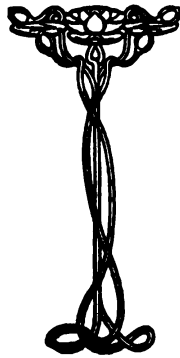


WHEN IMMORTALS WED

BY
ETTA U. SNOW



RUMFORD PRINTING COMPANY
Concord, New Hampshire . . . 1907



MRS. ETTA UDORA SNOW.

Mrs. Etta Udora Snow was born in Manchester, N. H., March 22, 1862, and was educated at the public schools in that city.

In 1879 she became the wife of Joseph W. French and was left a widow ten years later with two small children. In 1890 she married Chester Alcott Snow and their union was blessed with six children, three boys and three girls, two of which have passed to the great beyond.

Mrs. Snow was the daughter of Dearborn P. and Eliza C. Glines.

Since 1880 Mrs. Snow from time to time contributed to the periodical press. She passed away April 27, 1904.

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PREFACE.

To the Public:

In presenting this story, it seems a three-fold work; a work of Reverence, a work of Love and a work of Duty. Fearing not that it will be accepted in the right spirit. The plot of this story was inspired while the author was on a bed of suffering, during her last sickness. At one time she was heard to exclaim, "something tells me unless I begin on my story, I shall not have time to finish it before passing to spirit side of life." As her inspired faculties began to unfold the following thoughts, their progress became remarkably rapid. While of course the physical quickly deteriorated, the psychical held supreme until the finis. The appended poems, essays and story were written a short time before the main story, "When Immortals Wed."

CHESTER ALCOTT SNOW.

YOU WILL KNOW.

By E. U. S.

You will know what I am doing
When the day is almost done,
When the peaceful evening shadows
Softly cloud the setting sun.
In the mystic hour of twilight
I a message swift will send,
You will catch it in the gloaming,
We will talk as friend with friend.

You will know what I am thinking,
Like sweet flowers my theme shall be;
I will send you loving whispers
As you listen patiently.
Soul with soul will blend together,
One in spirit, one in might,
Telegraphing every message
On the wings of Spirit Light.

You will know what I am longing
Though, why should we long for more?
We can talk with one another
Through the spirits' open door.
We may meet and know each other
When the spirit-mist unrolls.
We are parts of one great soul-life
That the universe enfolds.

WHEN IMMORTALS WED.

CHAPTER I.

THE STORY OF HERMAN AND ANITA.

Three men sat together in that happy, self-somnolent state that pervades the masculine frame when the curling waves of choice cigar smoke incense paint the air with filmy dreams.

The room was cosy; the evidences of artistic taste were visible on every hand. Numberless books were scattered about and filled a handsome bookcase, while on a pedestal stood a striking bust of the Indian Hiawatha. A little table held a smoking set and another a dish of ruddy apples. They cluster around these tables, and their discussion has been about hypnotism; but the conversation lags, it is stalled, drowned, forgotten in smoke.

The master of the house sits there, his dreamy, spiritual face smooth and ruddy beneath his white hair; and the fine mustache hides a mouth formed only for saying pleasant things. He is well known as a doctor and a lecturer, having papers to show that he is both a physician and an ordained clergyman.

But Doctor Walton is a modest man. His spiritual nature was so clear and pure, so free from pride and envy, that he cared little for earthly distinctions.

For Doctor Walton was that *rara avis*, a natural clairvoyant. The discovery of his gift had come to him unasked, in the midst of a life of conservatism in church work.

For long years the forces of the unseen world that lie around us had gathered about him, and opened their mysteries to his view. Yet he was no recluse. His life was spent in doing good, and in the happy work of healing the sick.

His lectures were in such demand that he was away from home a large part of the time. But between the labors of the day and the repose of the night he loved to take an hour or two of relaxation. So as he sat there at home with his two friends, John Creswell and Philip Forrest, he let the cares of life fall off like a garment, while he smoked with abandon and quiet enjoyment of the hour.

John Creswell was another man whose character it would pay to study. He was a bit older than the doctor, though he looked younger, and not quite so gifted; neither was he as handsome; but between the two there was that perfect accord that comes from the long and close companionship of kindred minds. He was fond of music and literary pursuits, and his mind was replete with wisdom both occult and human, yet with all this he wore a singular air of a noble humility, the expression of a gentle spirit ever rising to the heights that beckon us heavenward.

The third was a much younger man, and was one of those "odd" fellows, who, with level heads, and wide open eyes, try to solve the intricacies of the mysterious. At twenty-two he was a close student of hypnotism and like mental sciences, and having made the acquaintance of Doctor Walton in his course of investigations, he speedily learned to love him as a personal friend, as well as his inseparable companion, John Creswell.

And Philip Forrest was rather proud to be admitted to this little circle of friendship.

They smoked in silence for some time, and then the doctor's dreamy voice penetrated the curling smoke-clouds in which he was hidden.

"While we three old bachelors enjoy ourselves, can't we have a story to suit the occasion?"

"You have seen so many wonderful things," Philip began, "everything else seems commonplace."

"I'm too lazy to talk," said Doctor Walton. "I just want to lie back and listen," and he settled back in his easy chair and placed his feet as high as his head.

"Creswell, tell us a story."

"I might tell you," Creswell replied, straightening up and squinting at his cigar critically between his fingers, "I might tell you of a thing that happened years ago, if you want a love story. Only, it ends badly."

"We will take the bitter with the sweet. Go ahead."

Creswell blinked once or twice and after two or three preliminary pulls at his cigar, he began:

"I think it was in 1860 that I first knew Herman Stillwater. His people were well to do Manchester folks who lived up on Hanover Street when that thoroughfare was only occupied by disciples of Lucifer. Old man Stillwater had a shoe store on Elm Street and Herman worked with him. He was just about Philip's age, twenty-two or twenty-three, and, like Philip, he was fond of a girl."

"Oh! pull off!" growled Forrest. "I don't bother anybody with my girls, do I?"

"No, Herman Stillwater didn't mean to, either, except, perhaps, the girl herself. She was Anita Risley, a pretty, blue-eyed little thing, with an Irish father and a French mother, and when the Stillwaters got hold of it they were dreadfully shocked.

"Anita Risley was a foreigner and she would not have been more objectionable if she had been the victim of perpetual smallpox or yellow fever. Foreigners in those days were considered quite beneath notice in good society.

"But Anita captured Herman, root and branch, and nothing to do but the couple must be married.

"The day was set.

"And then the Stillwaters went to work to upset it. First they tackled the Irish father, but he washed his hands of the whole affair. Then they offered the French mother

a goodly sum to take Anita to Canada for five years, and between insulted pride and a love of money, she agreed to their propositions.

“Anita worked in the mill, but evenings she went to the shoe shop to see Herman. His father so kept near the couple that they had little chance to enjoy the freedom of speech.

“He balked the boy in every way he could, not closing the store a single evening in the week, and insisting on his attendance at church on Sunday.

“In those days there were three services and Herman had to go to them all. But he escaped after the last and went to see Anita, for his father dared not interfere.

“Anita’s mother was a dressmaker and she made her daughter’s wedding clothes and the time passed quickly till the day before the wedding. She managed to secure from the Stillwaters a comfortable sum of money.

“Then she had a telegram that Anita’s aunt was dying in Canada and before the girl knew or realized what was being done, she was on her way to Montreal, without a single good-bye word to her lover.

“Of course, the mother promised that she should return as soon as her aunt was either better or worse, and meanwhile she advised her daughter to write and explain.

“When they got to Canada the aunt had revived. Of course, it was a put up job. Anita’s mother had made her aunt believe she was rescuing her from a great danger. So Anita’s letters never reached the post, and Herman was left desolate.

“The Stillwaters had the tact not to say, ‘I told you so,’ but their sympathetic looks almost maddened him. All Mr. Risley would tell him was that Anita and her mother had gone in haste to the bedside of a dying relative in Canada.

“A month passed and Anita watched for some answer to her letters till she looked sadly changed. They tried

to make her give him up and appealed to her pride; but Anita would not.

“Herman knew that Anita had friends in Montreal; he even remembered the addresses she had put upon letters he had posted for her, and one morning the Stillwaters missed him.

“His father guessed where he had gone, and at once sent a warning telegram to Madame Risley, so that when he was met by Anita’s aunt she was prepared. He gave his name and asked if Miss Anita Risley was in the house.

“‘Oh, no,’ she replied. ‘I haven’t seen my niece for nearly a year.’

“But Herman thought she looked guilty and he doubted her word.

“‘No,’ she said, ‘I don’t know anything about her whatever,’ and with this he was obliged to be content. It dawned on him that he was being played with, though he never suspected his own people, and it made him angry.

“He took a room at an hotel on the next corner, and as luck would have it, the window of his room overlooked the house where he believed Anita was hidden, and after a long watch he saw her walking down street with a servant. In a moment he had followed them, and, after going along a half dozen squares, the wind blew off the servant’s bonnet and she ran away after it. This was his opportunity and he spoke to Anita, telling her how he had called and what her aunt had told him.

“‘Anita, dearest, there is something wrong,’ he whispered. ‘They are keeping you hidden from me.’

“‘Did you answer my letters?’ she asked.

“‘I never got one from you,’ he answered.

“‘Yes, they are trying to separate us,’ she said. But the servant was coming back.

“‘Watch for me here tomorrow,’ she had only time to say. ‘I will bring a letter to you.’ Then they parted like strangers.

“The next day as she passed the same spot he stood

gazing indifferently into a shop window, and as she passed she dropped a letter behind her.

“He stepped forward carelessly and placed his foot on it until they were out of sight; then he picked it up. It was a midnight appointment for that very evening.

“Herman obtained a closed carriage and waited for her. She came creeping out of her aunt’s back-door and he led her to the carriage and drove off into the darkness. They rode about until light, and then went to the railroad station and boarded the first south-bound train, thinking they would be married as soon as they reached Manchester.

“But Anita’s mother discovered her daughter’s absence in the nick of time and telegrams were sent to the stations along the road to detain the couple. And before they crossed the Canadian line they were stopped and obliged to return.

“Herman appealed to the mother and the aunt, but they would not listen; then he appealed to the law, but Anita was a minor and that could not help him. So the girl was put in a convent and Herman feared she would be driven to take the veil in her despair. His money gave out and he wrote to his father for more, but old Stillwater only sent him a dollar and a return ticket to Manchester. If he could he would have sold it and stayed—but he could not, nor could he find employment in the place.

“So he came back home broken-hearted. So ill was he that he took his bed the day he got home, and that night he had a vision of his lost sweetheart. He seemed to be falling asleep, but he was not, his eyes were open and the lamp was burning. Then clouds shut out the room and they opened before him a strange vision. He saw a dismal cell-like room, and Anita was chained to the floor. The chain was a long one and she was lying face down on the bed where he saw her, weeping in an abandonment of grief. Then he saw a priest enter. The black-robed figure carried a book and crucifix, and Anita arose at his touch. He talked earnestly to the girl and Anita wept,

and, at length, knelt before him, hiding her face in her hands. The priest laid his hand on her head and blessed her, and, a moment later, raised her up and clasped her in his arms. Anita tore herself from him, and as he pleaded she listened with astonishment and loathing. Again he put an arm around her, but she lifted her hand and struck him in the face. He looked at her an instant, his face angry and revengeful, and then turned and left the cell.

“Anita struggled with her chain and tried to escape, but the door was locked and the window barred. Then two sisters entered. One took off her clothing and bared her back, and held her, while the other dealt her swift, fierce blows with a cat o’ nine tails, till the blood ran and Anita fainted.

“Herman rose up in his bed and called, ‘Anita, Anita, Anita!’ three times. The vision faded but, wonderful to tell, Anita stood beside him. He knew then what he had done; he had called the trembling soul of the woman he loved from its frail body, to whence it would never return unless he commanded it. He extended his arms and bade her take of his little remaining strength. And Anita looked at him with a heavenly sweetness shining from her love-lit eyes. Then she said, though he heard no sound:

“‘If I could only stay with you, Herman! That horrible priest insulted me and I struck him. That was why they scourged me; the sisters were not to blame. He told them to and I fear him more than anything else. Don’t send me back to torture.’

“‘Nay, but I must,’ Herman said, ‘but I will come and release you. Go back, Anita; do not leave me to walk this long life alone.’

“So she returned to her cell and Herman fretted on with slow fever. You can imagine the state of his mind when he thought of the vision and of his inability to be dressed. A dozen times he tried to rise and fell back on his pillow. It wasn’t long before he had another vision. He saw

Anita lying pale and emaciated on her cot, her face white with suffering, and back of her the features of the priest, grinning in diabolical triumph. He who could not conquer had crushed his victim. Then Herman called 'Anita' thrice, and the girl obeyed. She came to him as the bird to the home-nest or a little tired child to its mother.

"After that he would call her thus every night, and could converse with her. He asked if he could not come to her in time of danger, but Anita told him his spirit was too strongly attached to his body. He could not leave it behind so readily as she came to him.

"He summoned her nightly until the end came, and died with the word 'Anita' on his lips.

"Those who stood beside his bed saw a beautiful white mist come floating over his pillow and hover there for a moment. It grew larger and larger until it covered his breast. It wavered there for an instant and then lifted itself to the ceiling. The mother cried out and when they looked at Herman they found he was dead.

"Then they glanced upward, but the mist had disappeared.

"And shortly after they read in a Canadian paper that Anita Risley had died that same day in the convent at Montreal."

CHAPTER II.

PHILIP FORREST'S OPINION.

There was a pause. Creswell sighed, and turned to light his forgotten cigar. It was the doctor who spoke first.

"Thought you said it had a bad ending?"

"Don't you consider that rather bad?" asked Creswell.

"No, certainly not; they lived happily ever after, didn't they?"

Creswell shook his head. "Maybe," drawing his match

across the sole of his light walking shoe, "but I should rather have lived with my Anita for awhile on this side the veil, if nothing more than to spite the old folks. What do you think of it, Phil?"

Forrest looked up, his deep, dark eyes glowing with thoughts.

"I think," he said slowly, "that couple should have been married before they left. Their desire to have their wedding celebrated was cruelly denied them, and they would feel as if something was left undone that ought to have been done."

"What difference would that make, as long as they were united?" asked the doctor.

"Why, you know, it says in the Bible, in heaven there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage," Philip said.

"They could only be sweethearts through all eternity. What they wanted was the union of souls that comes only by the marriage ceremony."

Creswell grinned and the doctor broke into a little chuckling laugh.

"That's the way it looks to you, young man," Creswell said, "because you know how it would be yourself, but I fancy it wouldn't make much difference to them."

"That's all right," Philip retorted, flushing. "I wasn't thinking of myself, but I guess that's about the way most folks would feel about it."

A change passed over the doctor's face. It was not unusual for him to see clairvoyantly at any time and speak of what he saw.

"Philip is right," he said. "I feel the presence of the unseen world and they give me the impression that he has caught their ideas. Wait! I can see a woman's face. Her hair is short and curls in close, dark rings all over her head, and her eyes are blue as forget-me-nots. She has got on a black robe and a white, shawl-like cover for the head, but she has thrown off this and I see the short curls."

"That is Anita," said Creswell. "They made her wear

a novice's dress and white veil in the convent, and they cut off her curls."

"H—m!" the doctor continued, "she says she wants to get married."

"Can't you fix it all right for them?" asked Philip, tense with interest.

"I might," the doctor admitted with a smile, "but she says it won't be legal without a marriage license."

"There's a poser!" cried Creswell. "How are you going to get a marriage license for people who passed on forty years ago?"

"I'm afraid it wouldn't be very easy," the doctor replied. "Well, she's gone. I don't see anything more of her."

A swift change back to his normal state and Dr. Walton turned to Philip.

"Well, Forest, when you have absorbed enough nicotine try an apple. These came from down in Maine and are warranted all right."

Philip shook his head. The ruddy spheres of undeveloped cider got scarce a glance of approval as he shook his head. Anita's story had stirred him more than he was willing to admit; he sat brooding over her troubles.

"Now there are some folks," said the doctor, "who would doubt your story, from the place where Herman had his vision to the flash I got of Anita just now."

"I don't know why they should doubt it," Creswell said sturdily. "Stranger things than that have been credited by the best of people. They believe in the story of Daniel in the lion's den, when a spirit, or, as they call it, an angel, came down and scared the lions into submission. They believe three men and a spirit walked through a fiery furnace, and a lot of other similar tales."

"It's fashion to believe some things and sneer at others," said the doctor. "But where did you get the story of Anita?"

"From my own people. The Stillwaters were distant cousins of mine."

“And how do you know it was true?”

“Because I was Herman Stillwater’s nurse and confidante during his last sickness; he told me things no one else knew.”

“And you saw the mist?”

“We all saw it. He rose up and cried out, ‘Anita! Anita!’ but the third time his voice broke and he fell back on the pillow. Then we saw the thin cloud of fleecy, luminous white float down and hang over his head. It increased little by little till it was twice its first size, and then floated slowly up to the ceiling.”

“And what became of it then?”

“I suppose it disappeared while we were attending to the body. All of us took our eyes off from it a moment, and when we looked again it was gone.”

“What became of the Stillwaters?”

“Their second son is living here somewhere in the city. The old people lost all their property and all but went to the poorhouse.”

“I would like to have helped Anita and Herman,” said Philip. “The scales of justice didn’t tip just right for them, it seems to me.”

“Time enough in eternity for their happiness,” said the doctor.

“But it won’t begin till they find some way of getting married,” persisted Philip.

“Then I hope they may,” laughed the doctor. “But I say, Creswell, did you ever see Anita’s spirit when she came at his call?”

“No,” he replied, “I can’t say I did, but one evening when he said she was there I heard strains of music and once I smelled an odor like a whole garden of pinks and roses.”

“Clairaudience is a strange thing,” commented the doctor. “It ranges to hearing as of actual sound to an impression of a soundless sound. Clairvoyance is the same, but it is all perception, both sight and hearing.”

"Is it an impression on 'the mind?'" asked Philip.

"Not exactly. We must be in harmony with the finer vibration of the unseen world. Sight of the human eye or drum of the human ear is too coarse to catch these vibrations. They must be seen by the inner man, the fine perceptions of spirit that belong to soul. All the senses belong to soul, but they are dulled by their coating of flesh just as an electric wire is wrapped in an insulation."

"And how do you get into the finer vibration?" asked Philip.

"It is a matter of growth. Some are born with it, but most have to acquire it by hard work. Get yourself into harmony with all that is harmonious, and open the windows of your soul and the harmony will flow in."

"I can't get it to do so," complained Creswell.

"You don't throw out other worldly things and make a vacancy. Once there was a schoolmaster who caught one of his poorest scholars reading a novel. He told the boy to bring him a basket of apples. The boy brought them and then the master emptied them out and sent him to get the basket full of chips. When he brought them the master told him to put the apples back into the basket, but the basket being full of chips of course he couldn't. So he told him to take out a few and then return the apples. But only a part of the apples would go in. And after repeated experiments he found he must remove all the chips before he could put in the last apple.

"'Now,' said the master, 'which will you have, the basket full of chips or apples?'"

"The boy replied that he preferred apples.

"'Then,' said the master, 'remember, thy head is like the basket. If thou dost fill it with the chip-dirt of low literature thou wilt be obliged to leave out the precious fruits of wisdom.'"

"Now we must not let the chip-dirt crowd out the harmony. There's my lesson."

Philip rose and got into his coat.

“Fill up with the apples of harmony,” the doctor said, as he picked the fruit out from the dish. “Put two in each pocket.”

“Of course,” Philip answered, allowing Dr. Walton to stuff his pockets with the glowing apples. “I never shall quarrel with the story as you have adapted it. But I remember having something like it flung at me when I was a small lad and I didn’t like it very well.”

“Better not hurry,” said the doctor.

But Philip was at the door.

“I’m going home to fill up on harmony and sleep,” and he took himself off amid the laughing goodbyes of the jovial doctor and his friend.

After he had gone the two spoke of him tenderly, for they felt his sincerity of purpose, and their own way was lighted with the rays of his happy youth. John Creswell also went to his home, but had he known the results of his story telling his dreams would have troubled him.

And the doctor, sound asleep at last, saw not the troops of angels that smoothed his pillow and spread their guardian wings above him.

Two of these were Anita and Herman. Hand in hand they stood there, looking longingly, lovingly, at their earthly friend. Had he not offered to unite them if nothing stood in the way?

Anita’s head with its wealth of short curls, covered lightly with the novice’s white veil, rested against the no less shadowy shoulder of her beloved. They clung together hand in hand, and the rays of soft splendor streamed about them, lighting up the room to its deepest corner. They kept watch and ward, these immortals, over the sleep of their friend.

CHAPTER III.

DR. COURTNEY LODGE AT HOME.

A pretty room, bright and warm with light and color, and two persons whiling away the evening hours. The man is of medium size, dark as a Spaniard, his ebony locks wave back from a pale, brave face, where piercing black eyes gleam like sleeping fires. His coal-black mustache has a military curl over a resolute mouth and firm, well-rounded chin, and his dress and general mein proclaim the professional man.

His companion is a contrast. Years younger is this beautiful woman, with her roseleaf complexion and lovely, sensitive face. Her blonde hair waves up in fluffy pompadour fashion from a snowy brow, where eyes like dewy violets droop in quiet thought. But not for long, for she glances impatiently at the gentleman, who seems buried in his books. But the shaft she has sent has roused him, and he turns to her with a smile.

She rises and comes up behind his chair, her arms creep around his neck and her little white hands nestle into his. Then she bends low and kisses his bronzed cheek.

"What are you delving into now, doctor?" she asks. "Is it so very important?"

He loves this beautiful wife ordinarily, but, somehow, he despairs of making her understand the things that interest him. But he answers, "This is a book that I got today on hypnotism."

"And what is hypnotism?" she asks, playing with his tie.

"Shall I read about it?" he inquired.

"Is it very long?" with a look of dread.

"Rather long," he admits, ruffling the pages of the book.

"Then tell me about it," she says. "I want you to talk to me."

"Hypnotism means sleep. It is the science of inducing

artificial sleep. One person may put another to sleep by exerting his will over him."

"Can a woman do that?"

"Yes, if her force of will is stronger than her subject."

"Can I put you to sleep?"

Why would she always be so flippant? The doctor smiled amused; in whatever mood she was always delightful. Even her ignorance was charming in its innocence.

"I should say we might reverse it. I might try to put you to sleep."

"Oh! I don't want to go to sleep," she cried, hastily. "I'm afraid of it."

"It wouldn't hurt you," he said. "I should think you would make a good sensitive."

"A good what?"

"A good sensitive. You are sensitive to outer impressions, and would receive suggestions mentally very quickly."

"How would you put me to sleep?"

"I should ask you to look at me steadily, and I should make passes with my hands until you slept."

"But I should wake right up when you stopped?"

"No, I should not stop until you were in a catalepsy."

"Oh, you cruel thing!" and to his astonishment she tore away from him and flung herself down on the sofa, a little, soft heap of silk and muslin, utterly abandoned to grief.

He went to her and took her in his arms, but it was several moments before she ceased sobbing.

"What is the matter, Lillian?" he asked anxiously, fearing this storm would cause hysterics.

At last she grew coherent enough to be understood.

"You love your old books better than you do me. You want me to have fits like that poor child that came to you last week." And she sobbed again.

"But—Oh! I see!" he said, a light breaking in on him at last. "My dear, you misunderstood me. The child had epileptic fits, which are very different from catalepsy."

She straightened up slowly, looking at him with tears in her eyes.

“They must be alike. No two things could sound so much alike and not resemble each other somehow.”

“Only on one point, and that is the sleep or unconsciousness. Epilepsy is a disease. Catalepsy is not, Lillian,” pathetically. “It is too bad of you. Do you think I would harm you?”

It was her turn to conciliate.

“Of course not, but you see——”

“I see you haven’t learned the dictionary quite through yet,” he said, smiling.

There was a little pause, then, “Tell me some more about it, please,” as she crept into his arms.

“There is nothing hurtful about it,” he told her. “Physicians often employ this method among their patients for pain and insomnia.”

“In—what?”

“Insomnia, sleeplessness.”

“But I’m not troubled that way.”

“No; I was more interested in the spiritual phase of hypnotism. You see, people who are put to sleep sometimes have the most wonderful and delightful visions. Or, perhaps, they become clairvoyant, then they can use the inner vision and see many wonderful things.”

“Oh, I shouldn’t like it,” she shuddered. “It frightens me. Don’t hypnotize me.”

“Of course I shall not, if you don’t like it. You are altogether wrong if you infer that I would try experiments on you or anybody else. I only mentioned it because I was so interested in the case I was reading. I will find some other lady for a subject.”

Dr. Lodge was a skillful practitioner, and he knew very well how to handle the little bundle of nerves and beauty he called his wife. He was twenty years older than she, but it had been a love match on her side, while the doctor,

charmed with her beauty and proud of his conquest, remained the same as ever, a little happier in her presence, and very much satisfied with his lot in life. He had a very good opinion of himself, and he was a great favorite among the ladies. He turned away once more to his reading, but Lillian was before him.

"Don't read any more, Courtney," she pleaded. "Won't you talk to me? I'm so jealous of those books I wish I could put them in the fire."

"I can't talk anything to please you. You don't trust me enough to believe I wouldn't hurt you."

"Oh, Courtney!" she cried, in protest.

"You might see such beautiful things, if you would only try."

She looked at him with a hurt expression. Was there no other way to please him? Must she be experimented with after all? But she shuddered again as she remembered that soul as well as body must enter into submission, and she must lose her power of self-defense.

"You look as if I had asked you to let me cut off your head," he observed with a light laugh. "Why, it isn't anything. You just sink into the most refreshing sleep, and I won't keep you there but half a minute before you awaken again."

"That will be the first time, but after that you will increase in times and length."

"I promise you upon my honor as Courtney Lodge, I will never urge you to do more than you are perfectly willing to do."

"Then on that honor," she flashed out, "you will not begin at all."

"Very well." He turned from her with a frowning brow and mouth set and firm under his raven mustache.

Lillian stood a moment perfectly aghast where he had left her. Then she sank down once more among the sofa cushions and began to cry. But this time he did not go to her. He did not seem to notice she was in tears. He

settled himself in his chair, his face dark and stern, and, taking up his book, read steadily.

It was more than human being could stand, especially a tender, loving woman like Lillian Lodge. She gave up the battle.

“Anything to win his love,” she thought, “what does it matter to me?”

But it was a long time before she could coax him to smile again. She asked his forgiveness for what she could hardly tell herself, and accepted his pardoning kiss with a humility that made her tingle all over in shame and self-abasement. But when she submitted to the hypnotic treatment, her last thought was, “You may put me to sleep, but after that I will not obey you.”

So she sank into unconsciousness very quickly, and the doctor felt a glow of supreme satisfaction. This was his first experiment and he had proved beyond a doubt that he would make a successful practitioner. He noted her pulse and temperature and then proceeded to awaken her.

When she came to herself Lillian turned eagerly to her husband, but he was writing and answered so coldly and absentmindedly that she crept off to her chamber to muse in an agony of sorrow and dread.

She had given him all that lay in her power to give, it seemed as though she had sold her soul for his love, and received only dust and ashes in return.

Dr. Courtney Lodge was a well-known physician, a thorough business man and a bit of an investigator. He did not believe in anything he could not prove by demonstration, and it had been a question in his mind whether clairvoyance was real or a play of the imagination. He had long wished to make some experiment that would give light upon this theme. So, when his wife had become his subject, he determined to prove, or disprove, the theory that neither clairvoyance nor imagination ruled hypnotized subjects, but only the will of the one who had them under control. This would seem to prove thought-trans-

ference was the foundation of all spiritual demonstration. And if this were true, then there was absolutely no tangible proof of a life beyond the grave. He knew men like Dr. Walton professed to see and converse with those who had passed out of this life. But whether this was a fact Dr. Lodge could not say, and he wished that he might have a clairvoyant, where he might study him as he would some new and interesting microbe under a microscope.

A few evenings after as Lillian leaned over his chair, caressing him, he asked,

“Is my airy fairy Lillian going to study hypnotism with me tonight?”

The tears sprang to her eyes, but she leaned her head on his shoulder and answered meekly, “I suppose so.”

Lillian cast a pleading glance up into his face, but she only met adamantine firmness and cool calculation, and she felt as if her heart were bleeding inwardly great slow drops of anguish.

It seemed to her that she must have fainted, for when she came to herself again she was lying on her bed and her husband was bending over her.

As she opened her eyes he asked her if she could speak. She answered him wearily and turned her face to the wall. He appeared satisfied and bade her try to sleep, and then left the room.

Lillian thought surely he would not ask her again, but what was her painful surprise, the very next evening, to hear her husband say, “Now, Lillian, we shall have time for another experiment in hypnotism.” “But, doctor,” she stammered, “you could see by my condition last night that I am too ill. I fainted you know, and that is something very rare for me.”

“Fainted! Pooh! no such thing,” he answered bluffly. “You slept, and I was able to produce the cataleptic condition. Tonight I may get you as far as clairvoyancy.”

“I shall die! I shall die!” she moaned as the tears de-

fied restraint. "Die! not a bit of it, unless, of course, you kill yourself," he blustered.

"Come now, in time you will see the beauty of the thing, and be glad you are so good an instrument."

She sighed as she floated away into oblivion, but she heard music sweeter than any she had ever heard before. It seemed a long way off, but it soon came nearer and its soft, sweet chords filled her soul with peace and rest. Then she saw a soft light float through the intense darkness and as it grew into brightness she saw a country of lovely vales and hills and a river rolling majestically along. And she heard her husband's voice saying, "Lillian! Lillian! tell me what you see."

Then she knew she was describing the vision to him.

"Can you give me the name of the place?" he asked.

Something impressed her to answer "Manchester."

Yes, there on the river banks were long rows of cotton mills and the eastern sun gilded the housetops that showed through the elm trees. But west of the river, only a farmhouse, here and there, dotted the verdant glades.

"What year is it?" asked her husband, and she saw the figures 1862 burn like a vane on a church spire. Then two persons, a dark-haired, blue-eyed, sweet-faced girl, and a handsome young man seemed to spring into existence from the surrounding ether as a whirlwind raises a column of dust from the imperceptible particles it brings together, and while she described them, the young couple were rudely separated, as if invisible hands tore them apart. And she saw the girl only clothed like a nun, with a white veil over her hair, which had been cut, and curled in soft rings all over her head.

"Who is this girl?" asked the doctor. "Try to get the name."

But the sweet-faced novice shook her head and said, "I will come to you again," and immediately the whole vision was effaced and Lillian was left in darkness.

"I cannot see her," she said to the doctor. "I can see nothing."

CHAPTER IV.

LILLIAN'S DEVELOPMENT.

He waited for some time but no more visions appeared, and then he commanded her to see an imaginary scene.

"It is winter, Lillian," he said; "don't you feel the snow on your face?"

"No," she replied.

"We are walking down street together, and you've got your feet wet."

"No, I haven't," she answered.

"But don't you know we forgot the umbrella; can't you feel it raining on you?" he persisted.

"No, I do not," she answered, "because I cannot see things that do not exist."

He could not control her imagination, and so, puzzled more than ever, he gave it up.

When he had restored her to consciousness he told her what she had said, but Lillian could remember nothing at all about it, but she was comforted by the fact that at last she was of some little importance in her husband's life.

After all, if he would love her for these things, she would try to bear the unpleasantness of them. Doctor Lodge really did respect his wife in a much greater degree when he found out her fine clairvoyant powers. And as he held her dearer, his love drew her into harmony with his mentality and enhanced both his power and her clairvoyancy.

But what of his theory of thought transference? At this first test she had not told him a single thought of his own. Everything she had seen was that of which he knew absolutely nothing, for she had not been born in 1862, and he was at that time in a western country. He pondered long on the subject and wrote it down for future reference.

And, by continued repetitions of these trances, he soon found himself complete master of her will.

Let us look into the doctor's diary for this month.

December 1.—Persuaded Lillian to submit to hypnotic treatment. She sank to sleep at once and I did not continue, as this was the first time. Pulse and temperature a little below normal.

December 5.—Hypnotized Lillian; she passed immediately into a cataleptic state, becoming rigid and totally unconscious. I tried to get her to speak but could not. Could not awaken her at once, so I carried her to her room and placed her on her bed, then left her for a short time. When I went back to her she opened her eyes and spoke to me and was all right.

December 10.—Hypnotized Lillian again this evening. She passed through the primary and cataleptic stages and became clairvoyant. She could speak and told me she saw a city on the banks of a river, which she said was Manchester as it looked in 1862. Also described a young man and woman she saw. I tried to get her to see what was in my mind, but she could not. After I wakened her she could not remember anything she had seen or said.

December 12.—Hypnotized Lillian this morning, but did not keep her long as callers interrupted.

December 15.—Woke in the night and tried to control Lillian in her sleep. She rose at my silent bidding, closed a window and brought me a glass of water. I drank and she returned the glass to its place. In the morning she remembered nothing about it.

December 18.—Hypnotized Lillian this evening. She entered the clairvoyant state and described a set piece of cut flowers on which she saw in purple pansies the name of one of my patients who is very ill. She saw the man also and described him perfectly.

December 19. When I visited the patient today I found he had died yesterday at noon.

December 20.—Hypnotized Lillian. She became clairvoyant and described a man who told her he was my fa-

ther. The age and description correct. He died ten years ago and Lillian had never seen even a picture of him.

December 22.—Hypnotized Lillian by silent command. She sung me a song in a language I could not understand. She said it was Japanese.

December 24.—Hypnotized Lillian. She had not been feeling well, so I held her hands and willed my strength to go to her, and in five minutes I felt regularly done up, but it seemed to me I never saw her look so beautiful. She thanked me and I told her to retire and sleep till morning, which she did.

December 26.—Came to Boston this morning. Tried to hypnotize Lillian from this distance, taking the time when I knew she would be sitting in quiet, about nine o'clock in the evening. Told her to bring a certain book from my office table and place it under my pillow, also to alter arrangement of bric-a-brac on a certain shelf.

December 27.—Found that Lillian had performed my bidding. She told me she felt an uncontrollable desire to do it, but could not explain why. I find that I can transfer thought to her, and if I call her mentally she is sure to ask, "Did you want anything of me?" But on the other hand, I cannot read her mind so well. I am almost afraid I shall never be able to keep any secrets from her.

Doctor Lodge thus having obtained control over his wife, he wished to have the opinion of other psychologists to help him to his conclusions. So he invited three gentlemen to his home for the last night in the year.

The first was Doctor Clarke of the Derryfield Scientific Society, the second Doctor Cabot of the Psychology Club, and Doctor Walton, who has been already mentioned as a physician, lecturer and clairvoyant. Doctor Walton brought with him Philip Forrest, the student of hypnotism.

These gentlemen were sitting in the favorite room at Doctor Lodge's house and Lillian was in her chamber. After explaining to them that he wished to obtain their opin-

ions upon his experiments, he asked them to see how long it would take him to summon his wife.

They took out their watches and Doctor Lodge sent out his mental command for Lillian to come to him. In one moment she entered the room, going straight to her husband, and they could see she was under complete control.

He placed her comfortably in a chair, and her eyes closed, as if in sleep.

Doctor Lodge then asked Lillian to describe anything she might see. "I see," she said quietly, "a beautiful ring. It has six stones that I believe are diamonds, and a ruby in the center, and on the inside are the letters A. C. C. It draws me," here she leaned forward and extended her hand, "to you," and she pointed to Doctor Cabot. "You will have to get that mended inside of this next month."

Doctor Cabot raised his hand, which had been concealed before, and took from his finger a ring that answered in every description. They all admitted that it would have been impossible for her to examine the ring, so little time had she been in the room, and Cabot declared he had not, until that evening, had the ring on his finger for five long years.

"Inside the ring," said Lillian as she took it in her slender fingers, "I see a picture of a sweet-faced old lady, with a white cap and a big white handkerchief folded over her shoulders. She says she gave you this ring and that she still loves her boy."

Doctor Cabot was evidently much astonished, but he said, "That is the way my mother was dressed, and it is true she gave me the ring."

Lillian then rose and went to the piano, where she began to play, and after the prelude, she sang a song, sweet and tender, but in a foreign language.

Doctor Clarke said it was in German and was very beautiful. He understood it but could not translate very much of it.

Doctor Walton had been very quiet, but now he spoke.

“As she sang I saw, clairvoyantly, a lady standing behind Doctor Lodge. She was, I think, a German singer. She had fair hair and grey eyes and her trouble was some disease in the throat. It was her last sickness.”

“Yes,” said Doctor Lodge, “I once was called to attend a Madam Hillyer, who answered that description. She died of cancer of the larynx.”

“It is her favorite song that Mrs. Lodge has been singing,” said Doctor Walton.

Then they asked her questions. “Can you tell what Doctor Lodge is thinking about?”

“Yes.”

“I will hold the name of a certain article in this room, and you may tell me what I am thinking of,” Doctor Lodge said. “Ready.”

She rose at once and took up a book, which she brought to him.

“That is correct. Now, Doctor Clarke will think of something.”

“No,” said Lillian. “I cannot read his mind, but if he will tell you I can do it.”

And so it proved. Lillian could not read any one else’s thoughts but her husband’s.

“That is because he hypnotized her,” Philip Forrest explained.

Doctor Walton then said that Lillian would soon be entranced without anybody’s help, and the time would come when she would not obey Doctor Lodge.

“She is a very fine natural clairvoyant,” he said, “whose powers have been developed by hypnotism. She has always had these powers, but they might never have been discovered.

“The sensitive soul of this lady is of so fine a vibration as to be in tune with the vibrations of the unseen world. You know the finer the instrument, the more wonderful its work.

"All about us lies a world whose beauties are hidden to us because we have not the eyes to see it.

"You know that sound is vibration and that the faster the vibration the finer or higher the sound, so that the sound may be so fine as to be imperceptible to the ear drum. But hearing is not confined to ear-drums. It is one of the perceptions of soul, and thus makes itself a spiritual sense of hearing fine enough to measure the finest vibrations. Thus with sight and smell, and by being tuned aright we have clairvoyants who can perceive with their sharpened senses what ordinary mortals know nothing of."

"Then what of thought transference?" asked Doctor Lodge. "How much of clairvoyance is thought transference."

"As you know," replied Doctor Walton, "I believe that mortals and immortals may commune with each other. Then what I receive from their instruction on the other side is thought transference. It is the same as the thoughts I am now transferring to you. But there are persons here who send their thoughts to each other; indeed, we are all the time throwing off thoughts to the surrounding ether, which will go wandering till they reach some other brain, as surely as Marconi's wireless telegraph messages find their way home."

After a few more questions and tests the gentlemen left, and Doctor Lodge allowed Lillian to awake.

He told her of all that had passed during the evening and although Lillian felt shocked that she should have been on exhibition, yet the good opinion of Doctor Walton comforted her not a little.

After this Lillian became reconciled to her enforced hypnotism and wondered if she could do any good in the world with it.

The church she attended knew nothing of her strange powers, else they had been horrified, but Lillian felt that there were perfectly natural scientific explanations for all phenomena, and that religion should go hand in hand with science.

Doctor Lodge considered that the first principles of hypnotism had been violated or set aside, for when she reached the clairvoyant state the doctor found himself unable to control her right, or make her see the things he desired. A reason for this might be found in Doctor Walton's explanation that Doctor Lodge had only developed the normal powers of soul that lay sleeping in her; and if this were true that he could not lead her captive to his will he didn't care for the experiment, so he left off suddenly soon after, determining to find a more obedient subject, if possible, elsewhere. Lillian noted this cessation of the experiments with wonder and dissatisfaction. She had just learned to value her powers, and her husband had suddenly lost all interest in them. She waited for him to explain, but he said nothing about the matter.

One evening a fortnight later, as they sat together reading, Lillian roused the doctor with a long, sobbing sigh. "Oh! Courtney!" she cried, "I can see someone leaning over your chair." Her eyes were half closed and there was an absorbed look on her face, which was slightly paler than usual. The doctor came to her side.

"Lillian!" he said curtly. "Come out of that! Wake up!"

"Why, I am awake," she replied. "I see you and hear you all right, but there was a man leaning on your chair and now he is standing in front of us. I'm quite sure his name is Herman,—yes, Herman Stillwater. But he is so thin I can see right through him."

"Ask him what he wants," suggested the doctor.

Lillian opened her lips and then closed them, and for a moment gazed silently at the atmosphere.

"Well?" interrogated her husband, "I was just going to speak when he totally disappeared, and now there is nothing more to be seen," she said. "I have seen him before. He must have been the man I saw with the nun as you said I described him."

Doctor Lodge was annoyed. He had let loose a stream of forces that he could not check.

"Don't encourage this thing, Lillian," he said. "I wish I had not commenced it."

"But, Courtney, I cannot help it! I hadn't the least desire to see this man. Can't you stop it?"

But Doctor Lodge was unable to stem the mighty currents of mind and was obliged to confess his helplessness. He went back to his reading, forgetting the tender caress that Lillian now seldom received, and she, hurt and grieved, went to her room to ponder on the intricacies of man's consistency.

CHAPTER V.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCH CIRCLE.

Doctor Lodge joined a psychic research circle. George Stokes, one of his particular friends, held the same at his elegant home at the North End, and when he knew the doctor was interested in psychic problems, he gave him no peace until he had induced him to become a member.

"You are just the man we want," said Stokes, "to help us poor, blundering inquirers along."

There were no highly developed students in the circle, but this did not deter the doctor, as he hoped to obtain a suitable subject through which he might demonstrate his views of hypnotism.

Four ladies and three gentlemen beside himself made up the number, and the two remaining gentlemen were introduced to him as Mr. Lingard and Mr. Brenton; the ladies were respectively Mrs. Stokes, Mrs. Lingard, Mrs. Brenton and Miss Ruth Woods. Mr. and Mrs. Stokes were enthusiastic disciples of the New Thought religion as expounded by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and others of her creed. Mr. and Mrs. Brenton favored Theosophy.

Mrs. Lingard was there to learn, she said, whatever ap-

pealed to her most; her husband found the whole affair somewhat of a bore, and only came because his wife insisted on it. Mrs. Lingard was always sure something was just going to happen. Ruth Woods was a beautiful, pure-hearted girl of eighteen. She was a sensitive, and under proper development would have made a good clairvoyant. Her impressions were so strong and accurate that it seemed that she could read a person's soul just by looking them in the eyes. She was attracted to some people very strongly, while others were repulsive to her, save as she threw over them her mantle of charity, declaring there was good in every one.

In the circle the ladies were seated next their husbands, and Doctor Lodge's chair was between Ruth Woods and Mrs. Lingard, so that a gentleman and a lady sat next each other all around the circle. This was recommended because a man's magnetism is regarded as positive and a woman's negative, and the current running about the circle was thus strengthened by the interchange of positive and negative qualities, and more evenly balanced. Sometimes they clasped the hands of those sitting next them, thus making the circuit of a human magnetic battery.

The touch of Ruth Woods' soft, warm palm gave Doctor Lodge a thrill.

He could see her side view, her beautiful face like a cut cameo, her rich golden hair catching the light, her eyes soft and tender, and over her whole outlines was written that joyous vitality that is so irresistible to men. As he held her hand he wished he might sit like that, watching her forever.

The subject that first evening was telepathy. From the remarks made it was easy to gather that all believed in this power of mind.

Thus a trial of mind reading, or thought transference, was made.

Mr. Stokes left the room while an article, this was a flower from the vase, was hidden. He was recalled and

took his place in the circle. Then all the members sent their thoughts steadily to him, telling him mentally what the article was and where it was hidden.

He sat quietly for a few moments, when he exclaimed, "I think it was a flower you hid, because I can see a rose when I shut my eyes."

All cried out that he was correct and urged him to try to find its place. He rose, but the moment he took himself out of the circle, felt utterly helpless. So they all clasped hands, and he clasped those next to him, and, as he said, was led by some mysterious influence to the place where the flower was hidden.

Doctor Lodge, however, when it came his turn to try the same experiment, instead of taking his place in the circle, advanced to the center of the room, and stood waiting.

He could get no mental impression whatever, but as he looked about his wandering gaze caught Ruth Woods' eyes and held them for a minute. They looked into each other's souls and each felt an answering thrill and intermingling of spirit.

The doctor was subdued, conquered, fired with humility and devotion he had never felt before.

And Ruth scarcely analyzed her feelings. She saw in that one flash all the good of his soul, the pleasing part of his nature, all his reaching out for light and truth, and alas, she also felt the depths of sin and selfishness that clogged his soul's growth. But she drew him in that glance and he said slowly,

"If I should obey my impressions, I should go to Miss Woods."

"Then go; you are right, go," they answered, for the card-case was hidden behind her in the window curtain.

He went, but could get no farther, so Ruth took his hand and they drew nearer the window.

"It seems as if you were pulling my hand," he told her.

"No," said she, "you are pulling mine;" and the next minute he had grasped the article in its hiding place.

“Well done!” came the plaudits from the rest, and then others followed with more or less success, until he asked for a second trial. This time they hid a paper knife behind the music on the piano.

When he entered Ruth was careful not to catch his eye, and he stood several minutes unable to catch a single impression from his surrounding. Then Mrs. Lingard and Mrs. Brenton seized his hand and they began to lead him slowly toward the piano. Ruth had been holding the article and place as strongly as she could in mind, but now she suddenly stopped and said mentally, “No, you cannot find it. You will not find it.”

The result was astonishing.

Instantly Doctor Lodge dropped each lady’s hand and exclaimed, “I can’t find it, I’ll give up,” and he sat down in his place in the circle.

Ruth, however, rose quickly and, with a smile, said sweetly, “Oh! yes, you can. I’m sure you can this time.”

The circle formed around hand in hand and almost immediately he went to the piano and found the paper-knife without further trouble.

So Ruth understood that somehow she had gained control over this dark, handsome man and that there was an affinity of soul between them. A tie had been formed in that instant of communion of soul that made her better acquainted in one moment with Doctor Lodge than some of his friends who had known him for years. But Ruth was neither weak nor wicked. She only wanted to help him and everybody to live the better, stronger life.

Every week they met, and the tie strengthened between them. Doctor Lodge was doing this, though she did not know it. She found herself reading his very thoughts, and very often she could tell where he was and if he were tired or discouraged or happy.

One day as she walked across a public square, under green trees, through golden sunlight, suddenly she saw his face sharply outlined before her, but true in color and expres-

sion, and he gave her a mental question which startled her too much to make answer.

Alas for her dreams of helping him! The mental question Doctor Lodge had asked so eagerly of the astonished girl was, "Do you love me?"

Ruth was shocked at this state of affairs, but she did not know what to do about it. Doctor Lodge had never put his thoughts into real words, and she sometimes thought that perhaps the mental phenomena she had witnessed was a freak of her own imaginations. Still she felt the force of his magnetism so strongly that she could not doubt he could do a great deal of good in the world if only he would put this force into good use, and she had patience, and hoped for better things of him.

Ruth did not think that her very kindness might work her sorrow, for she had not reckoned from the doctor's standpoint, whose motto, as far as women were concerned, was "I came, I saw, I conquered," and well he knew the way.

Phillip Forrest observed this growing intimacy with disfavor. He got slightly weary of hearing her forever sounding the doctor's praises, for, with trying to forget that the man was not what he should be, she shielded him with praises, and innocently brought his name into her conversation a great many times.

"He has hypnotized you, Ruth," Philip said. "You want to look out for that man."

"Oh! no," she replied, "but even if he did, what harm? He would only experiment in hypnotism."

"I don't like him," Philip said. "Now tell me the truth, do you?"

He was holding her two hands and looking into her eyes.

"Why, Phil," she said in confusion, "no, perhaps I don't really, especially when I am with you."

"You hadn't better," he said.

"But if he ever does get after me," she said mischiev-

ously, "you must send in a counter-current and draw me out of his power."

"I think I shall put one on you now and keep you away from him."

"All right," said Ruth.

The very next meeting of the Psychic Research Circle, Doctor Lodge introduced the subject of hypnotism, and after a short discussion, he asked Ruth if she would allow him to hypnotize her. The girl glanced up into his dark face and glittering eyes with a feeling of dread.

It was not the same dread his wife, Lillian, had felt, for hers was simply a dread of the mysterious. Far from it, Ruth Woods was not at all afraid of being entranced, but in her soul arose a doubt of the purity of the doctor's motives. Her own intuition cried out to her to beware.

"Oh! yes, Ruth," pleaded little Mrs. Lingard, as she hesitated. "If I could only be hypnotized I'd like it so much!"

"Oh, yes, do!" they all urged and Ruth, rather than be thought unaccommodating, said he might try.

Doctor Lodge came behind her chair and passed his strong, slender hands across her white forehead and her perfumed hair rippled under his touch.

Ruth was calmed; right or wrong, there was a wonderful restfulness and peace in those strokes. But no, she would not let him hypnotize her; she resisted him, and although he tried for a long time he could not put her to sleep.

Then Mrs. Lingard, smiling and petite, begged the doctor to "let her, try."

This somewhat shallow-minded young woman was fascinated with the doctor's Spanish face, and was not slow in showing her appreciation of him. She did not interest him at all. Man's perversity always cries out for the unattainable, and just at present he was aiming as high as Ruth Woods. But as he made the passes he found Mrs. Lingard sinking to slumberland.

He made several hypnotic tests and found her com-

pletely under control. Giving her a pencil he told her it was a rose and that the thorns would prick her fingers.

Thereon she began to cry that her fingers were scratched. She wound them up tenderly in her dainty lace handkerchief and threw down the pencil in disgust. Doctor Lodge found he could make her see whatever he suggested and this was in direct contradiction to the conditions as he had found them in his wife's case. Lillian Lodge had declared that she could see nothing that did not exist, while Mrs. Lingard regarded the rose and thorns as realities. Then Doctor Lodge tried the clairvoyant phase; he told Mrs. Lingard to tell him what her hostess had in her cupboard for food. The white forehead puckered itself into a frown, and after a few minutes of evident anxiety she replied,

"Why, I don't see much of anything but dirty dishes."

Everybody laughed and Mrs. Stokes explained that it was the cook's evening off and that she always set the supper dishes away without washing.

"But," said Mrs. Lingard, "there is bread rising, and you will have lamb chops and baked potatoes for breakfast."

And Mrs. Stokes declared this to be correct.

Doctor Lodge was well satisfied with this new subject and proceeded to awaken her.

Mrs. Lingard awoke quite easily and was highly delighted when told what had passed. She resolved that this should not be the last time Doctor Lodge should put her under his spell, for without wishing it, he had gained a strong and ardent admirer. It was only a few nights after that Mr. Lingard failed to appear at the circle and Mrs. Lingard sighed dolefully at having to go home alone. But she brightened when she found her way lay in the same direction as did Doctor Lodge's, and when they had gone part of the way together the doctor could do no less than to accompany her to her door. He would have preferred to walk home with Ruth Woods, but the independent girl never gave him a chance, and so the sorceress spun her

web which was to entrap him, for Mrs. Lingard had marked him for her own.

He, on his part, was trying every way to reach Ruth Woods, and once he came on her, waiting for a car in a deserted station and the two had a long confidential talk. He told her how he felt drawn irresistibly to her, so that he thought of her daily, and the girl thoughtlessly confessed a like feeling. She even told him that she had seen his face, but she did not tell him what he had said at the time. She told him that she considered all this a very interesting phenomenon in magnetism. She told him she could read his thoughts and knew when he was in places that were not for his spiritual good.

The words of admiration that trembled on his lips were stopped by the cold glance of Ruth's expressive eye, but she knew the tumult of his thoughts surging with an animal passion that he did not strive to conquer.

"I believe in purity," Ruth said. "It is all a woman has if she is poor and her brightest jewel if she is rich."

The doctor felt the rebuke.

"As far as our researches lead up into the light of God's divine truth, we should follow them," Ruth said. "If they are to drag us down, it were better we never attend another circle meeting."

The doctor knew then that she had read his baser motives, and he was acute enough to hide his shortcomings from her sight.

"Certainly that is true," he admitted. "A man must try to overcome the animal propensities of his nature if he would be uplifted spiritually. I would like more light on the higher plane."

Ruth knew this aspiration came from the heart, but on the other hand she felt that he was not ashamed of his devotion to her. She knew not what to say, so she left these things to the higher powers to make straight.

Scarcely had they reached this point in the conversation when the door opened and Mrs. Lingard entered.

Her face flushed, and then turned pale, as she eyed the two sharply, for Mrs. Lingard was jealous of her doctor.

And Doctor Lodge, both amused and annoyed, turned to pacify the new-comer with honeyed compliments.

Ruth drew back in disgust. Had he then, sailor-like, "a wife at home and a sweetheart in every port?"

CHAPTER VI.

RUTH WOODS AT HOME.

A broad, low room with cheerful warmth issuing from a radiant stove in the center of its north side. The furniture is old-fashioned but solid and neat and the shaded lamp revealed a pretty scene. An old gentleman and his wife, silvery-haired and gentle-faced, sat at a center table, while two younger persons were seated on the opposite sides.

A cribbage board lay in the center and the old gentleman was softly rumpling a pack of playing cards.

"Now give us some good ones, Uncle Nathan," demanded the girl, who was no other than Ruth Woods.

"I guess Phil and I want our chance, too," said the old lady as she looked up smiling into the young man's face.

"Well, then, Aunt Milly, Philip Forrest knows how to deal them for you," Ruth flashed back. "You needn't try to beat us, for Uncle Nathan and I are a combination hard to beat."

The old gentleman was giving out the cards and Philip replied, "You remind me that the German Kaiser's boast is *Meinself and Gott*."

"Well, why not?" asked Aunt Milly, her sweet face thoughtful and earnest.

"Jesus of Nazareth used to declare that he and the Fa-

ther were one. Why shouldn't a modern German Kaiser express a like sentiment."

"Then if Ruth and I are one I suppose she will know what cards I have, won't she?" asked Uncle Nathan.

"Of course she will," returned Aunt Milly; "she is quite a mind-reader you know. Philip, you look out she doesn't discover what cards you have and find some way to beat us."

It was a happy evening and one of many Philip had spent in the home of the Woods.

Ruth's presence was visible in every nook and corner, for she had delighted her kind aunt with specimens of her handiwork to decorate the family sitting-room. Ruth could never do enough for the good uncle and aunt who had brought her up from childhood and Uncle Nathan was as proud of her, and loved her as much, as if he had been her own father.

Aunt Milly was one of the dearest old ladies imaginable. The wrinkles on her soft, flushed face were all made by smiles of kindness. Her gold-bowed glasses seemed to beam with love and good-will, and her warm, motherly heart was open to all calls for sympathy.

As Ruth listened to her gentle accents she often thought, "Oh, if I should live to be an old lady, I do wish I could be just like my darling, Aunt Milly."

This was the greatest compliment that could be paid a woman, for it was Aunt Milly's long, unselfish life that had made her such an admirable character in her old age.

Philip Forrest was also an admirer of Aunt Milly, and constantly did little things to please her. As he sat there it was not to her discredit that he compared her silvery hair to Ruth's waves of glorious brown. The tender pink in her faded cheeks was as beautiful in its way as the warm roses Ruth's charming face wore. Ruth's eyes were beautiful tonight; they shone like stars in exultant moments, but to Philip they were like dew-damp violets 'neath fringes of gold.

Presently Philip asked her how things progressed at the Psychic Research Circle.

"Fairly well," she told him.

But Philip was not inclined to be complimentary.

"You never will get anywhere," he said, "you are not aiming high enough."

"I'm sure it ought to be high enough," she cried. "We are expounding the God principle which is the life of the universe. You should hear Mr. Brenton explain the New Thought religion."

"Have you had any demonstrations of healing or any other extraordinary power?"

Ruth shook her head.

"What does Doctor Lodge think of mental healing?"

"Oh, I don't know. Of course, it isn't his way. He is more interested in hypnotic experiments."

Ruth then gave an account of the evening when Doctor Lodge had hypnotized Mrs. Lingard.

"You say he did not put you asleep," Philip noted. "Did you resist him?"

"To a certain extent I did," Ruth replied. "Yet I don't think he could have done it anyway."

"I wonder if I could succeed where he failed," Philip ventured.

Ruth looked up with a quick, bewildering smile that set the young man's heart beating.

"May I try?" he asked beneath his breath; and neither Aunt Milly or Uncle Nathan caught the swift answer she sent him, "Sometime!"

"You ain't seen any ghosts yet at your meetings, have you?" asked Uncle Nathan in a bantering tone.

"Now, Nathan," expostulated Aunt Milly, "you ought not to make fun of those things when you know lots of people believe in them. Philip's friend, Doctor Walton, does."

"Oh! I ain't making fun," the old man said laughing,

"only when you ketch one, just bring it up and let me take a look at it."

"You are awfully valiant," said Aunt Milly. "Perhaps if you would give up and let Philip here hypnotize you, you might see lots of them. They say that's the way some of 'em do."

"I might let him try," grunted Uncle Nathan; "guess that's all it would amount to."

He glanced up and caught Philip's dark eyes looking straight into his. The old man could not break away from that compelling gaze and he grew confused and stupid. The two women watched them in astonishment and saw Uncle Nathan's head go back against the chair as if he had just fallen asleep.

"Well, how do you feel?" asked Philip.

"All right," said the sleeping man.

"Where are you now?"

"In a new place."

"Where is that?"

"Why, this is over on Hanover Street."

"You mean you are in a house on Hanover Street."

"Yes."

"What do you find there?"

"Why, there's a young man dying on a bed, and a lot of folks watching him."

"What do they call him?"

"The old lady, his mother, calls him Herman."

"Herman?"

"Yes, Herman. Say, that fellow had a girl. He's hollering for her now. 'Annetta!' he says."

"Wasn't it Anita?"

"Sounds something like it."

"Say that was too bad. They got separated and it just killed both of them."

"Could you find out the family name of Herman?"

"Still—quiet—still—oh! ouch!" here Uncle Nathan writhed in his chair.

“What’s the matter?”

“A man came and poured a pail of cold water all over me. He wants to know if that is still water.”

“Well, can you find out anything more?”

“No, I want to go home to Milly. What’s the use of travelling back into 1862 to find out these things.”

So Philip brought him back to Aunt Milly, who smoothed his thick white locks with evident anxiety.

“What are you doing, Milly?” he questioned, as he looked rather blankly from one to another.

“You’ve been asleep and dreaming, Uncle Nathan, and talking in your sleep beside,” said Ruth laughing.

“Bless me, is that so? What did I say?”

“Don’t you remember what you were dreaming about?”

“No, can’t say as I do.”

And truly, try as he might, he could not recall what had happened.

They told him then, but Uncle Nathan either could not or would not believe it.

“And now,” said Philip, “I will make the connections of the story.”

So he told them the story of Herman Stillwater and Anita Risley, as he had heard it from John Creswell.

Ruth and Aunt Milly were greatly interested, but Uncle Nathan grew impatient and indignant.

“Now, Nathan, isn’t it nice you got such a fine test? You must be a real clairvoyant,” said Aunt Milly.

“Nothing of the kind, madame!” exclaimed the old fellow loudly. “I’ll have nothin’ to do with sich works. You can switch off your ghost business, for I’ll be hanged if I’ll train in their company.”

And, thoroughly upset and angry, he stalked out of the room.

“Don’t mind him, Philip,” said Aunt Milly soothingly, as the young man looked downcast. “Don’t mind him, my boy, he will be all right tomorrow morning.”

“I didn’t think he would take it like that,” Philip said.

"I didn't mean to displease him and I will never try to hypnotize him again."

"I'll go and smooth him down," said Aunt Milly, "and put him to bed. I think he'll be all right in a little while."

So she went to pour oil on the troubled waters while Ruth was left to comfort Philip.

"Philip," she said softly.

He drew near and took her hand.

"I didn't know you could do it," she said. "I didn't think you were a master of hypnotism."

"I'm not," he replied. "See what disastrous results I had."

"Philip!"

"Well?"

"Could you try once more?"

"What! Would you let me?"

"Try me and see."

Nothing loth, Philip took her hands and gazed fondly in her eyes.

"I don't know how I shall be able to conquer when I am only your slave," he said.

"Ah! but you are my king," she whispered, and then their lips met in the irresistible force of love.

"But this never will do," she cried, emerging from his embrace. "You must do your work, my dear."

So Philip began again, and so willing was his subject that only a moment elapsed before she fell asleep. He kissed her softly and asked her to tell him who she loved best.

"I love my Philip," she murmured, "though Doctor Lodge seems to hold me in his power."

Philip frowned.

"Then, Ruth," he said, "I here and now take you out of his power. I give you a counter force that shall make his influence nothing to you, and he can no longer reach you." and he waved his hands and kissed her once again.

"Remember, Ruth, the power of attraction to Doctor Lodge is broken. You won't know or care any more about him."

"Yes, I know, and I'm so glad," she said. "He is going straight to ruin with Mrs. Lingard. Oh! Philip, she is a bad woman."

"Never mind," he answered, "don't let it trouble you."

"And his wife, his sweet wife, is almost heartbroken, though she doesn't know it. He isn't nice to her."

"That's too bad. Now come, wake up, and don't forget what I've told you."

Thus Philip threw his power in the balance to shield his sweetheart from the machinations of Doctor Lodge.

And the doctor felt the influence, though he could not tell whence it came. He was wont to send out thoughts in various directions and very many were sent to Ruth Woods, but he began to perceive a failing there that he could not account for. Therefore his own feelings grew the deeper for the check and he longed for some way to encompass this beautiful girl.

It was several days after this that Uncle Nathan came staggering in through the kitchen door from his work in the barn and terrified Aunt Milly by dropping helplessly on the lounge.

"What is it, Nathan?" she cried wildly. "What is the matter with you?" She bent over him anxiously, smoothing the hair from his forehead. Uncle Nathan looked up in her face.

"I'm blest if I know!" he said. "I went to sleep standing in the middle of the barn floor." Then as he looked round the kitchen, "How in the earth did I get in here? I don't remember coming in."

"Why, Nathan," cried the old lady in alarm, "did you strike your head or hurt you in any way?"

"Not that I know of," rubbing his cranium. "I'm blest if I don't feel just as I did the other night when young Forrest got hold of me."

“Oh!” said Aunt Milly in tones of relief, but, being wise, she ventured no further remark.

“If I thought I was goin’ to be fooled over with his nonsense,” declared the old man wrathfully, “I’d shut the door on him for good and all. I don’t want anything to do with it, and I won’t have, either.”

“Oh, now, Father,” said Aunt Milly softly, using this special tone of endearment, “you must remember Ruth thinks a good deal of Philip. You couldn’t make her miserable. Besides, Philip said he never would bother you again. Suppose there is some other reason that these things come to you. Perhaps someone needs your help.”

“But I don’t want to help nobody,” he interrupted fiercely. “I tell you, I won’t be the tool of nobody, neither God, man, nor the devil!”

“Well, then, I shouldn’t,” she said soothingly, while she knelt beside the lounge and slipped her arm beneath his head, while she stroked his hair with a tender caress. “Father, we have been a long road together,” she murmured.

“Yes,” he sighed; and then, as he drew her nearer, “I bless God for givin’ me a good wife.”

But Nathan Woods was by no means really old or infirm. A stalwart frame and glowing face was still his. Many times he had been called handsome, and he made a striking figure in his Sunday coat and stiff hat. He was a carpenter by trade, but of late he only took small jobs in his little shop at home, and in the summer he carried on a small garden that furnished the home with plenty of vegetables for the year round.

His old-fashioned language he had never tried to improve, so that it broke out sometimes in his conversation and added a certain rough charm to his character. He was a very obstinate man in some things, while in others he would often yield after being convinced he was in the wrong. He had little less than adoration for his wife, though his love found more expression in act than word.

The alarming lapses of consciousness followed Nathan

Woods for several weeks, and though Philip Forrest disclaimed all agency in them, yet Aunt Milly and Ruth believed they were trances, superinduced by the first hypnotic spell.

One day Uncle Nathan came to himself in his shop and found his hand grasping a large carpenter's pencil, and a paper, that lay on the bench before him and on which he had evidently been writing, was covered all over its surface with the words "Herman Stillwater" in a hundred different spots.

"What the dickens?" he exclaimed, "I must have gone to sleep,—but—but—" he paused, bewildered. "What on earth have I been doing here? Herman Stillwater! Herman Stillwater! That's the one Phil Forrest was telling about. Darn Herman Stillwater! I'm blest if I don't need a brain tonic to give me strength to get rid of this thing."

Did he hear a low laugh in the further corner of the shop? He turned sharply and peered in the shadows, but there was nothing there.

"I'm blest if I don't see a doctor about this thing," he muttered decisively. "My brain must be getting weak." He destroyed the paper and tried to forget the occurrence in work, but he said nothing to Ruth or Aunt Milly of his troubles.

CHAPTER VII.

A CRUSH AT DOCTOR WALTON'S.

There was a crush at the Reverend Doctor Walton's home. His personal friends and admirers had gathered on his birthday anniversary, as he called it, for it was the day that marked the beginning of his public work.

His elegant parlors were filled with the crowd, who came bearing with them as a gift, a superb bust of the Indian maiden Minnehaha, a companion piece to one he al-

ready possessed of Hiawatha. John Creswell presented it to the host with well chosen words of love and esteem. And in response, after thanking them, Doctor Walton made an inspirational address, outlining and describing his work for the many years he had been engaged in it. He also outlined his belief and spoke many cheering and beautiful words to his spellbound audience.

God, he told them, was the life of the universe, dwelling in everything and working out the great laws of nature. For God was the law, and the law was progress. Nothing could ever stand still or go back, because the great law of progress was always at work. And that all the souls of the universe were drawn by its magnet-like power, and forced to go on and on to higher enlightenment and wisdom. Souls had been going on for an eternal past, and it stood to reason that somewhere in the upper strata of spiritual realms must be the abode of wisdom and supreme happiness. All the hell he knew was the depths of ignorance where souls that had sinned their way into trouble must wander blindly until they worked their way out again. But this they did, because the law of progress was pulling them along and they could not resist it. God was the spark of good in every man, the central sun, and the all-enveloping cloud of life, and as the spark of good was developed, man drew nearer his Creator and became a conquering spirit.

After this address, a social season reigned, and everybody shook hands with Doctor Walton. Doctor Lodge had brought his wife, and very beautiful she looked in her cream silk waist covered with lace. It was not wholly a dress occasion, so she wore a rich skirt of dark brocaded silk and she moved like a young queen among her husband's friends. The doctor soon introduced these to her, including Ruth Woods and her aunt and uncle, and later Mrs. Stokes and Mrs. Lingard. And Mrs. Lingard gave her a sweeping courtesy and utterly ignored Lillian's presence thereafter.

But the Woods were kind to her and Uncle Nathan sat down beside her and began to talk of the evening's entertainment.

"Well, I declare," whispered Aunt Milly to Ruth. "Something must have happened to make your uncle open his mouth to a lady he never met before."

Mrs. Lodge found him charming. He had a dry fund of amusing observations to offer on various things that brought the smiles to her face.

When supper was announced John Creswell came after Aunt Milly, the doctor took out Ruth, and Lillian graciously accepted Uncle Nathan's escort to the table.

Philip Forrest was engaged as an usher and therefore unable to speak to the girl of his choice. However, as the supper progressed, a gentleman sitting next to Ruth abandoned his seat at the table and it was at once taken by Philip, who counted himself in luck.

Mrs. Lodge was used to good society and outside of the psychic fraternity she received and accepted many invitations and she and her husband were considered leaders in society. Yet here at Doctor Walton's she was enjoying herself as heartily as anywhere she had ever been. A feeling of peace and good will seemed to pervade the air, and if any arrows of envy or malice came from such small souls as Mrs. Lingard, they did not penetrate her armor of happiness.

As Philip and Ruth rose from the table they found their way into Doctor Walton's study, and sat down amid his treasures of books.

"What do you think of Doctor Lodge's wife?" he asked her.

"I think if she is as sweet as she looks she must be an angel," Ruth responded. "But why does she not come always? We seldom see her with him. Is it because she doesn't believe in his doctrines?"

"Well, hardly," Philip said. "She is a clairvoyant of no mean powers herself."

He then told her of the evening he had spent at Doctor Lodge's home and of the clairvoyancy Lillian had displayed.

"Do you mean to tell me Doctor Lodge has so fine a subject at home and yet endures that shallow little Mrs. Lingard?" asked the astonished Ruth.

"That's about the way of it," Philip said.

"Well," said Ruth, "of course I know nothing of her home surroundings, but I wish she would just tack a card on the doctor to remind other women he has a wife."

"Why doesn't she go out with him?" asked Philip.

"Perhaps he doesn't want her," suggested Ruth, "especially in places where he meets certain other women."

"If I had a wife I should want her with me everywhere," Philip said tenderly. "I know of nothing more beautiful than the lifelong love of your uncle and aunt."

"Take care," laughed Ruth, "the doctor's wife has captured Uncle Nathan, remember."

And in another corner John Creswell was talking with Mrs. Lingard, who was just then spitefully misusing several people behind their backs. But Creswell knew how to take her, and only smiled at her speeches. She had hoped to keep Doctor Lodge at her side, but he had scarcely spoken to her through the whole evening, and her feelings were hurt and disappointed. She felt as if she could annihilate both Ruth Woods and Mrs. Lodge. Of course, she did not tell all this to John Creswell, but he guessed that something had gone very wrong with her.

Mr. Stokes and Mr. Brenton were talking with Doctor Walton and were the center of an interested circle of listeners.

"Then you believe in reincarnation of the soul?" Doctor Walton was saying.

"Certainly I do," said Mr. Brenton. "It is a perfectly reasonable thing to believe that when the soul is done with one form of life, it should take up another. Christ says, 'I take up my life and I lay it down.'"

“Do you favor the theory that man goes into such forms as typify the life he lived, like a miser taking the shape of a hog, or a crafty man a fox?”

“No, I do not, because the law of progress is not backward. A man who left this world a man could not step back a step and become an animal. If he were doomed to live his life over in order to correct his faults, he might be once more a man, but he would have a better chance next time. And I believe when once we were out of this body, we should see just where we stand and just what we were striving for, and should wish to take the best means for our own advancement, even if it were to live over a life of toil and sorrow in this world.

“I believe the soul has supreme wisdom, and when not confined in earthly environments can understand all the mysteries of heaven.”

“What do you believe is heaven?”

“The gathering of all souls at last into one harmonious whole that shall be perfect happiness because it is the Soul of the Universe. It is as if a part of that great central sun were to say, ‘I will go down to the spheres and take on their life. So a piece separates and becomes an identity. Then it goes about its various schemes to help push on the progress of the universe until the time comes for its return. It has been a piece broken off from the central sun of soul all the time, although in some of the environments it was not aware of the fact.’”

“I am rather inclined to support Flammarion’s theory of Heaven. According to his ideas, Heaven is the universe about us, and the time we have to investigate these unending worlds is a never-ending eternity,” said Mr. Stokes. “I don’t know as that would interfere with the theory of reincarnation, for we could find an incarnation for many forms of life on these spheres.”

“But do you think that my little child and my mother who are beyond the veil will be reincarnated so that I cannot see them again?” asked one of the bystanders.

“Hm!” said Mr. Brenton. “I think you will find them again. But after a person has freed himself from the earth and all its relations, down to the fourth or fifth generation, or even farther; has obliterated his memory so that he has no ties that bind him to any human being on earth, and as ages pass by why should he not wish to do something else to make progress?”

“I see you pass by all thoughts of Heaven and God as preached in the churches today. Do you not believe our loved ones are taken to an abode of perfect happiness, there to dwell forever?” asked a lady.

“Certainly, I believe that our loved ones are happy,” said Doctor Walton, “and probably find mansions of love builded for them to reside in. But that they are confined in a city of gold such as is mentioned in the Bible, I have my doubts, because, judging from my own feelings, I should not like to sit on a throne and sing praises forever and ever. I think you would find it getting monotonous after a while.”

“But on the other hand,” said Mr. Stokes, “what could be nobler or more satisfying than to be able to leave this choir of singers and be about some duty of beneficence and progress? To be so enlightend that one could join the higher ranks of blessed spirits and look after the mechanism of the spheres, or even to create new ones and set them going in their orbit? We are told by science that these worlds about us are in all states of progression, some newly made, others in various stages of growth and maturity, and others burnt out and dead, which will sometime disappear from our view. Science opens many a locked door, and religion must keep up with it. There seems to me not one Heaven but millions, if you count the possibilities of the stars.”

“While I do not reject any part of Bible truth,” said Doctor Walton, “while I accept the teachings of the man of Nazareth, yet I think that it is possible that there are revelations in the twentieth century quite as important as the Bible was in the age for which it was written. Any-

thing that helps us be nobler or nearer the Source of Good is important and divine."

"Yet there is much written in these days," said Mr. Brenton, "that is chaff. A person gets to be a regular fanatic, and his writing gets swallowed by the multitude. There are many things written that a man with a tithe of reasoning power could only call absurd, yet they find believers."

"Even these are progressive," said Doctor Walton. "Those writings appeal to a certain class that nothing else could attract, and by having set them thinking have aroused their dormant souls to stronger efforts; and, sooner or later, they will repudiate this class of literature for something better."

Music was now called for, and Mrs. Lodge favored them with a song. Her clear, sweet voice thrilled the hearts of her listeners as she gave the beautiful song, "The Holy City."

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem! hark how the angels sing
Jerusalem! Jerusalem! the city of our King."

Ruth Woods sang too, her voice being a rich contralto, and then Mrs. Lodge and Ruth sang together, and Philip thought that two angels blending their voices could not be sweeter.

But Mrs. Lingard sat in her corner frowning and clenching her little pink hands in a fury of envy and hatred. "I will get the best of them both somehow," she thought. So instead of listening she was planning, planning, how to work her way into Doctor Lodge's good graces, so that she could triumph over every other influence that came into his life and lead him captive to her slightest whim. "Ruth Woods must be disgraced," she thought, "but she may do that if she keeps on with the doctor. And his wife, what can I do to make him get a divorce from her? Oh, what?"

She did not stop to think what people would say of her. Her infatuation carried her completely out of herself, so that she never stopped to think at all.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SIREN.

The next day Doctor Lodge had a new patient, for Mrs. Lingard was determined to be near him at any cost. Doctor Lodge had no trouble in diagnosing for her; he knew the cause of her complaint, but so deep had it ingrained itself into her being she seemed incurable. He had only to lift his eyelash and the little lady would obey his every whim, except to give up this very flattering infatuation for himself. Every day she came to his office with the slightest excuses, until at length he told her he could not help her in the least. But she was not alarmed and came the next day just the same. So determined was she that she met him everywhere. Did he walk down town, she would be walking at the same time and had a thousand questions to ask him, now the opportunity occurred. He met her on the cars, in shops, everywhere. Then he took to riding. She hailed him so loudly that he was obliged to stop, lest people notice her noisy calls.

And then, when he drove up to the sidewalk, before he could say a word, she sprang lightly into the carriage and seated herself by his side. "Oh, I need a ride so much," she panted as the doctor drove slowly along. "So glad you have your horse out this morning."

"But I am going out of town," objected the doctor, trying to find some excuse to be rid of her.

"O! won't that be nice!" she cried, clapping her hands.

"To stay all night," he went on remorselessly.

"Oh!" She caught her breath and looked quickly up at him. Some men would have fallen at once under the bewildering tenderness of that pretty face. Not so Doctor Lodge. He had his own public character to take care of.

"I am going to spend the night with my wife who is stopping with her mother in Suncook," he proceeded, lying glibly. "And her mother is not an agreeable person."

"I see," she murmured, looking down gloomily at her little grey-gloved hands. Then she brightened.

"Then will you come and see me tomorrow?"

Doctor Lodge hesitated.

"I ask you to call in your capacity of my physician," she said gravely, evidently on the verge of tears.

Doctor Lodge had a dread of scenes and he hastily promised to call on the morrow at three o'clock.

"Now, Mrs. Lingard, I shall be obliged to leave you here, as I must take another road," he said firmly, "and I would advise you to go directly home and remain there and rest. Get some entertaining book and keep as quiet as possible until I see you again." Without waiting for an answer he got out of the carriage and in another moment she found herself standing on the curb stone. Then with a rare smile, he lifted his hat, leaped into the seat, and drove rapidly away. Mrs. Lingard gritted her little white teeth together as she looked after the carriage, and the tears filled her eyes as she muttered, "I'll have you yet!"

After that the doctor took his hostler with him, as he said, for street protection.

The next day at three he called on Mrs. Lingard, as he promised. He had determined to do something to destroy the web she had woven about herself and him. She received him in her own private sitting-room in a tea gown of pale pink silk and cream chiffon. The yellow crown of her hair was embellished by a waxy tea-rose and a bunch of them stood in a Venetian vase on a little table by her side. In all his life Doctor Courtney never forgot the smell of those tea-roses.

She rose trembling with pleasure, or apprehension, to greet him and he drew a chair near her side. "You are better, I see," remarked the doctor.

"Do you think so?" she queried sadly. "Oh! I have been so wretched!"

Two tears crept down beneath the golden lashes.

"I'm sorry to hear that," he returned, moved in spite of himself. "Then my medicine is not helping you?"

She looked up quickly.

"Oh! yes, but I need a sedative. I wish you would put me to sleep as you do at the circle."

"But I am not a mesmerist," he objected. "I do not carry these things into my practice."

"Never mind that," she said. "If you can help me this way you cannot refuse."

"I fear I shall make the case worse," he returned.

"Oh! if you will only hold my hands, you don't know what rest and strength you give me."

The doctor took her little hands in his, and she sank back in her chair with a sigh of relief and happiness.

He was sorry for her, poor little infatuated child. Such love was touching in its intensity. He would have been less than a man if he had not felt flattered. Her head drooped, the forget-me-not eyes closed, and she slept.

He sat there for a few moments wondering what to do next, but could not make up his mind to try to impress upon her that she did not care for him. This was the only remedy he knew that could cure her, but somehow he did not want to use it. He would wait. Then he carried her gently to a couch and laid her thereon, telling her not to waken for an hour.

But as he stole gently from the house he asked himself if he had not made things worse than ever. Now she would insist upon being put to sleep daily and as Doctor Lodge thought of the money she would pay him he smiled grimly. Ah! if it were only Ruth Wood! It was as the doctor foresaw, an every-day visit, and the hypnotic spell, and the man in him could not resist forever and there came a day when he took the flower from her hair and hid it on his breast.

But when he came home to Lillian he washed out his mouth and tried to forget his evil genius.

To the doctor there were three kinds of women in the world. The kind you would be glad to be rid of but can-

not; the kind you are content to have and keep, and the most desirable kind, which you want but cannot get.

He had lost his control over Ruth Woods, though she had owned his magnetic power. She admitted that she could see and follow him mentally, and she even knew that Mrs. Lingard was dragging him down and that he formed friendships with other women which were not helpful to his spiritual growth. He still tried to meet her whenever possible.

Driving along one day, he came up to Ruth, who was out walking in the bright sunlight. He stopped and asked her to ride with him, and Ruth did not refuse. As they drove along he asked her if she was mind reader enough to tell him where he had been that day.

"Well," said Ruth quietly, "you haven't been home with your wife."

The doctor glanced at her sharply. "Where then?" he asked.

"You have been where you ought never to go again," said Ruth, and then to his astonishment her eyes filled with tears. In a moment she had dashed them away.

"Oh! doctor," she cried, "be warned in time."

"Ruth!" his voice was tense now. "Can it be possible you are jealous? Oh! if I could only believe that!" Then he put his arm about her and bending over he left a hot kiss upon her red lips.

"Doctor Lodge!" cried the startled girl. "How dare you?" And then she broke down and cried as if her heart would break. All of her hopes of him fled in that rude disillusioning, and she realized suddenly the gulf upon which she had been standing.

"Doctor Lodge," said Ruth, "I see a vision. Listen! There is a cliff up which all must climb. The way is rugged. I see the narrow, rocky road, and it is so steep. Half way up there is a man and a woman. It is you and I! You are pointing down over the face of the cliff and urging me to leap off with you. Just below, seemingly but an easy jump, there is spread a beautiful grassy plateau. Oh! the

smell of the roses, the tea-roses, growing there! It is a land of love, you tell me, where we may be happy. But it is not. Under that grassy plain is a morass. Oh, the mud is black and slimy. If we jump we would go down into its horrible depths, until somehow we would be back at the foot of the great cliff and have to climb it again. And there is an angel hovering over us; he urges us both to come up higher, to leave temptation behind and to struggle up the cliff, for on the other side, oh, it is summer-land! It is the realm of the beautiful!" Her eyes were half closed and the words that were struggling for utterance died on her lips. Then after a pause she said, "I am going to the top and I beg of you to follow."

Doctor Lodge dared not look Ruth in the face. The thing he had done seemed monstrous in the light of her purity.

Ruth recovered herself first. "Now, Doctor Lodge, I will get out here, please," she said gently.

"Pardon me, Miss Woods," he said humbly. "I was swept off my feet and hardly knew what I was doing. I apologize for my rudeness. Will you forgive me?" he pleaded.

"It is hardly just for a man to brand a woman's memory with an act that has burnt too deep to be forgotten, and then think a simple apology will shield him from all future consequences," she said severely.

"That is true," he said. "I am a coward as well as a ——" he choked the word in his throat.

She got down alone and turning smiled. "Yes," she said, "I forgive you."

He drove away in a tumult. Good heavens! how that smile mocked him! And when he reached home and had left his horse, he took from an inner pocket a beautiful tea-rose bud, half opened, flung it on the floor, and setting his heel on it he ground it into the dirt.

"Fool that I am!" he muttered between his teeth, "Fool, fool, fool!"

CHAPTER IX.

HERMAN AND ANITA.

Uncle Nathan Woods was so thoroughly dissatisfied with his "bad spells," as he called them, that he determined to consult a physician on the subject.

He ran the catalogue of M. D.'s in the city through in his mind, and settled on Doctor Lodge. Perhaps he was unconsciously influenced by his meeting with the doctor and Mrs. Lodge at Doctor Walton's party. At any rate, one morning, at ten o'clock, he found himself ascending the steps of Doctor Lodge's city residence. He was admitted to the office by a servant, who told him the doctor had been called out but would soon return. So he took up a magazine and sat down to wait.

The first article to which he opened was a scientific explanation of clairvoyance, and as he read the words seemed farther and farther off, and presently to all intents and purposes he was falling asleep. "I don't see what comes over me so," he thought, "I can't keep my eyes open." A mist blurred his vision. "It's another spell," he gasped, trying to throw it off. But little by little his head sank and he became limp and inert. For a moment he lay back apparently unconscious, and then a quiver passed over his body. He shivered once or twice and slowly sat up. His eyes were set, but he breathed naturally as he stretched out his arms and looked down at his frame as if it were something new to him.

"So," he said, his voice heavy and musical—it was generally sharp and thin,—"so I have at last gained control over a body! How strange it seems to be clothed again in flesh! I wonder if I can walk."

He rose, swaying slightly, but after the second turn he stepped lightly and quickly across the room, as a younger man would have done.

“There is no time to waste,” he said, and raising his voice, he exclaimed in penetrating tones, “Anita! come to me! Anita! Anita!”

He waited with his hand raised as if in command.

“I must give her time, more time than usual,” he said; but almost immediately he heard the rustle of a woman’s dress in the adjoining apartment.

“Coming!” he said joyfully, and the next moment the drapery was swept back and Lillian Lodge stood in the room.

“Herman!”

“Anita!”

And the two, locked in each other’s arms, kissed again and again.

“How did you get here, Anita?” he asked tenderly, leading her to a sofa, where they sat down together.

“Oh! I just took possession of this lady’s body and came,” she answered. “It seems so strange to be so heavy again after all this time. Nothing seems so extraordinary as the fetters of gravitation fastening one to earth.”

“Yes,” he said, “we have been defying gravitation and flying from place to place with the speed of thought. Earth’s ways are intolerably plodding and slow.”

“But oh, it is good to be back once more,” she said, “and to sit here with you, Herman dearest!”

They kissed each other again.

“It has been a long time,” he said softly, “that I have been trying to find a person so constituted that I could move his body as I wished. This man was not willing but I was stronger than he, and I will not use him long.”

“But why do you come back this way, Herman?” she asked.

“It is for our mutual happiness,” he answered. “If I can control him thoroughly, I will find a way for our marriage.”

“You will be able to obtain a license?” she asked.

“Yes,” he replied. “I hardly know how, but I will find

a way. The main point is gained; we shall be able to make our way as mortals where we would only be met with fear or ridicule as our real selves."

They rose and passed out into the sitting room.

"Here," she said, "was where I first showed myself to Lillian Lodge and here I gained control of her senses, so that now she will know nothing of what passes when we are together. Ah! how she loves her doctor!"

"He is not worthy of her love," said Herman.

"Oh, if woman could see the harm they do," she sighed, "in listening to the tempter, fewer homes would be made unhappy."

"In this case I think the tempter is most to blame," he responded. "What right has a man to sell his nobility of character for a wanton kiss. If he comes over on our side he will have to learn a great many things by hard experience that he will not learn now."

"Yet," she contended, "there is good in all men. Let us try to help him to a better knowledge of true living."

"I am willing," he said heartily. "But, Anita, we waste our time. My dear love, I am going to call you within a short time to go on a journey with me. I shall wish you to come to me as soon as you can."

"You mean I am to come as I am now?"

"Yes, in the flesh," he said. "Now I will take this man home and leave him for the present, and after you have left her you will meet me."

"I will."

A last kiss, and he turned to go. But in the doorway stood Mrs. Lingard in open-eyed astonishment. The man she recognized as Nathan Woods and the lady as Mrs. Lodge.

How much had she seen? He brushed by her and walked swiftly out of the house. Lillian passed out by another door and left her standing quite alone.

When Doctor Lodge came in the office was empty, and so the doctor lost two patients that morning.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN IMMORTALS WED.

“Uncle Nathan,” said Ruth as she dusted the shelf in the morning, “here is your razor. Shall I put it in your drawer, or will you want it presently?”

“Why!” said the old gentleman, looking slowly around, “I thought I would shave, but I don’t know. Ain’t my hair gettin’ ruther long? Maybe I’d better go to the barber’s.”

“Oh, Nathan, don’t go yet,” spoke up Aunt Milly. “Wait till it is warmer. You’ll certainly take cold.”

“Oh! Pshaw! Aunt Milly,” laughed Ruth, “if you always tell him he will take cold, of course he will. Go, Uncle Nathan, and get your hair cut. You look like a man from Wayback now.”

“That settles it,” said Uncle Nathan, and he ran his fingers through his white locks, which were still curly and luxuriant. “Um!” he grumbled. “Used to be as black as a crow and whiskers to match. Now they’re faded to a dead white.”

“Not quite black, Nathan,” said Aunt Milly; “I’ve got a curl you cut for me when we were courting. I called it auburn, my dear.”

“Guess I ought to know what color my own hair was! ’Twas black! jet black!” he responded a little warmly. “Do you think I was a red-head?”

“No,” said Aunt Milly smiling. “It grew darker of course as you got older. You were rather a good-looking man always, Father.”

Her adroit compliment mollified him and he said more gently, “Well, that’s because I had to keep up with a good-looking wife.”

Ruth laughed.

“You two people get more compliments than any couple I have ever known.”

"It's a case of 'Give and ye shall receive'," answered Aunt Milly.

"Yes," said Uncle Nathan, "I was always a master hand at swappin', and whether its hosses or compliments, nobody don't get the best of me if I can help it."

A day or two later a letter came, inviting Uncle Nathan to come to Nashua to meet an old friend of his and spend a week in his company.

"Of course he must go," they said, both Ruth and Aunt Milly, and they packed his traveling bag and got him ready in short order. Everything was done except the refractory hair, and he promised to patronize a barber on his way to the depot, and so, in good season, he set out in the early afternoon on his trip. He went into his barber's and sat down to wait his turn. As he gazed about he noticed on the wall a picture of a man who had applied the barber's hair dye. The "before and after" pictures were quite startling in effect and Uncle Nathan, on the spur of the moment, decided to try some of the stuff on his own white head. Accordingly when, having climbed into the chair, the barber asked "Cut or shave?" he answered, "Both, and you can try some of that tonic on my hair, if you are a mind to."

"Tonic, tonic?" said the barber, "which kind?"

"Jet black," answered Uncle Nathan gruffly, "none of your faded brown for me."

"Oh," said the enlightened barber, "shall I put it on your whiskers, too?"

"I've been thinkin' for some time I'd get rid of these whiskers," said Uncle Nathan. "You can off with 'em, and jest leave a mustache."

"All right, sir," said the barber, and he began.

It took a long time, for it was very cleverly done, and when he finished Uncle Nathan hardly knew the youthful face with the coal black hair and mustache that looked at him from out the glass.

“Good heaven! what would Milly say!” was his first thought.

Somehow it wasn't right to look so much younger than his Milly, but well, there were several days before he would see her again and perhaps it would wear off.

“Railly, sor,” said the barber, “I jist wish I'd snapped yez in me camera before and after. You're a peach, sor, and I wisht I had the two pictures.”

Uncle Nathan laughed and paid the bill without a murmur. Then he took a bee-line for the depot.

He saw Doctor Walton, John Creswell and Philip Forrest on the opposite side of the room, but under the circumstances he preferred not to address them, so he sat down in a dark corner to wait for the train. He remembered that this was Saturday and that Doctor Walton was to speak the next day in Nashua, and Creswell and Forrest were doubtless going with him for company. As he sat thinking, his head drooped lower and lower and he slept.

Then that extraordinary power again took his inert body under its control and he was, to all intents and purposes, Herman Stillwater. He sat up and smoothed his black mustache.

“Well done,” he muttered.

He had effectually disguised himself. “Come, Anita, make haste! Anita! Anita!”

The subdued power of these repeated calls was drowned in the roar and whistle of incoming trains. “Come, Anita,” he said. “We went once before on an unsuccessful journey together, but today nothing can stop us.”

He waited patiently, looking now and then at his watch, but ever with that strained look of command on his face. The moments flew by. Doctor Walton's party went out and boarded their train. People came and went, and at length a lady dressed in grey, with a thick grey veil, came in at the door and came straight to the side of the man who sat waiting.

“I am here, Herman,” she said.

“That’s right, Anita,” he answered, “and now we will go first for the license.”

They went out of a side door together and he called a carriage.

“Drive to the city hall, town clerk’s office,” he directed.

Then they rattled away up town; the ride was short, and he left her in the carriage while he sought the proper authorities. The clerk came forward and he made known his business. “I want to take out a marriage license.”

The clerk fished out some papers and took a pen; evidently he was in a hurry to get home from the tiresome confinement of the office.

“What is the gentleman’s name?” he asked shortly.

“Herman Stillwater.”

The clerk turned to the big directory record of names.

“Stillwater, Herman, 201 Hanover Street?” he asked.

“I’ve forgotten the number; but it is Hanover Street,” was the answer.

The clerk scratched his pen swiftly across the paper, answering some of the questions of his own accord.

“Your age?” he asked.

“Twenty-four.”

The clerk glanced up with a swift survey, but the raven mustache and ruddy face seemed to satisfy him. “Been out of doors a good deal and got his face like leather,” he thought.

“The lady’s name, please?”

“Anita Risley.”

Another flip of the big directory.

“Risley, Annette, mill-hand?” he asked.

“Her name is Anita,” was the answer.

“Probably some blunder of the book-makers,” flung out the clerk, and he finished the paper without further trouble.

It was a curious coincidence that there should be on the records of 1904 the names of two young people so nearly like two who had left this life in 1862. But the living Herman Stillwater was a son of an older brother of the first

Herman Stillwater. Annette Risley of the present day was a pretty Irish girl and no relation whatever to Anita.

Having paid for his license and folded it safely away in the breast pocket of his coat, he bowed to the clerk and took his departure. In the carriage again and the order was, "Drive for the depot. We must catch the train." They were just in time to step aboard.

"Anita," he said as they sat down, "we have a friend in the Reverend Doctor Walton. He once said he would willingly unite us if we would come to him. I know where he is tonight, and I am going to take you to him."

"Oh, Herman, can it be true, we shall be united after all these years?"

They conversed tenderly until the destination was reached, when they left the cars. They did not notice a lady on the seat behind them, who followed them closely and heard the order to the carriage driver,

"Blank House!"

Then she walked away with a triumphant smile on her face.

Reverend Doctor Walton was sitting in his room at Blank House in twilight darkness with John Creswell, when the door opened and Philip Forrest entered. "Say," he said in a half whisper, "there's a man and a lady down stairs inquiring for the doctor, and the lady is the exact image of Doctor Lodge's wife."

"Doctor Lodge's wife?" exclaimed Creswell.

"Yes, but if it is, she is in a trance. She looks just as she did that evening the doctor exhibited her powers to us."

Here a rap at the door cut him off, and a bell-boy said that a lady and gentleman would like to see Doctor Walton. "Show them up here," was the answer. Philip turned on the lights and after a moment or two of waiting they came in. Philip placed chairs for them and the lady sank wearily into hers and unclasped her cloak. But the man remained standing. Something on his watch-chain caught Philip's eye—a charm of a secret order, that he had given

Nathan Woods. He knew it by a peculiarity of its setting. His glance traveled swiftly up to the face, and, helped by the discovery, he traced the well-known features of his kind old friend.

“Uncle Nathan!” he exclaimed under breath.

“We have come to be married, Doctor Walton,” the man was saying. “You once said you would befriend us in this way. Here is the marriage license. Would you be kind enough to perform the ceremony at once?”

Doctor Walton took the paper and opened it. The lady threw back her veil and commenced to pull off her left glove. It was indeed Lillian Lodge, but the straining eyes and white face told that she knew nothing of what was passing about her.

“Uncle Nathan Woods and Mrs. Lodge, by all that’s wonderful!” Philip whispered to Doctor Walton. And Creswell, who was almost dumbfounded, muttered, “What can this mean?”

But Doctor Walton was carefully reading the license.

“See here, Creswell,” he murmured *sotto voce*, “read this and tell me what you think.”

Creswell looked over his shoulder. “Herman Stillwater and Anita Risley!” he ejaculated, his eyes almost starting from his head.

“Yes, I am Herman Stillwater,” the man said. “Don’t you know me, John? Surely you haven’t forgotten my death bed. I know you haven’t, because you told my story to these friends.”

“But—how—how?” stammered Creswell.

“I found a human body whose organism I could control and Anita has found another. In this way I have been able to get this license; and now will you not, Doctor Walton, unite us in marriage?”

But Doctor Walton was not quite ready yet.

“How did you get this license?” he asked.

“I obtained it at the city clerk’s office in Manchester without the least trouble,” he replied.

“It is all right,” Doctor Walton replied, “but did you stop to think that you may have compromised this lady’s name? Here she is, on the verge of night, at a hotel in a strange city, certainly in a very awkward position.”

It was the lady who answered, “Oh, no! there will be no trouble. I arranged everything for her safe return in the morning. Her husband is away from home and no one will know of her absence.”

“In the morning!” exclaimed Doctor Walton. “But I tell you she must return tonight. I will perform this ceremony on one condition,—that you return her to her home before nine o’clock this evening. It is now seven. A train returns to Manchester at eight, and you must allow her to take it, and you must not leave her until she is in her home again.”

“I will not, I will do as you wish,” responded Anita.

“And you, Herman Stillwater, must no longer hold this man unwillingly. You have no right to fetter his will or make him do what he does not like. Find some one else or wait until he is more in harmony with your wishes.”

“I will do as you wish,” the man replied. “I will never control him again without his full consent. It was only because I wished to reach this result that I have held him at all.”

Then Doctor Walton placed them in position before him and slowly and solemnly he spoke the words that made Herman Stillwater and Anita Risley man and wife. Then he invoked the blessings of all good and the ministrations of the angels upon them and the simple ceremony was ended. The man drew her close in his arms and kissed her, and then John Creswell grasped his hand.

“I little thought I should be present at such an occasion as this,” he said in a trembling voice. “I am glad—” but here he broke down entirely.

“John,” said Doctor Walton, “you must take Mrs. Lodge home. Look out sharp for your train.” Then as he finished writing the marriage certificate and put away his

fountain pen, "It was pure luck I had one of these with me. No, Stillwater," as the man was about to thrust it in Uncle Nathan's coat, "don't put that in there for folks to wonder over."

Whatever else he was about to say was cut short by Creswell, who was trying to arrange the lady's veil. "Come here, Walton," he called, "your fingers aren't so rough as mine. Tie this, can't you?"

The doctor laid the certificate down on the table and went to his assistance. Then laying his hand on Uncle Nathan's arm he said, "You will leave this gentleman here with us."

"Very well," said Herman, "and I thank you a thousand times for your kindness to us."

Creswell led the lady down to the carriage which Philip had got ready at the door.

"You will see me often, Doctor Walton," the man said, shaking hands.

"And now," said the doctor, "having broken earth ties and fulfilled the desire of your hearts, rise, my friends, to higher planes in spirit; rise to new works of love and unselfishness and make 'progress' your motto."

"I will," was the answer. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

And then Uncle Nathan fell back limp in a chair. Herman Stillwater had left him forever.

"Philip Forrest, you look as if you had seen a ghost!" exclaimed Doctor Walton, laughing softly. The young man shivered, his eyes had dark rings under them and his face was white as chalk.

"I think I have," he answered.

Then a strange thing happened. The marriage certificate that had been left upon the table was taken up by unseen fingers, folded and disappeared from their astonished sight.

"Good heavens!" burst from Philip in a hoarse whisper, "what next?"

“The next,” said the doctor coolly, “is to awaken this man and find out what is to be done with him.” Philip turned to Uncle Nathan. “But mind,” he continued as he began to make waking-up passes, “not a word of what has taken place here tonight.”

“He never would believe it if you told him,” Philip replied. “Decidedly it’s better to keep mum. But what I want to know is if Herman Stillwater turned his hair black. That would be something new.”

Uncle Nathan woke like a child from a long nap, and ran his fingers through his hair in his effort to remember what had happened.

“Durned if that hair-dye ain’t struck right in and I’m plumb crazy,” he said in bewilderment. Philip smiled broadly and the doctor let out a regular guffaw.

Then Uncle Nathan sat up and looked around.

“Ef that’s you, Phil Forrest, will you please inform me where I be and how I got here?”

“Well, where did you start from?” asked the young man.

“From home. I was goin’ to Nashua to see George Dawes, my old partner, and the last I remember I went to sleep in the Manchester depot waiting for the Nashua train. I don’t remember no more.”

“I can’t tell you where you went,” Phil said, “but you turned up in Nashua here at the Blank House less than an hour ago, in a trance. You said you were Herman Stillwater.”

“Darn Herman Stillwater!” ejaculated the irate old man.

“Yes, Doctor Walton knew you didn’t like him and so he made him promise he never would trouble you again. I guess you are cured of your bad spells, all right.”

“If you’ve done that, Doctor Walton,” exclaimed Uncle Nathan gratefully, “I’ll buy you a new suit of clothes, I’ll be blest if I don’t!”

“Then your wife doesn’t expect you home tonight?”

“No. I told Milly not to look for me till I came. I might be gone a week.”

“Say, Uncle Nathan,” asked Philip slyly, “aren’t you growing young again?”

“Hang it all!” he sputtered. “I didn’t think a little dye-stuff would make sich a difference, or I wouldn’t have let him put it on.”

“I wouldn’t try to find Mr. Dawes tonight,” said the doctor.

“No, don’t,” said Philip. “Share my room and start out fresh tomorrow.”

“All right,” said Uncle Nathan. “Perhaps that will be the best way.”

So Philip took him to his own room and Doctor Walton was left alone to review the strange happenings of the last few hours.

John Creswell took Mrs. Lodge home. They said very little on the way and when they reached her door, she extended her hand and he lifted his hat as he took it, bowing low.

“Good night, Mrs. Stillwater,” he said.

“Good-night,” she said wearily, and then she went in.

John Creswell went to his rooms and hid himself in curling rings of tobacco smoke. He would not hear Doctor Walton’s address on the morrow, but that was small loss beside the wonderful drama in which he had been allowed to take even so small a part. He would not have missed it for the world.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. LINGARD’S ACCUSATION.

Aunt Milly had decided to cook a vegetable dinner. The meat was steaming in the kettle, in company with beets and cabbage and sending out an appetizing odor through the house, and Aunt Milly was scraping the carrots and parsnips and cutting up the squash.

"I think your Uncle Nathan will be home today," she said to Ruth, "and there's nothing he likes better to eat than a good boiled dinner."

"Yes," responded the girl, "it's about time for him to get back. It's lonesome without him."

"He's been gone a whole week," said Aunt Milly, "and I can't see what attraction was strong enough to keep him away from home so long."

The smiling morning seemed full of Aunt Milly's briskness. The sun shone across the yellow painted floor and Ruth's canary was singing in a very fury of energy; and then the door-bell rang.

"That can't be Nathan," said Aunt Milly as she removed her work apron. "It isn't time for his train. It's either a peddler or book agent."

She went to the door and ushered in Mrs. Stokes and Mrs. Lingard.

"Good morning, Miss Woods," cried Mrs. Lingard. "Now aren't we out bright and early? We are the committee, you know, for our Psychic Research Circle entertainment, and we've come after your help."

"Yes," said Mrs. Stokes, "what are you going to do for us? Will you sing, play, read or what?"

"Oh, certainly, I will help you," Ruth replied. "I have not given it much thought. What would you like?"

Mrs. Stokes told her what had already been promised, and the girl, who was an elocutionist and musician, arranged to give her several numbers.

"And will you take some of the tickets to sell?" asked Mrs. Lingard. "And we have got to have some refreshments. Could we depend on you for a fancy pie and a chocolate cake?"

"That will come out of me," said Aunt Milly dryly. "Well, I guess I can stand it."

"Thank you ever so much, Mrs. Woods," said Mrs. Stokes. "There are so few of us in the circle, we each have to give heavily."

“I thought I would like to have the entertainment,” chattered Mrs. Lingard. “Doctor Lodge suggested it and he is always so nice in his ideas. It’s a shame they talk so about his wife. I suppose you’ve heard the story that’s leaked out about her, haven’t you? No? Why, it’s everywhere! Well, a week ago today, a lady that I know was standing on the corner by city hall, waiting for a car, and who should she see in a carriage but Doctor Lodge’s wife. She knew ’twas her because she raised her veil and put her head out of the window and seemed to be waiting for someone. Pretty soon a man with a red face and black hair and mustache came out from the city hall and got into the carriage and they drove off. This lady took the car and went to the depot and got aboard the Nashua train, and when she sat down, there were Mrs. Lodge and the man, right in the next seat front of her, and they got off at Nashua and went to a hotel together. So much the lady knows for a fact.”

Mrs. Lingard had been watching Ruth’s face during her story. She was miserably jealous of her, and she longed to know how much Ruth cared for Doctor Lodge. Ruth felt this but it did not trouble her; a sudden brightness came into her countenance and she said clearly: “Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.”

Mrs. Lingard flushed in spite of herself.

“Oh, certainly, Ruth, you and I can’t fling much. I wasn’t flinging. I only tell the thing as I know it. Shouldn’t you think the doctor would get a divorce?”

“Perhaps it was some of her relatives taking her to some lady friend,” said Aunt Milly, ignoring the spite and malice of previous remarks.

“It’s the first I’ve heard,” said Mrs. Stokes. “Mrs. Lodge impressed me as being a pure, sweet woman.”

“So she is,” said Ruth warmly.

“Is Mr. Woods employing Doctor Lodge now?” asked Mrs. Lingard suddenly.

“Is my husband employing Doctor Lodge?” repeated

Aunt Milly in amazement. "As a physician, do you mean?"

"Yes," returned Mrs. Lingard. "I met him at the doctor's one day not long ago."

"I don't know," said Aunt Milly. "He didn't tell me about it."

"Of course, he might have had some business with Mrs. Lodge," said Mrs. Lingard. "He was talking very mysteriously with her."

"I guess I can trust him," laughed Aunt Milly.

"Yet I think I should look out for Mrs. Lodge," said Mrs. Lingard quizzically. "You wouldn't be so confident if I were to tell you what I saw."

"What you saw?" gasped Aunt Milly. "Are you trying to blacken my husband's reputation? What do you mean?"

Just here the kitchen door opened and Uncle Nathan stepped into the room. He had come in the back door and was just in time to hear the last remark. The color in his black mustache and hair was partially washed away, but he was bluff and hearty as ever. Aunt Milly stared at him.

"For goodness sakes, is that you, Nathan?" she cried, but could get no farther.

"What's the matter with my reputation now, Milly?" he asked, as Ruth sprang to his side.

Mrs. Lingard had also risen to her feet in astonishment.

"Yes, Mrs. Woods," she cried sharply, "he is the man I saw on the train with her. Ask him what he colored his hair for. I thought then he looked familiar, but now I understand it perfectly. It was just a week ago today, too."

"What's this?" demanded Uncle Nathan; "what are you accusing me of?"

"She says," explained Ruth, clasping her hands through her uncle's arm, "that you took Mrs. Lodge in a carriage

to the depot, and then to Nashua to a hotel, and that you disguised yourself by coloring your hair."

"It's a lie!" shouted Uncle Nathan in wrath, "a dumb lie, and she knows it. What I had my hair colored for is my own business."

"And I suppose you will also deny being in the room next Doctor Lodge's office with her two weeks ago, with your arms around her and kissing her?" Mrs. Lingard asked scornfully.

Uncle Nathan glared at her. Had the world turned upside down? What a home-coming!

"I don't know what you are talking about," he managed to say at last, "but I do know I'd as soon think of kissin' an angel as the doctor's wife. You'll have to prove these things yet, young woman."

"If eyesight is anything, I can prove what I saw with my own eyes."

"You're a dumb liar!" shouted Uncle Nathan, "you're a dumb liar!"

"Very well," she said coolly, "I wouldn't wonder if the judge would believe me if Doctor Lodge wants to get a divorce."

The tears were streaming down Aunt Milly's cheeks as she took off her glasses to wipe her eyes, and here Mrs. Stokes interposed and with Ruth's help got Mrs. Lingard out of the house.

As the three went out into the hall, Uncle Nathan clasped Aunt Milly in his arms.

"Do you believe this of me?" he asked, his face tense with feeling.

"No, Nathan," she cried, kissing him fondly, "I would take your word against the whole world. But tell me, dear, what did you get all this black dye for?"

"I'll tell you all about it," said he, "and now I'll tell you just who I spent the first night in Nashua with."

"Who?"

"Philip Forrest!"

Here was his alibi. A blessed peace stole into Aunt Milly's heart. She had never doubted him, but now she would be able to defend him, and when Ruth returned, she found them in each other's arms.

"Oh, Auntie, the turnip is scorching," she cried. "I smell it!" and both rushed to the kitchen in time to rescue the dinner from destruction.

The table was soon spread, and while they were enjoying the succulent vegetables and beautifully white home-made bread, with a dessert of cake and pie, Uncle Nathan rehearsed his travels.

"When I started out I was goin' to the barber's, you remember, and as I set there, I see this dye advertised an' I thought as long as I was goin' to see my old friend, that was pretty well off, I'd get a little put on to kinder spruce me up, for I wanted to appear as good as I could. I never thought it would make such a change in me, and when I see what I'd done, I felt like a fellow that's been stealing sheep; and I vowed I wouldn't come back to Milly till some of the pesky stuff wore off. That's why I stayed a week. But, by thunder, if I'd known what a hornets' nest I was steppin' into I'd have stayed longer."

"Say, father, ain't the dinner good?" asked Aunt Milly softly, a smile beaming on him through her glasses.

"Best dinner I've had for an age," he responded, and the look of gladness on his face pointed the next remark, "Yes, Milly, there's no place like home."

That evening Ruth saw Philip Forrest, and told him of the scene Mrs. Lingard had produced. Philip assured her that her uncle did spend the night in his room, as he said, but he would not reveal the secret that he agreed, with Doctor Walton and John Creswell, to keep.

CHAPTER XII.

A DARK CLOUD.

Doctor Lodge called on Mrs. Lingard that afternoon and was received with the most bewildering grace. He sat upon the sofa and she sank gracefully down beside him.

"And how is my little patient today?" he asked.

"The same as usual," she answered, "but I have had such a shock that I feel quite unnerved."

"How is that?" he asked.

"Oh, doctor, I hardly dare tell you; it is such an awful thing."

"Something that concerns me?"

She nodded her pretty head, and gazed down at her lace handkerchief with which her hands were nervously playing.

"Well, what is it? Are our friends making remarks about us?"

"No, oh, no. I haven't heard a breath of that. But, oh, doctor!"

"You tempt my curiosity too far, Bessie."

"Doctor," she dropped the handkerchief and sat up, looking at him sharply, "do you love your wife very much?"

"As much as most men," he answered evasively.

"Would you think she was a bad woman?"

"No, certainly not."

"Would it hurt you very much if you found out she was not as good as you think?"

"What in the earth are you driving at?" he asked, getting nervous in spite of himself.

"Doctor, if you had good grounds for a divorce would you get one?"

She looked sweetly anxious, and he did not know what a raging torrent-surged through her breast.

"I might, if the cause was sufficient."

She shrugged a shoulder; the evasive answer did not satisfy her.

"Then, since it is bound to come out, I might as well tell you. I saw your wife taken in a man's arms and kissed. She did not resist in the least."

Doctor Lodge turned and looked at her with a frown, but she met his eyes unabashed.

"Where was this?"

"In your own home. It was two weeks ago. I went to see you about my medicine, and as I went in quietly they did not know I was there."

"Who was the man?"

"Nathan Woods."

The doctor's mouth contracted under his black mustache, but he gave no other sign.

"But that is not so bad as what I have yet to tell. You know where you were a week ago last night."

He nodded.

"Well, I was standing on the corner by the city hall waiting for a car to the depot, and a carriage stood beside me next the curbstone. The driver was lolling on the seat and I should have scarcely noticed him, but suddenly a woman thrust her head out of the window and looked around as if anxious for some one. That woman was your wife, Doctor Lodge!"

The doctor's face was a picture of mingled apprehension and misery.

"And in a moment, a man came out of the city hall building and sprang into the carriage, and they drove away. I took my car and got to the depot in time, and when I took my seat on the train, who should sit next in front of me but this same couple! They went to Nashua, so I followed them out of the car. I kept near them until they got a carriage there and heard the directions given, 'To the Blank House!'"

"But you never told me," he said. "If I had known I would have caught her."

“Why should I spoil your fun? Beside, I did not know who the man was. Today I have found him out. It was the same old villain, Nathan Woods, with his whiskers shaved off and hair and mustache dyed as black as your own.”

“My God!” he broke out with a groan, “can this thing be true? Bessie Lingard, you are lying!”

“No, I’m not. Why, you need not care. One would think you adored the woman. For my part I should think you would be rather glad to get rid of such a wife. It will furnish splendid grounds for a divorce, and you get yourself into no trouble.”

The doctor had risen and was pacing up and down the room, with his hands clenched together behind him. Mrs. Lingard stood looking at him.

“It was shameful in her,” she said. “Some women can never appreciate a man, but when they have a god for a husband, it does seem strange that they don’t see it.”

She stole softly to his side. “Poor boy!” she murmured, her voice sweet with sympathy, “don’t mind it so much! There are so many others that love you. O, Courtney, do I count for nothing?”

She pulled him back to the sofa and he bent his head in his hands.

“Never mind, never mind!”

But he could not endure her touch. He rose and went to the door. “This has upset me, and I must be alone. I will come again when I can talk with you,” and he left her there alone.

She threw herself on the sofa and sobbed as if her heart were breaking, for now she knew, as indeed she had always known, that hers was not the first place in the heart of the man she had called a god. Still she must strive, still watch for, and cultivate his love, uncertain of ever finding its fruition.

The doctor drove into the country, all unknowing where he went, until his tired steed, reaching a cross-road,

turned back of his own accord toward his home stable. Even then he could not think clearly, so he went directly to his room and refused supper and Lillian's kind offices. But instead of going to bed, he paced the room till nearly morning.

He could not bear to talk with Lillian next morning, and he left the house after forcing himself to swallow a cup of coffee. Hardly knowing where he went, he found himself at the depot, swinging aboard the first train out, which took him north. He paid his fare to the second station, and then left the train. The woods were all about him and he struck out for their shelter. They received him with welcoming arms, and in their shadows a little of the power to think clearer and to endure pain came back to him.

But he knew that Bessie Lingard's power over him was broken, and however his wife had sinned, his own shortcomings were far worse. And in his heart swept the tide that had never before been stirred to motion, his great love for his wife. And at night when he came home he was outwardly calm, and could talk and laugh even. The depths were stilled on the surface and he could watch and wait.

Lillian had spent a miserable day, for her sensitiveness told her that something was sadly wrong with her husband, but as he appeared so affable at the table, she hoped she was mistaken.

So the days passed, she waiting for the signs of his affection that never came; he watching for some clue to her armours with another man.

Mrs. Lingard had to send for him, or she would have never seen him again, and that interview was an exceedingly well managed affair. She repeated a great deal of made-up gossip, and in course of time stung deep into his professional pride. From inactivity to life, from life to action she brought him, until at last he was ready to promise anything.

He would not be considered a helpless benedict whose

wife could do as she liked and not suffer for it. Yes, he would get a divorce!

He went from Mrs. Lingard's straight to a lawyer, and laid his case before him, and the lawyer assured him there would be no difficulty whatever in obtaining the papers. He went home then, his face set and stern, determined to have it out with Lillian, but found she was ill with a headache and had gone to bed.

It was not the time to trouble her, so he sat down by his favorite table to think.

CHAPTER XIII.

DOCTOR WALTON TELLS A STORY.

In the home of the Woods, Ruth was talking earnestly with Philip Forrest.

"I met Mrs. Lingard today, Philip, and what do you suppose she said?"

"Nothing good," sniffed Philip, who could not endure Mrs. Lingard.

"She told me that Doctor Lodge is going to get a divorce from his wife, all on account of Uncle Nathan!"

"Phew!" whistled Philip, "you don't mean it?"

"You know I told you how she accused him of taking Mrs. Lodge to Nashua and of kissing her."

"Yes." Philip seemed to be thinking very deeply.

"Well, do you suppose there was another man that looked like him?" she asked.

"Um-er, there might have been," abstractedly.

"Might have been!" exclaimed Ruth. "There *must* have been, for, of course we all know it was not Uncle Nathan."

Philip knew not what to say, for he had not received liberty to tell what he knew from Doctor Walton.

"When did you say this was to come off?" he asked.

"She said the doctor went to a lawyer today."

“Does your uncle know anything about it yet?”

“Not a thing.”

“Don’t tell him, then, and I will see what I can do to help him. I will have to leave you now, if I am to do him any good.”

“Oh, go then, if you can help him. Poor Aunt Milly would feel so bad to have him in such trouble.”

Ruth helped him with his light coat and hat, and kissed him as he set out on his errand of deliverance.

He swung aboard a passing car and in fifteen minutes was knocking at the door of Doctor Walton’s study. John Creswell was already there with the doctor and Philip told them of the proceedings of Doctor Lodge.

As he ended, Doctor Walton rose. “We will go over and call on Doctor Lodge,” was all he said.

So the three started out, walking briskly through the cool evening air.

Dr. Lodge had been sitting brooding, thinking, and he welcomed his callers with a sigh of relief. After they were seated conversation commenced, and for a little while the time passed very pleasantly. They discussed the topics of the day, and Dr. Lodge told several anecdotes of well-known men he had met, and strange incidents of the times were spoken of.

“Speaking of strange cases,” said Dr. Walton, “I have just been through the strangest experience of my whole life. If it were not that these two friends of mine were with me I should doubt if it were not a dream.

“There is a certain doctor in this city who has a very fine wife. She is one of the purest of women and the only ‘out’ about her (if it is an ‘out’) is that she is a clairvoyant.

“There is also a man in the city who is also a clairvoyant and a very unwilling one at that. He is indignant at being controlled, and even sought a doctor for aid to resist the influences that fell upon him.

“It so happened that he came for advice to the very

doctor whose wife was a clairvoyant, and was scarcely seated in his office before he was put to sleep, or under control; and, at the same time, another power also controlled the doctor's wife, so that the two controlling influences talked together, but neither the *man* nor the doctor's wife knew anything about it.

"Then the *man* was taken home without knowing how he got there, hypnotized by unseen forces.

"But that was not all. A week ago the doctor was called out of town for the night, and the unseen forces took advantage of his absence to use his wife to assist them in a scheme of their own. The man had started on a visit to one of his old friends, and wishing to present himself at his best, he thought to make himself young again with a shave and some hair dye, little thinking that he was doing anything wrong.

"But, as he waited for his train at the depot, he was thrown under control and knew no more for several hours. The doctor's wife, also under control, met him and they went together to the city clerk's office, where the man secured a marriage license, not for himself and the lady, but for a couple that were buried forty years ago.

"Then they rode to the depot and took the train for Nashua and came straight to me at the Blank House, where I was stopping with these two friends."

"You say they obtained a marriage license under names of people who had died forty years ago?" questioned Dr. Lodge. "How could they do that?"

"Simply because there happened to be a Herman Stillwater and Annette Risley in the city directory of this year, and their residences nearly the same."

"I've never heard the names before," said Dr. Lodge. "It was a strange coincidence."

Then Creswell told how he had known them, and their sad history, ending with the expression of his belief that the two had wished so ardently to be united that they had worked in every way to accomplish their end.

"Yes," said Dr. Walton, taking up the thread of the conversation, "Herman controlled the unwilling *man* and Anita the doctor's wife, and they came to me to perform the marriage ceremony.

"You can imagine how astonished we all were, when we recognized them, but I said the words that united the two restless souls and bade them rise to a higher plane of happiness. Then Cresswell here escorted the doctor's wife safely home, reaching their destination before nine o'clock, but she was quite unconscious of her actions, and I doubt if she knows anything about it to this day.

"The man we kept with us and woke to consciousness, and the first words he said proved he knew nothing of what had happened."

Dr. Lodge had been listening carefully.

"It is a very strange thing, if it is true," he remarked.

"It is so true that we will all three take our oath on it," returned Cresswell.

"Many would say that it was a trumped-up story to shield a woman's name," said Dr. Lodge.

Dr. Walton smiled. "I understand that the lady's husband is about to take steps for a divorce, and that this is his evidence of his wife's unfaithfulness. I hope he will not, because we must bring to light the cause of spite in his chief witness, and the story wouldn't look well in print."

Dr. Lodge turned pale and his gaze fell before them.

"How much better it would be if the doctor would turn to his wife and cherish her, for I know she is dying slowly from his neglect," Doctor Walton went on. "There are sirens in this world that beckon men to rocks of ruin and despair. But there is nothing to compare with the love of a good wife. The unwilling *man* I have told you about has such a wife and he adores her. I shall do my best to shield her from evil."

"You say the man has a happy home?" faltered Dr. Lodge.

“He has,” replied Dr. Walton. “And if the doctor would break with the siren he, too, would find happiness. But soon, soon, alas, already she has tasted his blood! She means to turn him to herself and he will find such shallowness, selfishness and frivolity that will weary him of living.”

Dr. Walton rose and said cheerfully, “Well, boys, it’s getting late; we’ve forgotten to watch the clock.”

And in a general bustle of adieus they departed.

“Well, good-night, Doctor.”

“Good night! good night!” And as Dr. Lodge caught Dr. Walton’s hand he murmured, “I thank you. Good night.”

Dr. Lodge went back and turned out the lights; then he went to Lillian’s room and bent over her.

So she was not false, his own, his Lillian! And he dropped on his knees and great tears filled his eyes. What was he that he should dare to touch her hand. Repentance had come and not too late, for he resolved then and there to break all ties that could make his wife unhappy. He had sinned, yes, but that was passed. He would spend eternity in making amends.

Suddenly she stirred and awoke. No, not that, for although she sat up in bed she did not seem to be conscious of what she was doing.

“Dr. Lodge,” she said softly, “I am Anita, now the wife of Herman Stillwater. I want to tell you that I alone am to blame for your wife’s absence from home. I took her body as Herman did the body of Nathan Woods, so that we might accomplish our purpose of being made husband and wife. She never knew anything about it, and I returned her to her home unsullied. Your own acts on that same night would not bear investigation, but Lillian need not know that. She is only longing for your love.”

Then she lay down, and putting her hand under her rose-tinted cheek resumed her slumbers, and the doctor kissed her softly and left her to her dreaming.

In the morning his first act was to telephone to his lawyer. "Stop all divorce proceedings and send me your bill." Then he kissed his wife in a way that made her wonder, and went down-town.

In the afternoon at three he called on Mrs. Lingard. She received him gushingly, and at once proceeded to ask him about his divorce case.

"I've thrown it up," said the doctor.

"Thrown it up!" gasped Mrs. Lingard.

"Yes, Lillian went to Nashua to meet her aunt and returned home before nine o'clock the same evening."

"But she was with Mr. Woods!"

"No, that was her uncle," replied the doctor, smiling nonchalantly. "They look much alike."

"And it was her uncle I saw kissing her at your house, I suppose," she said bitterly.

"Yes," he replied cheerfully, "certainly it was."

"Dr. Lodge," she said, her eyes blazing as she stood before him, "I know better. For some unknown reason you are shielding a false, faithless woman. You care nothing for me. You have lured me on and now you want to cast me off."

Dr. Lodge took her hands in his and looked her steadily in the eyes. In a moment her head drooped and she became inert. Then he laid her back in a chair and said firmly:

"Mrs. Lingard, you no longer love Dr. Lodge. When you awake all liking for him will be gone. But neither will you hate him or his wife. They will pass out of your life and you will not care. You will forget that you ever cared for him, and will not feel inclined to run after him any more. Instead, you will turn to your husband and leave other men alone. Now, in ten minutes you will awaken and be glad that Dr. Lodge is gone."

He left then and went home to Lillian—Lillian, who was his own beloved wife.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

Let us let time fly by until three months usher in the glorious rosetime of June. In the little cottage of the Woods all is a subdued bustle of expectation. The rooms have been put in the best of order and decorated in every possible nook, corner and place with flowers. Aunt Milly's garden, though still beautiful with blossoms, has been called upon to furnish this splendor. But all about the cottage stand the rosebushes, and in the angles of the garden wall are other bushes also that give the other beautiful trusses of bloom. Great bunches of hydrangea and garden phlox are growing where the syringa is scarcely yet past its splendor.

For this is Ruth's wedding day, and the few invited friends were waiting for the wedding party to make its appearance. Uncle Nathan sat in a corner, too shy to come out, but his suit was new and elegant and his white hair fresh from the barber's hands. His whiskers had grown again and were trimmed neatly, but no dye disgraced them.

Aunt Milly, in a soft lavender silk gown, with some rich lace about her throat, looked as beautiful and sweet as some dear old picture of the masters. But her hands fluttered a little with the emotion that swayed her, for she was giving away her child into another's keeping.

Then they called them out to take their places in the wedding cortege. The organist took her place at the organ and the happy strains of the wedding march filled the house. The clergyman came in. It was the Rev. Dr. Walton, and as he took his place two flower girls entered, slight little maidens in white, with baskets of roses, and behind them two bridesmaids in light blue dresses, and then the bride on Uncle Nathan's arm. Aunt Milly and another bridesmaid and two more flower girls ended the train.

From a side room Philip Forrest and his groomsmen met his bride under an arch of roses, and there when they were arranged in their proper places, Uncle Nathan gave the bride away and they took the solemn obligations that bound them together for life.

There were congratulations on all sides, and the newly-married couple were given a thousand good wishes. A wedding feast followed and then they went away, to begin their new life with the honeymoon.

In the home of the Lingards a far different scene is transpiring. All the rooms are dismantled and bare and the furniture is bound in sacking. Everything is packed, ready for removal on the morrow.

Lingard stands by a chest of drawers, looking down on his wife, who is daintily perched upon a trunk.

"It's a good job," he says. "Do you think you will like it, Bess?"

She looks up and meets his anxious gaze with a swift smile.

"Oh, yes, Jack. I'm glad to go. Such a beautiful city and such a lovely salary as you'll have! Oh! I think we're just too lucky for anything!"

"I didn't know if you'd care to go alone in a new place with just me," he said, flushing. "I never was good enough for you."

"Why, Jack, dear Jack," she cried, springing up and putting her arms around his neck. "I'd be content with you on a desert island. Oh, don't speak like that again."

He folded her close to his heart and she whispered words that made him the happiest man in the world.

On the morrow they left the city for Boston Highlands, where Lingard had been offered a fine position, and Manchester knew them no more.

Dr. Lodge had passed out of her life and she had turned to her husband.

A year later Dr. Lodge is in his sitting-room and Lillian

sits by his side. Her face is pale and thin, but a sweet smile of happiness enhances its beauty. But instead of the table of books that formerly occupied the center of the room there stands a baby's bassinet, and its silks and lace and soft flannels are beyond description. The little coverlet is turned back waiting, for papa is holding his very wide-awake boy.

"How he can pull!" exclaims the doctor with a groan of anguish as he releases his mustache from the tiny fingers. "Here, try my hair, you young scamp."

"He is the very image of you," Lillian says, softly smoothing the rings of coal-black hair that cover the little head.

"And his eyes are copies of mamma's blue ones," the doctor remarks, turning his young hopeful to the light, at which he blinks like a little owl.

"The light is too strong," cries Lillian, dragging him away from the doctor. "Men never know how to take care of a baby."

But the doctor, though subdued, still hangs over the child. He makes him coo and smile in triumph, until Lillian says, "And this is the way you get a baby to sleep! As a failure it is certainly a great success!"

The doctor does not mind. He has them for his own desirable property, both mother and baby, and he is content.

It is Sabbath evening. Dr. Walton is to lecture before a large audience. John Creswell sits in the front row in the auditorium, and near him Philip and Ruth Forrest and Aunt Milly Woods. Uncle Nathan would not come, although he presented Dr. Walton with his promised suit of clothes for freeing him from his "bad spells." He is the same crisp, happy old man as ever, and he and Aunt Milly seem to grow happier every day.

Philip has a home near them, where Ruth presides in peace. But out on the tender rosy clouds in the west two beautiful wraiths are floating hand in hand through the bil-

lows of gold. They are Herman and Anita, returning from their errands of mercy and helpfulness to those whom they love. They have learned lessons of usefulness, and now they ascend farther and farther away from old earth up to the stars, up to the realms of light and glory, to the home of life and happiness, for they sorrow no more.

SOUL SERVICES.

DEDICATED TO THE UNDERSTANDING HEART.

WRITTEN BY ETTA U. SNOW.

WHAT THEN?

By E. U. S.

A year from this, and I, where shall I wander?
 Upon this earth with life endowed serene?
 A hundred years,—what then? What then, I wonder.
 I surely shall have quit this earthly scene.
 A thousand years! I must exist forever.
 Where shall I be a thousand years from this?
 A million years? And then a million after?
 What then? Who dares to search such mysteries?

I cannot stop! There is no end of living,
 I must go on and on and on for aye.
 Shall I partake of one prolonged thanksgiving,
 Or through more trouble find my dreary way?
 What can one do to spend the vast hereafter
 In the far heavens among the shining stars?
 Shall we hear music sweet and children's laughter?
 What lights will guide us past heaven's harbor bars?

Instead of one Eternal City shining,
 Shall we not find a home on every hand,
 And on each planet, rising or declining,
 Find always something new to understand?
 If the great universe could have an ending,
 Eternity might some day fade and die,
 But worlds on worlds, and new worlds making, mending,
 Sparkling in endless vistas round us lie.

'Midst stars we live, upon a star in heaven,
 A heaven of wondrous beauty and delight.
 And we shall know with senses freed and shriven,
 And see their wonders with a keener sight.
 Eternal Life! Ah! who can comprehend it?
 "Worlds without end! Amen, so let it be!"
 Swift and resistless, naught can change or end it,
 The ever-present "Now" for you and me.

Where were we in the past of voiceless ages?
 Were we developing this lower sphere?
 Have we just reached the world by easy stages?
 Must we progress throughout the future years?
 Then, like the angels we shall grow in spirit,
 From plane to plane and gain in strength and grace,
 And as we conquer, only on our merit
 May be allowed to take an angel's place.

And work divine may sometimes be permitted
 When we are wise and strong enough to do,
 With missions trusted when the soul is fitted,
 And so forever on to heavens new.
 I am so glad I have been poor and lowly,
 If by this chance I escaped the dross and strife,
 For souls bound down can progress make but slowly,
 Clogged by the cares that fetter human life.

I have not burdened nor oppressed a brother
 One penny of the world's vast wealth to gain;
 Not willingly would I e'er cause another
 An hour of sorrow, or a moment's pain.
 Yet oft I've let the fires of kindness smoulder
 That should have lit my neighbor's dreary road,
 Not always have I put a willing shoulder
 To help along the world's old heavy load.

But now, ah yes, I find my question answered,
 "Through coming years what will become of me?"
 Oh! freed from earthly cares, I shall, unhampered,
 Find time to grow to what I wish to be.
 And I shall find, among the countless millions
 Of other souls that wander free as air,
 Someone to help in Heaven's broad pavilions,
 Someone to comfort, some my love to share.

There are ever-ready souls, so dark and dreary,
 Who wander from earth's confines all forlorn,
 All ignorant of heaven, and worn and weary,
 They only sigh for rest, like babes new-born;
 And there are others fierce with heat of striving
 To gather gold where pelf is all unknown,
 And some, red-handed, cursing and deriding,
 Reaping the whirlwind in their earth-life sown.

And there are little ones whom angels carry,
 Too pure and frail for touch of hand of mine;
 While by the roadside others droop and tarry,
 That I could tell, perchance, of love divine.
 So may I fare along the way to Heaven,
 The shining road that leads from star to star;
 Till freed from sin, unfettered and forgiven,
 I find the blessed realms where angels are.

Rest for the weary, comfort, aid and blessing,
 Beginning here where earth-life shadows fall;
 A hundred million years are swift in passing,
 It always will be now for each and all.
 Let us not wait for Heaven till some vague future,
 Thinking that death its pearly gates will show.
 We make our lives filled up with bliss or torture.
 Put hell beneath you, but *make Heaven now!*

Live in the knowledge of the life immortal;
Drink in and give forth Love with every breath;
 Thus every day shall open Heaven's portal,
 And lift us from the realms of sin and death.
 We cannot stop, nor can we stop achieving,
 We must go on, and on, and on, and then,
 When millions, millions years we've passed in living,
 And millions more,—we'll just *begin again!*

 INVOCATION.

Infinite Spirit of Eternity!
 When we turn to thee we are awed
 And hushed by thy vast mysteries;
 We cry out to thee as babes crying in the night.
 Without the Light of Understanding
 We must stumble in the darkness;

Without the Beacon of Truth
 We cannot find our way.
 The past is an impenetrable mystery.
 But Thou, oh Eternal Love, hast granted
 Us revelations of the future.
 When we awake in thy likeness
 We shall be satisfied.
 Thou hast guided our footsteps, O Infinite Wisdom.
 Thou hast prepared us mansions
 Beyond the quiet slumbers of death.
 Help us to search for the truth,
 Help us to make ready for those years
 So strange and insupportable to human mind.
 Help us to think for ourselves and others,
 And may we be not frightened
 Or negligent of so important a thing as the future life.
 Let the dear ones who have gone before lead us gently on,
 And at last receive us to themselves,
 For where I go, said the Master,
 Ye know, and the way ye know,
 And if I go I will come again,
 And receive you unto myself, that
 Where I am there ye may be also.
 Be round us, help us to make Heaven now.
 And we shall be ready for the hour that shall lead us home,
 To the Realm of Everlasting Love. Amen.

“HOW SHALL WE SPEND ETERNITY?”

A dear old lady came to me one day and said in halting tones:

“They tell me you are quite an investigator, and that you are studying into future life. I don’t know much about such things, but I would like to know what you have found out.”

My sympathies responded to her at once. She had been ill and barely recovered, and I knew she looked with dread upon passing out of this life. While there was yet time I

prayed that she might learn of a future existence, so that when she was called upon to pass over the river she might go cheerfully and undisturbed by dismal forebodings.

“Do you believe in seeing spirits?” she asked. “And do you believe in the Bible?”

“My dear lady,” I said, “Clairvoyancy, or seeing persons or things as you call it, is only a result of our religion. A very small part of our theology—though a very convincing one, as one’s own experience is always evidence of its truth. And I can tell you that while some of our members undertake to prove our belief by different means, it is a thousand times easier to prove it line upon line and precept on precept by the inspired Script. If you believe the Bible is truly from God, you must perforce be a believer in our creed in short order.”

Her eyes opened wide at this statement, and so do all church people’s. But this is true. From lid to lid you will find spirit communion everywhere. God the Soul of the universe is spirit and in Him souls of angels, spirits of light and souls of men live, move and have their being. Minds individualized are particles of the One Infinite Mind, and when we comprehend this fact we shall be able to communicate with any other individuality, for all are collected in the Omnipresence of Spirit that we call God.

It all begins and ends with God. God is the Cloud of Life, and power and intelligence that holds all things. Life is everywhere present. Power holds everything in its control. Intelligence is shown in all forms and degrees of the creation. And God is the concentration of Life, Power and Knowledge; the Soul of the Universe. When Jesus came to earth and stood up before the people in the temple to teach them the doctrine of Omnipotence, He read from the Jewish Scriptures, but his interpretation of them was so different from their accepted doctrines that they crucified Him.

When in these late days we take up the Scriptures in a new revelation people jeer at us. And when He came to a

place where the old law of retribution clashed with the mandates of love, He dared to alter it to suit His own way of thinking. It has been said in old time, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth;" but I say unto you, "Love your enemies; do good unto them that despitefully use you and persecute you." Now we may not intend to make over the Bible, but we do insist on giving it right interpretations, and of raking up some of the dead leaves that priestcraft has scattered over its sublime stretches of verdant love and mercy.

Let us not condemn the Bible thoughtlessly. Let us admit that what is really history of its pages is true. Let us give the good full credit of its uplifting power. Let us make due allowance for the many translating mistakes, and let us not try to turn myth and legend into lies. Of these last let us remember that Jesus used parables to point a moral in many of His sermons and talks. We have no business to condemn the parables of the Old Testament, and hold them up to ridicule until we first analyze them. How often we hear, in a wholesale condemnation of the Bible, the stories of Job and Jonah held up as ridiculous proofs of the general unsoundness of the whole sacred writ.

But Job was the title of a very ingenious and intellectual prose poem, written by inspiration. Its fanciful story typified the sufferings of the people of Israel. If it had been attributed to other than Jewish literature, it might have taken its place with other writings of its kind, and found acceptance at the hands of literary people as an ancient and wonderful production. And if you will say the same of the book of Jonah, it will relieve us of a great deal of trouble of settling the objections of the Bible iconoclast. Jonah was the symbol of a sinning people, who got cast out from the ship of nations into the sea of adversity, and were carried into the darkness and bondage of the behemoth of foreign power; but were afterward thrown out upon dry land to regain their former state.

The visions of the Old Testament are numerous, and

sometimes one wonders if they can be anything more than heated imagination. But the men who saw them had reputations as prophets among the people of that day; and these gorgeous scenes of entrancement were not to be despised. Doubtless the ancient knowledge and faith in strange animals as gods cast their hydra-headed thought across the canvas of the seer in meanings we may not understand. The Egyptian gods were animals having men's bodies, and each district, whether the mountain, the vale or the desert, had its distinctive animal which was the most prominent of those found in each part of the country; it ruled as a god. And thus we read of visions of terrible beasts, with fearful heads and horns, which were, perhaps, suggested by Egyptian theology.

But, stranger than these shadows of the past, were their dreams of the future. One of the old prophets saw a flying machine and gave its measurement in actual cubits. So they reached out into a limitless past of strange and obsolete animal structure and forward into futurity to the very end of the world; yea, and farther, into a new world of light, where everything was made perfect and sorrow and sin and death were no more. And see how many times spirits and angels figure in the stories of the Old and New Testaments! And there were bad spirits that possessed or obsessed people, and these are severally dealt with. But the angels were angels of light, angels of the flaming sword, angels with vials of God's wrath against iniquity, angels going up and down Jacob's Ladder on errands of love, to bless and deliver and comfort the spirits of men. For men were angel spirits, too, encased in the flesh; and this is what John meant when he said, "The word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

Thus we come back again to our first statement. The soul of the universe and of man is God. Angel, spirit, or soul of man, all, all are component parts of the one great soul of the universe. So, tell me if this be true, can a man die? The Bible says: "If a man die shall he live again?"

No; if anything dies it cannot live again; that is the end of it. But man is immortal. He cannot die. He only passes a change, and since his soul is a part of God, it is imperishable. It is written: "The soul that sinneth shall die." What is the soul of sin? It is the knowledge of evil; and truly as the Eternal Good fills the universe with life and love, the knowledge of evil must become extinct. Evil is ignorance, and it shall die, crushed out by Understanding. What is Truth? It is the recognition of Spirit as the supreme force of the universe. It is the knowledge that man and God are one, because the life of man is spiritual rather than material.

This is the foundation stone of the structure, not built with hands, eternal and in the heavens. And as an outcome of this belief we have the golden rule, the unity of God and man and the universal brotherhood of man. All that is good and just and harmonious follow those who live in the spirit. The infinite wisdom holds all in its embrace. "If any of you ask wisdom," says the Apostle James, "let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like the wind of the sea, driven and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord."

Here is a lesson in mental metaphysics. We are to desire earnestly to know what is good and wait expectantly for the result, doubting not we are to receive it in good time. It will surely be revealed to us in one way or another and that *right soon*. I count that last expression, "right soon," the stamp of inspiration. It is a word you hear in the South very often, but less here, and seldom if ever used in my own conversation, but when I am writing I hear it often and it catches my fancy. It means so much. Right soon! In the *now!* The past is a memory, the future but a promise, but we always have the present. It is always now, and unless we make *now* the day of our salvation we shall never get it. People who live a whole lifetime hoping

to be better soon, or find time for enjoyment or happiness in some wished-for blissful future, never enjoy anything. Why? Enjoy things *now!* When something better comes along it will be now then, too. If you don't enjoy now, you never will. It is this quality of improving the present that makes Heaven for us here below.

Seers and clairvoyants do not make this great truth. Truth understood makes seers and clairvoyants. Yes, and teachers, preachers and healers, better and nobler men and women, and a higher state of society in general. Truth makes its demands and must obtain them before it distributes its rewards. Only the pure in heart see God. You will remember in Moses' time, when he performed his various demonstrations before Pharaoh, there arose a set of magicians who performed the same things he did. But when the first-born of Egypt were snatched from their homes, the sorcerers' power availed nothing. They could not stay the plagues; there was a limit to their mimicry. There was something wrong with them.

And there is something wrong about the man who calls himself an exponent of psychic truth, and lives an unholy life. He may be able to give tests and demonstrations, but when his character is taken into consideration he will damage the cause far more than he can possibly help it. The judgment bar of soul is in his own conscience, and he must answer for his sins until he forgives himself. There are a great many people in the world who are suffering for sins because they cannot or do not forgive themselves. If they would forget the past and begin again there would come peace and blessing. God does not decree suffering. For God is Love. Sin punishes itself like a child playing with fire, and Infinite Love stands ready with healing-balm for every wound. The doctrines we advocate are bold and convincing. "The sword of the spirit is two-edged, dividing asunder soul and flesh, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in God's sight, but all things are naked

and open unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do." What a promise of clairvoyancy and mind reading!

When we realize the truth that we are component parts of God, we shall be able to probe the very secrets of the universe. How do clairvoyants see spiritual things? By living not in the flesh but in the spirit. So near the heart of divinity that they feel its throbbings. The psychic or spiritual minded person has reached a state where he or she can discern finer vibrations than are noticed by the common ear and eye. Some are born to this condition, others attain it. It cannot be gained through a worldly education; money cannot buy it, close and loving devotion to its attainment is the best road to success. He who would be in tune with the infinite must first cast out all inharmony from his own life. Love must be the foundation stone, love must reach high enough for the lofty minarets to kiss the sky, and spread out to all mankind like the warm waves of sunlight lighting the whole broad earth.

The sordidness of human life clogs the ear and blinds the eye. You cannot hear the song of the birds if you go about beating a base drum. Neither will you hear the song of the angels while wrangling over worldly gain or fleeting honors. Yet, if you are at peace and harmony with yourself, no noise or confusion can keep you from communion of soul. Harmony is like air, it is all about us. Open the windows and doors of our minds and sweep out the old hates and errors and let in the health of a new-born day. Then we must recognize the fact that there are inner depths of our natures, higher harmonies to reach, and listen for them. To him that knocketh it shall be opened. He that seeketh findeth. We must expect our messages and visions and reach out for them as our rights.

ASPIRATION.

By E. U. S.

Oh, angel voices, speak!
 Where is the heaven I seek?
 Alas, I am so weak,

So blind, so lack force
 To follow in the course
 Up to the soul's great source.

So ignorant of life,
 So weary of earth's strife,
 With bitterness so rife.

The storm-torn clouds appall,
 But spite of human thrall
 I know *Love rules o'er all.*

I fain would rise to Thee,
 Beloved Trinity,
 Life, Love and Harmony!

I fain would do Thy will,
 And feel the touch and thrill
 Of sweet words, "Peace be still."

I would no longer roam;
 Oh, let God's angles come,
 And make my heart their home.

To teach and strengthen me,
 And lead me up to Thee,
 The Life-That-Is-to-Be.

With ever rising zeal
 Into the living real,
 Shall climb my soul's ideal.

Up, up the source to find,
 Life, Love and Power entwined.
 The one eternal mind.

To Life's great throbbing heart,
 To know myself a part,
 Oh, God of all Thou art!

GOD AND MAN.

What is God? This is the first question to consider, and of the greatest importance, because it is the very foundation of all truth. There was once a man who avowed before everybody that he did not believe in God. "Things just happened," was the way he viewed the creation. But one day as he was resting under a tree in his garden, his little daughter aroused him with a question:

"Papa, what is God?"

"Why, my child, there isn't any such thing."

"But, papa, I hear people talk about God. What do they mean?"

"They mean an imaginary person, they say lives up in the sky somewhere."

"But what does he do?"

"Well, they say he made Heaven and earth and all that belongs to them."

"Do many people believe it?"

"Yes, child. Almost every nation on the earth has some sort of a God. Even to the poor Indians."

Just then a bird perched in the tree over them and began to sing.

"Papa, if God didn't make that bird, where *did* it come from?"

"It was hatched from an egg."

"But another bird laid the egg. How did the first bird or egg begin?"

The father then explained the theory of evolution, how the earth was cast off a fragment from the sun and passed millions of years in embryotic growth; how life began in the water, as coral insects, gradually developing and evolving until the water and then the land were covered with animal life, and as the apes were more intelligent and open to advancement they began to dwell in caves and make fire

and cook their food. These cave dwellers came to be mound builders and star gazers. Then they were Indians and—”

But here the child impatiently stopped him.

“Yes, but, pa—you say the earth was thrown off from the sun. Who made the sun?”

“Ah, that was a fragment of some other bigger planet or sun, while that in turn was first a fragment. It was so many millions of years ago it is impossible to think of it.”

“Papa, what made it do so?”

“Oh, it just happened.”

“But, pa,—” fixing her eyes earnestly on his face, “what made it happen?”

Now she had got to the bottom rock, where each must dig in order to build sure foundations. Her father could not answer. He had imagined that he believed there was no God. But here he must acknowledge was a Power that made things happen, and he owned defeat in words like this:

“My child, although I don’t believe in a God up on a white throne in the clouds, I am obliged to admit that there is a higher power that knows more than we do, and that it probably created everything we see.”

“Well, then, papa,” she cried out, beaming with satisfaction, “that is your God. Oh! papa, tell me some more about it.”

We are obliged to admit, whatever creeds we follow or repudiate, that there is something beyond earthly knowledge that keeps the vast universe in motion and gives life and beauty to the tiniest insect. There is a knowledge that passeth our understanding.

There is a harmony that underlies
 All of true being. All small harmonies,
 As nature’s tones and tints, or what is read,
 But with the keen perceptions of the soul,
 Or shuts all discord out, or charms mankind,
 Of one great rythmic law are minor offsprings.

There is a law supreme, which propagates
 All other laws and forces. Its principles
 Seem only half revealed, 'tho' this we know,
 What Highest God decrees, that must be best,
 Though to oblivion doth it consign
 Man's sophistries, so they discord with it.
 And there is truth greater than any truths,
 A principle of which all truths are born,
 By which right rises tho' her banner falls,
 Supported through the calm, eternal years.
 No error can be true, man is unwise;
 Say then God-Wisdom is the Law of Truth.

Nature ever whispered of its creator, its preserver, its promulgator. Innocent childhood ever demands of wise men problems unanswerable. We know there is something to learn beyond our present earthly environments; something to comprehend in the finer shades of life, beyond or outside of this state of existence. We have no scale to measure the possibilities of the ideal world. We cannot express the heights of harmonious perfection, strength and greatness, but we call its controlling power—God.

The first things we learn about God will probably be lessons from His creations. Whence comes the life all about us in its varied forms and expression? Some call it Nature. Who made the Laws that Nature follows as constantly as daybreak follows the darkness of night? The same laws of life govern or express both tree and flower and mankind. Life is universal. One eternal law or power is ever expressing itself in its creations. Behind the physical lies the ideal, and the visible is the reflection of the unseen. It is a desire to understand these things that causes man to revere the spiritual and the ideal.

It causes him to raise a standard of Omnipotence, Omniscience and Omnipresence, which shall be great enough to express all of the grandeur of a supreme ruling power. None can limit God-presence, the great Principle, the Intelligence, the Soul of the Universe, which is ever present in all forms of its creations. Every thought of mind, ex-

pressed in any and every form of life throughout the universe is collected in the Omnipresence. The ever-present all-wisdom is thus brought forth—God the Supreme Mind and Life of the universe present in His created forms. Yet God is not in the things made, but they in God. As the Scriptures hath it, “In Him we live, move and have our being,” which would be rather impossible were He a personal being of limited parts. What says holy inspired writ of God?—“In the beginning was the word and the word was God.” “Then was the word made flesh and dwelt among us.”

To most people this means Jesus of Nazareth. To us it means all mankind, beginning with Adam, or, if you like, with the life that invested the coral insect with power of existence, and brought human beings to mature intelligence through long, dark stages of growth. Thus was God made flesh. We are also told that God is a *spirit*, which is correct, because God is the one enveloping Soul of everything; and also God is Love. God is Good. Throughout the Bible God is represented as being omniscient, omnipresent and omnipotent; in fact, omni or All. And, indeed, we should be loath to place anything less than these qualities upon the Supreme Throne of the universe. The Psalmist, the royal King David, thus expresses his thoughts: “What is man that Thou art mindful of him? And the son of man that Thou visitest him? Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels. Thou crownedest him with honor and power.”

In the progressive scale that has been followed by all humanity since earth began, man has reached an honorable and powerful station, but as angels have not yet developed to the general eye we must conclude there is yet a higher goal of existence, where Spiritual Intelligence shall triumph as it has already in the past; where the forms of earth life shall be beautified and etherialized, and the old earth-bonds be forgotten in the glories of a new existence. But the same force shall ever be the actuating power of all ex-

istence. Jesus of Nazareth said: "I and my Father are one. If any man hath seen me he hath seen my Father, God." He knew that his individuality was a part of the ever-present Soul of the universe. He thought it not robbery to be equal with God. His *I* was Soul; His *Me* was Life. And He said: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." That was because as Soul (He said), "*I* am the Light of the world." Then again, "I (Supreme Intelligence) am the Way, the Truth and the Life. No man cometh to the Father but by *me*." "Come unto me (Love) all ye that are weary." He traveled the way and taught others, even all of us, to come after Him.

He broke every established human belief of his times and proved that He could do pretty much as He pleased with His earthly expression or body. In the first part of St. John's gospel, which is pure inspiration, so far as garbled text can be, after being handed down to us through so many dense human agencies, we are told, "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not." It is true that we do not realize that we are a part of the power that made the universe. In another place it says: "He took upon Him the *form* of a servant and was made the likeness of men." This is what we all do. Clothe spirit with a form or likeness of *men*. We are thoughts made visible in that order of creation called mankind. Perhaps we clothed it in some other fashion in some other stage of our existence, but now we have assumed this likeness or state until some law of condition says we can hold it no longer. Then we shall find there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body, and as we exchange we shall find the spiritual is the ideal and not subject to death.

Sight, hearing and the other senses are powers of Soul instead of body, and this is proven by the death of the physical body. After mind has left its tenement there is no sensation in the remains. But that mind, imperishable and serene, rises on its unfolded wings to greater heights

than it ever dreamed in earth life. From our own inner consciences, from revelation and from meditation we draw opinions. The inner voice of man calling him ever to mount the heights of wisdom, the instinct of the animal to seek its own preservation, the striving of growth in vegetable life,—all are different phases of divine Intelligence. And this is so evident we must needs accept it as true. Eternal Intelligence places the stars in their orbits and sways the planets in their race about the sun. No earthly or limited wisdom could have devised the mighty sciences or invented the entrancing harmonies of music. What we must learn here is only a jot to the glories of the basic knowledge that has existed always and can never die out. Whence came this stock of wisdom if not from Omniscience itself? Then, since there is such an unlimited source of Light which is to light our pathway, we understand what the Nazarene meant when he said, "I am the Light that shineth in the darkness." The *I* again was omniscience. It is very evident that the Master considered himself a part of Omniscience.

"I and the Father are one," said Jesus. He rose to the knowledge that every man is a wave of the divine intelligence and claimed His rights as an equal. Then the realms of Heaven and all spiritual things were opened to Him, and he was clothed with wisdom and love. Omniscience is more than intelligence. It is invincible truth and infinite Love. In it dwells justice and mercy. The wages of sin are dealt out by eternal Wisdom, and sin, not the sinner, finds destruction. Mercy extends its helping hand to ignorance, and the scales of sin fall off his eyes forever. There can be no ignorance in the presence of all knowledge, and he that hath understanding hath no desire to sin.

It looks as if one might say Life were laid in strata, so to speak. From the very beginning of earth humanity and animality have grown upward by stages. Antedeluvian man, though little known, has left no record of a really civilized existence. The crudest records only were kept,

but we are very, very much farther advanced than anything we know about upon the earth. But each stage of progress also has its ladder to climb. From the total lack of earthly wisdom at birth, man begins his way toward heaven. As fast as his understanding and outward circumstances permit he passes onward and upward toward the great goal of eternal happiness. Often he is held back by the ignorance of others. Clouds of worldly pleasures and passions lengthen the term of his passing through the preparatory states, but at length he sees there is something to gain and he struggles toward the light. Not always on this side of earth life is this knowledge obtained; in the great Beyond he goes on and on toward perfection. He learns that Wisdom is Love, and he gives up all for the great reward. No more sin for him, because it stops him on his way. But the work of love helps him mount the heavenly ether on wings of radiant joy. Think of the infinite number of soul identities ever climbing up the heights of eternal wisdom. Think of those myriads beyond the veil who have pierced the mysteries of divine love, and are still rising to spiritual mounts on the white angelic pinions of glad understanding. Oh! never can man be ignorant or sinful when he has found that the Father Omniscient of Soul and he are one; that he is a thought, a beam of the great Intelligence of the universe.

Why, then, shall he not understand and commune with *soul life* wherever he may list? Life is eternal. The omnipresent is ever the omniscient. Mind knows everything. One wave of mind flows in touch with others and knowledge becomes the general property of all. Omniscience is Perception. Sight, hearing and all the senses belong to Soul, but perception is a combination of them all. Waves of universal mind compose the Over-Soul, and what one perceives may be perceived by all. Nothing is hidden that may not be made known. No place in Space but is permeated by life in some form or other. No place but gives up its iota of knowledge to the general store, because God

is all existence, and God is in all and through all even forevermore. Life is eternal and no identity of soul can ever be lost or die. Divine Omniscience is no person, no man-like God, but 'tis the great omnipresent pervading life and principle of the universe. There is no corner so small that God, Life, Intelligence, Soul, doth not fill it and thrill it with the Eternal Omnipotence.

How nicely all parts of the visible universe are ordained. The changes are rung in and out by laws eternal and in the heavens. These laws always existed and always will exist. They are the perfection of harmony. It is only as man makes laws for himself while here for a little moment of time that strife and sorrow and suffering have ensued. This does not affect the eternal arrangements, for man cannot even stop the chariot that carries him on his planetary course among the stars. It is only man that suffers and that not for long. Soon he learns that life is eternal and death only a new birth. Shall we be ignorant, then, when we can call to our assistance philosophers, sages and prophets, and sit learning at the feet of an eternal past? Nay, he only is ignorant who knows not how to say, "I and the Father are one."

Let the discouraged ones take courage. It may seem to you that the oppressions of life are more than you can bear. The rich clutch at golden apples, and trample poor sufferers under their regardless feet. You find hardships of all kinds awaiting you. But remember the fact, "I and the Father are one." These pushing crowds that overwhelm and crush each other have not learned that lesson. You stand just where you do for some allwise purpose. Perhaps you have a duty to do that will never let you go on in progression until it is performed. Or, it may be that your own sins have stranded you just where you are. In that case you must expiate your sentence before you can advance.

Work for others, then, and let your lights shine in loving acts and gentle deeds, for these alone are the passports to

happiness. This is forgiveness. No one can turn you back if your face is set like a flint Zionward. He that cometh to *me*, eternal Love proclaims, I will in nowise cast out. Nothing can wrest you out of the hand of Divine Good. When sorrow for wrongdoing has led us to make every reparation in our power, and we forgive ourselves, we shall go on. We are our own judge and jury; the good in every soul condemns its evil. A true nobility of spirit is always humble, and this is the humility that fears to stain the princely robes of purity and happiness with the mud of ignorance and sin. Soul, rise up in thy greatness! Proclaim unto thyself thy royalty. Assert thy power, conquer thine own self. No fears for thy future. Only the joys of reunion, the enlarged opportunity, the bliss of Eternal Life!

The angels about us, appointed by Divine Love, are watching over us, ready to comfort, encourage and applaud our efforts. Have you a mother over there? Be sure she loves and watches over her child as anxiously as ever. Your father is eager to help you. All the dear ones are bright in that eternal light. They would speak to you if they could. You don't know how to speak to them or with them, perhaps, but be sure they are with you just the same. Jesus came back to His disciples. He appeared and disappeared and was transfigured. Angels came to Him and comforted Him. Moses and Elijah came and communed with Him from the deathless past, and many arose from their graves on the day He was consigned to the tomb. Angels appeared at different times to the apostles. They released them from prison. Bolts and bars were withdrawn and the glorious visitor took the humble disciples by the hand and led them forth to liberty. Well might the jailor and his family fall upon their knees in fear and trembling. So our angels may come to us, beautiful spirit guides that would lead us to liberty and happiness. Let us not shut them out by unbelief or wicked deeds or unloving thoughts, for as our lives become loving and tender we shall

grow to be in harmony with them, and the time will come when we may hear them, and, perhaps, get a glimpse of them in their brightness.

. So, then, we build Truth's temple upon the foundations of the universe, God. Here it is in a nutshell: "Then was the word made flesh and dwelt among us." God and man dwelling together; Father and Son, soul and body, spirit and flesh. The invisible Visibility. God over all, in all, and through all. What a limitless subject! What a new song of redemption! What a new Heaven and earth! Tongue of man may not tell it, for time is too short. Only Eternity hath time for the rejoicings of the Royal Family of Soul. "Now are we kings and priests unto God, but it doth not yet appear what we shall be." And when the time shall come that the dead shall be raised by the knowledge that they never died, we shall put on incorruption, the mortal shall put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying, Death is swallowed up in victory. Oh! death, where is thy sting? Oh! grave, where is thy victory?

What, then, will rich men do with their gold, wrung from their poorer brethren? When they leave this earth life, who will barter with them for their piled-up wealth? Let us turn our face to knowledge, for it is more precious than rubies. Yea, than fine gold.

Oh! when the universal brotherhood of man is understood, and the breaking of that day tinges the morning sky, this state of society shall cease. When the princehood of soul is discovered, men will stop running after a golden god. When the sceptre of infinite wisdom is grasped by the human understanding, all things will come, not by wealth but by knowledge. When the death veil is rent and we see each other face to face, we shall find the nobler goal of life is not wealth but wisdom. Those are the days when the ignorant shall cry for the rocks and mountains to fall on them and hide them from the face of him who cometh from the clouds that envelope heaven. For the trumpet

of this all wisdom shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible. Nothing can die, for God created it.

This is the truth that shall make you free. The Father and I are one.

What use, think you, have the poets, the sages, the prophets, yea, all the angel host, for even one little nickel five-cent piece? How they mount the height of wisdom, passing ever on errands of love and mercy, sweeping from star to star, singing a new song of swelling triumph, setting the very sun envious of their brightness and glory! But all the use they have for gold is for paving stones!

It was no rich man who came to be called the Christ. He was a poor carpenter's son, so needy that he sent his companions to catch a fish to pay their taxes.

But he gained the key to all that is worth having and expressed it in the immortal sentence, "The Father and I are one." No man who is hampered with the thoughts of money-making has time to realize this sonship with God. Well did John Bunyan draw the picture of the rich man whose energy was concentrated in raking the straws of muck together in order to save his cent's worth and unable to see the golden crown that hung above his head. Oh, but that picture has its promise as well as reproof. The crown is there waiting for us all, no matter what calls our attention or keeps us from its eternal happiness; we shall see it sometime,—we must, because the soul must rise eventually. Being a part of God it cannot be forever blinded to its own greatness. What a power is the Over Soul; an omnipotent God is the only ruler we could worship. Do we ever think of the power of soul? The laws of all being are centered in the infinite intelligence. The laws of nature are written in the tables of stone and on the sands of the seashore, "Thus far and no farther!" by the hand of a divine wisdom. The third attribute of God is perhaps the least understood of all omnipotence. To be everywhere present, all wise, and then to wield all power.

Power is what all mankind wants, but the man who has

a full conception of his own power is not always wise in its use.

In olden times men held slaves; they were powerful enough to hold a whole race in subjugation.

But one man, with a higher conception of power, was stronger than they all. Abraham Lincoln's pen, tracing his name on the proclamation of emancipation, was dipped in spiritual ink. He was the agent of Divine Omnipotence, the expression of the Law of Love. Had the president faltered or been less endued with power from on high, we might have had black slaves today instead of white. Oh, grant us, Divine Omnipotence, another Lincoln. But more, we plead for whole armies that can say, "The Father and I are one."

What men need today is a realization of their soul rights; of the dignity and nobility that lies dormant in every human breast.

We need to know that we are parts of God, thoughts of the eternal mind made manifest. Then shall we gain the strength to control the affairs of every-day life to the honor and glory of God.

Now is society in a state of ferment. Nation plots against nation; sin reigns; ignorance and folly run a race in our most splendid cities; few are seeking to help make the world better. But this is not the end. There cometh a time when the lion and lamb shall lie down together and a little child clothed in its dignity of birthright shall lead them. Even the children shall learn to say, "I and the Father are one."

The way to the millennium is a thorny, narrow road, but each must travel it for himself. Each must carry his own burdens and lay the axe of good deeds at the foot of the tree of evil, clearing the way, and letting in the light into the chaotic forest of his understanding. Then shall he progress onward and upward to eternal happiness.

Would you like to go to heaven on flowery beds of ease, or would you like to do a nobler work of helping others to

get there? But I say unto you, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good unto them that despitefully use you," reads the guide board that the Master erected to point the way. There is the power that comes from on high controlling our passions so that we change hatred to pity and love.

The uplifting forces of nature that urge the upward growth of tree and flower also uplift the human nature of man. The intellectual side of humanity has increased in power in the last century at an enormous rate. Yet it is not strange when we remember that all knowledge is in eternal existence, and as fast as mentality developed in man it flowed in generous streams of revelation. Edison and his compeers have only drawn from an inexhaustible stock of omniscience. There are wonders on wonders waiting to be revealed. Long years before Verne predicted the flying machine and the submarine boat. Bellamy looks forward and foretells a glorious future, when men, yes, and women too, shall be equal. Flammarion, the greatest and most popular of French scientists and astronomers, gets away from earth and pictures us as ethereal creatures in the next plane of being.

Are these things discoveries or revelations? Revelations! Yes, glorious revelations from all powerful sources of wisdom. And with the great minds over there on the spirit side of life, combining with us to unlock the hidden stores of wisdom, shall we not gain greater and more important light along our earthly pathway?

God is the Over-Power, the Ever-Presence and the All-Wisdom, and man is his visible thought. The universe is his handiwork, instinct with his creative and promulgative life. And God is love. And here we rest in his love, his strength, his life. Angels flit about us with the beautiful flowers from the gardens of affection. They sing us sweet melodies of love that waft us toward our heavenly homes. They cheer and encourage us to strive for the eternal bliss which lies beyond but not out of our reach.

Gods' presence is love, love is God's presence. So, live in love, and claim your rights as Jesus did, crying often every day, "The Father and I are one."

BENEDICTION.

May the sense of sonship sink deep into every heart, and dwell there forevermore. May we reign with Christ through the long eternal ages. Amen.

THE VICTIM OF A FIEND.

A STUDY IN HYPNOTISM.

"Oh, how lovely!"

"Isn't it sweet!"

"Too elegant for anything!"

The group of young ladies were examining a ring on Regia Russell's fair, white hand, and Regia blushingly admitted that it was a present from Mr. Wayne.

"You are engaged then?" they chorused, and the girl bowed her head with a smile of ineffable sweetness creeping across the rose-red lips.

It was a gay party of young ladies and gentlemen that had taken that Wednesday evening to visit the Russell farm, and now they congratulated their friend upon her happiness. Even as she listened to them, Regia's thoughts flew swiftly back to the past, and she heard again Carl Wayne's beloved voice whispering vows of eternal constancy to her as they roamed over the fields and through the dim, sweet-scented woods.

It had been a very pastoral of a wooing, though Regia was no country maid.

This was only her mother's summer home, the winters being spent in Boston, where they mingled in the "dear four-hundred circle."

How glad she was that Mr. Wayne had chosen to spend

his summer vacation at the nearest hotel, though to be sure they spent most of the time golfing, playing tennis, or rambling about together. Ah, those happy hours with the dearest of lovers!

Her Carl! She was so proud of him!

Here her musings were broken up by the opening of the door.

Her mother entered, followed by a man, dark, tall, angular, but singularly graceful in movements.

"My dear," said Mrs. Russell, as she led him to Regia, "this is an old friend of your father's, who has very kindly remembered us on his return from the South. Doctor Grattan, this is my daughter, Regia. You remember her as a child perhaps?"

"I do," returned the gentleman, "a beautiful, golden-haired infant just toddling about the house. But she will hardly remember me."

Regia bowed and then shook her shining head till it caught the glints of light and held them in her hair's bright meshes, for Regia's hair was still full of its baby gold. She did not remember the doctor in the least, but somehow he made her feel uncomfortable.

Gregory Grattan might have been fifty or five hundred. He looked as if he might always have existed. He had a tall, gaunt form, a dusky face, covered with long, wavy black hair, and lighted by deep-set eyes that burned like stars in their cavernous sockets, but an air of impenetrable mystery hung about him. He accepted the proffered chair and sat silently watching the young people, scarcely taking his eyes from the beautiful daughter of his old-time friend. They soon withdrew to the music-room, which had a polished floor, and while one of the number played, the others waltzed in keen enjoyment.

"We always have such lovely times when we come to see Regia," one young girl was saying, when suddenly something snapped in the piano and the music stopped.

Three strings had given way and it was impossible to

play without them. The dancers looked despondent, but just then Mrs. Russell appeared in the doorway and invited them all to lunch with her immediately, on cake and fruit.

In the dining hall Grattan sat next to Regia, but was not very communicative, though he forestalled her wishes, assisting her by every means in his power.

"I have not been here long enough to get accustomed to your ways," he was saying, half apologetically. "The South is very different."

"I suppose so," she replied. "Have you many patients at home?"

He frowned a little as if it were an unwelcome question.

"Not many," he said, and then lapsed into silence.

The fun rose quickly.

"We must call for speeches!" cried out a pert girl. "Regia's engagement must be celebrated."

Toasts were laughingly proposed, but not much but nonsense was to be found in the responses. Jollity was the order of the evening.

At length the subject of hypnotism was broached, and the young people proceeded to express their unbelief in its magic qualities, when, to their great astonishment, Grattan took up its defense.

"Do not interfere with things you know nothing about," he said. "I can prove the power of hypnotism to any of you, even the most unbelieving. I will engage to put any of you to sleep in five minutes if you will allow me to try."

A silence fell on them, for none of them liked the man; but Regia cried out scornfully,

"You can try it on me! I defy your power!"

She had taken a sudden dislike to him. It dawned upon her quick perception that his title of doctor was only significant of his mental abilities as mesmerist; and she found his atmosphere detestable. And she was right. With his power of mind he had coined money from the masses and

so great was his fame he was called the "Wizard of the South."

It was a meeting of minds Grattan saw, and his wild eyes lighted up for an instant with a gleam like that of a spark dropping from a smouldering fire, and a sinister smile crossed his dark face.

In that moment he told himself,

"She is mine! What care I what stands between!"

"Come!" cried Regia, "let us go into the drawing room, and I will prove that hypnotism is a fraud!"

They trooped in laughing, and Regia took a chair in the center. Grattan stood before her, a strange look on his gloomy face, an excitement, a gathering strength, and a passionate tenderness as he gazed at her.

"Well," he asked gently, "do you dare look me straight in the eye and measure your power with mine?"

"Certainly I do," Regia replied boldly; but, even as she spoke, a thrill of dismay crept over her; something warned her that in his hands lay the power to blight her whole life.

Still she would not retreat. She was proud and accustomed to having her own way. She would defy him now and always.

They gazed at each other, victim and charmer, for a steady minute, then Regia's head began to sink back against the cushions and in another instant she was fast asleep.

Hypnotism had conquered and she was under Gregory Grattan's control.

He stooped and whispered swift, decisive words in her shell-like ear; and then asked the company to try and waken her.

Carl Wayne, who had just arrived, sprang to her side and spoke, a keen pain quivering through his voice.

"Regia, Regia, wake up! Don't you know Carl?"

But the girl never stirred. Others spoke to her, but she was thoroughly unconscious.

Then Grattan motioned them all back.

"I will waken her," he said.

Once more he whispered in her ear, and then cried out sharply,

“Awake! Awake!”

Regia slowly opened her eyes and as she came to her senses he stepped back and turning to the rest of the young people, asked,

“Do you still doubt?”

But the faces about him wore a disapproving frown; Carl Wayne eyed him savagely; and Doctor Grattan bowed and retired from the scene, and soon after left the room.

Regia talked but little.

“I shall have to admit that my mind was not so strong as his,” she said. “That is nothing after all!”

She had dreamed nothing; a hypnotic sleep was a blank so far as she knew. That was all they could wrest from her. But when they were all gone but Carl, she confessed her mistake.

“I’m afraid of him,” she told Carl. “Why did I ever give him the chance?”

“Never mind, my own,” Carl murmured soothingly, “I will take care that no harm comes of it.”

What could they know of future evils, sitting together whispering in soft tones about their coming happiness? Nothing warned them of the blow about to fall on their unfortunate heads.

Instead of taking his departure next morning, as Regia hoped, Doctor Grattan announced his intention of remaining in town for some time longer, but, as he said, he felt rather in the way of the bridal preparations, he proposed to remove his traps to a hotel.

Mrs. Russell protested as in duty bound, but both mother and daughter felt relieved when they saw the last of his things disappear in the distance in the hotel-carriage driver’s charge. But if they thought to be rid of him they soon found out their mistake, for the doctor called daily, lounged away the afternoon and evening on the piazza, or

in the drawing room, until Regia was almost distracted with his oppressive presence.

She determined not to stay in his company a moment, but circumstances were always against her; and sometimes Carl Wayne was constrained to hint that three made a crowd.

One day when she was alone with him, he came to her divan and sat down beside her.

"Regia, I have something to say to you," he murmured. His low tones thrilled with a powerful passion that grew stronger as he proceeded.

"Regia, I love you! I want you for my wife. Do not tell me you are engaged. I care nothing for that. You are mine and I know that I am able to take my own. But Regia, I want your love, your tenderness."

Regia had risen; her face grew hard and scornful.

"You insult me," she exclaimed haughtily. "Knowing that I am soon to be married, you have no right to speak thus to me."

"What is your engagement to me?" he cried. "It counts less than nothing. He is a man. I am—perhaps, a devil. I warn you. Do not anger me, for, beautiful as you are, I am your master. I love you with a passionate madness over which death itself has no control! What has Carl Wayne to offer you in comparison to that?"

"I will not hear you," Regia said coldly, but with a wild fear tugging at her heart.

"I will leave you to recover from your madness."

She crossed the room to leave by the hall door, but as she laid her hand on the knob, she found herself powerless to take another step. All power of motion had left her. His magnetism held her riveted to the spot. His dark eyes lighted up with a triumphant smile.

"Ah! you defy me, love," he said, "but let my warning be not in vain."

And ere she could frame an answer, he waved his hand and disappeared as suddenly as if he had been swallowed up

in oblivion. She gazed a moment at the place in which he had been standing, and then, with a wild cry of fear, she turned and fled to the quiet refuge of her own room.

Then she understood that he had hypnotized her again, and his disappearance was only a trick of mental impression; but she was afraid of him. He held her in a terrible power that she knew not how to break.

But Regia was proud. She told no one of her strange experience and putting on a bold face, she went on with life as before.

A week rolled round and the whole house was plunged into preparations for the wedding, for they had decided to celebrate it in the country home, where the flower of their happiness had sprung up and blossomed.

So there was dressmaking in evidence in almost every room. The seamstress wanted some matched silks for her work, and Regia started out on her bicycle to get them for her. She wheeled blithely along through the sweet late summer morning, glancing at the delightful scenery and listening to the songs of the birds, when suddenly a shadow fell across the road, and her pulses stood still with terror as Gregory Grattan stepped forward, completely obstructing her path. She descended from her wheel and stood before him speechless.

"Ah, ha! You remember, then?" he observed, watching her as a serpent watches his prey.

"Are you ready with an answer now, or must I produce more proofs of my power?"

His coolness maddened her.

"I cannot pretend to understand you," she began indignantly, but he stopped her.

"I will make it plainer, then," he responded. "I want you. You are mine already. I could take you this moment if I wished; but I choose that you shall love me first. I know the madness of loving you, and I choose to be loved with the same ardor. Give up and marry me, girl! or I must take you to a realm where the wedding ceremony is

not performed after the earthly fashion. Will you force me to further measures?"

He held out his arms appealingly, as if he would give her a last chance to make peace with him.

But Regia, scornful and repellent, answered,

"You are mad! Your threats cannot frighten me. Your style of wooing seems rather peculiar for such a devoted lover. It would take a lifetime to win a woman's love by force."

"Perhaps I am mad," he interrupted. "But you will yet succumb to my treatment, and in the meantime I shall take care not to harm you."

"Then stand out of my path, sir," she commanded haughtily.

"Let me pass."

He stepped aside, but again his power kept her chained to the spot.

He moved towards the woods and Regia found herself involuntarily following.

"Why follow me?" he queried sarcastically. "Am I, then, of so much more importance than Carl Wayne?"

"I hate you! I despise you!" she stormed, furious at the mental chain that bound her. "Why do you take the trouble to torment me thus?"

He laughed maliciously.

"Because I love you," he replied, still moving through the woods and leading her after him by his irresistible will, though whether they walked upon the ground or floated through the air, Regia could never tell.

"Because I love you," he resumed, "and I would convince you that it is of little use to struggle against me. Have I not told you that you are mine? You will never become the bride of another."

They had reached the borders of a small, black pool, lying in a murky hollow, and shaded by solemn, silent trees.

All its surroundings were ghost-like, dark and still, a fit place for frightful thoughts and uncanny deeds. Regia

shivered as she stood there, completely at the mercy of this mad man, and she wondered vaguely if he would murder her and fling her body into the slimy waters at her feet. Fear conquered her anger for a moment.

“Let me go!” she begged, clasping her hands together in earnest pleading. “If you love me, I entreat you to leave me.”

Her beauty and helplessness seemed to move him to passionate admiration, and he made a movement as if to clasp her in his arms. Regia recoiled as if a serpent had suddenly sprung at her, and regaining his composure, he replied, “I will leave you, but you will not soon forget your warning.”

He seized her hand and dragged the horrified girl after him. They walked upon rather than through the pool, and when about a rod from the shore, Regia felt herself slowly sinking beneath the surface. He dragged her down with him, and the cold water crept higher and higher about her paralyzed form. Now it arose above her shoulders and crept into her ears. She could not breathe. She was enveloped in its horrible slimy grasp.

No, she was standing on the shore. What was that she could see going down beneath the ripples? A body of a young girl gasping and struggling for life. It was herself, drowning!

The waters closed over her, the ripples vanished, leaving even the green slime that covered the spot quite unbroken as before.

Astonishment and terror overcame the frightened girl and she fell to the ground in a dead faint. When she awoke she was lying by the roadside, where she had stepped off her bicycle and there was the wheel reposing on the grass by her side. She grasped the handle-bars to make sure it was no part of her dream, for Regia knew the whole was a picture of fancy called up by Grattan. She mounted her wheel and tried to think, but her head

swam giddily, and she was obliged to walk for fear of falling off.

However, Regia still kept the secret. Her pride would not let her confide in any one. The wedding day was so near. Surely, he would not dare to molest her again. After she was married she would tell Carl all, and claim a husband's protection.

The time passed rapidly; the cards were issued, and the wedding preparations completed; but Doctor Grattan was nowhere to be found. He had gone without taking leave of any one, and the place knew him no more.

Regia found this to be a welcome relief and her spirits rose to happy heights accordingly. Alas! that she never suspected that this was only the calm before the storm.

The wedding day dawned brightly. Everything was in readiness; but before she should don her bridal robes, Regia must go out into the garden to gather some late white roses for her hair.

She lingered over them fondly, and the sweet odors rose like incense on the balmy air. Her heart bounded with happiness, and she softly whispered her joy to the dainty flowers.

Short-lived felicity!

A voice beside her that she had learned both to fear and hate made her raise her head in alarm. Gregory Grattan spoke but one word,

"Come."

He beckoned her, and powerless under his will, she followed. Over hill and moor and forest they fled. Like Milton's Stygian council once dissolved,

Through many a dark and dreary vale
They passed, and many a region dolorous;
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp;
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens and shades of death.

Nothing impeded him, and his companion was forced to follow wherever he chose to lead. A hundred or a million miles were the same to them, and a day or a year might have passed ere he reached his destination.

A many-towered citadel rose from a lofty mountain summit amid barren rocks and patches of snow, enveloped in fog and darkness; and here he paused.

The massive iron door swung noiselessly open before him and closed as silently after they had passed the threshold of the dimly-lighted hall. The feeble glimmer but half revealed the rich masonry of the interior, as they passed under lofty arches frescoed with strange designs, showing faintly through the shadows.

Then Doctor Grattan opened a door from which a flight of stone steps led down into total darkness.

"Go!" he commanded, pointing to the stairs, and the trembling Regia had no choice but to obey. Down into the darkness she plunged; down, down, for hours, over a stairway that might have led into the bottomless pit itself.

Then that wild influence that guided her led her along a narrow corridor to a cell whose door stood half open as if to receive her, and here she entered and sank, wholly exhausted, upon a straw pallet that lay in one corner.

The faint light that pervaded the apartment revealed only stone walls and iron bars, a prisoner's chain and weight, the meagre pallet, and a rickety stool. But those gloomy walls were more silent than the grave.

As a matter of fact, she had been placed in a closed carriage, transported to a house some ten miles distant, where she was undressed by a deaf old lady, and put into a dainty bed in a neat chamber. Then the good motherly woman locked her in, with the impression that she was one of Doctor Grattan's insane patients, who was to stop there for treatment for a few days, and after to be taken to a lunatic asylum. Regia's ravings strengthened this idea. And, as Mrs. White never went out, she failed to hear of the hue and cry raised over the girl's disappearance.

Doctor Grattan waited several weeks and then taking Regia in a closed carriage, he drove by slow stages to his luxurious home in the South. And when they stopped at small hostelries along the way, the girl passed as his de-

mented sister, traveling for her health. Thus he was enabled to hide her from public gaze, and distance or out-wit pursuers.

Regia was so completely in his power that it seemed as if his will moved her to every act, without being the least conscious of what she did. For he kept her imagination busy with the terrors of her subjugation, so that she did not realize the passing events at all.

Before they began the journey she believed herself in the lonely cell; and as it went on, her fancies kept pace with the road she was traveling.

In that awful silence of her prison, she woke the echoes with her wild cries of grief and terror. Her agony maddened her and her insane ravings rang through the empty corridors like the knells of death. Loudly she cursed her enemy, calling down all the terrors of her wild imagination on his head, until fairly worn out by the force of her own struggles.

“Alone, alone!” rose her moaning cry, but no one visited the lonely cell.

She had no recollection of taking food and required nothing, for that force that led her thither seemed to sustain her dormant life; and so long did this imprisonment continue that the intensity of her sorrow spent itself, and left her spiritless and sullen.

Oh, that golden day that was to have made her the happiest of women! How she wept over the memory of it, and grieved as one without hope. And what hope remained, what, indeed, but a lingering death? Yet Regia dreaded death even in her heartache and weariness.

There was no way of marking the time, for the dull light shed the same steady rays both night and day, but ages seemed to have fled before Grattan came to her once again.

“Well, girl, have you been deprived of company long enough to appreciate mine?” he demanded.

"Not yet! no, no, not yet!" Regia cried out, loathing overcoming her terror.

"Hush!" he interrupted warningly. "I am powerful. I can be more cruel than death; take care not to anger me. I have made you immortal. Your parents died long ago, and Carl Wayne has crumbled back into dust. You, alone, are reserved for my bride. Take care that you do not refuse the goods the gods have sent you."

"I do not believe you!" Regia exclaimed, fighting against the evidences of her own senses.

Lifting her head proudly, her voice rang with fine scorn as she went on,

"You are trying to intimidate a helpless woman; but I will not be frightened into coercion. Even now I abhor and defy you!"

"Ah, my queen!" he murmured, watching her with admiring eyes.

"I must bend your proud head to the very dust before you will consent to reign in my heart."

But the tender light died out of his face and one of fiendish cruelty took its place, while the gentle voice rose to tones harsh as the clashing of arms upon a battlefield, as he commanded.

"Follow me!" And Regia obeyed.

Through dark and sinuous passages he led the way, sometimes through gloom that hid all objects from view, to a room much larger than the cell Regia had so long occupied.

A half light threw into ghastly relief the horrid ornaments that adorned the wall and lofty ceiling. Overhead, painted demons grinned down in frightful array, while the walls were thickly covered with skulls and skeletons.

Niches flaming with phosphorescent light represented devils in different attitudes of satanic glee. One in particular was that of Beelzebub holding an infant upon a toasting fork over a fire of glowing coals. Ever and anon

the flames would flash up and, playing over the distorted face, seemed to deepen the hideous passions depicted there.

Racks and various instruments of torture lay scattered about, and many revolving wheels turned swiftly and noiselessly in their sockets. On one of these a corpse was rolling, with decayed garments that fluttered in every turn. He seemed to have petrified in his long circular voyage and never in earthly sculpture was found a face so carved with lines of hopeless despair.

Stopping a wheel with the gesture of a master, Grattan bound the horror-stricken girl upon it and set it in motion. Then with a derisive smile he left the room. Swifter and swifter flew the wheel with its living burden, though after a time she became accustomed to its revolutions.

“How long then must it have been,” she asked herself, “ere that other, her speechless companion had died? How long, and how severe was his preliminary torture? Had he given up life all at once, or had his petrification crept over him slowly until at last it stiffened the muscles of his heart and stilled the workings of his busy brain?”

The frightful pictures and ghostly hangings that filled the room like armies of grinning spectres, possessed a weird fascination for her, until at times she almost believed them creatures of her own maddened brain.

But this *man*, whirling beside her, excited both wonder and pity, and she longed to hear him speak, that he might tell her his sufferings.

There the two, living and dead, whirled swiftly in silence, while time passed with nothing to mark its progress, and ages fled, while her hopes faded and despair took possession of her soul.

Then she began to understand that she was indeed in an immortal realm, and that her powers of resistance were far inferior to the one who had brought her here; she must choose between life with him—immortal life perhaps—and a terrible death.

Carl was dead. What mattered it now?

Like all human beings, she chose life, accepting all its horrible possibilities, since it was to be spent with a demon; and, driven at last to the very verge of despair, she cried out for her tormentor. At first her voice failed her. It seemed as if her heart was breaking at the thoughts of all that had been taken from her. How could she ever promise to care for, or even respect, the fiend incarnate who had resorted to torture to win her love?

But death, slow death upon the wheel, yawned with open mouth before her, and struggling with her emotions, she called again and again for Grattan. But only the marble arches sent back the echo from their hollow domes.

He came not and she grew to really long for his coming, and to sob out his name in her despair. Little by little her anger toward him melted away, and she looked at him more as a deliverer than as a jailor and watched eagerly and half hopefully for his appearance. At last he came, and in an instant she stood unbound before him.

He seemed gentle and pitiful toward her, since he knew she was wholly conquered; nor did he question or seek to extract any promise from her. Perhaps he knew she could not have borne it.

"Forgive me," he sighed remorsefully, "I have been cruel, but I can repay four-fold in kindness. You shall never gaze upon this place again."

So saying he led her forth into gloomy shadows once more, up and up, past subterranean dungeons, and through silent halls, leaving behind forever the dreadful abode Regia had so long occupied. Still upward they passed, through a labyrinth of dark passages, until they stood out of doors beneath the clear, starlit sky, and for the first time since her incarceration, Regia saw the beauties of nature. Under the low swung moon that tipped the treetops with its magic light, everywhere about them lay a beautiful garden, whose fragrance hung upon the heavy night air.

How those odors brought back the scent of the white

roses she had gathered upon her wedding day! She dared not think of it now.

And so Carl was dead, and she by some unfathomable mystery must now become the bride of a fiend.

"Ah, well, let it be so," she thought. "I have no power to struggle with fate."

They paused in their journey.

Here rose a rock, high over them, and from its side flowed a clear fountain, flashing like silver in the moonlight, while at its foot hung a golden goblet, secured by a slender chain.

"My love," he explained, "this is the 'Fountain of Marriage.' Here all spirits pledge their troths, and as the hour strikes twelve we drink together and are made one forever. Will you marry me thus, dearest?"

Regia's slight frame quivered like an aspen. Was there then no reprieve? Faint and sick at heart, she felt her very flesh creeping beneath his touch; but the terrible lesson on the wheel had been thoroughly learned, and in a voice so husky as to be half indistinct she managed to articulate,

"As you will; I will try to obey."

"That is pledge enough," he cried joyfully, willing to save her from the pain of speech. "See! in a moment twelve strikes. I promise by all I hold highest and dearest on earth, and in the 'Realm of the Blest,' to protect you, and love you forever."

A bell in the distance began to chime the midnight hour, and he caught up the golden cup and plunged it into the water. Drinking half its contents, he held it to Regia's lips.

"Drink, dearest, and end your fears," he whispered.

Her breath came in hard, painful gasps, and for an instant she thought herself dying; she was draining the very dregs of a bitterness that refused to pass her lips untasted. A faint, moaning sob found its way through her set teeth, and she leaned half unconscious upon Grattan's arm.

“Poor little wounded dove!” he murmured, matchless devotion and sympathy lighting up his swarthy face.

“It will soon be over; drink and forget.”

Summoning her remaining strength and resolution, Regia essayed to swallow the draught, but her throat seemed paralyzed, and she nearly strangled; a second time she made an attempt and drained the goblet to the bottom, just as the last, slow stroke of twelve reverberated upon the echoing night. The nectar flowed like liquid fire through her veins, and in an instant her fear and hate were changed to admiration and love. From those few drops sprang forth a Lethean flood that temporarily obliterated the memory of all other loves, and filled her soul with tender passion for the man who had proved himself a conqueror.

He held out his arms and she fled to him with a glad cry, nestling her head upon his breast in perfect trust and content; while he in tremulous tones whispered vows of eternal truth and adoration.

Oh, fangless serpent! Poor deluded dove!

The home to which Grattan had brought Regia was one of the old colonial mansions of the South. With his wealth won by his fame as a hypnotist he had fitted up the house and grounds in elegant taste. The neighboring people believed Regia to be Doctor Grattan's invalid wife. He had said he met her in the north and being interested in her case he had married her that he might cure her malady. Gradually he allowed her to recover her faculties, and Regia saw every wish gratified with unstinted hand.

She saw money flow like water. She heard love words that thrilled her like electricity. And yet Grattan was always and inflexibly her master, a master ever kind but firm in his exactions of her love and tenderness.

Who would not have enjoyed that beautiful home? Regia's boudoir was the most beautiful room human eyes ever beheld; light, airy but exquisite furniture, white silken draperies, and everything magnificently in keeping. From the jewelled brush upon the costly inlaid dressing case to

the long pier glass framed in solid gold. The bath room was all of marble carved in beautiful effects, and the well-stocked library across the hall was another striking room.

This floor was laid in rare mosaic work, and its lofty marble columns were classically twined with living laurel. Stained gothic windows received the mellow light, while framed in wild clinging ivy that would gladly have found shelter inside.

The grounds were alive with the melody of wild birds and sweet with the fragrance of rare exotics. Fountains flashed in the sunlight, deer bounded through shady groves, brooks, habited by gold and silver fish, babbled through picturesque dells, a lake lay smiling in the sun and gayly painted boats rocked idly upon the water awaiting Regia's pleasure. Marble statuary gleamed out here and there, and curious and beautiful plants gemmed the broad, smoothly-kept lawns.

One day Regia expressed a wish to travel. Grattan explained that although an immortal, he could only show her Europe as it appeared in the times she had known. "For," he went on, "it cannot be revealed to us in its beauty and eternal grandeur until we have achieved perfection."

This rather lame explanation satisfied Regia's doubts. She was so much under the doctor's power that she had no desire to cavil at anything he told her. So they went to Europe and spent years in wandering from place to place. Whenever she began to tire, a look from his piercing eye threw her into a tremulous state of happiness, where she had no choice but to enjoy life in its full.

Returning at length to their home, Regia settled down to a quiet but pleasant life with Grattan. It was true that the happiness sometimes grew insipid, and often she longed for a glimpse of the dear old faces that had faded out of her life so long ago. The strong and ardent passion with which Grattan had inspired her very being completely overwhelmed the pure love she had once felt for Carl Wayne.

"And Carl Wayne," she thought. "Ah! Carl died ages ago! I wonder if I shall ever die? What will be the end?"

Out on the highway below Grattan's estate rode three men, with horses plodding eagerly along, as if seeking shelter for the night. They came suddenly upon the mansion and a shout went up from their leader.

He was a tall, handsome man of fifty, with blue eyes and iron-gray hair, but the grave expression of his features told a story of years of quiet suffering. Either of these other men would have informed you how his life had been spent in searching for his bride, who had mysteriously disappeared upon their wedding day, and that he was about to return home, sad and disappointed.

They rode up to the gate of the enclosure and meeting no opposition entered in.

The magnificence surprised them, and marching through the seemingly deserted stately hall, they entered the first open door, which happened to be Regia's boudoir. Thinking Grattan had returned she rose to greet him, but the words she would have spoken died upon her lips. There, with those two rugged faces for a background, stood her old-time lover, Carl Wayne!

The end of the quest had come so suddenly that he was totally unprepared to meet it, but for all that he was the first to recover from the surprise.

"Regia! Regia!" he cried out, his voice thick and husky with emotion. "Found at last after all these years!"

She stared at him as at one risen from the dead.

"Carl!" she faltered. "Carl! Then you, too, have found the fountain of eternal youth!"

He regarded her doubtfully, half believing that the sudden shock had unsettled her mind, but it flashed upon him that she was as young and beautiful as ever. How should a person grow old who knows no passage of time?

"Immortals never grow old," she responded in quivering tones.

“I have felt the half of Life’s battles heavily.”

And he bowed his handsome head, now thickly strewn with threads of silver.

“You are laboring under some dreadful delusion, I fear.”

Regia stood now trembling with nervous excitement.

“Oh, what is this mystery?” she demanded. “He told me you were dead ages ago. That my parents had been entombed for centuries, and that I alone remained immortal to be his bride. Oh, Gregory Grattan tortured me for what seemed millions of years, in solitary confinement, and upon the wheel, before I consented to marry him, and now tell me, oh, tell me! I command you, what is the truth?”

Her voice rose to a shriek of agony ere she paused and waited with suspended breath for Carl’s answer. “It is true,” he replied, “that your father and mother died years ago, grieving at your loss; but I have lived to meet you once again. Twenty years have passed since the morn of your disappearance, and all this time I have spent in searching for you. Regia! Regia!” he went on excitedly. “Is it all in vain? You say you have married him. When? How? A forced marriage-rite has no binding power in this country of freedom. Come back with me to our home!”

He grasped her hands fiercely, regardless of the men behind him.

“I cannot, I cannot!” she moaned in an agony of despair. “Oh, why did you ever find me? It is too late!”

“Why do you say that?” he demanded, a sudden light breaking in upon his mind. “It is not too late unless—surely riches could not tempt you,—you cannot mean that you love him?”

Oh, the painful breaking of that strong man’s voice! For a moment she hesitated, the old love struggling with the new. Then the memory of her stained honor thrust itself upon her with an overwhelming shame.

“Heaven help me!” she cried, tearing herself from his

grasp. "I have been mesmerized, deceived, married by a false method, believing it to be a true one; and yet I am his. Oh! heaven! I love him!"

She clasped her hands frantically about her head and her heavy hair becoming unfastened fell in profusion over her shoulders.

Carl bowed his head helplessly. This last stroke seemed more than he could bear.

For a moment she stood there, her eyes glaring with incipient madness; then she grasped the handle of a jewelled dagger that she had been using as a paper cutter.

"A wife without a name!" she shrieked. "I have sinned unwittingly, and God will accord me pardon, and have mercy on my soul!"

One instant the polished shaft gleamed above her head, and then sank swiftly and deep into her throbbing heart.

Carl caught her as she fell and bore her to a couch at the other side of the room. Then, as he knelt beside her, the door opened and Gregory Grattan stood gazing upon them. He comprehended the meaning of the scene instantly and knew that his game was ended.

As Carl rose and faced him, he threw his last card. He endeavored to transfix his antagonist with his mentality.

Then a look of terror crept over his face. His power had left him! The devilish influences that had been his to move multitudes had deserted him to his fate!

He tottered weakly to the couch where the dead Regia lay, and looked down upon the work of his hands. His limbs refused to support him and he fell on his knees beside her.

The others watched him with awe. It was plain he suffered the tortures of the damned.

"Regia," he whispered hoarsely. "Regia, my love, my wife!"

Then he lurched and fell forward across her body. A quiver ran through his heavy frame, a long sigh, and then all was still.

They went to his assistance, but his heart had stopped beating. Gregory Grattan was dead.

There were the usual funeral obsequies. Regia's body was laid beside the doctor's in the magnificent tomb that belonged to the estate and her name was chiseled in the cold marble as "Regia Grattan." It was all that Carl could do for her, except to visit her tomb often, and place tender flowers there in token of his grief and mourning.

In the course of time the property passed to the state, in absence of any heir of either party, so that even the memory of that powerful "Wizard of the South" will pass from the world forever.

Regia's journal in which she recorded the impressions of her daily life, fell into Wayne's possession, and the terrible revelations of its pages did much to sadden the already broken-hearted man. It was the record of a crime, scarcely surpassed, against one of the purest of women, who was, from first to last, the "victim of a fiend."