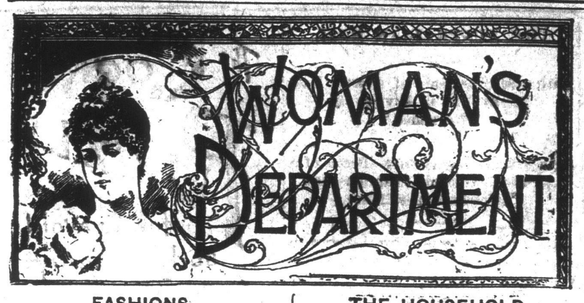


FASHIONS.

Great Width Across the Forehead In Hats and Bonnets—Jeweled Pins.

Never were there more radical changes in the millinery world. We are accustomed to upstanding aigrets and to bread bows at the back of the head, but now extraordinary width carried across the forehead promises to be the fashion in both hats and bonnets. As wings are the prominent feature in these front trimmings, the new models are suggestive of bees and other insects. Those who have made a raid against the wearing of feathers need not be alarmed. These wings are formed of paillettes, jet paillettes in preference, for the reign of the sequin would seem to have only just begun. They are worked into a semblance of wings on net or on chiffon, the patterns general-

STRAW HAT AND TOQUE.

ly sufficiently open to show the groundwork. The hats are gigantic. There is a disposition for hats to assume the square form, and a curious instance of this is an open black straw, the brim formed of one broad box plait on either side over the ears. It is covered with green velvet. Wreaths of lilies of the valley and foliage cover the back and front, while underneath are three green roses, one in the center of the back and one on either side. No flower is so much in favor as roses, but they are used in Paris in most unnatural colors.

Wonderful as are the trimmings of the front of the hat, equal attention has been paid to the back. Admirable, but eccentric, is a lace hat, with some four gigantic loops on either side of dahlia satin ribbon, sash width, softened by a mixture of black lace. The crown is gold and black, and roses are introduced upon it outside and in of the dahlia tone.

There is a new straw called "satin straw," which is not only used for the plait, but is formed into rosettes and might easily be mistaken for baby ribbon. Many of these straws are shot to resemble the ribbons used with them. More foliage is in demand this season, and black violets are frequently used. Large rosettes formed of white or butter colored lace, which are plaitings rather than rosettes, are placed at the back of crowns, while lace ends fall down by the side of the coil at the back.

Large ornamental jewel pins are used and jewels appliqued on to the material.

Toques are broad across the face, like the hats, and liberally trimmed with roses or foliage at the back.

Crowns seem higher and assert themselves rather more.

The cut shows a hat in fancy pink straw. The brim is cut away at the back and replaced by a cluster of roses shaded from pink to crimson. There is an under brim of plaited black lace and a shaded pink glace silk bow in front on the crown. The ornaments are in jet. The toque is in burned straw, trimmed with chine ribbon, cerise roses, cream lace and buckles.

Is It a Forerunner of Coming Style?

This sleeve is quite a novelty. It shows the shape of the top of the arm and is full above the elbow. The frills, of course, can be omitted.

Fashion's Echoes.

Round waists will continue in favor through the coming season, except perhaps for stout women, to whom they are not very becoming.

Plain skirts are likely to remain plain, but this will be diversified by openings at the side and sometimes by distinct front breadths in evening dresses.

Short circular capes in velvets of all colors meet a general want, for most women find them suitable outdoor garments to be worn with large sleeves.

The crepons of the shops show that bright colors will be worn—sea green, china blue, vieux rose, water cress green and royal blue.

Substantial tweed and heather mixtures are flecked with white, and a suspicion of light blue here and there gives an added brightness.

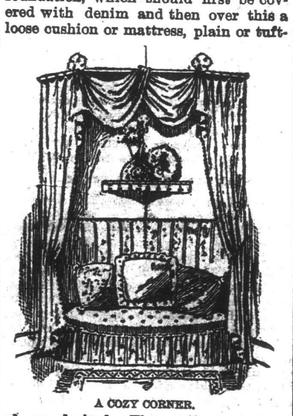
THE HOUSEHOLD.

An Ideal Cup of Coffee Can Be Made Only One Way.

An ideal cup of coffee can, it is said, be made only in one way. The coffee must be of the best quality and must be roasted, ground immediately and used as quickly as possible. Connoisseurs in coffee assure us that it is out of the question to make this beverage absolutely perfect out of factory roasted coffee that has been allowed to stand in the open air any number of hours, and, in addition, one might say that such a thing as a cup of good coffee from that which is purchased ready ground is quite an impossibility. The fine aroma of the berry evaporates in a very short time. Given the freshly roasted and ground coffee, an earthen coffeepot heated very hot by being filled with boiling water, which must be poured out again, and a coffee bag strainer. Then put in the coffee, ground very fine almost to a powder. Pour upon it boiling water—not merely hot—cover tightly and allow the coffee to filter through. Have ready the cups heated by pouring boiling water in them, put in the required quantity of cream and sugar, then fill up with the distilled nectar from the coffeepot, and one has a beverage that an exchange calls a revelation. Never expect good results from poor coffee or lukewarm water and half cold utensils.

Pretty and Practical Furnishing.

There are cozy corners and cozy corners, and of some of them the less that is said the better, being nothing but elaborate schemes in furnishing and using up a great deal of money in their production. But many comfortable and inexpensive nooks are to be seen that are fitting for daily usage, and one of this kind is shown by The Decorator and Furnisher. It consists of a board foundation, which should first be covered with denim and then over this a loose cushion or mattress, plain or tuft-



A COZY CORNER.

ed, as desired. The wall up to the height of four feet is covered with salmon pink striped and damaskened jute, and the cushion is also covered in this material, which answers admirably for such a purpose. The curtains and valance may be of china silk or silkaline. A roof or canopy of radiated design may be introduced, or if the room be low studded the ceiling can form a canopy.

Cut Work.

Now that there is a revival of this simple and effective work the following suggestions from Good Housekeeping may be found of interest: For a library tablecloth use fine, firm felt, or broadcloth would be better. Lining of silk or canton flannel is indispensable, and silk velvet should be used for the applied ornamentation. Cut from the velvet grape leaves with stems and tendrils enough to form a running vine border for the cloth. Baste the pieces smoothly and securely in place. Cover the edges of leaves, stems and tendrils with narrow gold braid. Simulate veins in the leaves and high lights in the stems, with lighter colored mediæval silk in long etching stitches. Finish the cloth with a tassel fringe of rope silk. An olive green cloth with grape leaves in very dark rich green and etching stitches in light green will be found very satisfactory, or a fawn colored cloth with maple leaves in the autumn tints is a good combination. The maple leaves will look well applied in groups of two and three in a place along the edge of the cloth. The tassel fringe of rope silk may be the shade of the cloth.

Household Disinfection.

The powerful and really useful disinfectants corrode metal and stain crockery more or less. Copperas is the best for household use, a pound dissolved in 12 quarts of boiling water and used hot being more effective than cold. The valve should be open when it is poured down closets, so that it need not settle in the pan, which should be washed daily with a long handled dish mop kept for the purpose and scalding, strong suds, when it will need no further disinfection. A large funnel should be set in the pipe of stationary washbowls, which, by the way, are considered unfit for human habitations by not a few persons and are unknown in the dressing rooms of many high class modern houses.

SHORTLY after midnight the roof of Mr. Sam. Banner's house on Labouchere street caught fire from a spark from a defective chimney. Damage $50.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

(The Montreal Gazette.)

The summoning of parliament to meet for the despatch of business has caused the suspension of the campaign conducted with a good deal of vigor by both parties for the last two months, and has concentrated public attention upon affairs at the Capital. It is usually impossible to forecast with accuracy the probable duration of a session, or the character of the legislation that may be accomplished, and especially is this the case as respects the last session of a parliament, but in a general way it may be predicted that no measures of high importance or involving protracted controversy will be submitted by the government. In the very forefront of topics stands, of course, the Manitoba school question, and it is inevitable that a long discussion both of the policy of the government and of the merits of the cause will occur; but, for the moment even this apple of discord has been removed from the carpet by the adjournment of the Manitoba legislature. Much depends upon the position taken by the Greenway government when the provincial house reassembles next month. If any disposition is shown by the Manitoba authorities to comply with the directions of the judicial committee of the privy council in its last judgment and to grant relief to the Roman Catholic minority without impairing the efficiency of the public school system, the whole matter will be removed from the domain of federal jurisdiction, a consummation greatly to be desired. Should, however, the Greenway government, with the concurrence of the legislature, decline to entertain the recommendation of the Governor General in council either the present Dominion parliament or a house of commons fresh from the people will be called upon to give effect by legislation to the judgment of the judicial committee.

It is reported that no important legislation will be submitted to parliament, and circumstances favor this course. Meeting late in the year, the convenience of members as well as the proper consideration of legislation will be promoted by the postponement of measures involving large interests until next winter. The insolvency question, for instance, is one that may profitably be deferred for a time, since it entails an immense amount of close study, of laborious work, and is fraught with possible disastrous consequences to the business of the country. Opinions differ widely in the mercantile community, in various sections of Canada, and among public men as to the utility of a bankrupt law, as the discussion of the measure introduced in the senate last session abundantly proved, and the government will, we are convinced, be well advised if legislation upon this subject is deferred for another year. An effort will doubtless be made in many quarters to have the tariff re-opened, the existence of a deficit in the revenue being made the occasion for pressing for another adjustment of duties. There is neither in precedence, practice, nor the existing condition of affairs any imperative obligation to take such a step. For four years in succession, during the period of the last Liberal administration, deficits in the revenue existed, aggregating between 1875 and and 1879 the sum of $6 426,900. Last year, it is true, there was a deficit of $1,210,300, and in the current fiscal year the deficit will be still larger; but it is well to remember that since 1886 the surpluses on consolidated fund account have exceeded the deficits by the considerable amount of $7,574,000, all of which has been employed for purposes of capital expenditure to the avoidance of new debt. If, therefore, the government should see fit to charge the deficit of the current year to debt, as was done by Sir Richard Cartwright when finance minister, the proceeding, after all, will be simply equivalent to drawing from capital sources a portion of the surplus revenues invested therein since 1886. We may point out, moreover, that the state of the public finances promises to be materially improved during the ensuing year from two causes, the reduction of expenditure and the increase of the revenue. The position of affairs counsels retrenchment. Wherever economy can be practiced it ought to be effected, and we look to the government to scale down the estimates of expenditure for the next fiscal year to the lowest point consistent with efficient administration. Then an upward turn in customs receipts may fairly be anticipated. The deficits of the last and the present year are due principally to the falling off in the income from customs duties, owing partly to the reduction in the tariff and partly to decreased importations. The merchants of the Dominion, with commendable prudence, have for many months past confined their importations to actual wants, and by this means have not only averted possible serious and widespread commercial disaster, but have kept trade in a condition to quickly respond to any improvement in prices, in consumptive demand, and in the general movement of commodities. Already signs are appearing of a turn in the tide. Trade in the United States is distinctly better. Prices of cotton, of wheat, of iron, of lumber, and of other staples are rising slowly, and when the revival has fairly set in, the ascent will be rapid. There is another reason why the tariff ought not to be disturbed at the approaching session of parliament, namely, that a very thorough revision has been effected within a few months, and the business of the country has but recently adjusted itself to the new rates of duty. To reopen the door now to another revision can hardly have other consequence than a further disturbance of trade and unsettling of confidence. Sir Charles Tupper on one occasion, when occupying the position of finance minister, caused an announcement to be made at an early period of the session that no changes in the tariff would be made, and his course was generally commended by the commercial community. The precedent then established might advantageously be followed this year by Hon. Mr. Foster if the government concludes to retain the customs duties at the rates fixed last session until such time as altered trade conditions call for another revision.

The gossips have been busy of late speculating upon the leadership of the House of Commons. It has been the good fortune of the Conservative party to have had as successor to Sir John Macdonald in that arduous position one of the greatest parliamentarians any country has produced, Sir John Thompson, and it will be no easy task to fill the chair of that eminent leader. But in Hon. Mr. Foster the government and its supporters have an experienced parliamentarian of signal ability and untiring industry, thoroughly capable of directing the work of legislation, while among his colleagues are men well fitted to share the labor with him. The public may be assured that neither the government nor its supporters will falter in maintaining the fiscal policy which is the foundation of Canada's material prosperity and progress, that in the future as in the past they will prove fully equal to the task of successfully administering the business of the country, and that no considerations of personal preferment, pique or ambition will be permitted to jeopardize the continuance of the control of public affairs by the party which has so often proved its superior capacity to serve the best interests of the Dominion.

A VALENTINE.

What would I send you,
O friend of mine?
Clusters of blossoms
To smile and shine.

Pansies to gladden,
Roses to bless,
Lilies to bend in
Their frail loveliness.

But snowdrifts have hidden
All beauty away.
Not a smile's in the country
This winter day.

Everything's waiting
To smile by and by,
When summer's returning
With blue sunny sky.

But, dear, I can never
Forget you, you know,
When winter is frowning
And chilly winds blow.

So I am sending,
Dear heart, to you
Wishes most tender
And love most true.

—Womankind.

THE MAHATMAS.

The storm showed no signs of abatement. The snow, driven by the wind, had found its way here and there through the "chinking" of the cabin and lay in miniature drifts upon the floor, the fine, dry crystals sparkling in the firelight. We were fairly warm and comfortable where we sat on our rolls of blankets, placed upon the rudely laid rough hearthstones, but ten feet back from the fire the air was bitterly raw and cold.

Tired though we all were from the day's rough journey, there was but little temptation to leave the comparative comfort of the fireside for the hard, drafty bunks which awaited us, and Calkins and I still sat drowsily listening to the theosophist as he discoursed monotonously of reincarnation, Karma-Loca, and kindred topics.

He was a fidgety, clean shaven little man, with weak eyes, long iron gray hair and a pasty complexion. He spoke in a confidential half whisper, lest he should awaken his unsympathetic friend, the professor, rolled in his blankets near by, and provoke controversy.

"A mahatma," he said hesitatingly, in answer to my inquiry, "is a being difficult of exact or satisfactory definition to a mind unfamiliar with at least the elements of esoteric philosophy and unattuned to the harmonies of oriental thought. He has been tersely but inadequately described as 'one who by intense self absorption has attained supernatural powers and faculties.' He is of the 'Illuminati,' of the 'Brothers,' an 'Adept,' in the occult sense. Developed and perfected by a spiritual asceticism, he finds himself able to read nature's occult laws, to pass unhindered from one distant place to another in the twinkling of an eye, to melt from view and reappear at pleasure, to surround himself with phantasms"—

"What do you call 'em what does all this?" queried Calkins, with awakening interest.

"Mahatmas," rather snappishly replied the theosophist, not relishing the interruption.

"I run against a pair of 'em once way out on the desert east of 'Old Woman's Springs,' and I recollect well how they done me. That's why I asked," explained Calkins.

"A pair of mahatmas! 'Done' you! Impossible!" exclaimed the theosophist.

"Well, if you say it's impossible, I reckon that settles it," said Calkins, and he spat aggressively into the white ashes in the fireplace.

"But, my dear sir," remonstrated the theosophist in a conciliatory tone, "I did not, of course, intend to suggest any doubt of the perfect sincerity of your assertion. But the idea of your having met two of these phenomenally gifted beings and of their having, as you say, 'done' you struck me for the moment, you know—merely for the moment—as—well—as certainly most remarkable."

"Well, it was just that," said Calkins, softened. "It was, as you say, the remarkablest racket, considered all round, I ever was in, and I'll allow I've seen more astonishin things in my time than most men."

"Would you mind giving us the particulars of your experience, Mr. Calkins?" urged the theosophist, with genuine interest.

"Well," said Calkins after a moment's pause and with the tone and air of overcoming a reluctance to speak further on the subject, "with a man who didn't know me"—he had met the theosophist that evening for the first time—"and hadn't the learnin and understandin to tackle such matters I'm free to allow I'd hesitate to give 'em this account. But with you it seems different somehow. You'll see the bearin's of it as p'r'aps some wouldn't.

"I had a claim about 40 miles southeast of Old Woman's springs, and there was a rock 'tank' within a mile where I could get water for camp use. I'd rigged up an arastra near the 'tank,' and had been packin ore down from the claim with the one mule I had, and then turned him into harness to run the arastra, but it made the work hard and slow both for me and him.

"So after I'd made one pretty good run out of about a ton and a quarter—I got three balls of amalgam, which, when I'd roasted and hammered 'em, weighed risin ten ounces—I started to go in from the desert, cash my bullion and buy some burro to pack with.

"It was well into November when I'd finished my run and started to come in, and the nights was gettin too sharp for sleepin out with any comfort. I planned to make Higgins Wells first night out, for there was an old stone cabin there, half built into the side hill, without much roof, to be sure, but furnishin some cover and givin a shelter from the wind.

"Well, I cached my tools and powder and straightened things out at camp before leavin, and so didn't get started until well on toward noon. It took about eight hours steady hustlin to get to the Wells, but I knew I had a moon to travel with when the sun went down, so I didn't feel hurried, though the days was gettin short.

"About sundown it grew raw right away, and then the mountains to the east and every little knob and butte stood out sharp, with a chilly dead light on 'em, like they was gettin purple with the cold. There wasn't a cloud nowhere to be seen, nor a breath of wind stirrin, and I knew it was goin to be a still, pinchin, frosty night, and I buttoned my coat up tight, and for the first time on the trip begun to hurry up my mule.

"Just after sundown on a clear, sharp night's the lonesomest time to be travelin on the desert when you're by yourself. With the dusk comin on and the red fadin out in the sky you feel somehow like everythin in the world but just you and your mule had been stone dead for a hundred years, and feelin that way your animal gets to be great company. When the moon come up, it was some cheerfuller, but I felt glad enough when I seen the butte where the Wells and the stone cabin was and thought of a fire and blankets.

"When I'd got to within p'r'aps a quarter mile of the cabin, I see somethin I never seen before and couldn't no ways account for. It was like a long, wavy line of mist, comin from the east, movin through the air just above the ground and makin for the butte faster'n a locomotive and straight's a bee flies!

"It didn't look like mist exactly neither, but more like a string of misty figures, with long, white streamers blowin out behind 'em on the wind! I scarcely had time to spec'late what it was, when just by the cabin it melted away and disappeared altogether. The air was clear and as dry as a bone, so I knew it couldn't be just a flyin vapor I'd seen, and besides there was nary breath of wind to drive it.

"While I was wonderin at all this, a light broke out of the cabin door and through the little window, like some one had just started a fire inside. Then next I see a campfire flame up, just down the hill by the Wells, and men and animals movin about near by. I thought it was queer I hadn't seen 'em till just that minute, for the country was open all round, and up to now there hadn't been a sign of life anywhere.

"Then I says to myself, 'Most likely it's a prospectin party, and they was hid by the willows growin round the Wells,' but somehow this explanation didn't satisfy me, and I rode up toward the cabin, feelin glad at the prospect of company, but still wonderin considerable. The place had got to be sort of public property ever since old man Higgins died, and I didn't feel no kind of delicacy in ridin right up to the door, even if there was some one ahead of me. So I dismounts, unsaddles, and after hobblin the mule steps in.

"I'll never forget how all struck stiff I was by the sort of old man I see standin by the fire and just startin to come toward me, with both hands stretched out and a smile on like he'd been expectin me. But when he seen who I was he stopped short, and the smile died out, and he looked sort of disappointedlike, and his hands dropped, and then I see he'd thought I was somebody else he was waitin for.

"He was dark complexioned and very old, judgin from his long white beard and the wrinkles on his face, but he was tall and as straight as a tampin stick, and his eyes, though deep in the sockets, was as bright as a hawk's, but kind and friendly, I thought. He was dressed out queerer'n any man ever I see outside of a the-a-ter. His head was wrapped all about with great strips of white muslin, which bulged out all round in a roll. He was buttoned up close in a long dull yeller colored, quilted silk overcoat, with a broad fur collar, and his shoes was red and turned up in long points at the toes.

"I seen at the first glance he was somethin out of the common and wasn't no prospector, but what he was I couldn't make out neither. I said 'Good evenin,' and he said 'Good evenin' back, pleasant enough, but speakin queer, like he wa'n't much used to speakin English. Then he motioned me, lookin very hospit-able, to take a seat in one of the three old rawhide bottomed chairs before the fire, which I done with a 'Thahk you,' for somehow, without bein anyways uppish, the old man acted like he owned the whole place, and I felt somehow like he did too. Well, when I set down, he set down and mumbled somethin I didn't just make out, bein in a language I'd never heard before, and, though lookin pleasant an smilin, he seemed sort of absentminded and kept lookin toward the door, like he was expectin some one.

"While I was gazin at him and wonderin who and what he was, and where he come from, and was makin up my mind how to lead the conversation round kind of delicate up to them points, I was startled clean through by seein the old man's chair suddenly get empty—that's the clearest I can put it—and findin him standin just outside the cabin door lookin off over the desert. He hadn't got up from that chair, so far as I could see, and there he was, 20 feet away from it, without so much as stirrin a leg. Naturally this excited my curiosity considerable. And I got up and went to the door, too, to see what the old man might be up to next. He was gazin off toward the south, and I hadn't more'n just looked that way, too, when I see what took my breath away.

"There was another of them misty, wavy processions kitin in through the air from the south and makin dead for the cabin. Before I'd a chance to rub my eyes and look again it had got close to the door, melted away, and another queer dressed old man was embracin the first one, the two of 'em standin there within five feet of me. Next second they was sittin together inside the cabin, in the chairs before the fire, never havin got there in no natural manner, with me standin just in and fillin up the doorway and only realizin where they'd gone to when I heard 'em talkin foreign languages behind me.

"I was gettin sort of used to this 'little joker' business and begun to feel ready for most anything in the surprisin line. But I hadn't seen just nothin yet to what was comin. Seein the two old gen'lemen was busy talkin over a roll of parchment with queer letters and figures on it, which the second old man had brought along with him, I thought it would be considerate to let 'em be alone together for awhile, and I stepped out and down toward the campfire to try and pick up some points there and take a look at the animals.

"I found four men standin close round the fire, tryin to keep warm, two of 'em dressed somethin like the old gen'leman I'd seen when I first come, only plainer, and two of 'em rigged out like the other one, with black sombreros and wrapped up in garments lookin like Mexican serapes. There was about a dozen animals, all told—three white mules and one coal black one, and the rest was fine, stout, big necked burros. My mule had got friendly with three of the finest in the whole outfit, and they was nibblin round apart from the rest, like they'd been raised together. Right away I begun thinkin that if I could get hold of them three it would make just the packin outfit I was lookin for, and then I could quit my trip in off the desert, go right back to the arastra and make another run or two. Then I could start in with considerable of a stake and not have to come right away back, as I'd been intendin.

"So, havin this in mind, I told the men by the fire what I wanted and showed 'em the biggest ball of bullion I had—weighin close on to five ounces—and offered it for the three burros, pointin 'em out. After about a minute they seemed to catch on, and lookin powerful solemn pointed up to the cabin, as much as to say I'd have to see the boss. So I just went on up, and steppin in found the old gen'lemen where I'd left 'em still talkin 16 to the dozen over the roll of parchment with the queer figures on it. They didn't pay no attention to me comin in at all, they was so took up with what they was talkin of, but I stood by waitin for a lull in the conversation, and when it come I cut in, and addressin the old man in the yeller silk overcoat I told him, plain as I could, what I wanted and showed him the five ounce ball to let him know I meant business and was willin to pay well for what I got.

"He looked at me in the same sort of absentminded way he did when I first seen him, but he smiled and nodded like he meant 'Yes' and said somethin I didn't just get onto, but it seemed clear to me from his way of goin on that it was all right about the burros, and then I handed him the five ounce ball. He wouldn't take it to begin with, but me insistin, and the second old man gettin impatient—at me interruptin their talk, I reckon—he bowed and smiled again very pleasant and dropped the ball kind of carelesslike into a little fancy cloth bag he wore for a pocket fastened on the belt round his waist. Then he went right on talkin again with the other old man just like I wa'n't round, and hed clean forgot me and my business.

Findin I wa'n't in it with the old men, I started to go down and see the burros I'd bought, feelin very well pleased with the trade. Just then the necromancin begun all over again, only this time for keeps, as you'll see. They was, as I've said, both talkin together very earnest, sittin in the chairs before the fire, and when I turned to go out they was there still, but as I stepped outside there they both was, miraculously, outside, too, ahead of me, embracin and carryin on like they was sayin goodby.

"Then things begun developin pretty lively. When the old gen'lemen had wound up the goodby act, they stands facin each other, both of 'em holdin up their hands and lookin up into the sky. Then they says some foreign words together, like it was a verse they was repeatin, and then—there wa'n't no old men standin there at all.

"I looked down toward the campfire and all about, and there wa'n't a livin thing in sight. Not a man, nor a mule, nor a burro! But goin through the air like a streak—one toward the east and one toward the south—was two of them cloudy lines of figures, with the misty streamers wavin, like I'd seen 'em when the old men first come.

"Yes, sir, everything was gone, pretty near, but me, and the cabin, and the campfire. Not only them two designin old men and their circus outfit, but with 'em the three burros I'd just bought and paid for, my five ounce ball of bullion and actually the mule I'd come on. When the rest of the party blew off in that interestin way, he'd somehow got caught in the draft, I suppose, and had to go along too.

"Next mornin early I started out on foot, packin my blankets, for Old Woman's springs. There I hired a burro and went in to stay for the winter. Now you can see, sir," concluded Calkins, addressing the theosophist impressively, "I wa'n't far off when I said I'd met a couple of them gifted bein's you was talkin of, and that they didn't use me no ways square any way you look at it."

"A most extraordinary experience, Mr. Calkins, most extraordinary!" exclaimed the theosophist, with some excitement. "I shall want, with your permission, to take notes of the occurrence for submission to our little Society For Psychical Research at Beaconsville. I believe, though, that through even my limited acquaintance with occult subjects I can put the conduct of those venerable men, whom you were so fortunate as to encounter at their desert rendezvous, in quite a different light from that in which you now regard it—that is, when I have had time to digest fully the particulars of your most remarkable narrative."

"I said you'd see the bearin's of it, as p'r'aps some wouldn't, you recollect," said Calkins, as, yawning, he arose with his blanket roll and turned to his bunk.

As he moved from the fire I thought I heard a low, husky, little laugh, but when I caught his eye he coughed unpleasantly and regarded me with a vacant, solemn stare.—Edmund Stuart Roche in Argonaut.