

itself at different times as different spirits of varying degrees of intelligence and moral character? Why does it control the hand to write messages, and ascribe them to hundreds of persons, distinguished and undistinguished, who are dead? Why does it thus, intentionally or unwittingly, to discuss philosophical questions, compose verses, and give detailed circumstantial statements respecting events and scenes, should it not be able to distinguish between this mundane state of being and another, real or imagined, which is supramundane, between itself and other personalities—Boehme, Emerson, Lincoln, Bryant, and many unknown to fame? If the lower self has the power to make these distinctions, why is their writing purported to be directed by many spirits? Why is this lower self thus untruthful and given to deception, when the upper self is, as to veracity and trustworthiness, beyond suspicion? If the sub-conscious self really imagines that it is, at different times, all the personalities it claims to be, that its thoughts and feelings and its expressions of them are those of persons as unlike in intellect and character as a John Stuart Mill and a digger Indian, how shall we reconcile this fact with the average intelligence and reasoning power which it exhibits in the communications given? If the sub-conscious self is half asleep, dreaming, or undisciplined in thought, or if, as Mr. F. M. H. Myers imagines, it has "an undifferentiated perceptivity which antecedes sensory specialization, and which the specialization of the nerve stimuli, to which terrestrial evolution conducts us, may restrict as well as clarify," or if, from any other cause, it is subject to illusion and hallucination, still the question remains unanswered, How can thoughtful, discriminating statements and reasoned thought come from such a mental source?

(The End.)

Report comes from Paris at the discovery of the thistle as an article of food for man as well as beasts. The thistle has certainly some very fine points.

He (passionately)—"My love, Geraldine, is like the rose in your hair. It is—" She—"Artificial!"

With the ambitious cornet player practice makes him a perfect nuisance.

The direct consequence of rushing out of single blessedness is often that of rushing into double wretchedness.

It was a very tender-hearted lady who refused to strike an octave.

Five Little Pigs.

"This little pig went to market."

With a basket on one arm and sharp, bright eyes noting everything, he takes his way carefully among the boxes and barrels, the crates with their living, struggling contents and the pushing, busy crowd that filled the sidewalk and poured in and out through the open doorways.

He lingered fondly by the russets through whose brown skin the green broke here and there; by the rosy spheres from the lake-bound regions of the North and the pale pippins of the Middle States. He glanced askance at the golden clusters of the banana, for he knew that among the tough brown branches there sometimes coiled in a dull, gray serpent, and there sometimes lurked a deadly spider. He sniffed with grateful nostril the subtle fragrance of the deep yellow globes from the California groves, and the piny odor of the rough Florida fruit. He looked with appreciative eye where the scaly treasures of the deep lay scattered wide on marble slabs. He lingered a moment by the shining, silvery balls that came from the distant Bermudas, and his mouth watered at sight of the tender green of the early lettuce. He lined his basket thick with curly parsley; upon this dark green mat he laid the red and white of a juicy steak. With the careful hand of an epicure he gathered a stalk of celery, a half-dozen pink-skinned potatoes, and the tapering orange root of the parsnip, and with this precious burden he hied him homeward.

"This little pig stays at home."

The couch stood before the grate and her ladyship was stretched upon it at her ease. The coal was crackling and sputtering in vehement protest against the ever-increasing flames. The fervent heat cleft slab after slab from the black mass with the precision of a machine. The smoke curled from each new crevice, and on broad black wings sped up the chimney.

The rain swept the window pains; the cold wind shook the leafless branches of the trees, into which the sap of another spring was slowly mounting.

My lady shivers as she hears the dash of the rain and the rush of the wind, then she nestles a little closer in her soft couch and turns her eyes from the bleak picture without to the warm comfort within. She has heard more than once how in that outer world there are those who work and those who don't; that the many suffer while the few en-

joy. Here in the sheltered nest where love has placed her and wealth guards her she knows nothing of misery and toll save the faint echoing cries which now and then reach her ears. When possible she closes resolutely both ears and eyes against the sounds and sights which might otherwise assail them.

May not one enjoy that which the gods provide? Could one small creature stem the tide of a world's misery? In truth my lady thinks not. Far rather would she rest her soft cheek on her white hand and bask luxuriously before the glowing, snapping fire.

"This little pig has roast beef."

The table is spread under the mellow light of the chandelier. With lifted hand and reverent face the father invokes a blessing "upon what we are about to receive." Bright eyes steal furtive glances through spread fingers. The "amen" is scarce uttered ere eager tongues clamor for a share of the tempting viands despite a warning shake of the maternal head. With a restful sigh the father begins the pleasant task of feeding his hungry little flock. Sweet is the labor with which one satisfies the wants of the beloved. What to him the toil and the worry of the day since these be its fruits? For this the fertile brain plans, for this the skillful hand executes. The bloom on the daughter's cheek is more beautiful in the father's eyes than the sweetest flower that blows. The mother's heart rejoices in the sturdy strength of her son.

"This little pig has none."

It had been a hard long day.

Under the ceaseless drip of the sullen clouds she had gone to her work. Under the ceaseless drip of the sullen clouds she was returning to her home. The dress she wore had never been made for her. It hung loose upon her wasted figure and dragged in the mud as she walked. The hat, another windfall—all is grist that comes to the mill of the poor—had once been gay with jodding plumes; now they fell limp and wretched around the broken brim. The basket she bore contained the water-soaked apron with which she had tried to protect her one dress and the fragments of food given her by her employer of the day.

To bestow what one cannot use will often ease a troublesome conscience.

The puny children wait for her as she crosses the threshold of her poor home snatch hungrily for what she holds out to them. Not for them a pampered appetite, not for them a dainty food. Grim poverty has marked them for its own. She, who is the sole bul-