

# A Vision

By F. A. MITCHEL

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"Are you ill, sir?" I looked up dazed. I made no reply, for I was engaged in getting my bearings.

"This is the Tower?" I asked presently. "Yes, sir." I was sitting on a bench in an open court in the Tower of London. Before me was a piece of pavement different from the rest, some fifteen or twenty feet square and in its center a plate on which was an inscription. I remembered being the evening before in the quarters of one of the Tower officials, and that was all. How I came to be seated on the bench in the early morning I have never to this day fully determined. At 11 I had started for my lodgings in Oxford street, but I could not remember going there. One of the Tower attendants, commonly called "beefeaters," had seized me.

If how I came to be there is a mystery, what I saw there is still greater. I had been sitting a long while, of that I was fully conscious. Whether it was night or day I have no recollection, but the scene I witnessed seems to me to have been enacted in the day. My first remembrance is hearing shouts of "Long live Queen Mary!" but they seemed to come from without the enclosure. Within a few persons hurried by as if in preparation for some momentous event. They were all serious, and one or two of them were in tears.

Then I was conscious of a number of persons sitting with me about the square bit of pavement, though the sun on which they sat were of rough brown wood. The men wore trunks, hats, doublets and hats decorated with feathers, the women stomachers and large ruffled collars. Covering the square place on the pavement I have mentioned was a platform of wood about two feet high and hollowed at the top on both sides. Beside it, leaning on a huge pillar, was a figure in light fitting costume. Those about the platform, which was plainly a scaffold, wore serious countenances. Without the Tower enclosure I heard sounds indicating commotion: "The duke's inked; death to all traitors!" A man sitting next me whispered to another, "It's all over up on the hill."

A horror crept over me. I would gladly have gone away, but had no power to move. Looking down toward the other end of the court where there were buildings for dwelling purposes, I saw a lovely apparition at a window, a young girl apparently from seventeen to twenty years old. At the same time I heard the rambles of a cart. Two young girls, attendant on the one at the window tried to draw her away, but she would not go. "It is the body of her husband," I heard some one say. "He's been executed on Tower hill."

When the cart had passed there was an interval that my memory fails to fill, but the next scene was the opening of the door under the window at which the young lady had appeared, and she came out with an officer, attended by the two girls I had seen with her and a priest. She came toward the scaffold reading from a book and praying. When she reached the scaffold she ascended the steps with as much composure as if she were going to her chamber and stood waiting for sentence. When it came she spoke to the people, but I have no remembrance of what she said. There she knelt, prayed and asked permission of the priest to say a psalm.

These religious features ended, she took off her gloves and her kerchief, which she handed to one of her maids, and loosened her gown. The executioner knelt before her and asked forgiveness for what he was about to do. The girl then tied a handkerchief over her eyes with her own hands. Groping for the block, she asked, "Where is it?" Guided to it, she knelt and hid her neck on it, saying, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." The last I remember was the air swinging over her.

"Have you been sitting here all night, sir?" asked the attendant. "I don't know. I have a vague recollection gradually coming back to me of having followed a light figure, when I started to go home a night dressed in singular costume.

At that moment my eyes rested on the plate in the center of the marked square. I saw the name Lady Jane Grey. I read that she, Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard were all executed there. My horror of the night before returned. I rose and was staggering away when the attendant, putting his arm through mine, assisted me, taking me to the gate and calling a cab for me. I was driven to my lodgings and did not leave them for a fortnight.

# An Interposition

By SARAH G. RIKER

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There are people who sneer at the efforts of societies for psychical research. I don't. There are persons who are always having either dreams that contain revelations or see apparitions or are conscious of something about to happen that does happen. I have no confidence in these people. If I believed in them I would argue that in their makeup there is something especially amenable to some hidden law. But my own experience disproves this. I have had a manifestation—I know of no better name for it—of more consequence than any of those of which I have heard, yet I have had but one in all my life.

And his experience of mine, having come but once to me, in addition to indicating that my being is not unusually susceptible to such influences, points to the fact that others, either living or dead, do interfere at times in the current of our lives. But it is not my intention to deliver a lecture. I propose to tell a story. I am a bachelor. I live at a club, associating almost entirely with men and have no thought of marriage, and I may state here that I never expect to be married. I do expect, however, in another existence to be psychically united with one who will be to me my other self.

I was traveling and had been traveling for several days with but few and rather short stops. The season was summer, the time of day evening. My conveyance was a railroad train. I was sitting by an open window, looking out upon the fields lying by the music of the car wheels dropping from the end of one rail and jumping on to another. A favorite occupation of mine on a train has always been to imagine some one swimming along beside the train through the fields of grain that often line the track. On this occasion we were passing numerous such fields, and my image of fancy was swimming along lustily. But as the twilight faded and objects were lost to view, lulled by the rattle of the train, I dropped asleep.

When I awakened a train was beside the car—I was on, moving in the same direction and going at the same rate of speed, indeed, so exactly alike was the velocity of the two trains that I could see no gain or loss whatever to the train beside me. The window shades of both trains were raised, and I could see the people of the other train, some reading, some lounging, some talking together.

But my attention was fixed on a lady who sat at the window opposite me. Her cash was up as well as mine, so that there was no obstacle, either transparent or opaque, between us. The distance between her and me I suppose was about three feet. She was looking at me with an expression on her face, especially in her eyes, that I never saw in any one before and have never seen since, but I can't describe it. While I looked she spoke to me.

"Leave the train at the next station and follow me," she said. She put out her hand, but before I could grasp it the two trains separated, and in another moment the one in which the lady sat seemed to enter a tunnel, while mine went on in the open.

So vividly impressed was I that when a few minutes later we slowed up I took my grip and when the train stopped at a station I stepped out. After a moment's delay it went on and left me standing on the platform in a very singular mental condition.

"Will another train be along soon?" asked of a station man. "From the west?" "No, from the east." "No train from the east for four hours."

I was puzzled. I had been coming eastward. "Is this track double beyond the station?" I asked presently. "No double track on this line." "What?" "Single track from here both ways all the way to the terminals." An uncanny feeling came over me. I had seen a train on a track beside me, talked with a woman on that train and had obeyed her instructions. As soon as I could recover myself I walked in a half dazed condition into the station and sat down. I remember nothing but a clicking of a telegraph instrument. How long I sat there I don't know, but when I came to my usual consciousness it was at hearing the telegraph operator cry out to a man outside:

## Figure Symbols of Pekin.

The simplest musical instruments in the world are the pigeon whistles of Pekin. They are made of thin bamboo and their boards scraped to specific delicacy and fastened beneath the tail feathers of the carrier pigeons. As the birds fly through the air these instruments emit a weird, peevish melody like the harp of fairyland. Every morning and afternoon the vault of Pekin's sky is swept by these sweet, mournful notes as the birds fly to and fro, carrying messages to the bankers, the merchants, the lawyers, navigators, letters, stock quotations, a system older than the telegraph or telephone or the oldest letter service, as old as time itself. There are some twenty different kinds of pigeon whistles, some of them simple bamboo tubes with but one top and some as elaborately constructed as miniature organ pipes. They are all of featherweight lightness and are held in the hand and swept through the air emit the same delicate whistling notes as when borne through the upper atmosphere by the carrier pigeons.

## A Diplomatic Official.

During the reign of Emperor Napoleon III, he and the empress visited Normandy and had arranged to spend a couple of days at Evreux. M. Janvier de la Motte, who was the prefect, learned that the revolutionaries intended to his the sovereigns as they passed, and so he summoned the leaders of the movement and told them that he knew of their plot. "If you carry out your plan," said he to them, "you will get six months in prison. If you do not your friends will accuse you of cowardice and treason. As a way out of the difficulty I propose to lock you up at once until the emperor has gone." The conspirators accepted the terms offered them, and so the emperor was greeted only by cheers, as the revolutionaries, frightened at the arrest of their chiefs, had not dared to utter a sound. After the emperor and empress had gone the prefect went in person to release his prisoners, who had had such a pleasant time that they greeted him with cries of "Long live the prefect!" to which M. Janvier de la Motte, who was a man of wit, replied, "My friends, do not evade it."

## Seating a Matrimonial Dispute.

Miss Ada Tocco, the famous Japanese actress, who had been a friend of the assassinated Prince of Borneo's childhood, told the following amusing anecdote:

"In my frequent quarrels with my husband we sometimes asked Prince to judge between us. One day when we had had a more than usually violent dispute at Chigasaki the prince came in unexpectedly, and I asked him to decide the question. But he declined, while proposing the following solution:

"Go down into the garden, both of you, and fight it out like sumo tops (wrestlers). The one who wins will naturally be the one who is in the right."

"No sooner said than done! In a trice Kawakami and I were in wrestling trim. My good luck my husband was just recovering from a serious illness, and as he was very weak I soon threw him to the ground. This amused the prince enormously, who, of course, had foreseen the end of the unequal match."

## Commiseration Where Women Gossip.

Friday, the Sabbath of the Moslems, when all true believers of the masculine gender make a point of going to church, their wives, sisters and daughters resort to the cemeteries and wall for the dead. But all their time is not spent in weeping, and sorrow is not the only emotion they display, on these occasions. They take with them bunches and garlands of flowers and decorate the graves of their relatives and pray and weep over the dead for a time. Then when this pious duty is performed they gather in little groups and have a good time gossiping about the living. Thus the day of mourning is very popular among the Moslem women. It gives them almost the only opportunity they have of cultivating the acquaintance of their neighbors.

## The Lion and the Unicorn.

The unicorn came into the royal arms with James I. It belongs to the royal arms of Scotland. The signet ring of Mary, mother of James, is in existence, having a unicorn on it. In the royal arms, therefore, one supporter represents England, the other Scotland.

The lion and the unicorn occur also in ancient Buddhist scriptures, placed together as supporters. Both of these animals also are seen playing draughts together in the well known Egyptian painting. But the oldest connection of the two is in the blessing of Jacob and of Moses. — London Notes and Queries.

## Second Thought.

"Dear Mr. Hicks," she wrote, "I am very sorry that what you ask I cannot grant. I cannot become your wife. Your sincerely, Ethel Barrows." Then she added: "P. S.—On second thoughts, dear George, I think I will marry you. Do come up tonight and see your own true Ethel."

## A Subtle Difference.

"And so," began the browbeating attorney to the shabby witness, "you live by your wits, do you?" "No, sir; by other folks' lack of them," corrected the witness modestly.

## He Knew.

Wife—I wonder why there are no marriages in heaven? Husband—Because it is heaven, of course. — London Notes.

# WHAT THEY NEEDED

By HARRY VAN AMBERG

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Having occasion to see Gunter after office hours on a matter of business, I went to his room. It was 9 o'clock, a time when young people are supposed to be enjoying themselves in their evening amusements and married people are sitting around the hearthstone or the big lamp on the center table reading, looking or listening to the chatter of the children going to bed.

But Gunter—never before in my life have I lighted upon a more desolate situation for a man in good health, prosperous and without any skeleton in his closet. He was sitting in an easy chair, looking at the wall. When I entered something of a change came over his face. He seemed pleased that any one should break the stillness.

"Great heavens, Gunter!" I exclaimed. "What are you sitting here alone for?" "Because I have no one to sit with me." "Then why not go out?" "I've been going out for years, and I'm tired of it."

I stayed with Gunter all the evening. The subject of our talk other than business was that I agreed to protect him into something better than a room with no one but himself in it. My cousin, Margaret Tucker, twenty-eight years old—Gunter was forty—was just as needed of something better than a single room as was Gunter. I told Gunter that he couldn't afford any longer to wait to fall in love. If he did he would likely pass the rest of his life in loneliness. If he married he couldn't be any worse off than he was, and he might be a great deal better off. I used the same argument with Margaret. I vented for her to Gunter as being an excellent person and for Gunter to her to the same effect. I introduced them. Gunter made an expected proposal. It was accepted, and they were married.

I was shocked at what I had done. Suppose they didn't get on together. How would I feel at having led them up in a knot they couldn't untie without a lot of trouble? One day I saw Gunter coming toward me on the street. He looked queer. There was no side street between me and him, so he had to turn down, so I was obliged to face him. I nervously kept for the meeting and, assuming a lot of heartiness, ran up to him and, grabbing him by the hand, shook it warily and said:

"How are you, old man? Happy as a clam, eh?" "There was no sorrow in his affirmative response." "Come, I went on; "tell me how you and Mag are getting on." "Oh, we're not so well though, but there are certain things about women that rule a man the wrong way."

"Which?" "Well, Mag gives way to me in certain things I don't care anything about, but if anything of importance comes up between us she must have her own way."

"I wouldn't have you breathe it. I say it in the strictest confidence. I'm thinking of a separation."

"Good gracious!" I saw he was being ruffled and tried to soothe him, but it was of no avail. He declared that his wife had an ideal of a husband in her mind, and she was trying to make him over to conform to that ideal. I let him, feeling that I had not succeeded in comforting him and cursing my folly at having led him into matrimony.

Desiring to see Mag alone and suspecting that her husband would not go home at that time of day, I called on her.

"Well, Mag," I said, "how goes matrimony?" "Oh, matrimony's well enough! It's the man our marries that's the trouble."

## In Perfect Accord.

Some years ago there came to an American city a delightful German. Herr von Blutz, who intended to support himself by giving lessons in the native tongue. When he had been here several months and had secured a moderate number of pupils he went one day to the mother of one of these and to her great surprise asked for her daughter's hand in marriage.

"But, my dear sir," said she, "my daughter has no fortune." The unforgotten asked her in a persuasive manner. "Go, too," said she, "reassuringly." "But, Herr von Blutz, who will never be able to manage affairs."

"Go, too," rejoined the lover. "And I feel obliged to tell you that my daughter has a very high temper." "Go, too," said she. "That was enough. The mother retired from the contest, and the pro-poser won his suit."

## Quick Justice at Asses.

Not only the horses, but the powers of the law, says the London Chronicle, are swift at Asses. For the court has a special tribunal for the punishment of evildoers. No sooner is the pocket wobbler or ticket wobbler arrested than he is shuffling in a little room in the royal palace, where the evidence is heard and the verdict and sentence pronounced before the obstinate fully realizes that he is caught. The trials are done so quickly and so swiftly that a fellow-criminal at this court which is decreed by clause 22 of the assizes act of 1835, is never in the courtroom more than a few minutes. In the eighteenth century there was a similar tribunal in London, which was called a "quick justice" tribunal. In the present day the tribunal is still in existence, but it is now called a "quick justice" tribunal.

## Political Age of Man.

The question as to what is the political age of man is by no means settled. In the present day some people think that the political age of man is not yet reached. In the past it has been thought that the political age of man is reached at a much earlier age. In the present day, however, it is thought that the political age of man is reached at a much later age.

## The Word "Domesticity."

The word "domesticity" has a very different meaning in the present day than it had in the past. In the past it meant the quality of being of or pertaining to a house or country. In the present day, however, it means the quality of being of or pertaining to a woman's life and taking the care of the household.

## Old Uncle Jasper Was Baying a Good Card.

Old Uncle Jasper was baying a good card in a New Orleans postoffice when a gentleman approaching the post-office window had a small parcel weighed and stamped for Jerusalem. On the gentleman's departure Uncle Jasper chuckled and said:

"He was 'Jolia,' wasn't he?" "Not at all," returned the clerk. "My, oh, my!" cried Uncle Jasper in an awed tone. "Is it possible you take letters to Jerusalem? I thought it was a mistake. While I was talking with Mag he came in. I was irritated at the way my plans for those I had wished to benefit had turned out and was in no mood to meet the two together."

"If you two people," I said, "must quarrel on quarrelling instead of enjoying the happiness that has come to you I can't help it. I did the best I knew how for both of you, but—"

"Our affairs are none of your business," said Mag fiercely. "Right you are," said her husband. "What right have you to come here and meddle?" "I meddle?" "Seeing that if I remained where I was a minute longer there would be an explosion, I crammed my hat down on my head and rushed out of the room, slamming the door behind me."

I went to my office in a fever. I couldn't work. I couldn't sit still. I walked the floor. Presently there came a ring at the telephone bell. "Who is it?" I asked. "Mag. Come over to dinner."

"What for?" I inquired. "I wish to thank you for something." "All right. I'll come. But thank me in person." "We needed some one to turn against, instead of each other. We're having a delightful supper."

# Candied Plums

By ANNE L. BROWN

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