THE PLANET

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1902

WAR REMINISCENCES

AN APPLE JACK CAROUSAL.

A Find That Resulted in a Hilarious Old-Time and a Singular Situation.

"Apple jack," said the captain, in the Chicago Inter Ocean, "was the worst liquor a soldier ever drank, and yet I cannot remember that it ever precipitated any riot or serious breach of the rules. When our boys first struck apple and peach brandy in southeastern Kentucky and Tennessee they knew very little about it. They would prowl about the smokehouses on the farms and fill their canteens with apple jack and take what they regarded as an ordinary snifter, expecting to be moderately stimulated thereby. But, as a rule, they became fool drunk, and after repeated experiments, they looked upon apple jack as a very bad thing to take in the presence of an enemy.

"Fellows with an appetite would take whisky in a way to not promote any feeling of general disability, but they never could handle apple jack in the same way. On the march from Wild Cat mountain to Nashville, in October, 1862, the men were on short rations and there was a great temptation to drink heavily. But to the credit of the boys it ought to be said that, realizing the danger, they kept themselves well in hand. In traveling through the union settlements it was not difficult for men who drank to receive information as to where barrels of apple brandy were secreted.

"On one occasion I knew that the stragglers under my immediate command had found a barrel of apple jack. To my surprise, however, not a single man showed any signs of intoxication during the afternoon's march. But when we went into camp I noticed that there was a good deal of conferring among the men, and I divined that probably a dozen were not in sympathy with the majority. I suspected that there was a scheme afoot, and there was, but it was not the kind I suspected. The men told off six privates, one corporal, and a sergeant to stand guard. The others let themselves loose on a regular, old-fashioned spree. Each man had a canteen of apple jack, and before midnight they were all as drunk as fools, except the eight men on guard.

"These eight men armed themselves with hickory switches, and when the intoxicated men became uproarious and unmanageable, they whipped them into subjection. In considerable alarm I interfered, and advised against this proceeding, when

EACH MAN HAD A CANTEEN.

I was informed by the non-drinkers that this programme had been agreed upon by the men who were now in a frenzy of drunkenness. They knew about how they would act, and they had solemnly sworn in the sober contingent to use the gad on them.

"The scenes of that night were beyond description. They wore mostly on the frolicsome, ridiculous order. The drunken men labored under the impression that they could walk on fire, and they would rush up to the heap of burning logs with intention to show that fire could not hurt them. Then the men with the hickory switches would come into action, drive the fire-walkers back into the tall grass, and make them lie down. While they were doing this another squad would make a raid on the fire, and they would be whipped back, but finally every canteen was empty, every drunken man was asleep, and the next morning the march was resumed with all the men as quiet as if participating in a funeral. I was assured that the resulting headaches were something to remember a lifetime.

"All of the sufferers were good soldiers. Only a few of them were habitual drinkers. Many of them never tasted apple jack after the experience of that night. Two of them are living in Chicago, and one of them, now strictly temperate, has often assured me that he carries the marks of the switchings received that night, and that he remembers distinctly the feeling that came with his third drink, that he had been transformed into a hog, and felt impelled to grunt and squeal and take to the woods. He always concludes his story with: 'No more apple jack for me'!"

THE FIRST SHOT AT SUMTER.

Was Not Fired by Roger A. Pryor, Who Might Have Had That Doubtful Honor.

I know not the man who fired the first shot in the civil war in America, but who might have been that man, and nearly was, says a writer in London M. A. P. Roger Pryor in recent years has been a dweller in New York, and for a time occupied a position on the judicial bench. In his hot youth, however, he was one of the young bloods of Virginia whose fervor helped to fan the flames that burst into the awful conflagration. By a curious coincidence he was one of the party that demanded the surrender of Fort Sumter. With breathless interest I listened to him one night as he told the story of the eventful day when he and his friends paid a visit to Fort Sumter with the demand that the northern troops should give the place up. Even when they are going to fight—even when they are going to hang—in whatever position and tragedy of life they may find themselves—Americans are thoroughly human; I suppose it is part of their democratic training under a republic.

And so it was that this interview, fateful with such awful consequences—to end in the destruction of a million lives—took place with pleasantness on both sides. The garrison received the deputation in a hospitable spirit; drinks even were exchanged. But both sides took up their position with that inflexible and iron determination which is another American quality.

JUDGE ROGER A. PRYOR.

And then the confederates went away; and soon after the order was given that the fortress was to be attacked, and that the first shot in the fight was to be fired. Lightly, I dare say, these wild young fellows thought of what they were about to do; for if the men of the south had not been reckless dare-devils they would never have provoked this struggle—the end of which was as certain as anything could have been in history. Somebody suggested to Roger Pryor that his hand should have the honor—as it was supposed—of firing the first shot. Though he was so young and so hot-headed, some good angel whispered into his ear that this might turn out to be one of those acts of heavy and calamitous responsibility that would haunt a man's conscience, and perhaps blight his life forever afterward, and he waived away the proffered honor. Another man too eagerly took it up. cannot recall at this moment what was this poor man's name. But it will be easily remembered in America. I understand that the awful fact did have those very results, which Roger Pryor foresaw in one of those moments of prophetic foresight that sometimes come to men. The man who fired the first shot was bound to become known to the whole American world, and was thereby a target of attention, attack, pity. It weighed upon and overwhelmed him, and I believe he felt for a long time like a marked and doomed man; an outcast and an accused one. How it ended with him I do not recall, but I believe his death was tragic.

Height of Hoosier Soldiers.

A record of the height of Indiana soldiers in the civil war shows that out of 118,254 there were 15,047 5 feet 10 inches high, 8,706 5 feet 11 inches, 6,879 6 feet high, 2,614 6 feet 1 inch, 1,357 6 feet 2 inches, 406 6 feet 3 inches, and 336 over 6 feet 3 inches. Commenting on these statistics, Dr. Gould, actuary of the United States sanitary commission, wrote: "It is evident from our statistics that the Indiana men are the tallest of all natives of the United States, and these latter the tallest of all civilized countries."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Bull Run Tree.

At the historic field of Bull Run today, the guide leads his visitors to a certain cedar tree that grew so much faster than the others in that locality that an investigation was made, revealing that it had grown over the remains of an unknown soldier, which had not been carried away to Arlington with the others.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Determination.

Determination counts for more than anything else in character-building, as it does in other forms of effort. Every temptation to desist, to let things go, "to let well enough alone," unless resisted, will keep you from arriving at the goal first set.—Success.

Generous to Herself.

Aunt Hannah—Oh, I don't think Mary would do such a mean thing as that. I have always heard people say she was generous to a fault.

Uncle Geerge—When the fault happens to be hers, she is.—London Tit-Bits.

His Preference.

"Which side of your face would you rather have shown in the picture?" asked the photographer.

"The outside," answered the sitter, who had heard of the advance made in X-ray photography.—Baltimore American.

DOG NURSES CHICKS.

A Truly Remarkable Example of Brute Intelligence.

Odd Alliance Betwegn a Dutiful Little Fox Terrier and a Clucking Old Hen on an Indiana Poultry Farm.

George Ullrich, of Hammond, Ind., is the owner of a dog that is, perhaps, the most remarkable example of brute intelligence ever heard of outside the fairy books of Grimm and Andersen. Mr. Ullrich, who is a poultry raiser on a small scale, noticed a few days ago that one of his setting hens was in the habit of frequently leaving her nest and remaining away for a long time. Fearing that he might loose a brood of chickens through the hen's neglect, he set about to make arrangements for keeping the eggs warm during her absence, and to that end decided to transfer the nest to the basement, alongside the furnace.

Upon entering the henhouse, however, he discovered that his wishes had been anticipated by his pet dog, Princess, a female fox terrier, which he found crouching on the eggs. He endeavored to induce the animal to leave the nest, but she refused to do so until the hen returned to her duties.

This state of affairs continued until the eggs were hatched. The moment the hen would leave the nest the dog would dash into the henhouse and "sit" upon the eggs until the clucking biddy had finished her outing and was ready to assume her rightful place.

As soon as the chicks were out of the shell Princess asserted her right to share with the hen the care of the progeny.

Last week a reporter of the Chicago Record-Herald called at Mr. Ullrich's home, which is situated on Conkey avenue, on the outskirts of Hammond, and found Princess out in the yard with her adopted young

DOG HELPS OUT BIDDY.

about her. A few yards away the hen scratched and clucked, but the chicks seemed to prefer the society of their foster mother.

The day was damp and cold and "as a hen gathereth her chicks under her wing" so Princess with gentle paw and persuasive nose was trying to cuddle the peeping brood into the shelter of her maternal breast.

To the reporter Mr. Ullrich said:

"I put 15 eggs under that hen, and every one hatched out a chicken. A pretty good record, wasn't it? But that was due to Princess. The eggs didn't have a chance to get cold or spoil. At first I was afraid the dog would break them, but when I saw how carefuly she 'set' upon them I decided to let her alone. In fact, she was a better sitter than the hen."

Just then one of the chickens attempted to run away, when, quick as a flash, Princess opened her mouth and for a brief space it looked as though the dog had swallowed "a warm bird," but in an instant the chick was dropped to the ground unharmed. The canine instinct which prompts a mother dog to carry her young in her mouth had momentarily asserted itself.

"Don't be afraid," said Mr. Ullrich, in answer to the reporter's startled look of anxiety, "she does that often, but never hurts them."

As the newsgatherer made ready to depart a strange dog entered the yard.

"Now you will see some fun," said Mr. Ullrich.

But it was the hen that came to the rescue. With outstretched wings she flew at the invader and chased him ignominiously from the premises.

"Old Biddy has perfect confidence in Princess. But woe to any other dog that tries to come near," said Mr. Ullrich. "I have tried several times to wean her from the chicks by keeping her in the house, but it was of no use. The moment I would let her out she would make a dart for the henhouse and whine until I let her in. By and by the chicks will begin to scratch for themselves, and then I don't know what Princess will do."

Bullets Made of Garnets.

Bullets made of precious stones are rarities in warfare. But during the fighting on the Kashmir frontier, when the British troops defeated the rebellious Hunzas, the natives used bullets of garnets incased in lead. The British preserved many as curiosities.

Still Keeps Strange Vow.

Among the Boer prisoners at Bermuda is one whose hair now reaches his shoulders. At the beginning of the war he vowed he would not have his locks cut until the Dutch had conquered in South Africa.

His Capacity.

"Mrs. Talkington's husband ought to be a good listener."

"He is. He can listen to nearly 200 words a minute."—Smart Set.

Amateur Forestry.

Gardener—Here, sir, are a few dead trees that will have to be felled.

New Owner—It's too bad to lose them; why not raise dried fruit on them?—N. Y. Times.

LOVE.

What It Means to the World—Divine Affection Better Than Human, Because Wiser.

I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.—St. John, xiv., 21.

Can you conceive what this old earth would be if there were no love in it? Love is the river Jordan in which we are all baptized and consecrated to a new life. It flows by every home in the land, making green our lowland meadows, irrigating the desert places and covering the sandy soil with flowers. Life would otherwise be a dirge, but love makes it a paean of praise. Take all but love, and there is enough left to make us content and happy; give all but that and you may as well give nothing, for he who gives all but sunshine gives only frost and ice and cold.

Our confidence and trust in each other, our loyal friendship for each other, our charity of judgment toward each other, our willingness to sacrifice for each other—all born of love—are the saving grace of the world. They are fragrance, they are music, and they are the bow in the sky predicting a heavenly morrow. Love points to God and insists on immortality. If one is pervaded by the spirit of love, not as kindled shavings, which burn intensely and suddenly go out, but like the altar flame of the Druids, which was never extinguished, he need not argue about immortality, for he has the right to demand it of the Almighty, for such a Divine passion is not satisfied with this life, but seeks a higher development in a larger place, with larger opportunity.

Love is at once the prophecy and proof of eternal existence, and nothing else will satisfy the appetite which God Himself has implanted. He would hardly be a Heavenly Father who should so fashion us that we should find our supreme happiness and our highest education in love, and then at death suddenly blot it all out. If God's power were limited, such a state of affairs would be conceivable, but with a God whose resources are boundless it is not conceivable—a symphony hardly begun before it is ended. That would be a curious exhibition of wisdom and power. On the other hand, it would be a distinct act of cruelty. The song that is only partly sung when death bids us hush must be finished in some other clime; the task so nobly begun but left incomplete must be resumed elsewhere, or this is the strangest world ever heard of, and the greatest enigma, a world in which death is more powerful than God.

Think of a planet without love. It is well-nigh impossible. Such a planet would not be worth living in. One would rather not be born than born in such a world. Only your own advantage to be fought for and won! Greedy souls clamoring for more and refusing to share a morsel with their neighbors—a life and death struggle to get for yourself and to keep from others—a wretched world, too forlorn for words—no blue sky, no green fields, no rivulets making music, only a dreary, barren waste of sand, with but one highway, and that leading Nowhere. It is impossible to think of such a world until God has been dethroned.

Man's love is a very beautiful thing, but it lacks the special peculiarities of God's love. Man's love is weak, but God's is wise. God loves us so much that He holds us to our ideals, and, though merciful, He will tolerate nothing less. He commands us to be all He knows we can be, and assists us with the whole trend and current of the universe. He will accept no imperfect gift. There is a sternness and a glory in God's love which we find it difficult to understand, it is so unlike our love.

When we love we condone offenses, excuse faults, and so encourage both. The more we love, the more partial and the less critical we are. It is because our love is human, while His is Divine. His love makes us nobler, develops and educates, while ours, pure and sweet as it is, is apt to have the contrary effect. There is no favoritism with Him, and when you have His approval you may be sure that you have the qualities of character which can lawfully claim it. His is the perfect love, while ours is imperfect.

But even our human love brings Heaven close to earth. Our family relations, that of father, mether, husband, wife, child, are all separate benedictions. They clear the rugged path of experience with that sympathy which frightens temptation away and fills the field with flowers and with a happiness which can be had in no other way. Better still, it tearfully and joyfully points to that perfect day in which our broken ties shall bind themselves together once more, and in which the mansions of God shall be filled with loving hearts which will thenceforward know no parting.—George H. Hepworth, in N. Y. Herald.

Science Aiding Commerce.

With the spread of American influence in distant parts of the world, the work of the government scientific bureaus is rapidly widening. Alaska and the Philippines have recently called forth extra efforts from the coast and geodetic survey in charting the coasts of those lands. Without accurate charts the growing commerce nourished by the development of the mineral wealth of Alaska and the rich and varied resources of the Philippine islands cannot be safely conducted. An idea of the amount of surveying and charting to be done may be formed when it is stated that our knowledge of a large portion of the coast of Alaska is still based on the information obtained by early explorers and navigators, while in the Philippines the existing charts "are truly oriental in their untruthfulness."—Youth's Companion.

Excused.

I've been kissing our cook,
While nobody was looking.
O! you needn't be shocked,
For my wife does our cooking.
—Philadelphia Record.

Not to Be Overlooked.

"Why, I don't believe," her mother said, "that he has more than one suit to his name."

"But," she answered convincingly, he has a hyphen to it, you know."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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LIST OF THE PIECES OFFERED AT THIS TIME.

No.	PIANO OR ORGAN.		No.	VOICE AND PIANO OR ORGAN.	
313	Aida Transcription	Falk	236	Across the Bridge	Le Brunn
317	All for Thee Waltzes	Waldteufel	316	Are you lonely now my darling? Cho.	Rutledge
165	American Liberty March	Cook	260	At Noontide	Hill
323	Am Vogelherd, op. 354.	Spindler	27	Ave Maria, From Cavalleria Rusticana	Mascagni
101	Ancients Abroad, March—Two Step	Cook	134	Beautiful Moonlight. Duet	Glover
319	Angel's Dream. Op. 36.	Lange	238	Bells of Seville	H. Jude
247	Artist's Life Waltzes	Strauss	162	Ben Bolt, of "Trilby" fame	Kneass
181	Auld Lang Syne. Variations	Durkee	282	Between Love and Duty	Dryden
187	Austrian Song. Op. 69, 1	Pasher	226	Blue Eyes	Elson
337	Bagatelle Polka	Waldteufel	246	Boyhood Days, Chorus	Fritz
329	Ballade of Four Hands	Loeschhorn	200	Bridge, The. Words by Longfellow	Carew
215	Battle of Waterloo. Descriptive	Anderson	268	Bride Bells	Rockel
179	Beauties of Paradise Waltz. 4 hands	Strasbog	276	Brown Eyed Bessie Lee. Chorus	Arbuckle
227	Beautiful Blue Danube Waltzes	Strauss	192	Can You Sweetheart Keep a Secret?	Estabrooke
211	Black Hawk Waltzes	Welsh	14	Childhood's Happy Hours	Dinsmore
331	Blooming Rose Polka	Keefer	138	Christmas Carol	Turner
257	Blue Bells of Scotland. Trans.	Richards	190	Come When the Soft Twilight Falls	Schumann
221	Bluebird Echo Polka	Morrison	284	Come Back to Our Cottage	Estabrooke
160	Boston Commandery March	Carter	158	Coon's Breach of Promise. Cake walk	Blake
109	Bridal March from Lohengrin	Wagner	294	Crown of Glory	Tours
821	Brunette Waltz	Bragg	286	Danube River	Aide
229	Bryan and Sewall March	Noles	250	Darling I Shall Miss You	Cohen
307	Cavalry Parade Polka	Sampson	176	Darling Nellie Gray	Mosby
255	Cavaleria Rusticana. Four hands.	Mascagni	244	De Banjo am de Instrument	Rutledge
289	Cavaleria Rusticana. Intermezzo	Mascagni	70	Dear Heart, We're Growing Old	Estabrooke
133	Cadences and Scales in all Keys	Czerny	302	Dear Little Heart 'Neath the Daisies	Rutledge
327	Celestina Mazurka	De Lasalle	304	Did You Ever Call Me Darling?	Vane
297	Chatelaine, La Menuet	Lange	128	Don't drink, my Boy, tonight. Temp.	Hoover
287	Cherokee Roses Waltz. 4 hands.	Behr	290	Dream of Love	Elson
335	Chinese Serenade	Flesse	310	Dream of Spring, A. Op. 1, 2	Carschmann
340	Cinderella Gavotte. Four Hands.	Gurlitt	256	Dwelling with the Angels. Chorus.	Turner
145	Clayton (Adjutant) March—Two Step	Missud	50	Easter Eve. Sacred	Gounod
217	Clovelan d's March	Noles	220	Ever Sweet is Thy Memory	Hofield
269	Coppelia. Valse Lente	Dubles	318	Falling Star	Pinsuti
211	Corn Flower Waltzes	Coote.	180	Far Away	Bliss
71	Crystal Dew Waltz	Durkee	182	Father is Drinking Again. Temperance	
235	Day Dawn Polka	Cook	152	Flag of Our Country. Patriotic	Mathiot
163	Dewey's Grand Triumphal March	Marcel	156	Flag, The. Quartette	Fox
287	Diamond Valley Waltz	Morehouse	144	Flirting in the Starlight	Delano
299	Eastlake Waltz	Daggett	138	For a Dream's Sake	Cowen
153	Jenny Lind polka. Four hands	Hennes	66	For You We are Praying at Home	Estabrooke
157	Last Hope. Meditation	Gottschalk	166	From our Home the Loved are Going	Percy
195	Leap Year Schottische	Kahn	336	Frost upon the Pane	Waltenstein
253	Le Petit Bal. Polka Mazurka.	Behr	288	Gathered Roses	Pinsuti
159	Lee's (Gen'l) "On to Cuba" galop	Durkee	202	Give a Kiss to Me	Percy
249	Lohengrin. Selections	Durkee	178	God Bless My Kind Old Mother	Jewell
141	London March—Two Step	Missud	204	Golden Moon	Iron
243	Love's Dreamland Waltzes	Roeder	262	Greeting Duet	Mendelssohn
99	Maiden's Prayer, The	Badarzewska	150	Gypsy Countess. Duet	Glover
240	Martha Selections	Johnson	324	Haunts of Childhood	Dinsmore
207	May Breezes. Four hands	Krug	198	Heart of My Heart	Robinson
203	May Day Schottische	Keefer	272	How can I Leave Thee. Duet	Greenwood
25	McKinley and Hobart March	Turner	184	I Can't Forget the Happy Past	Skelly
55	Memorial Day March	Hewitt	248	In Shadowland	Pinsuti
131	Monastery Bells. Nocturne	Wely	266	In Summer Time	Marzials
61	Morning Star Waltz	Zahn	296	It Is a Legend Old	Offenbach
201	Music Box, The. Caprice	Liebich	188	In the Starlight. Duet	Glover
125	My Old Kentucky Home. Variations	Cook	328	Jennie with the Sweet Brown Eyes	Rutledge
305	Napoleon	Parlow	28	Juanita. Ballad	May
87	National Anthems of Eight Great Nations		242	Kathleen Mavourneen	Crouch
175	National Songs of America	Blake	196	Killarney	Balfe
135	Nightingale's Trill, op. 81	Kullak	132	Kiss me, but don't say goodbye	Rutledge
271	Ocean Waves Waltz	Keefer	130	Kiss that bound my Heart to thine	Keil
123	Old Folks at Home. Transcription	Blake	164	Lark and Watch, Duet	Williams
171	Old Oaken Bucket, The. Variations	Durkee	312	Let me dream again	Sullivan
273	One Heart, One Soul. Mazurka	Strauss	146	Listen to the Mocking Bird	Hawthorne
219	On the Wave Waltz	Dinsmore	48	Little Boy Blue. Solo or Duet	Estabrooke
187	Oregon, Queen of the Sea. Two-step	Robinson	154	Little Voices at the Door	Danks
245	Orvetta Waltz	Spencer	96	Lost Chord, The	Sullivan
191	Over the Waves Waltz	Rosas	326	Love Divine, all love excelling	Stainer
79	Please Do Waltz	Durkee	308	Mamie	Daly
193	Poet and Peasant Overture (Suppe)	Brunner	234	Margaretta	Balfe
265	Psyche. Gavotte	Mattei	112	Massa's Sleeping in de Churchyard	Keefer
187	Red, White and Blue Forever. March	Blake	230	Memories of my Mother. Chorus	Allen
143	Richmond March—two-step	Missud	172	Mother's Welcome at the Door	Estabrooke
245	Rustic Waltz	Schumann	222	Music Dialogue. Duet	Hofmann
127	Rustling Leaves. Idylle	Lange	232	Must the Sweet Tie that binds	Estabrooke
149	Salem Witches March—Two-Step	Missud	76	My Home by the Old Mill	O'Halloran
189	Schubert's Serenade. Transcription	Liszt	170	My Old Kentucky Home	Foster
309	Shepherd Boy, Idylle	Wilson	216	Oh, Sing Again that Gentle Strain	Dinsmore
161	Silvery Waves. Variations	Wyman	228	Old Folks at Home (Swanee Ribber)	Foster
169	Smith's (General) March	Martin	270	Old Village Church	Hatton
295	Souvenir of the Ball Waltz	Clark	104	On the Banks of the Beautiful River	Estabrooke
259	Spring Flowers Polka	Dewman	90	On the Beach. Most beautiful ballad	Robinson
279	Stephanie Polka	Fuhrbach	258	Out on the Deep	Lohr
151	Storm, The. Imitation of Nature	Weber	160	Outcast, An. Character Song	Fritz
73	Storm Mazurka	Keefer	174	Parted from our Dear Ones	Keller
109	Sultan's Band March.	Brown	306	Peace to Thy Spirit, Peace	Verdi
209	Sweet Long Ago. Transcription	Blake	314	Peal of the Village Bell. Chorus	Skelly
223	Twilight Echoes. Song without words	Jewell	254	Picture of My Mother, The	Skelly
113	Under the Double Eagle March	Wagner	148	Poor Girl didn't know. Comic.	Cooke
205	Village Parade Quickstep	Allen	274	Private Tommy Atkins	Potter
203	Warblings at Eve	Richards	136	Request. Sacred	Grainger
93	Waves of the Ocean March	Blake	208	Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep	Knight
261	Wedding March	Mendelssohn	224	Shall I Ever See Mother's Face Again?	Adriance
251	Winsome Grace. A perfect gem	Howe	332	She's Dreaming of the Angels	Estabrooke
119	Woodland Whispers Waltzes	Stanley	194	She Sleeps among the Daisies	Dinsmore
301	Yacht Waltz	Dinsmore	124	Softly shine the Stars of Evening	Dinsmore
			210	Son's Return, The	Fritz
			120	Storm at Sea. Descriptive	Bullah
			278	Summer Shower	Marzials
			32	Sweet Long Ago, The	Estabrooke
			206	There's Sure to be a Way	Delano
			158	Thinking of Home and Mother	Cohen
			334	'Tis years since I parted dear Mother	Irwin
			292	Titania's Cradle	Lehmann
			108	Tread softly the Angels are calling	Turner
			38	True to the Last	Adams
			252	Warrior Bold	Adams
			84	What are the Wild Waves Saying? Duet	Glover
			58	When the Roses are Blooming Again	Skelly
			186	Whistling Wife, The. Comic	Randall
			212	Why am I ever Watching	de Lascie
			218	Why do Summer Roses Fade	Barker
			338	Wish A—	Chopin
			300	Yellow Roses	Watson
			322	Zelma Lee. Chorus	Estabrooke

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In tests she tells your mother's full name before marriage, the names of all your family, their ages and description, the name and business of your present husband, the name of your next if you are to have one, the name of the young man who now calls on you, the name of your future husband, and the day, month and year of your marriage, how many children you have or will have; whether your present sweetheart will be true to you and if he will marry you; if you have no sweetheart she will tell you when you will have one and his name, business and date of acquaintance. All your future will be told in an honest, clear and plain manner and in a dead trance. Mothers should know the success of their husbands and children; young ladies should know everything about their sweethearts or intended husband.

Do not keep company, marry or go into business until you know all, do not let silly religious scrupules prevent your consulting.

Madame is the only one in the world who can tell you the full name of your future husband with age and date of marriage, and tells whether the one you love is true or false.

There are some persons who believe that there is no truth to be gained from consulting a Medium, but such beliefs are contrary to the truth. It is only from the lack of discrimination that such a conclusion can be reached. It is not every one who placards himself or herself as a medium that can stand the test of what he or she claims.

And a person of an inquiring mind may ask the reason why. It is simply that these advertisers do not take the trouble to study human nature. They do not spend their thoughts for a moment with acquiring the art of phraseology and kindred branches that will have a tendency to make the pathway to the root of the business clear and devoid of all obstacles.

It is and undeniable fact that persons will come for advice in full knowledge of what they want to know, and yet as soon as they confront a medium they try their utmost endeavor to dispel from their minds what they know so as to hear if it will be rehearsed by the Medium.

To get the secret out of a person by unfair and dishonest means is the art used by many unprincipled Mediums, but to take hold of the hand and gain control of the mind thereby is a matter of impossibility to most of them.

And yet this can be done and by consulting Mrs. Marth the seemingly mystery becomes a realization.

This subject has received no little attention by eminent men and even college professors.

So it proves conclusively that although there are infringers in our midst with oily tongues, perhaps the gates of wisdom have not been closed to the entire profession.

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