. Don't buy stocks unless you want to lie awake nights.
20. Just like yesterday.
21. New moon. Good day, judgment and acts quite safe.
22. Bright, safe. Use your best thinking on conservative lines and you are safe.
23. Another good one. Use it.
24. So is this, make these days tell.
25. Another excellent opportunity for safe, careful work, good in your harmony with people.
26. Fine again, particularly to begin a matter that you have thought over carefully.
27. A day of rest. It had better be, for it's unsafe for new acts. Go carefully.
28. Here it is unsafe for any new and untried venture. Go carefully in thought, word or acts.

29. Fairly good, particularly in dealing with the opposite sex.
30. Rather poor. Meditate rather than act.

OCTOBER, 1903.

1. Fine for all kinds of business: good to ask favors.
2. Moon and sun are not friendly: rather poor day to begin important duties.
3. Very good if not too impulsive: socially strong.
4. Sunday. Influences all good. Towards evening in dealing with opposite sex be considerate of words lest they be too sharp. Be nice.
5. Fine day, and here is an opportunity to begin or develop any reasonable thing: ask favors, plan, make effective.
6. Full moon. Two bad relations of moon. Go slowly.
7. Another rather doubtful day: don't press too hard.
8. Moon and Saturn and Uranus and Venus are all in a row. You better keep out of it. Watch weather for this and past few days.
9. Some better: gaining: upon the whole, safe if you move cautiously.
10. Same as yesterday.
11. Very mixed influences: the best time is an hour either side of noon—just as you go home from church.
12. Doubtful day but not bad: needs caution in all acts especially in what you write and say.
13. The afternoon is all right: but go to bed early and save a scrap after eight thirty.
14. Mean enough. Moon is up to all sort of antics. You keep out of it. Watch weather in N. W. states and Canada.
15. Little better but not enough to brag about:
16. This is all right. Now catch up, do your best. Safe for almost reasonable act.

17. Well enough and fairly good till evening when the whole thing peters out.
18. Sunday. Rather better than the average. If the parson does not preach well it's not my fault.
19. Bad wash day in many sections: and bad for new business in most sections.
20. New moon: comes on a good day: let us rejoice.
21. After breakfast, gains begin and continue all day.
22. Another comfortable day, better take up active plans and endeavors.
23. All right, specially the forenoon. Get things settled.
24. This is a bad one. Storms in northern states and coast will probably be destructive in this section for the past few days.
25. Safe for important acts. It's Sunday, so don't act badly.
26. An active mind will prompt to active duties: use the day.
27. Just fairly good, like some people. Go carefully in new matters.
28. Moon and sun square: and bad with Saturn and Venus consequently the influences will be poor.
29. This is better but not first class. Reasonably safe.
30. Gains. Probably a good day for you: in planning better than in acting.
31. The month concludes well. A day of excellent power.

The weather predictions for the months of September and October, compiled by Dr. Derolli, will be found on page 25.



Good Health Department.



EATING FOR HEALTH.

BY AMOS WOODBURY RIDEOUT.

“ “ “

ON CERTAIN COMMON FOODS.

The relative food value of the most commonly used meats has usually been placed in some such order as this; chicken, game, lamb or mutton, beef, veal, pork. There is reason to believe, however, that this list needs some alteration. Too much beef is not desirable, and, as is well known, it is eaten more largely than any other meat. On the other hand pork, at the foot of the list, is especially desirable for some people. It needs, however, to be raised under cleaner and better conditions than it usually is, as I explained in a previous number. Fish with white meat if freshly caught is good. Oily fish like mackerel, blue fish and the like should only be eaten by people with strong digestion who labor in the open air. Fish that has been kept any length of time in cold storage is not fit to eat. In France fish are kept in tanks of water and sold alive, this is the only proper way.

By the way, fish with scales will be dressed much easier if plunged for an instant in hot water. I throw this information in for the benefit of those who, like myself, sometimes “go a fishing.” Those who are mean enough to delude the wary pickerel with the flash of a revolving “trolling spoon.”

There has been much discussion as to the desirability of shell fish, oysters, clams, quohaugs, lobsters, etc., as food. Our vegetarian friends say they grow in mud—so does the water lily. There seems to be something very dainty and delicious about the meat of a fresh boiled lobster, no grease or gristle, but yet some people claim to have been made very sick thereby. Perhaps the lobster was not so much to blame as an unwise combination with other foods. Many years ago in an absent minded fit I made a meal of lobster and washed it down with a glass of milk. I felt a little startled when my attention was called to the fact that this was supposed to be sure death, but I slept soundly all night without even a night

mare. I recommend however that the only combination with lobster should be lettuce and that lobster a la Newburg and all such conglomerations should be given a wide berth.

I believe that all of the common roots that are used for food, turnips, beets, carrots etc. are good except the onion. It has been the fashion for many years to credit the onion with all sorts of virtues, especially medicinal. Our grandmothers reasoned, I take it, that because it was powerful it must be beneficial. But they were even wont to administer grated Indian Turnip for something—colds I think. Ever try it? Indian Turnip is the bulb of the plant which in the spring gives us that beautiful flower known as Jack-in-the-Pulpit. It is more than hot—"Chile-con-carn" is not in it with Jack's hot foot.

If the onion has such a powerful effect upon the eye that it cannot be peeled except in tears—if not in sorrow, what must the effect be upon the still more delicate lining of the stomach? Any vegetable that is so powerful that its odor lingers for days on the breath and sometimes exudes through the pores of the skin is not fit for food. I am backed in this opinion by no less an authority than Dr. J. H. Kellogg, at the head of the largest sanitarium in the world. The only proper use for the onion is as a condiment and then it should only be used in sufficient quantity to add a zest to the dish without letting you know that it is there.

In the matter of condiments we undoubtedly use too much of all these. If a thing is good, as I have said before, why not eat it for its own flavor? Why dose it with something else? The person with a good appetite has no desire for Worcestershire sauce, ketchup, tabasco, etc. The use of salt has been much discussed, it is safe to say that we use too much. Butter is universal and if it is fresh and good all right, but it is frequently very indifferent and sometimes vile. Pure olive oil in many cases and for many people would be better. It has been difficult to obtain a pure olive oil but there has appeared on the market a brand which seems to be all that can be desired. It is known as the Sylmar Olive Oil, is made in California and is backed by a \$1000.00 guarantee that it is made from olives and nothing else. I use it on my table every day and find it very palatable.

ODD ADVERTISEMENTS.

Contributions for this Department are solicited. Send the entire page of the paper containing the advertisement if possible.

Some Old Time Ads.

There never was a time when the number of advertisements appearing in newspapers and magazines was greater than at present, covering almost every species of human want and running the full gamut from the tear drop to the smile. Some of them are curious in their composition, but in this they lack the spice and humor of the advertisements that attracted the eyes of our ancestors. Here is one from an English paper published in 1680.

"By his majesty's letters patent Beards taken off and registered by Isaac Punchard, Barber, Perrewig maker, Surgeon, Parish Clerk, Schoolmaster, Blacksmith and Man. Midwife. I shaves for a penne, cuts hare for two pence, and oyld and Powdird in the bargin, young Ladies gently educated, lamps lited by the year or quarter, Young Gentleman also taut their Grammer language in the neatest manner and great keer taken of their marrels & Spelin. Also Salme Singing and Horce Shewing by the reel makir, likewise makes & mends all sorts of butes & shews, teaches the Ho boy & jews harp, cuts corns bleeds & Blisters on the lowest terms. Cowtillions and other dances taut at hoam and abroad, also deals holesale & retail in Perfumery in all its branches, sells all sorts of stastinary ware, together with blackin ball, Red herins, Gingerbread, Coles, Scrubbin brushes, treycle, mousetraps & all other Sweetmeats, likewise God father's cordial, red rutes, Tatoes, Sasages, Black Puddins, and other Garden stuff. P. S. I teaches Goggrify & all them outlanguaged kind of things. A bawl on Wensday and Friday. All performed God willon by me Isaac Punchard. To be hard off at my warehouse were you may be sarved with the very best Bacco, by the ounce, ream, quire, or single sheet. N. B. Also likewise beware of counterfeets, for such is abroad."

The following matrimonial notice which appeared a couple of generations ago, shows that even then heart were pining for heart and that the press was regarded a happy medium of sentimental exchange:—

"Wanted—By a young lady, age nineteen, of pleasing countenance, good figure, agreeable manners, general information and varied accomplishments, who has studied everything, from the creation to crochet, a situation in the family of a gentleman. She will take the head of the table, manage his household, scold his servants, nurse his babies [when they arrive,] check his tradesman's bills, accompany him to the theatre, cut the leaves of his new book, sew on his buttons, warm his slippers, and generally make his life happy. Apply in first place by letter, to—Louisa Caroline, Lindon Grove,—and afterward to Papa, upon the premises.

Wedding Ring Number Four, Small.

Curious Signs.

This sign swings in front of a store at Georgetown, Md.

BORN WITH A BRAIN WITHIN A BRAIN, I CAN CURE
EVERY KIND OF MISERY IN A SHORT TIME WITH
ONLY THE BEST ERBS TO BE USED.

A sign over a Chicago store which reads

PICKLES AND NEW YORK SUNDAY PAPERS

Is only outclassed by one in a Georgia village which advertises

AX HANDLES, INKS, PENS AND CHEESE

The efforts of a Berkshire, Pa., farmer would also be a strange contrast to those usually seen on bulletins. It reads

NOTIS—KNOW KOWS IS ALLOUD IN THESE
MEDDERS, ENY MAN OR WOMEN LETTIN THAR KOWS
RUN THE RODE WOT GITS INTO MY MEDDERS AFORE-
SAID SHALL HAV HIS TAIL CUT OF BY ME.

OBADIAH ROGERS.

The sign which sticks on the door of a Philadelphia store reading

HO MADE PIES

And the one on the barber shop in the same city reading

G. WASHINGTON SMITH, TONSORIAL ABATTOR

Are in the same class. The following is a copy of a notice posted by a Pennsylvania German :

NOTISS!

STRAYED OR STOLEN FROM THE SUBSCRIBER ONE
SHEEP ALL OVER WHITE. ONE LEG WAS BLACK
UND HALF HIS PODY. I VILL GIF ALL PERSONS FIVE
TOLLAR TO BRING HIM. HE WAS A SHE GOAT.

HANS BLICKENDORF.

BRIEF BOOK REVIEWS

BY QUAIN TICUS

I believe that book reviews should, as a general thing, be short and to the point. What is wanted is a brief hint as to what the book is, and then you will be able to judge if you are interested in it.

Health and Vitality Through Right Living, by H. J. Pigott. This is the long title of a not very long book, but it is a case of quality not quantity. It contains among other things a simple remedy for constipation, far and away ahead of carthartics which should never be used. Other departments are Eating; Fasting; Bathing; Air and Sun Baths; Proper Breathing; Drinking; Clothing; Exercising; Right Thinking. What more could you ask for a quarter? Published by the author, New Orleans, La.

The Natural Life, (Boston, Mass.) I am glad to note the re-appearance of Prof. Windsor's periodical. The professor is a man of great mind and heart. His periodical is not one to be read and thrown aside but should be kept and studied until the next one appears. Any one who will do this will find at the end of six months that they have gained much in good health, good nature and a clearer understanding of life and how to live it. The article on "Companionship" in the August number is one of the finest things I have ever read. Yearly subscription \$1.00. Single numbers 10 cts.

The Budget, (Gallipolis, Ohio.) This is a new one of forty pages *Philistine* size. It is published quarterly to start with and that is where the publisher shows that he has business perspicacity above the average. The articles are written in a salty style which is readable and the magazine is very beautifully printed. Single numbers 10 cts.

Psychic World, (San Francisco, Calif.) A well gotten up magazine edited by Dr. Geo. W. Payne. Has articles on metaphysics, astrology, hypnotism, character reading etc. "The Faculty of Tune—Its Nature and How to Use It" is an interesting article in the August number by Dr. W. Kenton Burr. Yearly subscription \$1.00, single numbers 10 cents.

"Now, children, let's have that verse over again. 'Little drops of water,' and put more spirit into it this time."—*Exchange*.

Y^e Quaint Magazine

Published Monthly at Boston, Mass.

OUR MOTTO: "TO BE DIFFERENT."

Subscription price, 50 cents per year. Six months, 25 cents. Single copies, 5 cents. Foreign subscription, 4 shillings. Advertising rates, 10 cents per agate line. Positively no free copies.

QUAIN'T PUBLISHING CO.,

7 St. Paul Street,

Boston, Mass.

Finding this notice marked you will understand that your subscription expires with this issue

Entered as second-class matter June 16, 1903, at the post office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

WHAT TO DO WITH A DRUNKARD.

I have before in these columns commended the periodical known as *Medical Talk* published at Columbus, O. Except for some articles on astrology which are as foolish and inaccurate as anything could well be the magazine is filled with sound and sensible advice. This is especially true of the portion devoted to answering correspondents. The doctor's answer to a wife who asks for suggestions as to how she shall treat her husband who is addicted to drinking is so very good that I reproduce it here although the subject may not specially appeal to "Quaint" readers.

"After having tried persuasion and argument during his sober intervals and it avails nothing I would quit talking to him about the matter. I would try to arrange it so he could get in at night when he came home without disturbing the rest of the family! If possible, I would have a comfortable room for him to sleep in, everything orderly, clean, and any comfort that might suggest itself to your mind. Yourself and family, however, should be disturbed as little as possible. Have a room totally separate from his. If necessary lock yourself in it. Pay no attention to him. Let him wait on himself. If he has any difficulties or troubles leave him entirely to himself.

Next morning, if he is able to get up, treat him as if nothing had happened. Neither put yourself out of the way one way or another. If he lies abed let him alone. When he sobers up say nothing about the matter. Just let it go. Don't play the role of martyr or termagant. Just

go right on as sweetly as possible in your own life making the most of the circumstances.

If his conscience does not come to his rescue and his manhood is not sufficient to arouse him to better conduct and your life becomes intolerable, just quietly leave him. If you are fortunate enough to have a home to return to, do so and have no fuss with him, have no words with him. Just leave him as much as possible to himself. If he shows signs of reformation, encourage him but don't scold. There is no use. It will only make him worse."

Although I never drink and have as little sympathy with a drunken man as anybody, I feel that the above method is the only sensible one. Any other course will only be a waste of energy and will avail nothing.

A Winter Mishap.

A maiden fair with sun-kissed hair, came tripping down the street; her face serene, her age sixteen—gee whiz, but she, was sweet! On the sidewalk slick she came down quick with a jolt that shook her curls, but the words she used must be excused, for she's one of the nicest girls.

RELIABLE ADVERTISEMENTS

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OCCULTISM

This is the only way I have of introducing myself to the many sincere and worthy occult students. I will say I was born in Egypt in 1861, educated in Europe (University of Barcelona) and sixteen years of my life was spent in the Orient, including Turkey, Persia, India and Thibet. I say in plain, honest words that I am the only man in America to-day that has credentials from the Hindoo Priest and the Dalai-Lama of Thibet. I have just printed a neat little pamphlet which fully explains the unforbidden secrets of this strange country. I will send one copy FREE to sincere occult students only. Write me at once, enclosing stamp, they are going fast. Address, DR. J. T. BETTERO, 2960 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill. U. S. A.

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would indicate a swindle, but we offer you \$2.00 for 50c. and will fill the bill. It is the greatest clubbing combination on earth. Send us 50c. coin or stamps and we will send you the Health Journal price \$1.00, the Good Health Magazine, price 50c., and make you a member for one year of the International Health League, price 50c. If you are wise, take advantage of this offer at once. Address: HEALTH CLUB AGENCY, 452 So. Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.

IT IS MARVELOUS You can cure an ache or pain in a few minutes; banish nervousness and cure troubles arising from a disordered nervous system; gain immediate mastery over nearly every ailment that affects the human body by a simple, natural exercise that you can perform at any time. It is marvelous! No drug, no apparatus. No mental or magnetic treatment. No cost whatever save for instruction. You can master instructions at one reading and prove to yourself at once their value. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied. Instructions, plainly typewritten, only \$1.00. W. M. MACKEN, Abbott, Texas.

Weather Predictions.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

During the early portion a warm wave will be in West and probably work Eastward. The 6th and 7th should bring decidedly cooler days coming near to frost. The 11th to 14th will bring another warm wave with much electrical display. From 16th to 20th possibly 21st, severe storms of wind and rain and in south and west damage will come to property. Watch for these. The closing week will be one of heavy storms in many sections, a marked coldness and damaging winds. The month will bring disaster to many people. The ordinary weather forecasts speaks of these things generally after they have passed. There should be courage enough and science enough to speak of them intelligently before they occur. In time this will be done and people then will wonder at the ridiculous statements now sent out which are not accurate for even twenty-four hours ahead.

OCTOBER, 1903.

The month opens with threatening weather with probably warmer spell but immediately followed by storms in southern and coast sections quite likely more or less for first ten days of the month. A severe cold snap in north west: quite likely more in Canada and northwest. Matters will be more regular and fairly good till about the fourteenth when several peculiar planetary conditions occur, with probability of vigorous storms in north and middle states. Moon is such shape as to bring warm wave about 17th followed by severe storm, sleet, wind etc., etc. There will be damage to shipping and cities on the coast. Warmer weather follows out the closing days. October should bring another serious disturbance. The month will be noted for sharp sudden changes and much trouble.

Will the lady who sent for a delineation and inquired about her eyes kindly send name and address again?

RELIABLE ADVERTISEMENTS

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A booklet on the original and unequalled talismanic Jewel, Ojo de Buey, will be sent to any address on receipt of stamp, giving privilege of 30 days' free trial of the Jewel. G. E. BENTON & CO., 131 Tremont St., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

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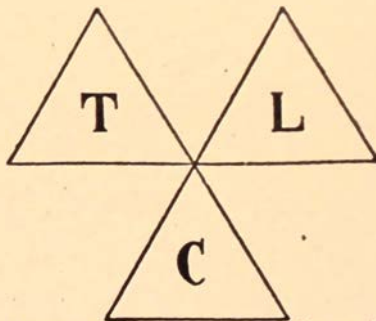
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EDITOR OCCULT TRUTH SEEKER,
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Start a Magazine. It is the best way to advertise. We print them cheap for you and give 100,000 circulation at once. Send 10 c for plan and samples. Co-operative Magazine, Chicago, Ill.

Was It a Coincidence?

One of the new features introduced into the pages of *Ye Quaint Magazine* (see advt.), is a list of lucky and unlucky days for each month. Naturally nothing could be farther from my belief than the idea of one day being more lucky or unlucky than another. But it so happened that on two succeeding days I could do nothing right. Everything went wrong. I had to print one job over three times before I could get it right. But on the next day everything worked like a charm, and there was a flow of business setting my way. Accidentally I chanced to notice the list of lucky and unlucky days, and was surprised to note that those particular days indicated my experience precisely.—From *The Anvil*, Bristol, Conn.

"Your lucky days strike me to a T and I can't be without them."
C. M. C.—M. D.

Hard Luck.

Mamma:—Ethel, I must really forbid you touching that lobster; you know it does not agree with you. Ethel (resignedly):—Very well mamma, but it does seem as if everything in this world that is nice is either wicked or indigestible.—*Ex.*

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The January number contains the illustrated horoscope of Miss Alice Roosevelt and Napoleon; February number, Emperor William of Germany; March number, Pope Leo 13th; April number, Gen. Nelson A. Miles. Send at once and I will give you a typewritten reading of your life and description of "whom you should marry."

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Terrible Revenge.

Jimmy, six years old, had been naughty, and his mother's slipper had made him squirm, and all day long his lowering brows spoke of a spirit brooding on revenge. No opportunity presented itself, however, till bed-time, when Jimmy knelt at his mother's knee to say his prayers. Deliberately he repeated all the accustomed names on whose owners he invoked a blessing except that of his mother, to whom he triumphantly said, as he rose and prepared to jump into bed. "I s'pose you noticed you wasn't in it!"

A Great Grocery Sail.

During a forty-eight-mile wind out in Washington last month a section of wharf in Old Tacoma was washed from its piling and floated out to sea. On the wharf stood a small grocery store, owned by a man named Johnson. The proprietor and two customers were in the store at the time the wharf floated away, taking the building with it. For several hours the groceryman and his customers were at the mercy of the waves, but the wharf did not overturn, and finally was captured by a tug, brought to shore and safely moored.

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Of your Personality, Possibilities and what you are best adapted to. Send your own Hand-writing, or a friend's, and 12 cents to

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THE PHRENOPATHIC JOURNAL,
62 rBch St., Bangor, Me., U. S. A.

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About five years ago, Prof. William Windsor, LL. B., Ph. D., the world's most eminent Phrenologist, discovered the Sand Cure for Indigestion & Constipation! and since that time more than a half million sufferers have tried it and found that it is Nature's Simple

Remedy by restored health. It does not purge or gripe, but it cleans the body out. "THE NATURAL LIFE" is the title of Prof. Windsor's monthly magazine in which the Sand Cure is fully described and discussed. It is devoted to the teaching of VITOSOPHY ("the wise way of living") Natural Diet, Health and Character Culture, Righteousness and Freedom. One Dollar per year. PROFESSOR WINDSOR will send full directions for the Sand Cure to anyone sending Twenty-five cents for a three months trial subscription to The Natural Life. Address THE WINDSOR PUBLISHING CO., Back Bay Postoffice, Boston, Mass.

Learn Osteopathy 2 years study fits you out for Life. A new scientific profession which is legal-honorable and very profitable. For full particulars, catalog, Journal, etc. address Ohio College of Osteopathy, Chillicothe, Ohio.

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A Magazine of Progress. Quarterly, 20 cents per year. All the numbers for 1903 sent for 10 cents, or 10 back numbers for 10 cents. Stamps accepted. Address H. C. BARTLETT, 155 Main St., Room 39, Fitchburg, Mass.



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**Vaught's Practical
Character Reader**
and a sample copy of "Human Culture," the monthly that teaches you how to read character at sight.

L. A. VAUGHT, Publisher.

Dept. B, 130 Dearborn St., - - Chicago, Ill.

Get A Big Mail of sample magazines, papers, etc. Send your name and 10-c. U. S. Directory, 340 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.,

Are you trouble with Constipation or Dyspepsia? Do you "CATCH COLD" easily? Are your kidneys or liver always 'out of whack'? Are you too FAT, your Complexion poor? Then read my little book, "Health and Vitality Through Right Living," and you will find therein, clearly and succinctly stated, the cause and cure for the above.

Ignorance is at the bottom of most of our trouble.—Ignorance in eating, in drinking, in bathing (both internally and externally) Ignorance in thinking. This little book shows you plainly and to the point, "JUST HOW" to get WELL. It has cost me several years study, many a dollar, and tedious experiment,—and my dear friend, if I did not know I was giving you, many times over; your money's worth, I wouldn't sell another book. Now it's "up to you." I can say no more. Price 25c. H. J. Pigott, 311 West Baronne street, New Orleans, La.

A STUFFED CLUB

A magazine that clubs all kinds of superstitions, medical in particular. Says just what it thinks on any and all subjects, and will club a friend's opinion equal to a foe's. Published at Denver, Col. Price \$1 per year.

Your Character,

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HENRY RICE, Graphologist,
1927 Madison Ave., New York.

PALMISTRY SAVED LIFE. —Mrs. Cummings says Prof. Fredrick warned me against taking N. Y. Central train wrecked Jan. 7, 1902. My advice on Business Speculat on, Investments, Love, Marriage, Divorce, Reunites Separated, Settles Lovers' Quarrels, Foretells Lucky Days and Numbers. **YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE.** Remove lamp chimney, move writing paper rapidly over smoke until well blackened, press palm on paper, run pencil around hand and fingers, spray with spirits. Send impressions, date, birth, 10c. postage, and learn your future. 217 W. 125th St., N. Y.

Addresses. Agents, Housekeepers, Farmers, Cash Buyers, 5-c. per hundred or 25-c. per 1000 Miss A. Bitler, 3936-W-82nd-st., Chicago, Ill.

Mail Order Men send stamp for plan that will pull answers every time. Harry Elliott Morgan Park, Ill.

Agents send stamp for list of "fast-selling" goods that I make. Robert Blumer, 1263 Lincoln ave., Chicago, Ill.

Self-Hypnotic Healing. I have made a late discovery that enables all to induce the hypnotic sleep in themselves instantly at first trial, awaken at any desired time and hereby cure all known diseases and bad habits, control their dreams, read the minds of friends and enemies, visit any part of the earth, solve hard questions and problems in this sleep and remember all when awake. This so-called Mental Vision Lesson will be sent to anyone for only 10c. (silver.) Sold on credit. Actually enabling you to do the above before any charge, whatever. Prof. R. E. DUTTON, Dept. G., Lincoln, Neb., U. S. A.



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