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BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"Anstice has one of her weird seizures and she is sitting, looking rapt, with a black stump of a pencil in her hand, that is writing, slowly and deliberately for the most part, but occasionally with a jerk that shakes her arm off the paper. Even if one could doubt Anstice's word, one could see she isn't writing. I may be a little slow, but I wish to acknowledge that she dragged forth that little demon of a Planchette from the oblivion of the dark closet might see a ghost every night."

Mary Steyner proves her possession of a "creepy," feeling by a little shrik and shiver. I look up from my work, a stork in which I have been stitching the long, precious morning hours, and whose legs have proved to be stumpy and will have to be taken out, yes, they are undeniably stumpy. I look up, and say, indifferently, "It is only fun. What harm does it do it? But it so seldom tells the truth that I am tired of it."

"It is! It is!" cries Mary Steyner excitedly. "You don't seem to realize what a mystery it is! Do you believe it is a spirit?"

Mary Steyner drops her voice, and pronounces the last word in an awe-stricken tone. "Nonsense!" says I. "Spirits would never come back to write such stupid things and tell such lies!"

"Not unless they were bad ones," says Mary Steyner. "While it is Planchette it didn't seem quite so dreadful, because there was the bit of metal on it, and one could talk about magnetism, and if one didn't understand in the least what magnetism was or had to do with it, still a word is something to cling to. But now that Anstice has covered that a pencil in her fingers writes just as fast as a pen, without the board, the mystery begins to disturb me. I'm thankful enough that the pencil won't write in my fingers. I tried it, for fear it would."

"Ask Dr. Felix about it," says Mary Steyner. "He is so softly playing a Chopin nocturne at the piano."

"Dr. Felix is in the library, too, pretending to read a book, but really watching Anstice. He has been talking about it so much lately. My small powers of comprehension were completely numbed by the first sentence, and before he had finished the room whirled around me. He talked about 'unconscious cerebration,' and 'cerebral automatism,' and 'unconscious volition,' and 'jelly-fish and the molecules of money-brains were in some way mixed up with it all! Then he ended by saying that it was not altogether explainable! Anstice listened as sweetly as if it were all perfectly lucid and satisfactory. The thing itself wrote, once that it was Satan; that there was one advantage over Dr. Felix's, it is more comprehensible. 'Grits, jelly-fish and the molecules of money-brains were in some way mixed up with it all!'"

"That man!" repeat Mary Steyner and I simultaneously, with a vague idea that she must mean Satan, yet not remembering to have ever heard him definitely classed with humanity before. "Dr. Felix, of course," says Mary Steyner, impatiently of our dullness. "Mary Steyner and I look at her in wonder. The supernatural theory which explains the manifestations of which Anstice is the medium, we know; and Dr. Felix's 'natural' theory we know,—that is, so far as his profound philosophizing has been able to enter our untortured brains; but what is this?"

"You know there is such a thing as mesmerism; and one mind sometimes has extraordinary power over another mind," says Mary Steyner.

to whose use it is devoted. I think with amazement of the amount of ghostly counsel which Anstice must have received. The writing is somewhat scrawly. I do not find it very easy to decipher; Anstice, being experienced, reads it readily, but she insists upon me doing it for myself. "I want to be sure that my eyes do not deceive me,—that I don't imagine any of it," she says.

I read first a name which is signed at the bottom of the sheet, and which is very plainly written; it is the name of our dead mother. A detached sentence which is very plain is this:—"Be comforted by the knowledge that your mother is always near you."

"Why should he want to marry Anstice?" says Mary Steyner, turning around on the piano-stool. "Mary Steyner is in the first place, he is in love with her," says Mary Steyner.

If I ever questioned the shrewdness of Mary Steyner's observation, it would be now. It is as easy to fancy the differential calculus a prey to the tender passion as Dr. Felix.

And yet when one is young it is not so very difficult to believe in love as a universal motive. I reflect that in the uncomprehended "soul of things" even mathematics may be rooted and grounded in love. It is not impossible that Dr. Felix is in love with Anstice!

"Secondly, being thorough materialist, Dr. Felix has a very strong appreciation of wealth as a positive good."

Mary Steyner has expressed admiration for Dr. Felix; therefore this surprises me, and I say so.

"I admire him more than ever, he is so beautifully consistent," she says. "He has some of the weaknesses of humanity, and he falls in love; but not for a moment would he indulge himself in any such emotion if there were no material good to be gained by it. Given love and wealth, he devotes himself to their attainment with systematic persistence. I don't see how Mary Steyner can call him 'uncanny.' His character refreshes me, like the multiplication table, in the midst of Anstice's uncanny performances. When that pencil goes scribbling off by itself, and I begin to feel cold chills down my back, my only comfort is to think of Dr. Felix and remember that twice two still makes four."

"Anstice won't marry him," says Mary Steyner.

"Marry him?" I echo, with disdain. "It is audacious of any man to wish to marry Anstice. Have not a round dozen already been made to feel that? Was not even Charles Bramhall,—Prince Charles, as we always call him,—our old friend, who has been a champion from childhood, whose father has been P. ythias to Uncle Rufe's Damon all his life,—was not Charles sent away with disdain last month when he suddenly developed this audacity? Our Anstice looks like an Annunciation lily; she is clothed with stateliness and purity as with a garment."

Diverse in our opinions and feelings as to other matters, we are united in our worship of Anstice. Her beauty is a perpetual pride and delight to us. (We three Marias are all plain.) We are even proud of the sensitive reserve which prevents her from taking us all into her confidence, as we take her and each other into ours. I am especially proud of the fact that she is my sister, and not in the least hurt by impressions of surprise, our old friend, or whatever it is that would be to my mind what can be said of such a desire on the part of Dr. Felix? He is poor, and of no reputation, except for learning, which I do not think we estimate very highly.

He has lately come from a German university, and is Uncle Rufe's secretary. He is not altogether plain of feature, but he is small of stature, and we none of us approve of little men. His manner has not a particle of polish; he is brusque to the verge of rudeness. We three Marias think his manners detestable; Anstice says she rather likes them,—that they are a refreshing change from the manners of the society young men whom we meet.

What else Anstice thinks about Dr. Felix I have never thought it worth the while to ask, and now that I never speak of it, I remember that she has never said.

I have remodelled the legs of my stork, and again the one important one is hopelessly bad. Mary Steyner jumps up and for the sake of the stork, it is necessary to preserve her sanity after such exercises of the mind as she has had this morning. Mary Steyner goes out with her. I go in search of Anstice.

She is not in the library. Dr. Felix sits there alone at a table, with a pencil between his fingers. His hand is perfectly motionless, and he has on what Mary Steyner calls his "investigating expression." He is invoking the spirits, or the uncomprehended brain-force, or whatever the power may be which moves the pencil in Anstice's fingers. He looks more like a Bedlamite than one would suppose it possible for Dr. Felix to look. The pencil does not move. He is too absorbed to observe me, and I go out, closing the door softly.

It strikes me as probable that Mary Steyner will soon find her only consolation in the multiplication-table, for Dr. Felix is becoming, like Anstice, an apostle of the uncanny.

noislessly open the door of Anstice's room, and find her prone upon her bed, her face buried in the pillow. She raises her head and shows me a tear-stained face. She is trembling from head to foot. Never have I seen our serene Anstice in such a plight.

"She seizes me, clings to me. 'Mary, I must tell you I can't bear such a burden all alone,' she says. 'Look at this.'"

USEFUL HINTS.

HAIR FALLING OFF.—This defect occurs from weakness either of the body generally, or of the hair-balls or follicles, themselves. Frequent cutting undoubtedly strengthens the growth of the hair. Frequent brushing and washing are quite the best methods for preserving its health and cleanliness, and ought, along with the assistance of the one-sided comb, to be solely trusted to. The irritating small-tooth comb ought to be banished from use entirely. At the same time, it is of importance to note that unless good assistance is given by proper attention to diet, exercise, ventilation, and such other matters as tend to promote the general health and vigour of the body, external remedies will be of very little use. The following shampoo liquid is very good, and may be used safely.—Take of carbonate of ammonia, 1 oz.; water, one pint. Dissolve; then add tincture of Spanish fly, 5oz.; old rum, 1 gallon. Moisten the hair and scalp with a little of this mixture, rubbing well in. Afterwards wash off with cold water; then dry well. This makes a capital hair tonic. John Wesley recommended rubbing the scalp morning and evening with a raw onion until it becomes red, and then applying a little honey.

Spooling.
To spoil house plants—water them too much.
To spoil butter—do not work out all the milk.
To spoil a carpet—sweep with a stiff half worn broom.
To spoil pancakes—bake them on a lukewarm griddle.
To spoil a breakfast—grumble all the while you are eating.
To spoil potatoes—let them lie and soak in water after boiling.
To spoil bread—use poor flour and sour yeast and let it rise until too light and it runs over.
To spoil scissors—cut everything from a sheet of paper to a bar of cast iron.

AMMONIA WATER or a cloth dipped in whitening, cleans paint nicely. Sapolio is also good. Cold tea is the best thing to clean varnished wood. The tea and tea leaves saved from the table for several days and steeped will usually be sufficient. It removes spots, and gives a much fresher, newer appearance than when soap and water are used.

Photographing in Colors.
"How soon can I have my photographs?" asked a lady who had gazed for the fraction of a second at the camera in an establishment in Eighteenth street.
"She will get them in as short a time as she would an ordinary photograph, and they will show the colors in the fabrics of her dress and her complexion. The process is quick and simple," said the operator.
"In six days, with all the colors?"
"Do you take the colors with the camera?"
"No; the preliminary process is the same as in photography. We take ordinary photographic negatives by instantaneous photography. The patent lies in producing the colors after the negative has been obtained. The paper on which the photograph is printed is covered with a light wash of colors according to the notes taken by the operator at the sitting. No skill is required to apply the wash. This is sensitized by a process protected by a patent. When we print from the negative on this paper the colors take up all the lights and shades, and the process was invented by Bonnard, a Frenchman, and the photograph is called a Bonnardtype."

"Do you confine yourself to portraits?"
"Oh, no; we take photographs of houses, paintings, subjects for advertising, and samples. Here is a set of briars, wood pipes, and a set of lampshades. Now the drummers for the firm manufacture these, instead of taking the pipes and the lampshades with them in their travels through the country, can take photographs, or the manufacturer can mail the photographs directly to the retailers. This simple photography is a large branch of our business."

Large and Small Heads.
A writer in the *Journal of Science* says the idea that a great intellect requires a large head is not supported by facts. An examination of busts of pictures, nebulons, etc., of the world's famous celebrities, almost tends the other way. In the earlier paintings, it is true, men are distinguished by their large heads, but this is attributable to the painters, who agreed with the general opinion, and wished to flatter their sitters.

A receding forehead is mostly condemned. Nevertheless, this feature is found in Alexander the Great, and to a lesser degree, in Julius Cæsar. The head of Frederick the Great, as will be seen from one of the portraits in Carlyle's works, receded.

Other great men have positively small heads. Lord Byron's was "remarkably small." Men of genius of ancient times have only what may be called an ordinary or every-day forehead, and Herodotus, Alcibiades, Plato, Aristotle and Epicurus, among others, are mentioned as instances. Some are even low-browed, as Burton, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," and Albert Durer.

The average forehead of the Greek sculpturers in the frieze from the Parthenon, as we are told, "lower if anything, than what is seen in many modern foreheads."

EGYPTIAN HORRORS.

Visit to a Mad House Where Cholera was Suspected.
The following frightful description of a visit to an Egyptian mad house is taken from a letter by the Cairo correspondent of the *Egyptian Gazette*:—
Grave suspicions were entertained by many that the Government Lunatic Asylum at Abbasseeyeh was a hotbed of cholera, and that the existence of the disease within its walls was being concealed. No difficulty was made about my being admitted to the place. We were ushered through a deep, dismal archway into the recreation ground of the asylum, where the mad people were wandering about in a solitary, purposeless way. Turning to the left beneath an arcade we entered a dark doorway, just as the last of

A HERD OF IDIOTS.
had been driven in before us. We took ten or fifteen strides along a sombre passage, and on reaching the wall made a quarter turn to the right and stood facing a long, lofty corridor, lighted only by a few small windows near the ceiling, secured by iron bars. All along this corridor, at the base of the wall on the left hand, the lunatics sat squatted on their haunches in a long and almost interminable row. To all appearance they were a quiet, inoffensive, miserable-looking lot of creatures, literally clothed in sackcloth. Their only garment consisted of a coarse sackcloth shirt, descending to their knees, with an aperture through which to pass the head, and sleeves falling half way to the elbows. They had not a particle of linen about them. On our right were the bedrooms; lofty, spacious, sombre apartments, entered through low doorways. The beds were similar to those in use in the native hospitals and barracks—iron frames and planks. The bedding and bedclothes were filthy in the extreme, and swarming with vermin. Each room was crowded with beds placed about an arm's length from each other. The stench was intolerable, both in the apartments and the corridors. No regard was even paid to the most elementary notions of cleanliness.

AN INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE.
At length we reached what I can only describe as the chamber of horrors—the apartment in which refractory patients were mastered and tamed. It was a lofty, spacious room with a place of light. Here a man horrible sight greeted us. All around the walls, at regular distances of about six feet, were arched cavities commencing at the ground and extending to a height of about two feet six inches. The extremities of a curved iron bar were firmly fixed in the masonry on either side of each cavity. The purpose of this arrangement was as follows:—When a man became violent he was placed with his legs bound and with his back against the iron bar, in a sitting posture, his arms being firmly lashed to it. The cavity in the wall was supposed to prevent him injuring his head by swinging it backward and forward or by dashing it from side to side against the masonry. As we entered this terrible torture chamber the first thing that met our gaze was a recumbent figure surrounded by three or four attendants.

ON THE RACK.
We discovered a machine bearing a close resemblance to a weighing machine on the bascule principle, only that the bottom part, that upon which the goods are placed to be weighed, extended some three or four feet from the back of the top of this back piece was padded to the depth of about a foot, the padded part being covered with red Morocco leather. On this machine was seated a patient, with the back of his head against the padding and his legs extended toward us. The three or four attendants by whom he was surrounded were engaged in binding his arms to rings fixed behind him on either side as if to prevent any all-glaucing toward us. While we stood gazing at the horrible sight he did not attempt to offer the least resistance. Of course the injury which he had sustained may have been self-inflicted, but it is equally likely, I think, that he had been knocked down by one of the keepers. The appearance of this prison was filthy in the extreme. The stench was insufferable. The kitchen, which was close at hand, was a gloomy, dirty sort of place. The women's quarters were even worse than those of the men. They were very crowded, and their generally filthy condition is beyond description. Many of the women were hysterical, and two of them were naked.

A Chinese Passport.
If you intend to proceed into the interior of that country by river you must have a "house boat"—a sort of junk monster gondolet built in junk fashion—you must engage a cook and interpreter, and you must finally obtain a passport, without which you may be turned back by any little mandarin's representative who may choose to challenge you. The house-boat and cook were found for me by the energetic manager of the Hotel des Colonies at Shanghai; the passport, owing to the kindly care of Mr. P. G. Hughes, the much-esteemed English Consul, came just in time to allow me to avail myself of a fair wind and a good strong tide. The passport would have been a first-rate sheet for a bed, both in point of size and in toughness of material. What it said I shall never know. The man who inscribed it will carry his dread secret to his grave for all I could decipher. Suffice it to say that it contained upward of 400 large Chinese characters, two alone covering nearly six square inches, and that by a Chinese gentleman of my acquaintance it was pronounced "Welly can do," which was satisfactory.—*Correspondence London Telegraph.*

The mania for competition so characteristic of Americans has got into the clamoring business. Two men in New York laid a wager of \$125 as to which could open an equal number of claims quickest. The winner got away with 504 of the 597 of his opponent. The contest was said to be very exciting. We should think so—for the claims.—

Madame Janussek diverts herself with water-colors.
Mr. Irving's scenery is insured for a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.
Mr. Barrett is being modelled for a statue in his part in *Fernando de Rimini* by Mr. Sheehan.
Robert S. Rantoul, Jun., of Salem, is entertaining Hon. Mark Napier, who defended Arabi Pasha in Egypt.
One of the waiters at the Brunswick, in New York, can talk in six languages, and two Italian counts serve at Delmonico's.
The widow of the historian J. R. Green has completed the revision of her husband's *Congress of England* according to his directions.
Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague's daughter Ethel inherits her mother's good looks and the artistic talent of her aunt, Mrs. Jessie Hoyt.
Miss Longfellow will devote herself at Newham College to the higher mathematics, and Miss Annie to art and the classics.
More than a thousand of the aged poor of the borough were entertained at tea lately in the Town-hall by Mr. E. Woodhouse, the Mayor of Leeds, England.
Ned Shannon, a Philadelphia stevedore who has saved 163 people from drowning, had his own little boy drowned while hundreds were looking on.

Mrs. Fred Lander (Jean Davenport) spends the autumn in Paris; one of her sons is at Harvard, and the other is studying for the stage at Dresden.
For his behavior during the cholera pestilence in Egypt, the Queen of Italy has decorated Father Emanuel Keim, a Franciscan of the Convent of St. Isidore in Rome.
The neighborhood of Rossetti's house, in Chelsea, must have been worth living in. Cecil Lawson, the painter, lived next door, and Macleise and George Eliot a few doors away.
The U.S. Minister to France, Mr. L. P. Morton, is said to resemble Leopold I., the former King of the Belgians, although there is thought to be something particularly American about him.
A new poem is on the *tipis* by Robert Browning, who has passed the season under Monte Rosa's brow, five thousand feet above the sea-level, and now betakes him to Verona for the winter.
Queen Elizabeth of Romania habitually wears the Roumanian peasant girl's dress when in her summer house among the Carpathians. Her rooms there are adorned by her own handiwork.
Madame Nilsson brings twenty-nine boxes of gorgeous costumes designed by Worth and other French artists. It is rumored that she has been invited to spend the operatic season with Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt.
Mrs. Annabell Josbee, now studying medicine in Philadelphia, dresses like an American lady, with the exception of a curious scarf of cashmere-like designs and colors around her neck, crossing in front, and tied about her waist. She speaks good English.
Baron Schleiden, who is now visiting the German Minister in Washington, was the representative of the free cities known as the Hansatic League, in President Pierce's administration, and is one of the most polished, accomplished, and popular diplomats ever accredited there.
Pens, inkstands, and paper-cutters are sent from all parts of the world to Oliver Wendell Holmes, in hopes of autographic acknowledgments. His study overlooks a wide view of the Charles River and Back Bay, and its walls are lined with choice editions of English and foreign classics.
Hunting seems to be an unhealthy occupation this year in England. Mr. Whitehead, M.P., was shot by his son, who mistook him for grouse; Lord Lonsdale is in a bad state from having been thrown at a live-barned gate; and Sir Stafford Northcote is now suffering from the effects of an ugly fall.

The Countess and her Cats.
At the Kensington Vestry Hall, before the Hon. E. C. Curzon, Sir Henry Gordon, the Countess of La Porte, residing at 38 Pembroke square, was summoned for permitting a number of cats to remain on her premises, so as to cause a nuisance injurious to health. Mr. Harding, Clerk of the Kensington Vestry, attended to support the summons, and said the offence was one of many years' standing. "The Countess is an unwilling doer of anything. Mr. Harding—her ladyship has made that promise on many an occasion, and I regret that I cannot place any reliance in it."
Mr. Bird (a magistrate) How many cats are there? The Countess—I have five cats, and also fed some stray ones. Mr. Harding explained that the Countess was summoned on Long-street at the Hammer-south Police Court, when the prohibitory order was granted from the keeping of cats at 39 Pembroke square, where she then resided. She has since removed to 38. The Countess—This prosecuting is a cruel thing; it is through a neighbor. I have two dogs. Mr. Abbott, the Sanitary Inspector, said when the Countess was summoned on the last occasion she had eighteen cats and nine dogs. Mr. Harding—They were shut up in a room, and one could naturally imagine the filthy smell. Mr. Bird—Do you confine the animals in a room? The Countess—Certainly not. There being no witnesses to prove the offence, the bench dismissed the summons.
Lord Charles Hersford is in a huff because he isn't satisfied with his honors for bombarding Alexandria, unless Wodeley, the Queen, and everybody else connected with it, somehow the world does not think he is a very great man.
Don't Anstice. Even though you find it hard to remain silent, don't rush into an argument when in company. A disputatious person is never a favorite. If you do not agree with what is said, it is best to remain silent. Of course, if your opinion is asked, give it clearly and firmly, but do not quarrel. If you are asked to give your views, and if the matter is one with which you are only partially or not at all acquainted, own the fact rather than slavishly follow what another has said.
While waiting for a train, a Missouri sheriff, with a prisoner whom he had brought from Nebraska, to be tried on a charge of horse-stealing, made some visits to an adjacent bar-room. The result was that the time being almost obliterated, that the prisoner was greatly magnified. A policeman took charge of the sheriff, and the prisoner thereupon went to the depot-master, and said, "They've arrested my sheriff, and I want to turn myself over to you." When the train came along, the inebriated sheriff was placed under the care of the party inebriated prisoner, and the journey was continued.

CURRENCY.

The season for clubbing Michigan editors has set in, and there is every prospect of a rush of business.
It takes an oyster twenty-five years to rot, and then he is no more palatable than the bivalves to be had at any charitable festival.
A New York thief says that Gen. Grant never carries any money to speak of, and that his watch isn't worth stealing. A thief ought to know.
The rumor that Frank James is looking for a high interest in a Missouri weekly paper is denied by his friends. He thinks the revolver mightier than the pen.
It has been demonstrated that any Maid of the Mist can pass the Niagara whirlpool, but that's poor satisfaction for swimmers not built on the steamboat plan.
The woman who doesn't like her nose can have it remodelled in Brooklyn for \$25. She will be cautioned not to blow it for three months after the operation.
There is one county in Virginia which has not had a drop of rain for the last three months. What a nice place that must be for drying clothes and shingling houses.
A New York fire insurance president has just lost a country-seat valued at \$75,000, and he hadn't a cent of insurance. He was probably looking around for a reliable company.
It costs only \$7.50 to steal an old horse, file down his teeth, dye his coat and sell him to some man wanting a 4-year-old stepper. That was the figure given in Indianapolis.
An Esquimaux in good health can eat his own weight in seal or whale blubber at one meal, and he does not at all marvel at standing up and making a fool of himself by offering out responding to a toast.
The man who has had 820 lawsuits within five years lives in Dubuque. He's so sturdy that no one can knock him down or club his dog or steal his hens without his rushing after a warrant.
A Pennsylvania mule which had lived in a coal mine for nine years without seeing daylight was hoisted up the other day, and his first act was to kick a boy sky-high. Mules know what daylight is for as well as any one else.
Mr. McCurdy, of Jersey City, says he has had burglars in his house fourteen different times in the last six years. As he never had anything to steal, and has consequently lost nothing, the burglars have his heart-felt sympathies.

Editorial Culture.

I was in September, 1879. The train that bore Bob Hawkins to college caught him away from the arms of his mother and his sisters, and very reluctantly to go to school.
"Aw, shaw!" he growled; "I don't care to go, nuther, so what's the use? Doggone the college, it don't do no good, and I can't go away, I'd rather drive a team 'r learn a trade 'r somethin'. Do I fete the thing anyhow?"
June, 1883. Ambrose Hawkins returns all his ancestral halls to his heirs, and he steps from the train. Ambrose Hawkins gazes fixedly on them through the oriel window that in a blue eye, and delicately extending two fingers as for them to grasp, he murmurs:
"Aw, fathaw! gently, my deah feilish, gently; aasy on the rigns, ye know; bless ye, me m' thaw—bow 'n' thanks; kiss you when we get home, ye know; how do brotha—brotha—well, bless me soul by aw I've forgot on the boy's name. Slah, slah, will you kindly hand these brasses for me b'ose to the luggage-mawstah? Aw this—is this—is this the vehicle."
And all the way home the old man didn't say a word, but he jist dreamt and thought and was wating hickies and laying them to soak in the watering trough down by the cow barn. A ol' he told a neighbor the next day that Uncle F. feels Adams was right and that he had a hunch that the college was facing to be a lot better 'n' B'de afore the boy could be 'r a yoke of steers like he used to be, be the boys come to be comin' round all right, and he reckoned he'd do, by 'a' by."

"Then, if I understand you," said a merchant to a customer, "you do not intend to pay me the money you owe."
"Your understanding is correct, cap'n."
"And you call yourself an honest man, do you?"
"Yes, sir. If I were not honest, I would tell you that I intend to pay you, being honest, I do not wish to deceive you."
Mr. Wolohin, of Albany, Fla., set a hen on her eggs. He lifted her up the other day and found her keeping warm three young kittens, a powder gourd, and a knob; and he's putting in his time now wondering how it occurred, instead of laying for his neighbor's boy.

"I mutilate my stork, and Mary Maurice plays a discord. I am utterly indifferent to the mysterious manifestations which are disturbing Anstice's soul and stupefying with wonder the brains of the household. Neither Planchette nor a pencil per se makes any revelations to me, and I am not anxious to have them. I am quite contented with life, without caring to feel out into the darkness that bounds it. But facts impress me. This one impresses me very disagreeably, for Anstice is my sister, and I do not wish to question that the information is a fact, weak-minded, but I wish to acknowledge that she dragged forth that little demon of a Planchette from the oblivion of the dark closet might see a ghost every night."

Mary Steyner proves her possession of a "creepy," feeling by a little shrik and shiver. I look up from my work, a stork in which I have been stitching the long, precious morning hours, and whose legs have proved to be stumpy and will have to be taken out, yes, they are undeniably stumpy. I look up, and say, indifferently, "It is only fun. What harm does it do it? But it so seldom tells the truth that I am tired of it."

"It is! It is!" cries Mary Steyner excitedly. "You don't seem to realize what a mystery it is! Do you believe it is a spirit?"
Mary Steyner drops her voice, and pronounces the last word in an awe-stricken tone. "Nonsense!" says I. "Spirits would never come back to write such stupid things and tell such lies!"
"Not unless they were bad ones," says Mary Steyner. "While it is Planchette it didn't seem quite so dreadful, because there was the bit of metal on it, and one could talk about magnetism, and if one didn't understand in the least what magnetism was or had to do with it, still a word is something to cling to. But now that Anstice has covered that a pencil in her fingers writes just as fast as a pen, without the board, the mystery begins to disturb me. I'm thankful enough that the pencil won't write in my fingers. I tried it, for fear it would."

"Ask Dr. Felix about it," says Mary Maurice, who is softly playing a Chopin nocturne at the piano.
"Dr. Felix is in the library, too, pretending to read a book, but really watching Anstice. He has been talking about it so much lately. My small powers of comprehension were completely numbed by the first sentence, and before he had finished the room whirled around me. He talked about 'unconscious cerebration,' and 'cerebral automatism,' and 'unconscious volition,' and 'jelly-fish and the molecules of money-brains were in some way mixed up with it all! Then he ended by saying that it was not altogether explainable! Anstice listened as sweetly as if it were all perfectly lucid and satisfactory. The thing itself wrote, once that it was Satan; that there was one advantage over Dr. Felix's, it is more comprehensible. 'Grits, jelly-fish and the molecules of money-brains were in some way mixed up with it all!'"