Mr. Keeler focussed on me a look of surprise at my persistence in asking that three sittings be arranged for; while I from my standpoint was studying his facial expression, with a view of determining whether his control was clairaudiently telling him, or impressing his mind, what the arrangement would have to be; or had already been arrived at by his own control (George Christie) and my guide and teacher Hypatia. Having recovered himself from his surprised look my request had apparently created, he said, "You are expecting more than you are likely to get," and ventured to ask me, "Have you ever had a sitting with me for slate-writing before?"

"Never!" was my prompt reply.

This reply was as promptly followed by his intimation, "You may not receive any message at all, and I cannot guarantee anything." This was further supplemented by the suggestion that "It is quite probable that those you are expecting will not write; while others unexpected may come and write instead. In any event, it is equally probable that one sitting only will prove sufficient for all who will write for you."

I then made a somewhat bolder statement in our friendly parley, by telling him that "I confidently expect the ones I have in mind; and further, I feel sure that they will consume the time of three sittings."

Mr. Keeler, the good-natured man, that he really appears to be, then straightened himself up, and enquired of me, while presenting a "doubting Thomas" attitude, "How many writers do you expect will write on the slates for you?"

I modulated my answer to the destion as follows: "I have a list of twenty names in my poor t, that I wish to hear from; and I confidently expect that every one of the twenty will write for me on the slates."

On his countenance I interpreted his thought that I was a very presumptious man, and he vocalized what indicated his unbelief in my prediction. But he little knew—with all his experience—what influence was at work in my behalf; whereas my confidence in Hypatia and her spirit band is as steadfast as

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