



# Ye Quaint Magazine



VOL. V.

FEBRUARY

No. 2.

## Ye QUAIN T MAGAZINE

7 St. Paul Street

Boston, Mass.

NOTHING NEEDS A LIE

# Teaching Truth Series



The inception of life is as mysterious and momentous as death, and of more importance to the individual, and should therefore always be considered purely and studied scientifically.

MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M. D.

### Unqualifiedly Endorsed by Press and Public

Prof. Earl Barnes, Bishop Vincent, Frances E. Willard, Lady Henry Somerset, Anthony Comstock, Alice Lee Mogue, Ladies Home Journal, Brooklyn Eagle, Toledo Blade, Union Signal, Ava Maria, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

- |                                 |  |
|---------------------------------|--|
| "Teaching Truth" . . . 50 cents | "Almost A Man" . . . 50 cents              |
| "Almost A Woman" . . . 50 cents | "Child Confidence Rewarded" . . . 25 cents |

CIRCULARS FREE

**Wood-Allen Publishing Co.    Snow Street    Ann Arbor, Michigan**

## DON'T BE SUCH A GOOSE



as to suppose that because these books are sold for 10 Cents, they are not good. By printing them on light paper so they can be mailed cheaply, thousands more can be sold than of a cloth bound book, which would have to be sold for \$1.00. The publisher can well afford to pay the highest price to experts to write the books. This he has done.

**ASTROLOGY MADE EASY, or the Influence of the Stars and Planets upon Human Life.** This book is written in plain and simple language which anybody may understand. It tells how to know the character and tendencies of persons born upon any day of the year. You have only to turn to the proper date and you will find your own horoscope, or that of any of your friends, carefully outlined according to the teachings of astrology. A useful and entertaining book. **10 Cents.**

**CHIROMANCY, or The Science of Palmistry.** This is a thoroughly practical and eminently satisfactory treatise upon Palmistry. It is a concise exposition of the principles and practice of the art of reading the hand. This work is written in a perfectly plain and simple manner, and after a study of the book you will be able to read the past, to explain the present, and to foretell the future by examining the lines upon the palm of the hand. **10 Cents.**

**PHRENOLOGY MADE EASY.** Phrenology is the most exact of all the methods of delineating character. Properly used it may be made of great benefit, telling what occupation one is best fitted for, who should and who should not marry, etc. This book was written by Prof. James Coates, one of the most famous of phrenological authorities, and is a complete and practical text book upon the subject. **10 Cents.**

These books are the equal of cloth bound books that sell for one dollar or more. Your choice sent postpaid anywhere in the world for **10 Cents.**

**LOOK!** ALL THREE BOOKS and a trial trip subscription to YE QUAINT MAGAZINE for 25 CENTS.  
ALL THREE BOOKS and One year's subscription to YE QUAINT MAGAZINE for 50 Cents.  
**QUAINT PUB. CO., 7a Saint Paul St., Boston, Mass.**

# Y<sup>e</sup> Quaint Magazine

*For the Collection of Odd, Queer and Curious Things*

VOL. V.

BOSTON, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1904

NO.2

## A MIDNIGHT DRIVE

I was sitting one night in the general coach-office in the town of ——, reflecting upon the mutability of human affairs, and taking a retrospective glance at those times when I held a very different position in the world, when one of the porters of the establishment entered the office, and informed the clerk that the coach, which had long been expected, was in sight, and would be at the inn in a few minutes. I believe it was the old Highflyer, but at this distance of time I cannot speak with sufficient certainty. The strange story I am about to relate occurred when stage coaches were the usual mode of conveyance, and long before any more expeditious system of traveling had engaged the attention of mankind.

I continued to sit by the fire till the coach arrived, and then walked into the street to count the number of the passengers, and observe their appearance. I was peculiarly struck with the appearance of one gentleman, who had ridden as an outside passenger. He wore a large black cloak, deeply trimmed with crape; his head was covered with a black traveling cap, surmounted with two or three crape

rosettes, and from which depended a long black tassel. The cap was drawn so far over his eyes that he had some difficulty to see his way. A black scarf was wrapped round the lower part of his face so that his countenance was completely concealed from my view. He appeared anxious to avoid observation, and hurried into the inn as fast as he could. I returned to the office and mentioned to the clerk the strange appearance of the gentleman in question, but he was too busy to pay any attention to what I had said.

Presently a porter brought a small carpet-bag into the office and placed it upon the table.

“Whose bag is that, Timms?” inquired the clerk.

“I don’t wish to be personal,” replied the man, “but I think it belongs to ——,” and the fellow pointed at the floor.

“You do not mean him surely?” said the clerk.

“Yes, I do, though; at any rate, if he is not the gentleman I take him for, he must be a second cousin of his, for he is the most unaccountable individual that I ever

clapped my eyes on. There is not much good in him, I'll be bound."

I listened with breathless anxiety to these words. When the man had finished I said to him:

"How was the gentleman dressed?"

"In black."

"Had he a cloak on?"

"Yes."

"A traveling cap drawn over his eyes?"

"Yes."

"It's the man I saw descend from the coach," I said to the clerk.

"Where is he?" inquired the clerk.

"In the inn," replied the porter.

"Is he going to stay all night?" I inquired.

"I don't know."

"It's very odd," observed the clerk, and he put his pen behind his ear, and placed himself in front of the fire; "very odd," he repeated.

"It don't look well," said the porter; "not at all."

Some further conversation ensued upon the subject, but as it did not tend to throw any light upon the personage in question, it is unnecessary for me to relate it.

A while afterward, the clerk went into the hotel to learn, if possible, something more relative to this singular visitor. He was not absent more than a few minutes, and when he returned his countenance, I fancied, was more sedate than usual. I asked him if he had gathered any further information.

"There is nobody knows anything concerning him," he replied; "for when the servants enter the room, he always turns

his back toward them. He has not spoken to a single individual since he arrived. There is a man who came by the same coach, who attends upon him, but he does not look like a servant."

"There is something extraordinary in his history, or I am much deceived."

"I am quite of your opinion," observed the clerk.

While we were conversing, some persons entered the office to take places by the mail, which was to leave early on the following morning. I hereupon departed and entered the inn with the view of satisfying my curiosity, if possible, which was now raised to the utmost pitch. The servants, I remarked, moved about more silently than usual, and sometimes I saw two or three of them conversing together, sotto voce, as though they did not wish their conversation to be overheard by those around them. I knew the room that the gentleman occupied, and stealthily and unobserved stole up to it, hoping to hear or see something that might throw some light upon his character. I was not, however, gratified in either respect.

I hastened back to the office and resumed my seat by the fire. The clerk and I were still conversing upon the subject, when one of the girls came in, and informed me that I was to get a horse and gig ready immediately, to drive a gentleman a distance of fifteen or twenty miles.

"Tonight!" I said in surprise.

"Immediately!"

"Why, it's already ten o'clock."

"It's the master's orders; I cannot alter



them," tartly replied the girl.

This unwelcome intelligence caused me to commit a great deal of sin, for I made use of a number of imprecations and expressions which were quite superfluous and perfectly unavailing. It was not long before I was ready to commence the journey. I chose the fastest and strongest animal in the establishment, and one that had never failed in an emergency. I lit the lamps, for the night was intensely dark, and I felt convinced that we should require them. The proprietor of the hotel gave me a paper, but told me not to read it till we had proceeded a few miles on the road, and informed me at the same time in what direction to drive. The paper, he added, would give me further instructions.

I was seated in the vehicle, busily engaged in fastening the leathern apron on the side on which I sat, in order to protect my limbs from the cold, when somebody seated himself beside me. I heard the landlord cry "Drive on"; and, without looking round, I lashed the mare into a fast trot. Even now, while I write, I am in some degree the trepidation which stole over me when I discovered who my companion was. I had not gone far before I was acquainted with the astounding fact. It was as though an electric shock had suddenly and unexpectedly been imparted to my frame, or as if, in a moment of perfect happiness, I had been hastily plunged into the greatest danger and distress. A benumbing chilliness ran through me, and my mouth all at once became dry and parched. Whither was I to drive? I

knew not. Who and what was my companion? I was equally ignorant. It was the man dressed so fantastically whom I had seen alight from the coach, whose appearance and inexplicable conduct had alarmed the whole establishment; whose character was a matter of speculation to everybody with whom he had come in contact. This was the substance of my knowledge. For aught I knew, he might be——. But no matter. The question that most concerned me was, how was I to extricate myself from this dilemma? Which was the best course to adopt? To turn back, and declare I would not travel in such a night, with so strange a person, or to proceed on my journey? I greatly feared the consequences of the former step would be fatal to my own interests. Besides I should be exposed to the sneers and laughter of all who knew me. No; I had started and I would proceed, whatever might be the issue of the adventure.

In a few minutes we had emerged from the town. My courage was now put to the severest test. The cheerful aspect of the streets, and the light thrown from the lamps and a few shop windows, had hitherto buoyed me up, but my energy and firmness, I felt, were beginning to desert me. The road on which we entered was not a great thoroughfare at any time, but at that late hour of the night I did not expect to meet either horseman or pedestrian to enliven the long and solitary journey. I cast my eyes before me, but could not discern a single light burning in the distance. The night was thick and unwhole-

some, and not a star was to be seen in the heavens. There was another matter which caused me great uneasiness. I was quite unarmed and unprepared for any attack, should my companion be disposed to take advantage of that circumstance. These things flashed across my mind, and made a more forcible impression than they might otherwise have done, from the fact of a murder having been committed in the district only a few weeks before, under the most aggravated circumstances. An hypothesis suggested itself. Was this man the perpetrator of that deed—the wretch who was endeavoring to escape from the officers of justice, and was stigmatized with the foulest and blackest crime that man could be guilty of? Appearances were against him. Why should he invest himself in such a mystery? Why conceal his face in so unaccountable a manner? What but a man who is conscious of great guilt, of the darkest crimes, would so furtively enter an inn, and afterward steal away under the darkness of the night when no mortal eye could behold him? If he was sensible of innocence, he might have deferred the journey till the morning, and faced, with the fortitude of a man the broad light of day and the scrutiny of his fellow-men. I say, appearances were against him, and I felt more and more convinced that, whatever his character was—whatever his deeds might have been—the present journey was instigated by fear and apprehension for his personal safety. But was I to be the instrument of his deliverance? was I to be put to all this inconven-

ience in order to favor the escape of an assassin? The thought distracted me. I vowed that it should not be so. My heart chafed and fretted at the task that had been put upon me. My blood boiled with indignation at the bare idea of being made the tool of so unhallowed a purpose. I was resolved. I ground my teeth with rage. I grasped the reins with a tighter hold. I determined to be rid of the man—nay, even to attempt to destroy him rather than have it said that I assisted in his escape. At some distance further on there was a river suitable for that purpose. When off his guard, he could in a moment be pushed into the stream; in certain places it was sufficiently deep to drown him. One circumstance perplexed me. If he escaped, he could adduce evidence against me. No matter; it would be difficult to prove that I had any intention of taking away his life. But should he be the person I conceived, he would not dare to come forward.

Hitherto we had ridden without exchanging a word. Indeed, I had only once turned my eyes upon him since we started. The truth was, I was too busy with my own thoughts—too intent upon devising some plan to liberate myself from my unparalleled situation. I now cast my eyes furtively toward him. I shuddered as I contemplated his proximity to myself. I fancied I already felt his contaminating influence. The cap, as before, was drawn over his face; the scarf muffled closely round his chin, and only sufficient space allowed for the purpose of respiration. I

was most desirous of knowing who he was ; indeed, had he been "the Man with the Iron Mask," so many years incarcerated in the French Bastile, he could scarcely have excited a greater curiosity.

I deemed it prudent to endeavor to draw him into conversation, thinking that he might drop some expression that would, in some measure tend to elucidate his history. Accordingly I said: "It's a very dark, unhealthy night, sir."

He made no reply. I thought he might not have heard me.

"A bad night for traveling!" I shouted, in a loud tone of voice.

The man remained immovable, without in the least deigning to notice my observation. He either did not wish to talk, or he was deaf. If he wished to be silent I was contented to let him remain so.

It had not occurred to me till now that I had received a paper from the landlord which would inform me whither my extraordinary companion was to be conveyed. My heart suddenly received a new impulse—it beat with hope and expectation. This document might reveal to me something more than I was led to expect; it might unravel the labyrinth in which I was entangled, and extricate me from all further difficulty. But how was I to decipher the writing? There was no other means of doing so than by stopping the vehicle and alighting and endeavoring to read it by the aid of the lamp which, I feared, would afford but a very imperfect light after all. Before I had recourse to this plan I deemed it expedient to address,

once more, my taciturn companion.

"Where am I to drive you to?" I inquired in so loud a voice that the mare started off at a brisker pace, as though I had been speaking to her. I received no reply, and, without further hesitation, I drew in the reins, pulled the paper from my pocket, and alighted. I walked to the lamp, and held the paper as near to it as I could. The handwriting was not very legible, and the light afforded me was so weak that I had great difficulty to discover its meaning. The words were few and pointed. The reader will judge of my surprise when I read the following laconic sentence:

"Drive the gentleman to Grayburn Churchyard!"

I was more alarmed than ever; my limbs shook violently, and in an instant I felt the blood fly from my cheeks. What did my employer mean by imposing such a task upon me? My fortitude in some degree returned, and I walked up to the mare and patted her on the neck.

"Poor thing—poor thing!" I said; "you have a long journey before you, and it may be a dangerous one."

I looked at my companion, but he appeared to take no notice of my actions, and seemed as indifferent as if he were a corpse. I again resumed my seat, and in part consoled myself with the prospect of being speedily rid of him in some way or other, as the river I have already alluded to was now only two or three miles distant. My thoughts now turned to the extraordinary place to which I was to

drive—Grayburn Churchyard! What could the man do there at that hour of the night? Had he somebody to meet? something to see or obtain? It was incomprehensible—beyond the possibility of human divination. Was he insane? or was he bent upon an errand perfectly rational, although for the present wrapped in the most impenetrable mystery? I am at a loss for language adequate to convey a proper notion of my feelings on that occasion. He shall never arrive, I internally ejaculated, at Grayburn Churchyard; he shall never pass beyond the stream, which even now I almost heard murmuring in the distance! Heaven forgive me for harboring such intentions! But when I reflected that I might be assisting an assassin to fly from justice, I conceived I was doing perfectly right in adopting any means (no matter how bad) for the obviation of such a consummation. For aught I knew, his present intention might be to visit the grave of his victim; for now I remembered that the person who had so lately been murdered was interred in this very churchyard.

We gradually drew nearer the river. I heard its roaring with fear and trepidation. It smote my heart with awe when I pondered upon the deed I had in contemplation. I could discover, from its rushing sound, that it was much swollen, owing to the recent heavy rains. The stream, in fine weather, was seldom more than a couple of feet deep, and could be crossed without difficulty; there, however, were places where it was considerably deeper. On the

occasion in question it was more dangerous than I had ever known it. There was no bridge constructed across it at this place, and people were obliged to get through it as well as they could. Nearer and nearer we approached. The night was so dark that it was quite impossible to discern anything. I could feel the beatings of my heart against my breast, a cold clammy sweat settled upon my brow, and my mouth became so dry that I fancied that I was choking. The moment was at hand that was to put my resolution to the test. A few yards only separated us from the spot that was to terminate my journey, and, perhaps, the mortal career of my incomprehensible companion. The light of the lamps threw a dull, lurid gleam on the surface of the water. It rushed furiously past, surging and boiling as it leaped over the rocks that here and there intersected its channel. Without a moment's hesitation I urged the mare forward, and in a minute we were in the midst of the stream. It was a case of life or death! The water came down like a torrent—its tide was irresistible. There was not a moment to be lost. My own life was at stake. With the instinctive feeling of self-preservation I drove the animal swiftly through the dense body of water, and in a few seconds we had gained the opposite bank of the river. We were safe, but the opportunity of ridding myself of my companion was rendered, by the emergency of the case, unavailable.

I know not how it was, but I suddenly became actuated by a new impulse.



Wretch though he was, he had entrusted his safety, his life, into my hands. There was, perhaps, still some good in the man; by enabling him to escape, I might be the instrument of his eternal salvation. He had done me no injury, and at some period of his life he might have rendered good offices to others. I pitied his situation, and determined to render him what assistance I could. I applied the whip to the mare. In a moment she seemed to be endowed with supernatural energy and swiftness. Though he was a murderer—though he was henceforth to be driven from society as an outcast—he should not be deserted in this present emergency. On we sped; hedges, trees, houses, were passed in rapid succession. Nothing impeded our way. We had a task to perform, a duty to fulfil; dangers and difficulties fled before us. A human life depended upon our exertions, and every nerve required to be strained for its preservation. On, on we hurried. My enthusiasm assumed the appearance of madness. I shouted to the mare till I was hoarse, and broke the whip in several places. Although we flew over the ground, I fancied we did not go fast enough. My body was in constant motion, as though it would give an impetus to our movements. My companion appeared conscious of my intentions, and, for the first time, evinced an interest in our progress. He drew out his handkerchief, and used it incessantly as an incentive to swiftness. Onward we fled. We were all actuated by the same motive. This concentration

of energy gave force and vitality to our actions.

The night had hitherto been calm, but the rain now began to descend in torrents, and at intervals we heard distant peals of thunder. Still we progressed; we were not to be baffled, not to be deterred; we would yet defy pursuit. Large tracts of country were passed over with amazing rapidity. Objects that at one moment were at a great distance, in another were reached, and in the next left far behind. Thus we sped on—thus we seemed to annihilate space together. We were endowed with superhuman energies—hurried on by an impulse, involuntary and irresistible. My companion became violent, and appeared to think we did not travel fast enough. He rose once or twice from his seat, and attempted to take the remnant of the whip from my hand, but I resisted, and prevailed upon him to remain quiet.

How long we were occupied in this mad and daring flight I cannot even conjecture. We reached, at length, our destination; but, alas! we had no sooner done so than the invaluable animal that had conveyed us thither dropped down dead!

My companion and I alighted. I walked up to where the poor animal lay, and was busy deploring her fate when I heard a struggle at a short distance. I turned quickly round and beheld the mysterious being with whom I had ridden so fatal a journey in the custody of two powerful-looking men.

"Ha! ha! I thought he would make for this here place," said one of them. "He

still has a hankering after his mother's grave. When he got away before we nabbed him here."

The mystery was soon cleared up. The gentleman had escaped from a lunatic asylum, and was both deaf and dumb. The death of his mother, a few years be-

fore, had caused the mental aberration.

The horrors of that night are impressed as vividly upon my memory as though they had just occurred. The expenses of the journey were all defrayed, and I was presented with a handsome gratuity. I never ceased, however, to regret the loss of the favorite mare.

THE END.



IN THE SWEET BYE AND BYE

## The Old Stage Road

---

It was long ago, but the young leaves glowed  
 In their sunlit dew by the mountain road,  
 When the bee swung on from his blackberry bloom,  
 When the partridge rose with a hollow boom.  
 And the rabbit peeped with his eyes ashine,  
 And the squirrel jeered from the bough o' pine,  
 And the thrush broke short in his half-trilled song,  
 As the grand red stage coach jolted along  
     The old route over the mountain.

It was long ago when the loud wheels passed;  
 Now thrushes may tinkle their chimes till the last,  
 Now nothing troubles the wood-hush lone,  
 The squirrel nibbles the seeds of his cone,  
 The nighthawk ruffles his breast in the sand,  
 The white birch leans with her silver wand,  
 And elfins lighten the brambles' load,  
 And the clover blooms in the gullied road.  
     The old route over the mountain.

And long ago at the end of its route,  
 The stage pulled up and the folks stepped out,  
 They have all passed under the tavern door,  
 The youth and his bride, and the gray three-score.  
 Their eyes were weary with dust and gleam,  
 The day had gone like an empty dream.  
 Soft may they slumber and trouble no more  
 For their eager journey, its jolt and roar,  
     On the old route over the mountain

But an air breathes down from the midnight sky,  
 With firefly lamps and a rushing sigh.  
 And passing whispers will murmur low  
 Secrets and gladness they used to know;  
 And often in winter the wind roars through  
 With thump and whistle and fierce halloo,  
 And cracks the treetops and whirls the snow  
 Like phantom horses of long ago.  
     On the old route over the mountain.

IRENE PUTNAM.

(In New England Magazine.)

# Ye 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.

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.

---

## QUAIN T PHILOSOPHY

By Old Quaint Himself

---

"This is my busy day."

"Beggars, pedlars and canvassers please keep out."

These two signs always stir up my bile.

If you are ill-natured for Heaven's sake don't advertise the fact with placards.

Some years ago somebody perpetrated this:

"The man who calmly says his say,  
And quickly then goes on his way,  
May live to see another day  
For business."

I suggest the following amendment:  
But he who's laid his case before us,  
But still stays on, and on to bore us,  
May go to swell a sounding chorus,  
In realms below!

The truth of any subject lies always at some middle point—never at either extreme.

The man who undertakes to "live by his wits" generally has small capital to do business with.

When Christian Science can "demonstrate" over seasickness, you'll find this sinner on the mourner's bench.

Confidence in your own ability and worth is a desirable thing; without it you can accomplish little—but don't overdo it.

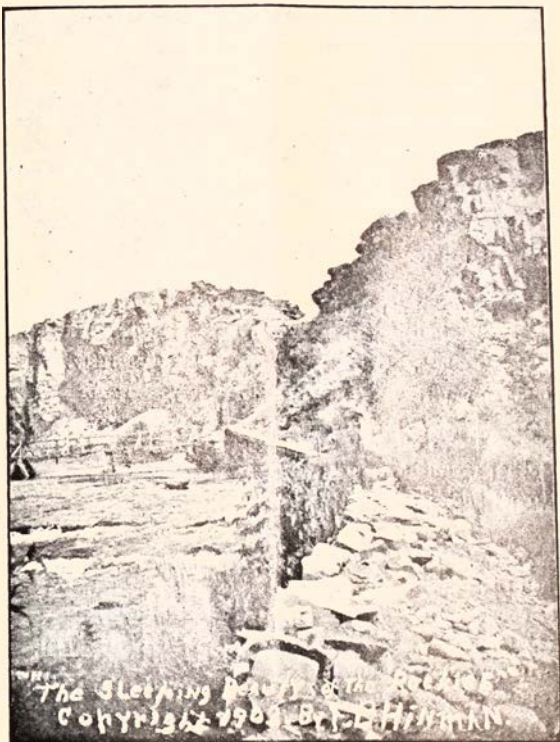
In order to make light of your troubles you must keep them dark.

There may be a pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow but you will reach it quicker by travelling down a corn row with a hoe in your hands.

The man who swings a pick-axe in the ditch has my profound respect and admiration. He is earning an honest living, exploiting no one and doing work that I don't care to do.

We have had a plethora of "cures" offered us in the last few years, physical culture, fasting, mental healing and many others, but the best of all is the "play cure." Freedom from an everlasting grind, a chance to be natural and careless.





First Prize Photo  
"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY OF THE ROCKIES"  
Contributed by Quaint Reader  
MR. F. B. HINMAN, DENVER COLO.

## ASTROLOGY

Conducted by Dr. Derolli, Scientific Astrologer, Hotel Pelham, Boston, Mass.

### Lucky and Unlucky Days for February and March, 1904.

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

#### ● February, 1904.

1. Nearly all planetary tendencies are unfavorable to new plans and important considerations.
2. This is better; but not wholly relieved of yesterday's tendencies. Move carefully.
3. Safe in all directions if prudence is used. Not good for impulsive acts.
4. Use great caution in words and all business matters. Not good to begin journey.
5. Rather better but not first-class. Careful.
6. Here is a good one; push it vigorously. Good all-around day.
7. Sunday. Why not go to church and keep out of mischief? Rather mean day.
8. Better but not strong; socially good; ambition good.
9. Gains. Undertake matters that you have been planning. Push them well.
10. Better still; give conservative actions a vigorous send-off. Good day.
11. Bright mind. It will pay now to do your best. These days repay your waiting.
12. So will this. Let the good work go on.
13. Still another. These good influences combine for social and business helps.
14. Sunday. All the influences are poor, particularly active mind.
15. Well enough to prosecute previous decisions; not good to begin new ones.
16. New moon; and first-class day.
17. Equally good. Make it effective.
18. Bright, spunky, keen, you will do it. Go ahead. Don't get saucy, and you are all right.

19. Be careful in your own home not to be sarcastic or lacking in consideration of others' feelings.
20. Fine day for new and old matters. Make it tell.
21. Another good day. In business very strong but it's Sunday.
22. Not so strong, but full enough of good for all practical purposes.
23. This is above the average. Use it.
24. Like yesterday. Go ahead on most lines.
25. Very best for social ties and the preliminaries.
26. Mixed. Rest a little. Begin nothing new.
27. Rather slim. No marked features.
28. Business must give way to moderation. Why not read? think? hear? grow?
29. Leap year. The girls may have it their own way for certainly it's not very strong for the men folks.

#### March, 1904.

1. Fairly good. Better for planning than for acting. Early part of the day is best.
2. Full moon. Bad position of Mars. Discretion will be needed lest an act be too impulsive.
3. Bad day. One of the poorest in the month. Do as little as you can when there is any wish involved. Not good for dealing with other sex.
4. Better. Safe if careful. Better for talking than for writing.
5. Rather poor. Move quietly.

6. Third Sunday in Lent. The stars also today teach lessons of self denial, prudence, tact and care. Very poor for business. Women may be morbid.
7. Bright, excitable, dangerous if impulsive. Safe and good with wisdom.
8. Better for men than for women, but good for the sisters if they don't get excited and say something.
9. The day is like some people, not big but fairly good and will bring good results in a reasonable way.
10. Like yesterday. Don't attempt too much.
11. Better. Upon the whole pretty good as the day advances. Start things.
12. Like yesterday.
13. Fourth Sunday in Lent. The conjunction of the moon with Saturn forbids important acts, especially socially.
14. This is much better and can be used in any legitimate manner.
15. Better still. Safe for acts or decisions.
16. Same. Go ahead.
17. New moon. Fairly good. Mind will be very active. Keep cool.
18. Wide awake day. Your ventures being conservative will do well. Good day to complete things. Make them effective.
19. Another safe day. Particularly so for a new business plan or for any important acts.
20. Fifth Sunday in Lent. The influences are generally quite good and safe all day.
21. The square of moon and Saturn are not favorable for marked social attentions or important business acts.
22. This is much better and can be used in all legitimate ways.
23. So is this. Things seem harmonious.
24. Mixed influences all day. The poorer predominates.
25. While not strong it is well enough for ordinary acts. Be careful of your health along here. Don't be afraid of fresh air or sunlight though.
26. Nothing special.
27. Palm Sunday. Socially fine. Of course you won't do business today. Why not join in the chorus?
28. Rather slim. You won't accomplish much. Better keep quiet.
29. This is better, but rather dull.
30. Same.
31. Bad. Five (5) reasons for it.
 

The first four days will be marked in several sections with severe storms, bringing a cold wave towards the east.

The next week is more regular with some disturbances, but more of cloudiness than real storm.

The twelfth to sixteenth, inclusive, will bring gales, rain, snow, sleet and wind.

The new moon at the close of this period should bring warmth, but heavy storms of wind and rain, destruction to trees through sleet and also to wires. All along for another week we are liable to have destructive weather, a nasty month. The closing portion hastens another blizzard, with sleet and everything that goes with a stormy March. Travel and comfort will be interfered with. In fact it's a month that has but little of pleasure out of doors.



## BRIEF BOOK REVIEWS

I believe that book reviews should, as a general things, 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.

*How to Read Character by Handwriting*, by Henry Rice. There is no method of character delineation that is as fascinating as the reading of traits and tendencies from a person's handwriting. A person's chi-rography seems to be an un-failing index of his makeup. The most expert graphologist in the country perhaps, is Mr. Henry Rice, the author of this book. It is an attempt to provide something in cheaper form than the hand books that we already have. Mr. Rice has made a very interesting book and one that may be studied with pleasure and profit. The book is well printed on fine paper with numerous plates. Published by Will Rossiter, Chicago, Ill. Price 25 cents.

*Suggestions for You To-day*, by Adelaide R. Kirshner, M. D. It is not often that we come across a small book that is packed so full of pertinent pointers, that contains such a wealth of sensible suggestions along the line of health and hygiene as this little brochure. It is very evident that Miss Kirshner is an up-to-date physician whose methods are all sane and sound. Drugs and "dope" have no place in her curriculum. Here are a few brief extracts:

"Wear garments light in color, if you wish to promote and preserve your health, because the sunlight can penetrate them to nourish the tissues of the body. What air is to the lungs, sunlight is to the body."

Some people don't even know how to lie abed. Dr. Kirshner tells us in a few words. "The best sleeping position is on the right side with the arm behind at the side of the body; knees drawn up toward the abdomen, comfortably flexed, and the right side of face on pillow or mattress."

"On retiring put your day's burdens into the lap of night and forget it. Divert your mind of every thought as you do, or should, your body of every garment."

"Select your food with intelligence. Study what you need and take it for both your physical and mental well being. Eat slowly and moderately."

"Low shoes allow a purer ventilation and hence better circulation in the feet. Wear low shoes in all seasons, covering the ankles with over-gaiters in wet weather if you feel the necessity of so doing."

"Don't fear anything, especially catching cold. To fear means to invite the calamity."

"Cheerful, pleasant, loving thoughts and helpful deeds give beauty and grace to face and form."

The book is published by the author at Cambridge, Mass. The price is twenty-five cents and it is better worth the money than many ponderous and prolix tomes at ten times the price.





Prize for best Photos of Animals  
 "WHAT YER DOING'?" and "POSING" Contributed by Quaint reader  
 F. B. HINMAN, DENVER, COLO

## Photo Contest

*Photo Contest.* The prizes offered in the November number have been awarded as follows:

Most curious Photo—"The Sleeping Beauty of the Rockies," sent by F. B. Hinman, Denver, Col.

Most interesting Photo of Animals—"What yer Doin'?" and "Posing," sent by F. B. Hinman, Denver, Col.

Most amusing Photo—"Two Yards of Feet," sent by E. P. Gerould, Boston, Mass.

No pictures of children have been received.

*More Prizes for Photographs.* For the photo which we consider the greatest curiosity received before June 1st, we will give one year's subscription to *The Photo Era*, the handsomest and best photographic magazine published. This magazine contains beautiful specimens of the photographic art

each month, together with much matter interesting to all photographers, amateur or otherwise.

For the best or most interesting photo of animals, received before June 1st, \$1.00 worth of books your selection.

For the best or most interesting photo of scenery, public buildings or places, received before June 1st, \$1.00 worth of books your selection.

For the most amusing photo received before June 1st, a Brownie camera.

For every photo we receive and use we will give one year's subscription to YE QUAIN T MAGAZINE.

Send only unmounted prints when possible and do not send blue prints. Prepay all postage and address, Photo Contest, Ye Quaint Magazine, 7 Saint Paul St., Boston.

## ODD ADVERTISEMENTS

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

### Smiles at His Work.

A cheerful undertaker down in Gloucester, published, last summer, the following advertisement in the local papers:

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

I desire to inform my friends that I have recently bought

*3 New Coffins*

which I will be pleased to show any one wishing anything in my line. Two are of walnut and the third is maple. It is a pleasure to lie in one of these caskets.

COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH. FIRST COME FIRST SERVED.

DAVE WHITE, Undertaker,  
C. H. C.

A few years ago in St. Heliers, Island of Jersey, a comedy was produced called "The Lady Slavery" (maid of all work.) On one of the posters was the following:

"The Lady Slavery has been of more benefit to suffering humanity, than all the liver pads in existence."

(Signed,)

A CLERGYMAN.

WANTED—A person of good character who has the necessary qualifications for superintendent of a Sunday school of a Universalist church in Dorchester; a moderate compensation will be paid for such service. Please address, with references, B 38, Herald Office.—From the Boston Herald.

WILL lady with sealskin sacque that walked down Broadway Thursday afternoon and went into Proctor's, 28th st., grant an interview with the party that bought ticket after her at the window? B. W., 514 Herald.

Perhaps only an adv. of Mr. Proctor's theatre.

"Is there, we wonder, any country on earth besides Australia where this kind of advertisement is practically kept standing in the daily press? These are all out of one paper:

I HEREBY publicly apologise to Miss ELLEN — for having assaulted her and used obscene language to her, and I also swear that I will not molest her again from this time henceforth. (Signed) ALEXANDER —.

IF Mrs. — does not stop slandering my daughter, I will take proceedings at once. Mrs. JANE —.

I HEREBY warn any person or persons against making unfounded and slanderous charges against me after this date, the same being untrue. SARAH —.

I HEREBY retract the slanderous language I used against ELKLAND SMITH, the same having no foundation, in fact. JOHN OSCOTT.

IF Mrs. — does not stop using foul language to my BOY, I will take proceedings against her after this date. MARIA —.

"We meet this sort of thing so regularly in the Sydney papers that it would seem as if half the community spends most of its time abusing the other half. Why doesn't the lady who is thus openly accused of using bad language to the other lady's offspring sue the paper for libel?"

On the 11th of October, 1790, Anna Frances Southerland, widow, was married to Gustavius Hamilton Spencer, bachelor, at Boroughbridge, in the county of York, in England. The marriage was brought about, through a lengthy advertisement which appeared in two of the leading papers in the county. The widow, who was only twenty-

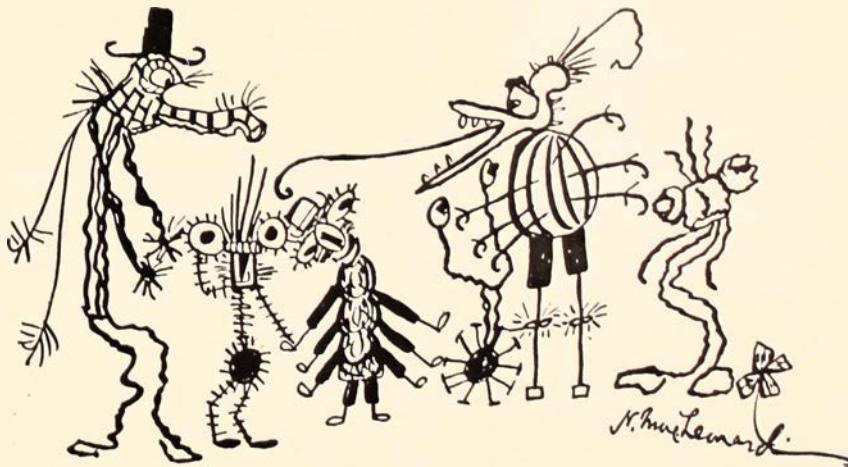
five years of age, and had been married twice, thought to try a third venture and in the advertisement, after setting forth her own qualifications, which included a lively temper and handsome person, good natured, and possessed of great wealth, stated that she was very hard to please and that she was "determined not to marry a man of fashion, nor a puppy, be he ever so rich; nor a plodding cit, nor a country squire, nor a widower (lest we should compare notes), nor an officer in the army, for they are fortune hunters; nor an Irish Volunteer, in any shape, nor a Scotchman, nor a Welshman, nor a gambler, nor an Atheist or a Methodist, because I have had enough of extremes; nor a Bean Parson, nor a drunkard or an abstemious man, nor a Frenchman, because I am certain all men are not equal." After thus telling what she does not want she proceeds in the same straightforward fashion to say:

I want a sound-hearted Englishman, a man of sense, of whose conversation and address I need not be ashamed in the first company in the kingdom; one who knows how to take care of his own honor, and defend that of his wife. It is indifferent to me whether he has a shilling or possess ten thousand pounds. I have enough for us both, but he must not be too old for a woman of twenty-five. His morals must be good, his conversation sprightly and of a generous and good natured disposition, for I detest a miser and hate a bad temper. Any person who thinks he can answer my idea of a husband, and who means to be happier with a woman whose mind never harbored a wish to make a man miserable, if he states his pretensions under cover of F. R. S., to be left at the printing office, they shall be duly attended to. This address is no idle story to gratify any peculiar turn of mind—it is founded in earnest, and shall be concluded without a jest. Nor are the parties who may offer required to give their real names until their description of themselves is approved and a meeting appointed.

AMELIA.

N. B.—The intended husband must be a Protestant of the Church of England as by law established, and must not wear a wig, take snuff, or chew tobacco.

Whether the husband fulfilled all the requirements or whether he died young as such good people often do, there is no evidence.



"YE QUAIN'T" MICROBES



### SUGGESTION

is a practical home magazine devoted to suggestive therapeutics, hypnotism, psychic research, and the application of the principles of the new psychology for health, success and happiness.

*A postal brings a copy. \$1.00 per year*

### Suggestion Publishing Co.

4032 DREXEL BOULEVARD, - - CHICAGO, ILL.

### Your Character, Personality and Future

will be read by an expert of wide repute on receipt of 12 cents and specimen of hand writing.

HENRY RICE, Graphologist  
1927 Madison Ave., N. Y.

### 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 opinions equal to a foe's.

Price \$1.00 a year

STEELE BLOCK, DENVER, COLO.

**Auto-Magnetism** You can cure any ache or pain in a few minutes; banish nervousness, and cure all troubles arising from a disordered state of the nervous system; gain immediate mastery over nearly every ailment that effects the human body, by means of the simple, natural exercise, **AUTO MAGNETISM**. No drugs, no apparatus, no mental treatment. It is a physiological impossibility for the exercise to fail to accomplish all that is claimed for it. No cost whatever save for instructions. You can master instructions at one reading and prove to yourself at once their value. Instructions, \$1.00. Write for pamphlet.

WILLIAM MACKEE, ABBOTT, TEXAS

### WALL PAPERS

Parlor to kitchen. Exclusive designs. Send 10 cents for samples and directions for measuring your rooms. Never out of goods.

Address

EMPIRE DECORATIVE CO. (Dept. D)

1902 Broadway, - - - New York City

### "The WHITCOMB HEALTH IDEA"

We once—a long time ago—seemed to have a touch of every ill and collapsed under it, and without the aid of drugs or doctors we brought ourself back to perfect health by natural means. We are systematizing our experience for the benefit of humanity. We have the *First Step*, "PROPER FOOD" ready in a 20 page pamphlet and it's yours for 2 one-cent stamps. IT WILL SAVE YOUR LIFE. Send more stamps and more pamphlets will be mailed to others and thus you also serve humanity.

184 HENRY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

### Prescriptions of Diet and Exercise for Middle-Aged People

The outcome of Practical Experience

By F. A. SMITH, 100 Pembroke Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Price Twenty-five cents      Enclose silver and a self-addressed, stamped envelope

## TYPEWRITERS FREE

### SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING BY MAIL

If you enroll in our Shorthand and Typewriting courses by mail during the next 60 days, we will give you FREE a Standard Key-board Typewriter and assist you to a position in any city. Terms very reasonable. Write for particulars.

BLISS COLLEGE, Lewiston, Me.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL TO US

BLISS BUSINESS COLLEGE  
Lewiston, Maine

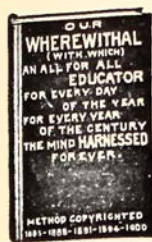
Gentlemen: Please send me free of all charges full particulars concerning your free typewriter offer.

NAME (Sign in full).....

POST OFFICE.....

STATE.....





the publishers,

## Of Course YOU CAN! BUT HOW?

Do you TEACH, THINK, STUDY, READ, LEGISLATE, DEBATE, TRANSACT BUSINESS, FARM, COMPOSE, or WIN SUCCESS? We offer Wherewithal Book Method. Price \$1.00 Postpaid to any address on receipt of price, by Wherewithal Book Co., 170 Spruce St. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## “As it is Written in the Hand.”



The science of Modern Palmistry teaches that there is no trait, no characteristic, no inherited tendency that is not marked on the palm of the hand. And all these marks can be traced with unerring accuracy by following the plain, simple instructions given in

### ZANCIG'S NEW COMPLETE PALMISTRY

This is the only authorized edition of this book. It gives the simplest presentation of the subject. All the discoveries, investigations and researches of centuries are summed up in this practical treatise on Palmistry. The book is fully indexed, making it possible for the beginner to read hands with ease and accuracy. It contains about 200 pages, eighty-six illustrations, and is handsomely bound in paper covers. *Price only 25cts. postpaid*

Address **WM. E. TOWNE**

Department 45 HOLYOKE, MASS

### The ADEPT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE, Eccentric, Liberal, devoted to Astrology, Monism, and Both Sides of any question. Send for free sample copy.

Address, THE ADEPT, Markville, Minn.

J. Willet Pease

### Osteopathic Physician

896 MASSACHUSETTS AVE., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Consultation Hours :

10-12 a. m. 2-4 p. m.  
Monday, Wednesday and Friday

## YOUR FORTUNE

Typewritten and sent FREE if you will send your birth-date and three stamps for mailing expenses. I have astonished thousands with my wonderful, correct reading of their life, past and future. I correctly reveal your future love affairs, business success, marriage mate, etc., and give advice on all affairs.

Address, H. S. SHAGREN, Dept. 3 San Francisco, Cal.

## THE HEALTH MESSENGER

A monthly magazine for educating the masses to healthy living. Special instructions in Hygiene, Physical Culture, Nursing and Physiology, with parental talks on Health topics.

A COUNCIL QUESTION BOX conducted by an able physician answers

**FREE**

any question on medical topics.

Price \$1.00 per year

Send 10 cts. for 2 months trial subscription  
Health Messenger Co., Lamotte, Iowa

TO OFFER A

## GENUINE \$2 BILL FOR 50c.

would indicate a swindle, but we offer you \$2 for 50 cents 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, 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 South Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.

### NICHOLAS BECKER

## Reading by mail, Impressional & Clairvoyant

Description and names of spirit friends with messages; advice. Instructions for psychic unfoldment. Send own handwriting and \$1.00.

Dixon, Ill.

### WHY NOT HAVE YOUR HOROSCOPE CAST ?

NINA MAY SMITH will cast your Horoscope and tell you of coming events. She will answer three (3) important questions for one (1) dollar. Give the events of one year in detail for one (1) dollar. Secondary readings two (2) dollars. Send date of birth, year, month, day and hour. Also color of hair and eyes. Address

NINA MAY SMITH, Lake Bay, Washington, Pierce Co.

# 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 thereby cure all known diseases and bad habits, control your "dream self," become a true somnambulist, pass into a wonderful clairvoyant sleep, see in visions things which are going on all over the world, travel in spirit to visit any home and see just what is transpiring, trace up lost and stolen articles, find buried or hidden treasures, unravel the secrets of criminals, read the minds of friends and enemies, locate minerals and valuable mines, make finds and discoveries of untold value, read the very thoughts, life history and character of any person from the cradle to the grave, tell past, present and future events, solve hard questions and problems in this sleep and remember all when wide awake, produce the great telepathic function of the soul in a normal state and develop your Psychic Faculties. This so-called Mental Vision Lesson will be sent *Absolutely Free* to everybody *Positively Guaranteed* to enable you to do the above before any charge whatever.

PROF. R. E. DUTTON,  
Lincoln, Neb.

## The Nautilus

A Magazine of health, happiness, and success. It tells you how to do things and go in to win. It is unique and original. Highly recommended by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and thousands would not do without it at any price. Send postal for sample copy and Special Offer. Do it now. Address the editor,

Elizabeth Towne, Dept. Q., Holyoke, Mass.

## CALIFORNIA FOR TEN CENTS

Six months trial. Big Illustrated Magazine. Questions answered. Western Empire, 10 Times Building, Los Angeles.

## The Voice of the Heavens

Your adaptabilities in Business, Love and Marriage with Psychic Picture of Husband or Wife. Your fortunate times in health and business. Send 10c., date of birth, sex, and address to Prof. Reily, Lock Box 95, Minco, I. T.

## Do You Collect Anything; or Have You a Camera or a Hobby?

Send 10c. to the undersigned and you will receive for three months, the oldest, largest and best collectors' monthly for all kinds of Hobbies: Natural History and American Historical Discoveries, Coins, Stamps, Curios, Relics, Photography, Minerals, Sciences, Illustrated Souvenir Post Cards, Rarities, and New Finds for all kinds of Collectors.

The Philatelic West and Camera News,  
Superior, Nebraska, U. S. A.

Greatest of its kind in the world. Fifty cents entitles you to a year's subscription and a free, fifteen-word exchange notice in the largest exchange department extant.

### This 100-Page Illustrated Monthly

Was established in 1895, and has the largest circulation of any Collectors' monthly in the world, and in size has no rival. More ads. in the WEST than in all other American Collector monthlies combined. The best paying medium for advertisers. Rates small, results large. It will pay you to write us about it. OUR MOTTO: "The best and lots of it." Invest ten cents judiciously by sending it to

L. T. BRODSTONE, Publisher  
SUPERIOR, NEBRASKA, U. S. A.

Send five cents for membership card to American Camera Club Exchange. Over 4800 members in all parts of the world, or fifty cents for one year's membership to American Historical and Natural History and Philatelic Society. Try it.

A Trial will Convince You that no Matter What your Hobby is, the WEST will keep you posted.

## The key to your sorrows and happiness Is in Your Horoscope

Give the Year, Day and Hour of Birth. If the hour is not known give the color of eyes and hair, your height and weight. Horoscopes written in the English or German. Price, \$5.00. Address:

Bureau of Occult Sciences, Milwaukee, Wis.

## HOME CURE All Diseases

There's a definite cause for every human ailment, acute or chronic; overcome or remove the cause and the result is always a complete and prompt cure. TISSUE REMEDIES supply the deficiencies in the life cell which are the cause for all disease. You can have, free, the advice of a learned specialist who knows how to administer Tissue Remedies so that they never fail. He has used them for years in a large private practice. Write today, describing your symptoms fully: you will receive promptly a full diagnosis of your case and advice as to prompt, never-failing treatment **FREE** with Tissue Remedies. All cures guaranteed or money back

ROSE CURES CO. 226 TREMONT ST.  
BOSTON, MASS.

**T H E  
Wise-Man**

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL OF  
OCCULT SCIENCE AND WISDOM  
SIMPLIFIED AND APPLIED TO EVERY  
DAY LIFE; HELPFUL TO EVERYBODY  
AND INTERESTING TO ALL . . . .

Pocket  
Size  
Brimfull



Original  
Pithy  
Sound

\$1 a Year 10c. a Number

THE WISE-MAN WOULD  
CALL UPON YOU.  
A STAMP PAYS HIS FARE

THE PHILOSOPHIC COMPANY  
500 FIFTH AVENUE  
New York

**RE-OPENED**

Lundin's

**Turkish Baths**

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

**Adolph Lundin, Prop.**  
176 Tremont St., Boston

UNDER THE TREMONT THEATRE

**DIVIDENDS**

from 30 per cent to 40 per cent per annum! Would such dividends, paid regularly and promptly, with perfect safety of capital, interest you? If so, send your name and address to

LANGDONS THOMPSON, Dept. A  
645 Bergin Ave., Jersey City, New Jersey

**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 ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to Miss Lepple's Health Journal DIET vs. DOUGH and ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to YE QUAINT MAGAZINE all for \$1.00.

Ye QUAINT MAGAZINE, 7 St. Paul Street Boston, Mas

**THE BACK LOG**

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE—Good Fiction—New Thought—Graphology.

Send fifty cents for year's subscription and receive a free delineation of YOUR CHARACTER, personality and future from your handwriting, by Mr. Henry Rice, the famous New York Graphologist. Sample copy free.

Graphology Pub. Co., 503 Fifth Ave., New York City.

**Suggestions for You To-Day.**

Being extracts from Lectures to the "Womans Health Club," by Adelaide R. Kirschner, M. D.

"A book of sensible suggestions for securing good health and long life."

"Simple sanitary hints easily followed but of great value."

"Every paragraph a nugget of wisdom."

These are some of the kind things that have been said of my little book.

If you like I will mail you a copy for 25c. and I will cheerfully refund the amount if you are not fully satisfied. Address:

**DR. A. R. KIRSCHNER,**

1010 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.

# A Financial Opportunity

---

I HAVE recently acquired the ownership of a valuable concession from the British Crown. It gives me exclusive right to dredge a certain portion of a very accessible river bed for gold and platinum where these two precious metals are declared to exist in extraordinarily rich quantities by the official statements of both the United States and Canadian governments, and also by scores of men who have actually taken the gold and platinum from the gravel and sands of the river.

Before I can secure the gold and platinum from this property I must put a dredge upon the river, which will require several thousand dollars more than I now have for the purpose. I should like to communicate with any person who may be financially able to make an investment toward this dredge for a kind of partnership interest with me in the undertaking.  
Address:

**REV. HIRAM VROOMAN,**

Roxbury Station, Boston, Mass.