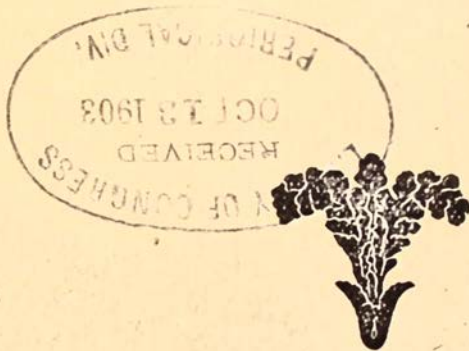


PRICE FIVE CENTS.



Ye Quaint Magazine



Vol. 4

OCTOBER

No. 2

YE QUAIN T MAGAZINE,

19

Boston, Mass.

03.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

A Monthly Journal Devoted to

ECLECTIC MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

George W. Boskowitz, M. D.,
EDITOR.

Assisted by the Faculty of the Eclectic
Medical College.

Issued Monthly. One Dollar per Year.

Address subscriptions and business letters to

Geo. W. Boskowitz, M. D.,
140 W. 71st St., N. Y. City.

THE NEW LIFE.

Ida M. Brooks, Editor.

A monthly periodical devoted to a finer and nobler realization of life. 75cts. a year. 3 mos. for 25 cents. Sample copy free. If you are tired of the old life, with its pain, heartache and emptiness, read **THE NEW LIFE**, and you will come into and live the new life, which is joy, peace and bountiful supply of all good and desirable things. Address

THE NEW LIFE PUB. CO.,

Box 186. Orofino, Idaho.

GET MARRIED. My Matrimonial Paper is the **best published.** Each issue contains Hundreds of "Personal" advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, young and old, many rich. If you desire correspondents for Marriage or Pastime, send for a copy. Mailed securely sealed **FREE.**

L. P. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

A Fortune for You in

The Egyptian Life Reading Cards!

If you are a life reader, Healer, or of a progressive turn of mind they will be worth \$'s to you. A charm at social gatherings and private entertainments. Set with full directions \$1.00. **FRANCES BEETZ**, 0514 Monroe Street. Spokane, Wash.

RE-OPENED

LUNDIN'S TURKISH BATHS

The finest and most modern baths in the city now re-opened after extensive alterations and renovations. Gentlemen weekday afternoons, all night and Sunday mornings. Ladies weekday mornings and Sunday afternoons.

ADOLPH LUNDIN, Propr.

176 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

UNDER TREMONT THEATRE

A FREE HOROSCOPE

by the Zodiac will tell you what Sign and Planet you were born under and reveal much of the greatest interest concerning your life. Astrology reveals your life and tells you your marriage mate, your liable business success about your love affairs etc. I have pleased thousands with my reading of their past a future. Send your birthdate and 3 stamps to **H. S. SHAGREEN**, Dpt. E, B. 2152 San Francisco, California.

"A PECULIAR PEOPLE

The members of The Co-Operative Brotherhood colony at Burley, Wash., are not a "peculiar people," but about the same as you will find in any western community. If you wish to know what they are doing, read **THE CO-OPERATOR**, a 32 page monthly magazine, 50 cents a year—special trial subscription 30 cents for 10 cents.

THE CO-OPERATOR, Burley, Wash.

THE JUNIOR,

BETHLEHEM, PA.,

wants 10,000 more subscribers and to secure them quickly offers a trial subscription of one full year for 25 cents and to each new subscriber who will send the names and addresses of two stamp collectors there will be sent a number of unused stamps to the catalogue value of 25 cents. **THE JUNIOR** has an excellent Stamp Department.

The Quaint Magazine

For the Collection of Odd, Queer and Curious Things.

VOL. IV.

BOSTON, MASS., OCTOBER, 1903.

No. 2

A STRANGE STORY.

Last summer, the schooner William Haley, of Galveston, trading among the West Indies, was becalmed near the Gulf Stream. The second day the captain's curiosity was aroused by a strange floating mass, and he ordered the mate to take a boat and examine it. The mate returned towing a log, from which the men had cut away the marine growth which had made it seem at a distance like a sea-monster. The captain ordered it to be hoisted to the deck, declaring that in forty years spent at sea he had never found anything like it.

When laid on the deck, it was seen to be about twenty feet long and two feet in diameter. It was of some very hard, dark-colored wood, like palm, charred in places, and worn and broken, cut and torn, as if it had been whirled through torrents and maelstroms for hundreds of years. The ends were pointed, and five bands of dark metal, like bronze, were sunk in the wood, and the whole bore evidence of having passed through intense heat. On closer examination, the log was seen to consist of two parts, and these bands were to bind it together. The captain had the bands cut, and in the exact centre, fitted into a cavity, was a round stone, eighteen inches in diameter. The rest of the wood was solid.

The captain, more disappointed at this result than he cared to confess, picked up the stone and was greatly astonished at its lightness. Examining it more closely, he remembered that when a boy on the old New Hampshire farm he used to find hollow stones with crystals in them—geodes, as he afterwards heard them called. This was probably a geode, placed in this strange receptacle for some unknown purpose. He carried it into his cabin and put it into his chest.

Two months later, the old captain returned to his cottage on Galveston Bay, and placed among his curiosities the geode he had so strangely found in the Gulf Stream. One day he studied it again, and the sunlight chanced to fall upon a narrow, irregular line.

"I declare," said the old man; "it looks like as if this stone had been patched together!"

He struck it with a hammer and it fell apart, and proved to be filled with small pieces of yellowish-brown wood. The shell of the stone was about an inch thick, studded over inside with thousands of garnet crystals. It had been broken into three parts and fastened together again with some sort of cement which showed plainly on the inside.

The old captain poured the pieces of wood on the table. They were perfectly dry and hard. They seemed almost like strips of bamboo, and were numbered and covered with writing, made by pricking marks with some sharp instrument like an awl. He found the first piece of wood and began to read, for it was in English. The work of deciphering the tiny dents on the bits of wood soon became the captain's chief occupation. He copied each sentence off in his old log-book as fast as it was made out. Five or six sentences were all his eyes would stand without a rest, so that it was a long time before the narrative was all complete. This narrative runs as follows:

HEART OF THE ROCKIES, about Sept. 17, 1886.

I am an American, Timothy Parsons, of Machias, Maine. I have no living relatives. I write this in a vast vaulted chamber, hewn from the solid granite by some pre-historic race. I have been for months a wanderer in these subterranean spaces, and now I have contrived a way to send my message out to the world that I shall probably never see again. If some miner tunneling in the Rockies, comes upon a vaulted chamber, with heaps of ancient weapons of bronze, bars of gold and precious stones that no man may number, let him give Christian burial to the poor human bones that lie in this horrible treasure-house. He will find all that is left of my mortal frame near the great everburning lamp, under the dome of the central hall. That lamp is fed from some reservoir of natural gas. It was lighted when I came, months ago. For all I know otherwise it

has burned there for thousands of years.

The entrance to this sub-montane river is in the Assinnaboine Mountains north of the United States line. I was a prospector there for several years, and I heard stories among the older Indians that a river greater than the Columbia had once flowed where the Rocky Mountains now are; that the Great Spirit had piled the mountains over it and buried it deep under the ground. At last a medicine-man, whose life I had once saved, told me that he knew how to get to the river, and he took me to a cave in a deep gorge. Here we lived for a week, exploring by means of pine torches, and at last found a passage which ran steadily downward. This, the Indian told me, was the path by which his ancestors, who once lived in the middle of the earth, had found their way to the light of day.

I think we were about three hundred feet below the entrance of the cave, when we began to hear the sound of roaring waters. The sound increased, until we stood by an underground river, of whose width and depth we could form no idea. The light of our torches did not even reveal the height of the roof overhead. My guide told me that this was the mother of all the rivers of the world. No other person except himself knew of its existence. It flowed from the end of the north to the extreme south. It grew ever warmer and warmer. There was a time when people lived along its channel, and there were houses and cities of the dead there, and many strange things. It was full of fish without eyes, and they were good to eat. If I would help him build a raft, he would float me down this river. The old stories said that one could go upon it for many miles. It ran down a hollow under the mountains.

We built and equipped our raft and launched it on the most foolhardy adventure, I do believe, that ever occupied the attention of men. We lit torches, and set them in sockets on the raft, and we were well armed. For two weeks we moved down the high archway, at a steady rate of only about three miles an hour. The average width of the stream was about five hundred feet, but at times it widened out to almost twice that. It swarmed with many kinds of fish, and they were very easy to secure. The rock walls and roof seemed to be of solid granite. We were below the later formations.

As nearly as I can calculate, we were about a thousand miles from where our voyage began, and nothing had yet happened to disturb its monotony, when we began to find traces of ancient work and workers. An angle in the wall was hewn into a titanic figure; at another point there seemed to be regular windows, and a dwelling was perched far up in the granite dome.

Suddenly we found that the river was flowing much faster, and we failed to check our raft. We went over a water-fall, perhaps seventy feet high, and were thrown on a shelf of rock at the side of the river below. I was unhurt, but my companion was so badly injured that he died in a few hours. I repaired the raft after a fashion, and continued the voyage, finding it impossible to contrive any way to scale the sides of the water-fall and attempt a return. All our torches were lost, and the attempt to proceed further seemed but the last act of despair. A few hours later, I saw a light gleam over the river in a very remarkable way, shining clear across, as if from the head-light of a locomotive high up on the wall. This aroused me somewhat from my stupor and misery. I sat up on the raft and steered it close to the edge of the river to see what wonderful thing had happened.

As I came nearer, I saw that an irregular hole was in the wall a thousand feet above the water, and the light shone out through it. It was a cheerful thing to look at, and I hung to the granite and shouted, but to no effect. Then I saw a broken place in the wall a little further down, and let the raft drift along to the base of a broad though much worn and broken flight of steps winding up the cliff. That brought me at last to the place of the light, a domed hall overlooking the river, hewn out of the rock, and having in its centre a metal basin with a jet of natural gas. I have had to cut off a part of this metal basin since, but I have not harmed the inscription. There are many gas-jets, but in the other chambers I have had to light them.

I have lived here for months, and I have explored all the chambers of the place. There is no escape, so far as I can see. The river, twenty miles below, plunges down vaster descents, and the water gets so hot that I should be boiled alive if I tried the voyage. I have discovered a log of

tropic wood like palm, and a geode in which I can send a message to the world of sunlight. Perhaps this will get through the fires and float to the surface somewhere. I am convinced that the river which brought me here flows on into the Gulf of Mexico, and that sooner or later, my log will be picked up. Perhaps this river is really the source of the Gulf Stream. From a sort of a map, painted on one of the walls, I obtain the idea of many and thickly populated communities which used this place as the sepulchre of their chosen few.

Evidently that was before volcanic outbursts made the channel of the river like a caldron boiling over endless fires. All along the course are towns marked, groups of rock-hewn rooms on the cliffs, populated islands on the river, promontories from whose sides fountains of light seem to spring. Did thousands of people once live and find happiness in these vast vaults of death? Things must have been very different then from now. They must have had many reservoirs of natural gas. The animal life in the river must have been much more varied. Indeed, there are pictures in the Hall of War, as I have named it, that show two things plainly—that there were thousands of caverns, extending over hundreds of miles, and peopled by animals with which the heroes fought; and that the river was swarming with existence.

I have tried to put together all I can of their picture-writings and paintings so as to understand what sort of men and women they were. I confess that I have learned to admire them greatly. They were a strong, brave, loving and beautiful people. I am sorry that they are all gone. I never cared half so much about the dead Etruscans or Carthaginians. The earliest chapter in their history, so far as I can discover, is a picture of a line of men and women descending into a cave, and a dragon pursuing them. This seems to point to a former residence on the face of the earth, and to some disaster—war, flood, pestilence or some fierce monster—which drove the survivors into the depths of the earth for shelter.

But all these thoughts are vain and foolish. I have explored the cliffs of the river and the walls of the mighty halls which shelter me. I have attempted to cut a tunnel upward past the water-fall, using the ancient weapons which lie in such numbers on the floor. The bronze wears out

fast, but if I live long enough, something may be done. I will close my record and launch it down the river. Then I will try to cut my way out to the sunlight.

Here the story closed. Some day, perhaps, an old man, white-haired and pale as one from the lowest dungeon of a Bastile, will climb slowly out of some canon of the Rockies to tell the world more about his discovery of a lost race.



▲ NEW ESSAY ON MAN.

Cricket layin' fas' asleep
 Thoo de win' an' storm,
 Man he haster stay awake
 An' hustle to keep warm.
 Honey bee is layin' low
 Until de fros' is fled;
 Man, he haster face de cold
 An' hunt his daily bread.
 Pore ol' man; I really do suppose
 You has about the toughest luck of
 Anyone I knows.

Squirrel hab enough to eat
 Growin' in de tree,
 Man he gotter hab de cash,
 Squirrel gets it free.
 Groun' hog goes back home agin
 To pass the time an' dose
 Man he has to buy hisse'f
 A heavy suit o' clothes.
 Pore ol' man! Allus pays de cost!
 He's de mos' unluckiest critter dat I
 Ever run acrost.

—*From the Washington Star.*

STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

If any of our readers have ever passed through any strange, peculiar or curious experience, we would like to have them write out the facts for this magazine. You may not lay any claim to being a writer, but never mind that, the facts are what we want.

Crossed Niagara On Blondin's Back.

Harry Colcord, artist, now of Chicago, ran away from home and went to sea. Before he got through with his adventures he rode across Niagara falls three times on the back of Blondin on a tight-rope. He says he would not do it again, but that he did not suffer from fear. One can readily believe him. In his deep gray eye there is a suggestion of self-control, and in his slight, lithe figure of strength and reserve physical force which his gentle voice, his easy courteous manner fails to entirely conceal. Said he:

"In the year 1858 I joined Blondin in Boston. He was of the Franco-nia troupe, including Martinetti and the famous Ravels. I was their scenic artist, and painted scenes with a whitewash brush. We disbanded in Cincinnati, and there it occurred to Blondin to cross Niagara on a tight-rope, and I went to the falls with him. We had no end of trouble getting the necessary permits to extend the ropes. Blondin only spoke a little English, that was one difficulty, but finally we succeeded in getting them from Porter, who owned the American side, and the rest was easy. Blondin wanted to carry the rope from Terrapin tower and across to Davis' Hotel, which would have led over Horseshoe falls, through the mist and spray of the great cataract. They objected because Blondin was sure to fall, they said. The spray would keep his rope damp, and I who had engaged to go on his back, was very glad of it. Finally we stretched the rope from White's pleasure ground across to the Clifton House. Not far away from the place there is now a suspension bridge. There was 2000 feet of the rope. It was of manila, three inches in diameter, made in a New York rope-walk in two pieces. Blondin joined them with a long splice which, when the rope was extended, was in the centre of the span. It took us nearly five months to stretch the rope and to get guy lines in

place. To begin with a small line was carried across in a boat and although the current used to sweep it away from us, we at last got it over, and by means of a windlass and carefully paying out the big coil we got the big rope in position. It was 250 feet above water at its lowest point, which was fifty feet below the highest—in other words, there was a grade of fifty feet in each 1000 feet. Blondin then rigged a car to cross the rope and proceeded to rig the guy lines. There were 75,000 feet of guy line altogether. Each of them was weighted with a ten-pound sand bag to drop them out of the way of his balance pole and in putting them up Blondin crossed a score of times. At last we were ready to make the first ascension; that was what we called it. Before I went over he made several public ascensions. It was advertised through the papers that I was to ride on his back, and I was the subject of all sorts of attacks and criticisms. People said to me; 'You are a fool!' and I was ready to back out, except Blondin began to taunt me, and I got into that corner of pride and vaingloriousness which I could not escape from. Meantime Blondin had coached me as to what I should do. I was to put my weight on his shoulders by my arms and clasp his body about with my legs. But I could not put my weight on his legs, that would incumber his movement. I had to keep all the weight on his shoulders. In July, 1860, we went across. I took my place on Blondin's back, and he began the descent from the Canadian side on the rope. By reason of the fact that I had to bear my weight on his shoulders and had to use my arms and with main strength to support myself frequent rests were necessary. I told Blondin when I wanted to rest, and then I dropped down on the rope on one foot and waited till my arms were relieved when I would spring up again using only my arms to lift and hold myself in place. There was a great crowd there. I did not see them at first. I do not remember what I thought. From my place on Blondin's back I could look out to the other shore and see below me the stunted pines thrusting their sharp points up from the edge of the foaming water ready to spit us if we fell. I remember too that I was anxious to get over, and I recall, too, that the great rope before us made swings from side to side. We afterwards knew that the rope swung forty feet at the centre, and I felt the necessity of preserv-

ing my self-possession, and I did it. There was a forty feet length between the guy on one side and those of the other that it was impossible to make steady. It was the middle span. Below us 250 feet roared the river, and over it we swung from side to side still moving on steadily, however. Blondin never trembled. When we had gone about ten feet on this middle span, somebody on the American side pulled the outer guy-line. We afterward found out it was done intentionally, and the rope was stopped in its swing. Blondin stopped, and his pole went from side to side in a vain effort to enable him to secure his balance. At one time it was up and down on the right side, at another up and down on the left, and I recall now with wonder that I was only curious to know whether he would succeed in getting control of himself or not. I didn't feel any fear. Failing of getting his balance he started to run across the horrible span, and we safely reached the point where the guy-rope came out from the American shore. Then to steady himself Blondin put his foot on the guy-rope and tried to stop, but the guy-line broke and with a dash of speed he ran swiftly twenty-five feet further to the next point, where the guys met the main rope. There he recovered his balance and whispered rather than said 'Decendez, vous.' The perspiration stood out on his neck and shoulders in great beads and we balanced ourselves on the swaying rope. Presently he said 'Allons,' and I raised myself to his shoulders and we went on in safety and without incident toward the shore.

"It was not until we landed that I appreciated what had been done. Then it occurred to me that the man who pulled the guy-line was one of those who bet that the feat could never be accomplished, and my indignation mastered any reactionary feeling of fear. You see many thousand dollars were bet upon the ability of Blondin to carry a man over, and human cupidity stops at no sacrifice.

"Then there were the congratulations and the praise of pluck and the rest of it, so that in my foolish, boyish elation I forgot everything else. I do remember as we approached the shore the wonderful tableau of 100,000 people who stood gazing at us. Thousands of them turned their faces away, or half turning, cast glances over their shoulders at us. I remember their white faces, their strained positions of anxiety—women who

stared, white and motionless, and men who wept, and as we drew near the bank the crowd surged toward us and Blondin stopped, fearing they would push each other over the precipice. Then the crowd was still again and with a quick run we came to the shore and sprang to the ground. I remember one man seizing me in his arms and lifting me high in the air, saying; 'Thank God, this thing is over!' From the other side there was a cheer, and then we were thrown into a carriage and drawn to the International Hotel by the people.

I crossed again, twice, the last time under the patronage of the Prince of Wales. He congratulated us personally, and gave us each a purse of £100. N. P. Willis was present and wrote a wonderful sketch of the affair."

"What was your weight then, Mr. Colcord?"

"One hundred and thirty pounds."

"And Blondin's?"

"One hundred and thirty-five."

"Would you do it again?"

"Not for all the wealth of the world. I try to stop thinking about it. Tonight, as on every night after talking about this thing, I will, as I have always, suffer the most horrible nightmares. I fall thousands of feet—I see a million people reaching out to save me—and the roar of the water in that horrible chasm laughing hideously and throwing great arms of spray out to reach and embrace me. I awake bathed in perspiration and trembling in terror."



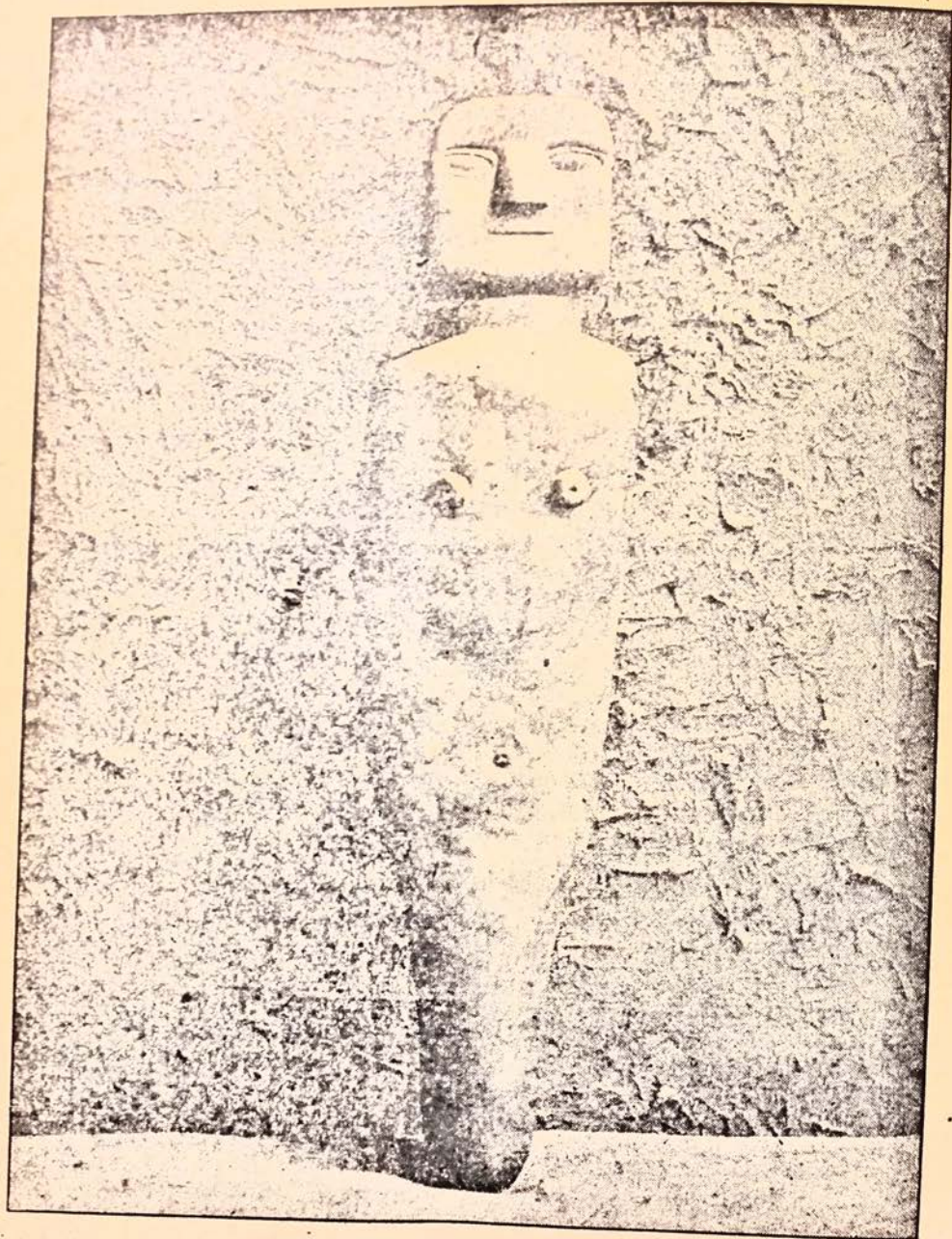
A PIOUS MULE DRIVER.

Senator Cullen tells this story of his grandchild: The little girl approached her mother recently and said: "Mamma, the man who collects our ashes must be awful religious." "Why, my dear?" asked her mother. "Well," said the little one, "after the man emptied our ashes in the wagon the mule wouldn't go, and then the man sat down on the barrel and told the mule all about lots of religious things."

A Remarkable Mosaic.

MRS. H. A. FEMING.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?—Young.
 Life's a short Summer—man is but a flower.—Johnson.
 By turns we catch the fatal breath and die:—Pope.
 The cradle and the tomb, alas! how nigh.—Prior.
 To be better far than not to be,—Sewell.
 Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;—Spencer.
 But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb.—Daniel.
 The bottom is but shallow whence they come.—Raleigh.
 Thy fate is the common fate of all;—Longfellow.
 Unmingled joys here no man befall:—Southwell.
 Nature to each allots his proper sphere,—Congreve.
 Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.—Churchill.
 Custom does often reason overrule,—Rochester.
 And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.—Armstrong.
 Live well; how long or short permit to heaven.—Milton.
 They who forgive most shall be most forgiven,—Bailey.
 Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—French.
 Vile intercourse where virtue has no place;—Somerville.
 Then keep each passion down, however dear,—Thompson.
 Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.—Byron
 Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,—Smollet.
 With craft and skill to ruin and betray;—Crabbe.
 Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;—Massinger.
 We masters grow of all that we despise.—Crowley.
 Oh, than, renounce that impious self-esteem,—Beattie.
 Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream.—Cowper.
 Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,—Davenant.
 The path of glory leads but to the grave;—Gray.
 What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat,—Willis.
 Only destruction to the brave and great.—Addison.
 What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?—Dryden.
 The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.—Quarles.
 How long we live, not years, but actions tell;—Watkins.
 That man lives twice who lives the first life well.—Herrick.
 Make, while ye may, your God your friend.—Mason.
 Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.—Hill.
 The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just,—Dana.
 For live we how we may, yet die we must.—Shakespeare.



The Appanoose Wonder.

The picture on the opposite page is supposed to be a god worshipped by the Mound Builders. It was found in a large mound in Douglas township, Appanoose Co., Iowa, April 27, 1890. The finders, J. M. Clemens and E. Exline were prospecting for coal when they unearthed this hidden ideal of an unknown but superstitious people. At first it was regarded simply as a curiosity, or an Indian relic, but when it was discovered that the stone from which it had been carved was not a product of this continent, but was of the same character and kind out of which the lofty pyramids of Egypt had been built in the remote ages of history, then it assumed greater importance.

It would seem to furnish conclusive evidence that long before Columbus discovered this new world it had been connected with the old—that commerce had been carried on between ancient Egypt and North America. How else could the stone from which this graven image was made have reached our shores? The title of "The Appanoose Wonder" was given it from the county in Iowa in which it was found.

For the photograph of this strange relic we are indebted to "Quaint" reader Dr. Chas. Collins of Maquoketa, Iowa.



Prize Photos.

We want photos of peculiar things, people, places, curious and comical situations etc. For every picture accepted we will give an astrological delineation by Dr. Derolli for which his regular charge is \$2.00 and one year's subscription to YE QUAIN T MAGAZINE.

We also desire references to old, odd and striking short stories. Any one sending or referring us to anything we can use in this line will be generously remunerated.

Keep your eye out for any oddities in the advertising columns of your local paper. A year's subscription to YE QUAIN T MAGAZINE for anything accepted. If you ever had a strange experience of any kind set down the facts and send them to us.



ASTROLOGY



CONDUCTED BY DR. DEROLLI, HOTEL PELHAM, BOSTON

Lucky AND Unlucky Days for October-November

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.

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.
- 13. This improves, in fact you better not it. Don't take risks on any foolish stock or lottery tickets.
- 14. Fairly good day. Well enough for things that have been previously started.
- 15. Sunday. If you are wicked and do business you will probably lose. Cross grained influences all day.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

- 1. Sunday. Four bad aspects of moon will tend to unfortunate influences both in social and general affairs.
- 2. Should be favorable for new deals, or for vigorous action upon old. Judgment should be good.
- 3. Tendencies toward controversies. Don't argue or sue. Keep out of a wrangle.
- 4. Very mixed influences. Your peculiarities will stick out and produce irritation unless you measure words and subdue sharp tendencies. Don't fight.
- 5. Full moon. Yesterday's cautions will apply to today.
- 6. Much better, but don't blame others if they differ from you. Be considerate.
- 7. You will make no headway today. Go carefully
- 8. Sunday. Keep quiet. You and it wont agree
- 9. This is all right if conservative. If you are rash and impulsive you will put your foot in it.
- 10. Great day for love, but don't be silly about it. Act right out like a man, she will respect you all the more. Women like a manly lover and they hate one who tires them all out before he says it.
- 11. It's astonishing how many poor days we have. This is a mean one particularly for dealing with opposite sex.
- 12. Here's another.
- 16. Start out good and strong. You ought to make a success of a matter.
- 17. Fairly good only, safe for old matters rather than to begin a new.
- 18. This will do very well. Not big but you should work it. Better not journey much by water.
- 19. New moon and fortunate. Pitch in.
- 20. Safe for conservative acts. Not very good socially.
- 21. Bright, keen, wideawake. Make the most of it.
- 22. Sunday. Influences are good. Let your attitude be the same.
- 23. All right for any proposition. Your mind will be very bright and clear.
- 24. This is all right. The poorest side of it is personal contact or a hasty act. Carefully and you are safe.
- 25. Safe again. Good chance for you especially in making decisions.
- 26. Same as yesterday.
- 27. You will be rattled unless you are very careful. Don't discuss or argue. Keep still.
- 28. Better but not yet out of the woods.
- 29. Sunday. First class all round day.
- 30. Same. wind the month up well.

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

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.

THE BEST BOOKS.

YE QUAIN T editor would like to hear from his readers as to what books or books they like the best and for what reason. Favorite chapters or quotations will gladly be received and printed when possible. When a boy was an omnivorous reader of books and there are many old ones that linger pleasantly in my memory. An odd story that I recall was *Japhet*.

Search of a Father by book with the clever- ever read is *Children* Besant. This book quite equal to any- ever wrote, and Dick- thor. *Little Dorritt* book and "A Plea in favorite chapter. One cles which deserves our radical journals is

.....
Have you renewed
your subscription?
If not why not?
There are pictures and
stories of odd, queer
and curious things
galore-- In Store!

Capt. Marryat. The est plot that I ha of *Gibeon* by Walt seems to me to thing that Dicke ens is my favorite a is my favorite Dick the "Marshallsea" of Dickens' short a reprinting in some "Nobody's Story."

There are many interesting things that had much better be reprinted than to strive so hard the time for something new. Given a writer who has produced someth good, the publishers give him no rest until the inevitable happens that output is very commonplace and not worth reading. Mr. Bowser funny once but once a week for many years has made it nauseating.

Queer Accidents.

JOHN K. REYNOLDS.

One morning last summer, in the city I am living in, a man left his new bicycle leaning against the curbstone in front of one of the banks, while he went inside to transact some business.

He had scarcely disappeared behind the closing door when a runaway horse, attached to a single seated top buggy, came dashing around the corner apparently beyond control of the driver. He swerved so near the sidewalk that the wheels of the buggy picked up the bicycle and slung it around crosswise between the two hind wheels. There it became wedged in such a manner that it acted as a brake, and the horse, feeling the dragging weight of the buggy, in addition to the pulling on the reins, stopped within a few yards.

When the owner of the bicycle came out he found three men pulling and tugging at his wheel, trying to extricate it from its twisted and cramped position. He was figuring up in his mind the probable size of the bill of repairs, when the wheel suddenly became free and was handed over to him. On examination he found not a scratch nor a mar, nor a puncture. So he mounted it and rode away.

At another time a man on a wheel was riding along behind a trolley car. Both man and car were going at a rather rapid rate up a slight incline towards a bridge. Just as the car struck the bridge the rope by which the trolley is adjusted, and which is generally fastened by a steel nap to the rear railing of the car, came loose, swung back, and wound itself around the bicycle rider's neck. It acted like one of the "bolos" or South American lassos which are used by the Indians to capture wild cattle. The surprised rider was suddenly separated from his wheel and dragged by his neck half way across the bridge before the car stopped and he was released. He was not seriously injured.

Despise not any man, and do not spurn anything. For there is no man that hath not his hour, nor is there anything that hath not its place.

—*Rabbi Ben Azai.*

ODD ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

In a New York daily of 1865 appeared the following, which shows a little confusion in terms, but the meaning of which nevertheless is clear.

If the gentleman who keeps a store on Cedar street with a red head will return the umbrella he borrowed of a lady with an ivory handle he will hear of something to his advantage."

There is an original doctor located on one of the islands in Puget Sound. He advertises in posters and placards printed on a home outfit, and in one of his announcements says :

"Legs and arms sawed off without pain while you wate." "Childbirth and tumors a specialty." "No odds asked in measles, hooping cough, mumps, or diarrhoea." "Bald-head, bunions, corns, warts, cancer and ingrowing toe-nails treated scientifically." "Clock, cramps, costiveness and worms nailed on sight." "Wring-worms, pole evil, shingles, moles, and cross-eye cured in one day or no pay."

"P. S. Terms : Cash invariably in advance. No cure, no pay."

"N. B. (Take Notice) No coroner never yet sot on the remains of my customers, and every one hiring me don't hafta be layin up money to buy a gravestone. Come one, come awl."

Here is an advertisement which is really remarkable for lack of morality.

"To Rent—A house on Melville Avenue located immediately alongside of a fine plum orchard, from which an abundant supply of the most delicious fruit may be stolen during the season. Rent low and the greater part taken in plums."

And here is another that appeared about the same time.


This is to certify that I Daniel O'Fogarty, am not the person that was tarred and feathered by the liberty mob on Friday night last; and I am ready to give 20 guineas to any one who will bet me 50 that I am the other man who goes by that name."

The hardships under which a newspaper was laboring may be inferred from the following which appeared in the *Culpepper Observer*.


"Wanted—At this office an editor who can please every body; also a foreman who can arrange the paper so as to allow every man's advertisement to head the column."

The following was also found in an English paper by the writer several years ago :

"Apartments wanted by a lady in West-end. £1 to £2 a week. Encumbrances : baby, nurse, husband."



Good Health Department.



EATING FOR HEALTH.

BY AMOS WOODBURY RIDEOUT.

" " "

WHAT SHALL WE DRINK ?

In one of the health magazines a gentleman recounts his experience in an attempt to change from coffee to "Postum Cereal." Of course he found the change very unpleasant and after two or three days he gave up the attempt and went back to his Mocha and Java.

Coffee and tea are both stimulants and habitual drinkers of either can not them give up suddenly without much suffering. I believe that tea is more injurious than coffee. It has a very powerful effect upon the nerve centre and interferes with digestion to a greater extent than coffee.

On the other hand coffee is charged with producing "biliousness" and it unquestionably has a bad effect upon the heart. Cocoa and chocolate are much less stimulating than either tea or coffee and for just that reason one tires of them and they are seldom drank habitually as are tea and coffee. Why this universal craving for stimulants that is found in all countries and climes among people of all degrees of intelligence?

"What! Sober on a day like this? You cannot possibly be a true patriot," says the tavern keeper in Gil Blas.

The Russian has his *vodka*, the Mexican his *pulque* and *aguardiente*, the Chinaman drinks rice wine, in Sweden it is *arrack*, and so on.

In grape growing countries there is much light wine drank, the German is proverbially fond of beer and we are all familiar with the Irishman's fondness for a drop of "Mountain Dew."

Dr. Oswald tells us that in Kamtschatka the natives have a tippie that is derived from a decoction of the *agaricus maculatus*, or fly toadstool. It is an especially poisonous variety of mushroom, so repulsive that the very insects avoid it. It is gathered in mid-summer by thousands of pounds, and boiled over slow fires in copper kettles, that can hardly con-

tribute to the wholesomeness of the result. The frothy liquid is then strained and bottled in stoneware jugs. No distillation or fermentation is needed, but all travelers agree that the effects of a toadstool spree closely resemble those of an alcohol revel. Novices have to overcome repeated protests of nature, but at last get used to the national tippie and ultimately so fond of it that they are apt to indulge to excess and become muddle-headed, yet withal hilarious, "gloriously drunk" in fact. Drowsiness supervenes, and the next morning the toper awakens with a sick headache and a desire to sign a pledge of total abstinence. In the course of a week or two, the poison-passion however, revives, and the votary of reform contrives to find an excuse for another interview with the stone jug.

In the Munich breweries there are employees who get away with fifty quarts of beer a day and sometimes more. What, then, is the solution of the mystery? I believe it is to be found in the abnormal life that we lead. We load ourselves down with clothes, thereby shutting ourselves off from the sun's rays, we wear a hat on our head which already has an abundant hirsute covering, we wear shoes on our feet though they ought to come in contact with the earth. We habitually work beyond our strength in monotonous occupations that exercise only one set of muscles, and keep it up year after year with only the respite of a very brief vacation during the summer months. It would be quite impossible for us to get back to these normal conditions, we can only do the best we can. Perhaps then the reasonable use of tea or coffee may do as much good as harm. Coffee, especially is usually drank too strong, accustom yourself to a milder cup (if you are a coffee drinker) and after a short time you will find that the stronger decoction is not so pleasing. Nature is kind, she establishes what physicians call a "state of physiological tolerance" for these things and if we do not impose upon her too severely she will pull us through. Be reasonable in all things and regret and remorse will not follow after.

* * * *

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S DESIRE.

Sir Edwin Arnold would like to see in all Christian governments a minister of state charged with the interests of birds, beasts and fishes.

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.

The Health Reporter, (Kansas City, Mo.) This is a large and interesting periodical published monthly and devoted to good health and kindred subjects. The managing editor is Mr. C. F. Eldridge. The leading article for August on *Fatalism* is very well worth reading. *The Problem of Rest* is another good one. The subscription price is \$1.00 per year, single numbers 10 cts.

What to Eat, (Chicago, Ill.) We have before commended this publication. Don't let the name mislead you. It is no cooking school affair. It is a popular magazine the articles in which have some connection with eating, entertaining etc. It is profusely and cleverly illustrated. A series of articles are now running entitled *Dietetic Health Hints* by Felix L. Oswald M. D., by all odds the brightest writer on health and hygiene that I know of. Yearly subscriptions \$1.00, single numbers 10 cts.

Points, (Holyoke, Mass.) A small quarterly periodical "about new thought books and other things." It is edited by Wm. E. Towne and contains an article in each number by Mrs. Elizabeth Towne of *The Nautilus*. Mrs. Towne's article in the current number shows that you do not need to scour the earth in search of something wonderful to write about, saw-mills will do as well as anything if you only put your whole heart and soul into what you write. Yearly subscriptions 10 cts., single numbers 5 cts.

What's the Use? (East Aurora, N. Y.) This is the novel nomenclature of a tastefully gotten up monthly devoted largely to the exposition of the single tax. It has for its motto this quotation from Montesquien, "An injustice to one is a menace to all." In the September number we find "What Causes Hard Times" by the editor, "Government by Injunction" by John Sherwin Crosby, "The Only Man" by John B. Howarth etc. Yearly subscription 50 cts. Single number 5 cts.

A Gruesome Practical Joke.

The details of a gruesome practical joke alleged to have recently been played on a number of negroes near Miller's Bridge, on the Edisto River, were received recently.

Several citizens of that section, it is said, concocted a scheme with Tom Evins, colored, who agreed to enact the role of a corpse, to the discomfiture of his family and friends, if the white men would guarantee a sufficient quantity of corn liquor to enable him to carry out the part satisfactorily. Evins accordingly took several very large pulls out of a jug of booze and stretched himself out on a rude bier, previously constructed for that purpose. Several times after the grim jokers thought that the corpse had had enough to kill him in reality Evins is said to have made repeated references to the jug. At last, with a parting smile, the negro rolled over on his back and allowed the white men to spread a sheet over the alleged remains. In the meantime Evins' relatives and friends were summoned from far and near. At the same time a messenger had been dispatched for more liquor, the corpse having already consumed more than half a gallon before the game was half over. For about an hour there was great weeping and loud lamentations around the bier of the alleged departed fisherman. A colored undertaker arrived and began preparations for the interment, but the corpse was in blissful ignorance of it; his family knelt beside the body and grasped the rude bier to show the grief that was gnawing at their hearts, but the fisherman heeded them not: the fumes of the powerful apple jack still benumbed his brain and paralyzed his senses.

He was lifted gently and placed in his coffin, a placid smile wreathing his ebony features. Those about remarked the pungent smell of alcohol emanating from the nostrils of the corpse, but were too overcome with sorrow to attach any special significance to it. Another hour passed and still the messenger sent after the whiskey had not returned. Evins, of a sudden rose up in his large white cravat, and in a loud voice called for more whiskey or else the corpse would do some damage. Acting on this hint, some forty negroes, who were keeping vigil over the supposed dead fisherman, beat a hasty and disordered retreat into outer darkness, yelling

lustily and scrambling over one another in their frenzied efforts to get away. By the time Evins recovered from the effects of the corn liquor his relatives had summoned enough courage to venture back home.

RELIABLE ADVERTISEMENTS

The Banner of Light

The Oldest Journal in the World

Devoted to the Promulgation of the Doctrine
of the

Immortality of the Soul

as demonstrated by

SPIRIT COMMUNION.

HARRISON D. BARRETT, Editor.

A specimen copy of the paper, also descriptive catalogue of works treating on Occultism, Spiritualism, Theosophy, Astrology, Psychology, Mental Science, and kindred subjects will be furnished free on application to

Banner of Light Publishing Co.,

204 Dartmouth St., Near Copley Sq.,

BOSTON, MASS.

Booklet. First edition going fast. **Resurrection of Adam and Eve.** Their "sin" and what came of it. With list of Health and success lessons in Etheric Vibration. Mabel Gifford, D. L. S., 15 cents.

Booklets. Great demand for **Private Letter to a Friend** on the Development of Sex-Power. How to prevent and repair waste and establish physical and mental control. M. Trueman, 25 cents. M. Gifford, Publisher, 17 B. H. Ave., Mattapan, Boston, Mass.

Charms: Reveals secrets of the Magi. Tell how and why charms have occult power. How they may be used to attract good and resist evil. Send ten cents for booklet and sample copies of Reasoner to J. K. TULEY, San Luis Obispo, California.

Weather Predictions.

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.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

The month as a whole will be noted for rain, sleet, warm spells and quick changes. With the exception of dangerous conditions which appear from the 18th to the 23rd the month will probably be uneventful. On the dates just named a severe cold snap will come, extending generally over the country. It will be a month when outside work should be closed in and everything put into shape for winter. There will be danger to trees and shrubs from severe sleet and damp snow loading and breaking down.

These weather predictions are made by
DR. DEROLLI, Scientific Astrologer,
Hotel Pelham, Suite 411-412, Boston, Mass.

Cat and Beef Were Mixed.

A pretty good "cat" story comes from one of the suburbs. It seems that the wife of a Boston business man had a pet feline of which she became very fond. Recently, however, the cat was taken ill, and although everything possible was done to prolong the life of the animal, it died. The wife wanted the body disposed of in some way so that she would have nothing to do with it, and suggested to her husband that he take the corpse with him when he went to town the next day, and throw it from a bridge over which the train had to pass.

The poor little cat was carefully covered with a cloth, and then wrapped neatly in a piece of paper. The next morning the head of the family started for Boston with the body of the cat with him. On the way in town he met some friends and forgot all about the burial which was to have taken place when he crossed the bridge. So the "pussy" was taken to his office and reposed on his desk during the day. At night when he started for home the cat went with him, but the same difficulty arose as in the morning; the man met friends, and hesitated about opening the window and dropping the cat into the water, for fear of the comment it

RELIABLE ADVERTISEMENTS**Pure California****Sylmar Olive Oil**

is Nature's own Food, Drink and Medicine for weak lungs, poor digestion etc. If your system is run down or if you are up in years, use Pure Sylmar Olive Oil from olives which are picked one day and pressed the next and sold with a guarantee of **One Thousand Dollars in Gold Coin** that it is absolutely pure and contains nothing except oil of the olive.

Par excellence Food as a substitute for all animal fats, vegetable and Nut Oils. Those who use it once use it always.

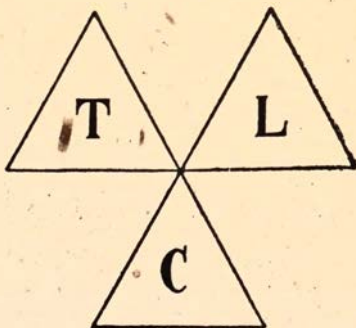
If your dealer does not handle Sylmar Olive Oil, send \$3.00 for three quart bottles (special trial order) which will be delivered by express prepaid.

Free booklets sent on request, how to use both internally and externally for Health and Beauty.

Los Angeles Fruit Growers' Assn.,

105 Hudson St., New York,

or Kneipp Store 111 E. 59 St

The Secret of Health and Success

Is revealed in Triune Life Culture. A knowledge and application of this, the newest and most wonderful system, means new life, health, success and happiness to you. Over-

come your chronic disorders. Develop mind and muscle. Booklet free. M. A. LONG, D. P., 6428 Stewart Ave., Chicago.

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.

might arouse among his fellow passengers. So the lifeless body was taken again to its former home.

The man's wife felt badly to see the supposed body of her pet brought back again, but finally agreed with her husband that the ashman could dispose of it the next day. The woman thought she would like to take one more look at her demised friend before it was taken away, so she removed the paper, and was surprised to find in the place of her cat an elegant roast of beef.

The man had placed his bundle in the rack over the seat, and when he left the train had either taken the wrong package or else the original owner of the beef had made the mistake.

It is not known what was said at the home where the beef was to go.

.....

Get ten friends to give you ten cents for a trial subscription. Send us the \$¹⁰. We will send you the magazine one year and your choice of a fine book on Astrology, Palmistry or Phrenology.

.....

FREE HEALING!

By Distant Drugless Science.

I will restore ONE patient in each neighborhood to health FREE of charge, no matter what, or how serious the disease. Confidence in my ability to heal is my reason for making this offer. "A healed patient is one's best advertisement." Address with stamp.

**EDITOR OCCULT TRUTH SEEKER,
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.**

RELIABLE ADVERTISEMENTS

**J. Willett Pease,
Osteopathic Physician.**

896 Mass. Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.

Consultation hours:
10-12 A. M., 2-4 P. M.
Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

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. BETIERO, 2960 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill. U. S. A.

To Offer a Genuine \$2 Bill for 50 cts.

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.

A Psychic Picture

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

Jean Higinbothom Tucker (Graphos)
Windsor Arcade, Fifth Avenue, New York.

Keep in Touch with new ideas. Send 10-c. for year. Monthly with 500 new "Ads" each issue. Elliott's Home Magazine, Morgan Park, Ill.

Love.

Give all to love. Burn your ships behind you. Dismiss "if" and "but" from your vocabulary. Offer no compromises. Admit no doubts. Take love by the hand. Introduce it to your heart. Let it run as blood in your veins. They will tell you it is not worth while. But if love is not worth while, nothing is worth while. You have often thought you have loved. But if you once love you will see that you never loved. Love is not a meal set for two, but a feast providing a universal providence. Give all to love. Not the love that at home is called patriotism and abroad is called treason. Not the love which legislates favors into individual treasuries. Not the love which betrays communities. Not the love which sends armies to subdue. But such love as recognizes the human principle.—*The Conservator.*

RELIABLE ADVERTISEMENTS

Send 10 cents for sample copy of "**New Thought Search Light**," the first magazine to adopt the name of (New) Thought. Each number contains a lesson in Mental Healing with instructions for **self treatment**, a Healing Song set to familiar music, a department in **occult Science** and in fact all that is latest and best in New Thought lines. Price \$1.00 a year. Published monthly at the Sheppard Institute of Osteopathy, Physical Culture and Psycho Therapeutics by Mrs. Virginia A. Sheppard, 907-9 9 Irwin Ave., Allegheny, Penn.

RELIABLE ADVERTISEMENTS

The
**Heartsease
Echo**

A monthly publication, issued the 15th of each month. Subscription price, one dollar per annum.

Edited by Mattie E. Dodge-Gammons; Assistant Editor, Leota Saladee von Keiffer. Publication office, Olneyville Station, Providence, R. I.

Under what star were you born?

Oriental astrology tells you this and many other events in your life, which will help and interest you. Send birth date with 10c. for copy of my new book on astrology and illustrated magazine of "Astrological Forecasts" called

"FATE"

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."

Prof. A. R. POSTEL, Lansdowne, Pa.



OPPORTUNITY

"The Right Thing at the Right Time."

THE GREATEST Paper in the world for the money. Sixteen pages of best thought on Public Ownership of Public Utilities and other live questions of the day, besides bright catchy stories and beautiful illustrations of Colorado's wonderful scenery.

**Issued Twice a Month
and 25c a Year.**

A sample copy for the asking. Every person can afford to subscribe for "Opportunity." No person can afford to be without it. Before you forget it, send 25c (stamps or currency) for a year's subscription. Address

"OPPORTUNITY," Denver, Colo.

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.

HEALTH without DRUGS,

The VITALISM Series of Publication (4th Edition.)

Expository of the LEPPLE DIETARY SYSTEM.

1. **SUITABLE FOOD.** Combinations of foods which make one either old or youthful looking 15 cents
2. **HINTS FOR SELF-DIAGNOSIS.** Gives directions by which the diseased and ugly can be made healthy and good looking 25 cents.
3. **VITAL AND NON-VITAL FOODS.** Foods are given for the aspiring who wish to do their work more efficiently, also foods which induce or increase certain complaints 25 cents.
4. **DIETETIC WAY TO HEALTH, STRENGTH, AND BEAUTY.** A convincing essay. 5 cents.
5. **WHAT SHALL WE DRINK?** 5 cents.
6. **MISSING LINK IN DIETETICS,** 5 cents.
7. **NUT AND FRUIT DIETARIES.** 5 cents.
8. **DENSMORE versus LEPPLE.** 5 cents.
9. **SEXUALITY AND VITALITY.** The average person sacrifices his Vital powers on the altar of his passions. Cause and cure given 10 cents.

The above 9 Pamphlets with a year's subscription to the health journal DIET versus DRUGS for 4s, or a dollar bill.

Address

Ye Quaint Magazine,

Dept. 1 7 Saint Paul Street,

BOSTON, MASS.

YOUR FUTURE and PERSONALITY

read by method which never fails. Send 12 cts and date of birth with self addressed stamped envelope. LILLIAN ROCKWELL,

814 Emmet St., Chicago

Advertisers you can share the profits, with 300 other monthly Ads by our plan. Sent for stamp. Co-operative Magazine, Chicago, Ill.



THE ONLY SURE GUIDE TO STOCKS—Ormsby's Simple System of the Planets and the Zodiac, cost only \$12.00.

READ Planets and People—A book for the year, Prognosticating the future. A guide in Business, Speculation, Health, Marriage, Weather, etc. \$1.00. Send for free copy of The Star Chamber Herald, Monthly, only \$1.00 a year—Valuable Lessons in Astronomy, Astrology, Occultism, etc. Questions answered.

THE ORMSBY COMPANY, 52 Auditorium, Chicago, U.S.

What's The Use?

EAST AURORA, N. Y.

¶ A Monthly Magazine which Henry George would endorse were he on earth. ¶ Subscription price, 50c a Year in Advance.

Send for a Sample Copy.

We will try to show you.

THE ADEPT

A monthly Magazine; Eccentric, Liberal, Devoted to Astrology, Monism, and Both Sides of any Question. Send for a Free Sample copy. The Adept, Markville, Minn.

Pictures and Stories of Florida

IN THE

FLORIDA MAGAZINE.

An Illustrated Monthly.

\$1 the Year; 10 Cents a Copy.

Advertising rates on application. Address,

G. D. ACKERLY, Publisher, Jacksonville, Florida.

EAT SOME SAND.



About five years ago, Prof. William Windsor, L.L. 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.

TRUTH and FREEDOM.

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.



Send for a Circular of **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, 240 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,

Personality and Future will be read by an expert of wide repute on receipt of 12 cents and specimen of handwriting.

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

PALMISTRY SAVED LIFE. —Mrs. Cummins says Prof. Fredrick warned me against taking N. Y. Central train wrecked Jan. 7, 1902. My advice on Business Speculation, 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.



Webster's Unabridged Dictionary \$1

AND
THE

Household Realm

Send us \$1.00 and you will receive The Household Realm one full year, and Webster's Unabridged Dictionary full regular size, pages 8 1/2 x 10 1/2 in., bound in cloth, mottled edges, gilt letters, 1282 pages; has the Flags of all nations in exact colors.

THE HOUSEHOLD REALM is a large, handsome, illustrated magazine, printed on book paper, with following departments: Household, Cooking, Family Market Basket, House Plans, Music, Fancy work, Fashions, Flowers, Children, Stories, Ways for Women to Make Money, Lights and Shadows, Editorial, Famous Women, etc. The regular series of articles telling how women can make money at home is of practical value to all. One dollar pays for this practical magazine (established in 1886) one year, and this valuable

Dictionary ; weight, 4 1/2 pounds.

HOUSEHOLD REALM CO., 356 Dearborn Street, Chicago.



LIGHT ON THE PATH

A manual for those desiring to enter within the influence of

THE EASTERN WISDOM

In two parts of 21 precepts each. Bound in leatherette. Price complete (postpaid) ten cents. Interesting and instructive information regarding the

Hindu Yogi Science of Breath

will be sent FREE upon application, if you mention this magazine.

THE YOGI PUBLICATION SOCIETY

4000 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago

THE QUAINT MAGAZINE

with its

Quaint Stories,

Quaintly Told,

is a welcome visitor to thousands of homes every month.

It costs but

50 Cents a Year.

“EAT SOME AIR!”

Deep breathing promotes health. Read “JUST HOW TO WAKE THE SOLAR PLEXUS,” by Elizabeth Towne. It gives occult breathing exercises of great value, tells how to control the emotions, develop concentration, KILL FEAR, banish anger, hate, worry, etc, thus insuring the development of a strong, poised self-hood. All this is accomplished by awakening the Solar Centre in the human body. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX writes of this book in the New York Journal as follows: “It contains a FORTUNE in value if you follow the simple rules given for gaining control of your higher qualities and driving away the blues.” Price 25 cents. Send for a copy NOW. Address:

Elizabeth Towne, Dept. 29, Holyoke, Mass.

THE NAUTILUS

Spreads the contagion of Health, Happiness, Success and Eternal Youth. THE NAUTILUS is alive and its readers wake up and win. Edited by Elizabeth Towne, who Does Things and inspires others to Do Yet Greater Things. Tells “just how.” She puts the transcendental things of life into plain English. William E. Towne is the only other writer for THE NAUTILUS. He has a knack for expressing things beautifully and hitting the right nail on the head. The two are a pair to draw to. Ella Wheeler Wilcox highly endorses THE NAUTILUS, and thousands would not do without it at any price. Sample it and see why. Do it NOW. Send two cent stamp and your full address to the editor and receive by return mail a copy of THE NAUTILUS and information which may prove greatly to you advantage. Address:

Elizabeth Towne, Dept. 29, Holyoke, Mass.