

### TIMELY MESSAGE OF WARNING

#### Shipwreck Averted by a Startling Dream.

This is an age of rationalism. Every day we are more inclined to condemn superstition and certain frauds by which it is supported. But while we are losing faith in the miraculous there is a growing disposition to explain wonders scientifically.

I am especially subject to thought transference, and so is my wife. When together a thought no sooner enters the head of one of us than the other gives expression to it. I am a scientific man and expect the time to come when one will be able to detect the subtle cause of this communication.

Some years ago I went as a scientist on an exploring expedition. We were obliged to enter into an ocean that was then comparatively unknown. Our maps were the best that could be obtained, but had not received the same attention as other districts. Besides, convulsions beneath the sea are constantly occurring to change the conditions. We were sailing northward within a hundred miles of a coast running northeast and southwest. It was near midnight I was sound asleep in my berth. Suddenly I awoke. What occurred during this awakening I am not going to attempt to explain except negatively. It was not a dream. It was not a vision. I heard nothing. I saw nothing. It was rather a consciousness. In that infinitesimal bit of time, during which I passed from a sound sleep to a wide-awake condition, my wife, who was several thousand miles distant from me, was gasping wildly, convulsed with terror, pointing and crying, "Keep off!"

As I have said, I received this as a brain impression. The moment I was awake it was gone. There were the usual roll of the ship and creaking of timbers, and I looked out of the porthole. The night was starlight, and there was but a fair wind. Nevertheless what had occurred had impressed me thoroughly with a sense of danger. I arose, put on my clothes and went on deck. The officer in charge, John Jacobson, was pacing the after deck. There was no land in sight, nothing but a broad expanse of ocean.

"What is it?" asked the officer as I joined him. "Why do you ask the question?" "Why? You wouldn't be coming up here at this time of night for nothing. Besides, you look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"John," I replied, "will you do something for me without a reason?" "What is it?" "That's shoreward out there, isn't it?" I pointed westward.

"Yes." "Put her off to northwest." "Good Lord! What for?" "It was to be without a reason," I said.

"What will the old man do to me?" "I'll take the responsibility. Come, be quick! There's danger ahead!" He seemed to catch an inkling of my fear from me and gave the necessary orders. As the ship went about to her new course I walked to the port gunwale and looked over.

"Come here, quick!" I called to the officer. He came and looked over the side with me. "What's that?" I asked. "I see nothing," he replied. "Not that whitish line out there?" He continued to peer, and suddenly cried under his breath, "Great heavens!" then gave the order to the helmsman to sheer off to starboard. He saw, as I did, a thin white line. It could only be foam and could only come from submerged rocks. It ran north and south, broken here and there by the dark water to reappear farther on. We got only a glimpse of it, for our change of course served to take us away from it. For a time we both stood with bated breath, every moment expecting a shock or to hear the hold beneath us grating on a reef. Then I went below and called the captain.

We saw no more evidences of the sunken reef, but on reaching the next port learned that it had been recently discovered by others. Its appearance dated from the last earthquake on the coast.

I made a note of the day, hour and minute, as near as the latter was possible, that my warning came to me, and when some months later I returned to my wife I told her my story. Without waiting to hear me through she interrupted to tell me that while I was away she had dreamed she saw our ship sailing toward a sunken reef. She tried to warn us off, but could not do so. Her terror awoke her. She looked up the date and found it tallied with my memorandum.

A reference of my warning to scientific causes may be weakened by its dependence on a dream. Dreams are now believed to be simply mental activity of the dreamer. But why should not that mental activity have experiences as well as when the mind is awake? And, if so, why could not what was experienced be communicated? I can conceive of my wife's communicating her experience to me through thought transference as readily as I can conceive of a message sent by wireless telegraph to a vessel far out at sea. This process may some day be solved. How she gained a knowledge of our danger is a problem a solution

### Fined For Not Voting.

The outstanding feature of most British elections is the large number of electors who fail to record their vote. In some countries voting is compulsory and electors are fined if they do not do their duty as citizens and avail themselves of the franchise.

According to the universal suffrage law of Australia, all those on the register must record their votes, and at the last general election in that country 60,000 electors were fined sums from \$5. 4d. downward because they neglected to go to the polls.

Spain is another country that looks on voting as a national duty, at least in a municipal election. Should a citizen omit to cast his vote his name is published as a defaulter, his taxes are increased by 2 per cent, while if he be in the public service his salary is reduced by 1 per cent. Should he be debarred forever from holding an elective position or an appointment under government—London Spare Moments.

### Wiles of the Waiter.

"I know I am looking like a fright tonight," the woman said. "The man studied her dress, her hair and her complexion closely. "I don't see anything the matter with you," he said. "So far as I can see, you are looking as well as usual." "But I am not," she insisted. "There is something wrong, and that head waiter saw at a glance what it was. If I had been up to the mark he wouldn't have put us away over here in this out of the way corner. He would have given us a table right under the chandelier in the middle of the room."

"All the best dressed people are always seated in the most conspicuous places, so as to make the restaurant look more attractive. I am glad to say that that is where I usually sit. The plain people are ranged along the sides of the room, just as we are tonight."

"That is why I know I am not looking well."—New York Times.

### A Perilous Experience.

While hunting in the Big Horn mountains two men found a narrow path, little more than a deer trail, leading up to the summit. They dismounted and led their horses, moving very cautiously, for on one side the mountain rose up like a wall, and on the other sloped down a thousand feet to the canyon below. Suddenly both horses pricked up their ears as if something wild was nearby. Then there came a shot from the hunter in advance, and the hunter in the rear found himself hanging over the cliff. He had been leading the horse by the reins, and when the horse shied and upset him he held on with a death grip. It was nearly five minutes that he thus hung on to the slender strap, while the horse held back with all his strength. But he could not climb up, and his companion had to haul him up to a place of safety, and then he naturally faltered.—St Paul Pioneer Press.

### Pigs and a Palace.

King Charles of Roumania made many changes in his Balkan kingdom since he arrived there in 1866 after an adventurous journey in disguise from Germany. Notable among them are the changes in the capital and the royal palace. When he made his triumphal entry as the country's new prince the carriage reached a house before which a guard of honor was stationed. "What house is that?" he asked. "That is the palace," replied General Goleksi. The prince, thinking he had misunderstood him, said, "Where is the palace?" And the general was so embarrassed that he could only point silently to the one storied building. The principal feature of the view from the windows on one side was a gypsy encampment, with swine wallowing in the main road before the palace.

### Sir Francis Drake Still a Terror.

No public monument is needed to keep alive among Mexicans the memory of Sir Francis Drake's exploits in Central and South America. Traveling in Mexico a few years ago Mr. Edward Smith records that he "heard a woman calling a tempestuous child by saying, 'Ah, viene Drake?' (Here comes Drake!) I made minute inquiries and found that it is a common threat to children on the Mexican coast, like unto "Bony will get you!" "The Black Douglas shall get you!" Fancy people still living in terror of seeing Drake's topsails on the horizon.—London Chronicle.

### Tactless.

"Everything that is lovely reminds me of you," he fervently declared. "It is nice of you to say that," she replied. "I hope you see a great many lovely things."

"I wish I did, but this is such a dreary, dismal place, don't you know?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Medical Advice.

"Doctor, how can I prevent my husband from talking in his sleep?" "Well, you might try giving him a few opportunities in the daytime."—Pittsburgh Post.

### Only to Be Expected.

The Optimist—I hear Brownsmith is going to be married. The Pessimist—Serves him right. I never did like that fellow.—Lippincott's.

### No, Never.

Love may be blind. But you never saw a bride who couldn't tell orange blossoms from sunflowers.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### No Circumstances Can Permanently

## A Boomerang

By ANDREW C. EWING

"It's all up with me, Sadie!" "What in the world is the matter?" "I'm freed." "From your position?" "Yes." "What for?" "Well, you know that when I was graduated from the electrical school, I was offered a situation in the office of the Metcalf company, of which Mr. He is president and principal stockholder. I supposed the position would be permanent. It turns out that the Metcalf company had put in a bid on the erection of an electrical plant and had been awarded the contract. Mr. Metcalf wanted some one to assist in making figures on the specifications and hired me for that purpose. The formula being now completed, he has no further use for me."

"How dishonorable in him not to have told you in the beginning that you were simply employed for the job?" "If he had I would have declined his offer, for I had a permanent one offered me at a lower salary. I've been working nights for six months besides my day work and have a whole closet full of estimates figured out that I wouldn't do over again for a thousand dollars. I received only \$100 for the whole month and proceeded in this fashion, period of my service. I'm sorry, Sadie, that we can't fix the date we are expected to fix for our wedding. I shall have to hunt for another place, stopped at the house in the center of a and when I get one I can't tell whether Large Vineyard, whose owner, August I shall be treated in the same shabby fashion according to the custom of the country."

"Well, Bob, I expect you'll find the world full of disappointments." "Yes, and when I get knocked down at which young girls are especially interested in the opposite sex. She proposed to get up and push me."

"Good! If you feel that way you're sure to win in the end." "But Bob found getting another place difficult. Every one was being graduated every June, and those just entering the field were ready to work cheap. Besides, dull times came on, and it was difficult for those having positions to hold them. His fiancée was always hopeful and cheered him so far as she could.

One day the young engineer was called up on a telephone. On answering the call he learned that the person on the other end of the wire was the president of the Metcalf company.

"Would it be possible," he asked, "for you to recall from memory the formula you made for the electrical plant we bid on while you were with us?"

"No, sir." "There was no further word for a moment, but Bob knew that the receiver had not been hung up."

"Why do you ask? Has anything happened to the formula I made for you?" "Yes. Last night our safe was broken into, and it was taken with other moneys and securities, and there is no certainty of our ever recovering it. We must begin work immediately in order to get the job finished according to contract."

Bob opened his eyes, but not his mouth. He knew that the company would forfeit \$100,000 if the work was not finished on time. Indeed, it could not begin without making a new formula.

At length he said: "I could help you out, Mr. Metcalf, but I don't think you treated me right in not telling me when you employed me that it was for this job only. I did a great deal of work home at nights and simply took results to the office. All that home work I have and could easily reconstruct the formula from it."

Bob could hear a suppressed exclamation of joy.

"You can come back to work if you like," said the president, "and I'll raise your salary."

"Thank you. I don't care to enter your employ again."

"I'll make it permanent."

"That doesn't tempt me either."

"What do you ask for the figure you have?" "They are not for sale. Had I been retained permanently in your employ I would give them to you, or if I had been told that I was hired simply for the job I would do the same. As it is, I am under no obligations to you."

## An Opportunity Lost

By MARGARET BARR

In feudal times, when the now ruined castles, on the river Rhine were alive with people, there lay dying in one of them Count Hallemstein, its owner. There had long been a feud between the count and Baron Hafstrom, a neighbor, who, learning of his enemy's illness, designed, as soon as the latter died, to step in and take possession of the castle and estate. The count's son and heir, Herman, was at the time of his father's illness returning from the university where he had been studying and had been recalled to his home.

The messenger who summoned him also informed him that Baron Hafstrom was watching for him to waylay and make him a prisoner, that at his father's death there would be no head to the Hallemstein vassals to offer resistance and that he might hold the heir to do with him as he chose. Herman set out on horseback with the messenger, Ludwig Riffler, to return to his dying father. In order that he might

concluded that Riffler should personate a knight, and he, Herman, would act as his servant. So they changed garb and proceeded in this fashion, Herman riding behind Ludwig. One evening when they were not far distant from Hallemstein castle they shall have to hunt for another place, stopped at the house in the center of a and when I get one I can't tell whether Large Vineyard, whose owner, August I shall be treated in the same shabby fashion according to the custom of the country."

Gretchen, Baron's daughter, was a comely girl, eighteen-years old, and being ill at ease in playing a role that was novel to him, and the courtly manners of his servant.

Herman before setting out had instructed Ludwig not to defer to him in any way—indeed, to treat him rather harshly, the better to carry out his deception. Bauer told Ludwig that Baron Hafstrom's men had been to the vineyard that day looking for Herman Hallemstein, and Herman, fearing that he might be taken for the master instead of the man, instructed Ludwig to rebuke his harsh treatment, whereupon Ludwig, while Herman was waiting on him, feigning to be displeased with his servant, rated him soundly, including his pretended ire so far as to strike him.

Herman bore his treatment meekly, but Gretchen's eyes flashed fire. She said nothing at the time, but when alone with Herman sympathized with him and offered, if he wished to leave his master's service, to ask her father to give him employment in the grape culture. It occurred to Herman that it might be well to accept the offer and send Ludwig ahead to find a passage through Baron Hafstrom's men.

So Gretchen went to her father with the request, which was granted, and Herman was set to trimming vines, while Ludwig, after abusing his man for leaving his service, went on.

Gretchen, who was infatuated with Herman, went out to where he was at work and spent a great deal of her time chatting with him. This angered her father, who was a wealthy man and had no idea of permitting his daughter to become involved with a servant. He reprimanded her, but it was too late. Young hearts need but a spark to start an unquenchable flame. Since Gretchen could not meet Herman openly she met him in secret.

On the second day after Ludwig's departure he returned. He had found an unguarded avenue to the castle. The count had died while he was there, but he had instructed the countess to keep his death a secret till Herman had arrived. Ludwig now proposed that Herman should obtain clothing from Gretchen and proceed as a girl. So Herman told Gretchen that he was a political fugitive—and asked her to let him have her clothes by which to make his escape. She readily consented and brought him what he needed. Arroying himself in her belongings, painting his cheeks and powdering his face, he started.

Gretchen accompanying him till he had traversed the more frequented part of the distance and passed several hands of men watching for him.

The two journeying together so aided the deception that Herman asked her to go on with him till his safety had been assured.

Leaving the main road, they entered a defile in the high hills that bordered on the Rhine, where Ludwig had found an unguarded. A band had since occupied it, but the travelers climbed a hill and passed on above them. In this way they avoided several parties and at last entered the castle.

Gretchen was much astonished to see her companion, when he had thrown off his feminine apparel, receive the homage of his vassals. After an interview with his mother and the funeral of his father, he placed himself at the head of his retainers, scattered forth and scattered the bands that had been looking for him.

Baron Hafstrom, seeing that the opportunity had eluded him, gave up the idea of appropriating Hallemstein castle and withdrew his forces. Gretchen became Herman's wife and brought him a fine fortune, with a part of which he strengthened the defenses of his castle and otherwise bettered

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