

**Contributed.**

Editor Sheridan Road News Letter:

My promise to write something about the "occult law of suicide," was made in a rash moment when I felt adequate to telling in one short newspaper letter what I have spent many years in learning about this "to-be-or-not-to-be" question of Hamlets.

When, however, I sit down with perfect deliberation to put in cold, black and white what I know about suicide, I find it so inextricably woven with what I have read, what I have heard and what I have evolved from reason, observation and "intuition" that I am at a loss how to separate what is called "knowledge" from what is named speculation, imagination or theory.

I might beg the whole question by stating boldly that I remember a past life, which I left by suicide in order to escape certain conditions which I found intolerable and which I defied Omnipotence to hold me tied to. I might go on to say that though I was permitted to sleep awhile, until I could recover from the blind fury of obstinate rebellion to divine dispensation, I found myself quietly returned to this mundane sphere in another body, with an entirely different set of circumstances yet with the same "intolerable" awaiting me to endure until I could learn to accept it with resignation, to bear it with patience and to extract from it the development of soul necessary to my highest happiness.

I might cite this as a personal reminiscence proving that we escape nothing by suicide, but merely postpone our discipline or task, to resume it later under more adverse conditions.

The readers, however, of the SHERIDAN ROAD NEWS-LETTER might regard these statements with the same uncompromising incredulity displayed by the judge to the witness who said she had derived her information in regard to a criminal from a spirit who was her "control." "Madam," said the judge, "We cannot accept hearsay evidence, produce your witness."

For which reason it may be best to make no statements that can not be "proved."

Mathematical minds however, 'rea-

son from the known to the unknown,' and certain statements, that cannot be "proved" by the sworn testimony of accepted witnesses, are nevertheless quite in keeping with the recognized order of things.

The shallowest skeptic must acknowledge that "we only row. Fate steers," which is after all simply an acknowledgment that things are not altogether under our control.

The unexpected is always at large; and whether we name it "luck" or "God" or "The Unknowable" there "it" is, turning the wheel of fortune up or down, putting "servants on horseback and princes on foot;" showing us Nero fiddling while Rome burns and Bunyan in prison writing his immortal Pilgrim's Progress. He must indeed have a modest estimate of his own reasoning power who is content to say, in the face of these thrilling mysteries, simply: "I do not know," and to declare by his indifference to the revelations of philosophy, "I do not need to know; when I am hungry I eat. When I am thirsty I drink. When I am sleepy I sleep. When I am none of these I earn money or seek amusement or sit in judgment on my fellow-creatures."

If, however, there is an Unknowable capable of sending at any moment some "accident" or good or bad "luck" to upset all a man plans and make him rich or poor irrespective of his own wish or effort in the matter, does it not follow that this "Unknowable" may have plans about developing the soul, that are as wonderful, as consistent, as unerring and altogether as "mysterious" in regard to a human being, as they are in bringing an acorn from its dark cradle under-ground, up to the majesty of the oak tree.

If so is it wise for us to ignorantly attempt to thwart the "Unknowable" by committing suicide or otherwise refusing acquiescence in manifest destiny?

The acorn buried in the darkness must acquiesce in the command "Be still and know that I am God," or it could not germinate and become at last king of the forest. So when failure or grief or shame or any form of suffering overtakes us, we have

but to "be still" in the presence of the "Unknowable" and let the kingdom come and the will be done of that which we have no power to resist and no wisdom to improve upon. It is a subject that easily sets itself to rhyme.

Trust in the law, importune clay,  
Violet or soul in the darkness alone;  
Naught can destroy and naught can delay  
Ultimate reaping of all that is sown.

And so with sermon and song—  
adios.

AGNES LEONARD HILL.

**Wheelmen's Excursion**

To Boston and return via Nickel Plate Road, at \$19 for the round trip. Dates of sale August 11th and 12th. Good returning for arrival at initial starting point not later than August 31st, by depositing tickets in Boston, with agent Fitchburg R. R. Two through trains daily, with vestibuled sleeping cars to Boston. Chicago depot, Van Buren street and Pacific avenue, on the Loop. \*

**\$19 to Boston and Return.**

Via Nickel Plate Road, August 11th and 12th. Good returning for arrival at initial starting point not later than August 31st. Write General Agent, 111 Adams st., Chicago, for particulars and sleeping car accommodations. \*

**FOR SALE, TO RENT, ETC.**

[All items under the above headings, including Situations wanted, Help Wanted, Lost, Found, Etc., 5 Cents per Line. Special rates made known on application at this office, for more than one insertion.]

LOST — A large, half-clipped St. Bernard dog. \$20 reward. H. Paepcke, Glencoe.

SITUATION WANTED — As nurse girl. Best of references. Apply to 205 East Central ave., Highland Park.

LOST — Set of plans for the new school house, District No. 5. Return to H. K. Coale.

FOR SALE — By H. C. Sampson, Central avenue, furnace with pipes registers, etc. A large heating stove bath tub. Buggy or road wagon.

WANTED — Furnished houses, north lake shore to rent, summer months. Have applicants. Owners please reply in detail. E. N. Weart & Co. 111 Dearborn st.