

prised tones, "Sir Spirit, I am but a woman and no prophet." Whereupon, with a grandiloquent bow, he offered me a key and said, "With the possession of this magical instrument you may indeed look far on into other years, and see as in a dream the forms of ages yet to be."

I took the key and professed my willingness to unlock the future. The Spirit bade me hold the key fast and follow its leadings, then vanished. Sweet strains of music, subdued by distance, fill the air; wondering whence they arise I look up. A large object floats above. Attracted by the murmur of voices, I look around. I see a strange looking vehicle filled with people. The human freight is borne steadily aloft and soon is attached to the object in the air. Another is preparing for ascent; I quietly embark, and by listening to the conversation I learn that the conveyances are electro-aerial boats and that we are bound to a mid-air concert.

Thoughts of the sad fate of Darius Green and his flying machine haunt me, but a glance at my key re-assures, and I find the mode of travelling most exhilarating. In due time our boat becomes one of the aerial flotilla. All eyes are directed toward the centre boat, from which a flag streams bearing the words, "The Music Box." Standing beneath the flag I see two familiar forms, and as the dulcet tones float out into the pure air, I recognize 94's sweet singers, Bishop and Murray. As song after song is finished, rounds of applause show the appreciation of the renditions. Full of curiosity, when the concert is over I pass to 94's headquarters, and after pleasant greetings and congratulations, I ask concerning our strange surroundings. "You remember," says Mr. Bishop, "how fond I am of out-door exercise and how when at Acadia I yearned for a flying-machine? Well, this is the result of my experiments in the science department." He explained to me the plan and working of his invention, and said that he had reserved all rights and only a limited number had been made. "Murray made the first trip with me, and together we formed the scheme of holding mid-air concerts. They are proving a great success. You can hardly imagine how much pleasanter it is to sing in the quiet ether, and how much brighter your audience is. In time I hope to have mid-air halls and churches. You know what a torture it was for me to attend church."

At this point I bethink myself of the magic key and seek pastures new. I am in the broad street of a quiet thriving town. Glancing around, my eye rests upon a large sign—it reads, "F. C. Ford, Hairdresser, Bangs a Specialty." On the opposite side of the street a most toothsome spread of chocolate creams and dainty confections "takes my eye." McLasses candy has a conspicuous place. It affords me reminiscences. Looking up I read the sign, "Mammoth Candy Kitchen, F. C. Ford, Proprietor." Remembering my class-mate's proclivities I am not surprised when a little boy tells me that Mr. Ford is the children's Santa Klaus. Further inquiries reveal that this is what Mr. Ford is at home, but through his lectures on the Prevention of Cruelty, and his gifts to charitable institutions, the world knows him as its most self-sacrificing benefactor and noblest philanthropist.

Passing along the street I hear a peculiar talking,—no folk are in sight. I notice a box which reminds me of a phonograph, and sure enough from this melodiously tinkles forth the announcement: "Lectures