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MY UNLUCKY ASTRALIZATION.

By J. H. CONNELLY.

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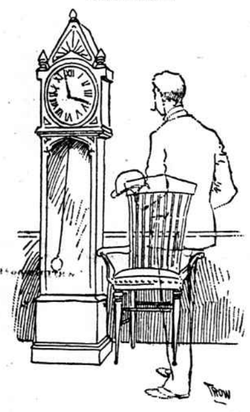
CHAPTER I.



I discovered that it lacked but three minutes to four o'clock.

It will hardly admit of question that persons addicted to roaming about in their astral forms are apt to develop an indifference to their material bodies which is, to say the least, indiscreet so long as a definite purpose of final abandonment is not entertained. Our forefathers, who with rare exceptions were ignorant of how to get out of their bodies and return to them at will, thought a great deal too much of their flesh, but that is no reason why we should think too little.

The material body certainly has its uses and deserves sufficient consideration to insure its safety, if no more. Yet thousands of happy-go-lucky folk, when about to astralize themselves for an evening's amusement, drop their bodies anywhere, with hardly more care for their comfort and security than would be bestowed upon a discarded coat, and go off feeling quite confident of finding them all right and fit to put on again when required. But there is really a good deal of risk in doing so, as I have had very vividly impressed upon me by a recent distinctly disagreeable experience. Astralization is so easy that one is readily beguiled into thinking it safe; but in point of fact, if you are not very careful, it is a mere question of luck whether, if you once leave your body, you will ever get into it again. You may lose it forever in the little time you take to slip out and flit around the block without it.

One especially abominable evening in December last I boarded at Pittsburg, on the Pennsylvania railroad, the "fast line, number four," train from the west leaving there eastwardly at ten minutes after eight, intending to reach Baltimore by it the next morning, spend the day in that city and the next night return to my home in New York. To my disgust I found every berth in the Baltimore sleeper engaged, but argument, backed by financial influence, obtained for me a "double lower" in the sleeping car next to it, which had come from Chicago and was going on to New York. I would have to turn out at Harrisburg at three a. m. to transfer myself to the Baltimore bound section of the train, which divided there, but even that arrangement would give me about five hours of rest, which was certainly better than sitting up all the night. The porter pledged himself—for a consideration—to call me in good time to dress. Pardon my going into all these details. You will see they had a rather important bearing on subsequent events.

The atmosphere in that car was almost pestilential. It had been crowded all day; its stove worked perfectly and its ventilating apparatus not at all; bleak wind and fierce driving rain had prohibited the opening of windows; so the air was thick with hot humidity and the animal smells of humanity. While the porter was making up my bed, I found the dense smoke in the smoking compartment a temporary relief. But when I crawled into my "double lower," the situation became unbearable. With the curtains dropped before me, I felt as if in my coffin and seemed to be inhaling the combined odors of a stable, a hospital and a charnel house. And even above the roaring rumble of the train I could hear from the section opposite me a snore, simulating a stentorian death rattle, which was simply maddening. Sleep under such conditions was manifestly impossible.

Realizing that, I said to myself, "Why not astralize? It is my body only which requires rest. Very well, let it rest. When I am out it will not be conscious of either the snore or the smells, and I shall be free to seek purer air and pleasanter surroundings, somewhere else on the train. Even the roof of the car will be an improvement, since the weather can have no effect upon my astral form."

That I never had astralized on a railroad train seemed rather an incitement to try than an argument against it. Scarcely had the notion flashed into my mind when I straightened myself out on my right side, changed my rate of breathing and fixed my mind, all in the ordinary way. My last thought in the body as I composed myself was, "I shall have to get back before we reach Harrisburg." The next minute I stood in the aisle, free, conscious still of my unpleasant environment, but indifferent to it in the superb exhilaration always felt by the astral man as his first sensation of liberty and power upon escaping from the body.

A natural curiosity as to the producer of that awful snore impelled me to peep behind the curtains it caused to tremble and wave. To my amazement the offender proved to be a pretty young girl. She lay upon the flat of her little back with her mouth wide open, and from that portal of coral and pearl puffed, gurgled and snorted with the unholy vigor of a hired man. I felt that it was not good for a bachelor to know such a capability existent in woman and fled in haste.

Few persons were still awake other than the train hands in either of the cars, but in the smoking compartment I found two who interested me. They were stout, well dressed, prosperous looking men, one with indecision and mental struggle manifest in his face, the other wearing a look of determined and confident insistence. As I, invisible, took a seat before them, the former was saying:

"I don't mind admitting to you, just between ourselves, I would like to; but I don't know how I can, seeing the flat-footed way I have already committed myself against that bill. Why, I not only opposed it on the floor, but fought it before the committee; and now to go for it would give me dead away. Everybody would know I had 'got a bone' and it would ruin my chances for re-election among the farmers."

"My dear sir," replied his companion, "I don't ask you to vote for it. Simply cease your opposition, and when it comes up for action have an attack of la grippe and remain in your room at the hotel until the next day. That is simple enough, and you know when I promise I make good every time."

"Yes," assented the first speaker dubiously; "but suppose there should ever be an investigation. If they got me under oath my conscience would not let me deny the consideration, nor could you—without perjury."

"Oh, dear, yes. The easiest thing in the world. See, here is an odd bean; an African bean. I am tired of carrying it in my pocket. I shall abandon it on this seat when I go away. Of course I will not know what becomes of it. Yet there are curiosity seekers who would give a good deal to get hold of that particular sort of bean for their cabinets. I wouldn't at all wonder if some one would give two thousand dollars for that bean in Albany tomorrow night."

The man with prudential scruples looked puzzled for a moment. Then a light of comprehension dawned upon his face and deepened gradually to a shrewd grin. "I feel certain I shall have an attack of the grip," he said.

The two smiled together and went away to their respective berths, the man with the bean carelessly throwing it on the seat as he passed out. In a few seconds one returned for a glass of water at the cooler before retiring, and casually clutched and pocketed the bean; then the other also returned for a drink, looked at the seat from which the bean was gone and grinned complacently.

I continued my ramble through the train, but found nothing more to interest me, and the discomforts of the exceptionally unpleasant trip were even accentuated to my consciousness through their presentation to my mind as knowledge, and not as mere deductions from possibly illusory sensory impressions, a distinction my readers familiar with the phenomena of astralization will perfectly comprehend.

"But," I said to myself, "why should I loiter about these crawling cars, where every one who can do so is trying to forget his wretchedness in sleep, when I might, with the swiftness of thought, transport myself anywhere else I chose? Why not go on to New York and see Marian?"

For the first time the idea occurred to me that there might be some special danger in astralization on a moving train—something might happen to my body while I was away. I flitted back and looked at it. Of course it was just as I had left it. Dubitation about it weakened the self confidence which, as everybody knows, is so essential to any one moving safely, as a visitor, upon the astral plane, and I was not at all surprised to see about me instantly a number of malicious sprites, and even a few malignant "elementals," eager to take advantage of my deteriorated strength. But the sight of them nerved my resolution—or at least I so fancied at the time, though now I know the effect was simply a stimulation of my antagonism, not a rehabilitation of my moral force. Hesitating no longer, I transferred myself to New York, to Marian's parlor, where I did not doubt finding her, as the hour was not yet late. I may incidentally remark that an engagement of marriage existed between Marian and myself, a fact which did not prepare me to anticipate the scene which presented itself to my astonished gaze.

It would have seemed quite natural to me to have found her contemplating my portrait, perhaps reading my last letter and wishing for my safe and speedy return to her side. But that was not at all what I saw. She sat by the piano, as if she had just been playing. Instead of my counterfeit presentment claiming her attention, it was absorbed by a gentleman, a stranger to me, who bent over her, murmuring affectionate phrases in her ear. Soon he took his leave, and in doing so actually had the audacity to kiss her. And she, saying "Good night," returned the salute.

In all my astral experiences I have never so much missed my good, solid, material right leg and foot as when I saw that fellow going leisurely down her stoop to the pavement. Of course I did not haunt about Marian any more. I was done with her. Disgusted and "mad all the way through," I went around to my club, forgetting for the moment that I could not take a soothing glass of wine; but that fact was soon enough borne in upon me. I could do nothing but look at the other fellows and listen to them, and it is just plain truth and not slang when I say they made me tired. Nothing diverted my painful reflections, for I had been very fond of Marian, and that discovery hurt me more than I can adequately tell.

It is strange that a man suffering from a grief caused by one woman should almost always seek consolation in the presence of some other woman, but such is the fact. Having been so deeply wounded by the girl I loved, I instinctively sought one whose tender love and perfect faith while life lasted I could never question, the one whose dear face was the first my infancy knew. How the placid charm of the familiar scene touched my heart as I moved slowly down through the orchard to the old homestead!

Mother slept, but as I stood by her bedside a kindly smile suffused her aged countenance, as if her spirit was aware of my presence and gave me kindly greeting. How long I remained gazing upon the wrinkles I am glad to think were furrowed more by smiles than tears, and the band of silvery hair framing them at the frilled edge of her snowy nightcap, I cannot say, but long enough for the influence of calm and peace and purity pervading there to sink into and strengthen my soul. Suddenly I happened to wonder what time it was.

It is really one of the most annoying things in these astral experiences—as, I am sure, will be generally admitted—that we have in this form no innate feeling of the lapse of time or limitations of space. We lack standards of comparison. I don't clearly see how this can be remedied, but it ought to be somehow. Moving to great distances by a mere effort of volition miles are absolutely meaningless to our astral consciences, and as for time, every one knows that if we could not catch sight of a dial or draw deductions from things on the material plane we would not know any difference between the lapse of ten minutes and a week. Clearly the most needed invention of the age is some good, reliable sort of astral watch. When the idea of time occurred to me I had to go down into the sitting room for a look at the face of the old tall clock that has ticked generations of my family into and out of life.

To my horror I discovered that it lacked but three minutes to four o'clock! And that train was divided at Harrisburg nearly an hour before. For one moment a vague sense of alarm seemed to paralyze me. Then I darted to Harrisburg.

Yes; the mischief had been done. The train had come, split and gone away again, two-thirds of it toward Philadelphia, one-third toward Baltimore. Which had carried off my body?

If the car porter had as much sense as a hen, I reasoned, his line of duty would be plain to him. My purchase of a ticket obligated the company represented by him to transport my body from Pittsburg to Baltimore. It was no concern of his that I had chosen to absent myself during the carrying out of that contract. His business simply was to slide my unconscious corporeality aboard the Baltimore train, and in good confidence of his having done so I hurried in pursuit of it. But to my serious displeasure I found the fellow had not done what I counted upon. I searched all the cars through and through, inspecting carefully all the bodies they contained, and mine was not among them.

Of course I felt annoyed; still there was some satisfaction in knowing there was but one other alternative action the fellow could have taken. Finding it impossible to wake my body up, he had just let it lie, trusting I would have my sleep out by the time the train reached Philadelphia, or perhaps New York. Somewhere between Conewago and Mount Joy I overtook the main train and ransacked it in vain. The "double lower" I had occupied was empty. The snoring girl still thrilled the echoes, the familiar smells were all there yet and the porter, who had sworn to take care of me, sat asleep in the smoking compartment with his head thrown back and his mouth open, looking like a gash in a black watermelon. But what had he done with my body? How I longed to kick him awake and demand that of him! But for all practical purposes I was of no more good without my missing corporeality than a thought which has not yet occurred to anybody. The hideous fact forced itself squarely upon my acceptance—I had lost my body.

CHAPTER II.

My first glance at the sheet caught the paragraph which had caused her grief.

The predicament was distressing in itself, and rendered actually exasperating by the unsympathetic conduct of those who, discovering my plight, swarmed about and jeered me. From the malicious "elementals" I could not of course expect anything better, but I was pained by seeing among them and emulating their heartlessness some astralized visitors from the material plane whose unbecoming glee was not restrained by the consideration that their own bodies might also have been lost to them at that very moment for aught they knew to the contrary. I have not deemed it necessary in the course of this narration to make any particular mention of the dwellers on the astral plane, or of the temporarily astralized persons like myself whom I encountered there, as my experiences were simply those every one has, with the exception of this incident and one other to which I shall have occasion to revert farther on. But I cannot let pass without reprehension the behavior of the astralized persons who clustered around me on the train that morning and declared they found my unhappy situation "funny."

With a vague idea that I might find my body among the unclaimed baggage or in the waiting room at the Harrisburg depot, I eluded my tormentors and flitted back there—only to suffer another disappointment. It was nowhere to be seen. The last passenger train for the night had gone by, the depot was dark and the only person on the platform was a watchman. I hoped some one would come and open a conversation with him, in the course of which I might casually find a clue to what had been done with my body, for of course he would be very likely to know. But the only persons who came were brakemen on the top of moving freight trains, who simply shouted "Hey! Jim!" or playfully shied chunks of coal at him, social advances to which he responded by such ejaculations, profane or otherwise, as the occasions seemed specifically to demand.

An inexplicable fascination tempted me to follow and haunt the car in which I had last seen my body, which I sought to excuse to myself by a hope the porter might when he waked say something in my presence about it. So he did. In the Jersey City depot, while the passengers were leaving the train and he was gathering up the soiled linen, he suddenly stopped, threw open a window and beckoned to him a dingy platform sweeper.

"'Lijah," he exclaimed hurriedly, with an air of suppressed excitement and mystery, "Go 'n play the death gig. Play it for all you's wuf."

"Man or woman?"

"Man. Died on the train dis mawnin."

"'M'm."

That was all. They resumed their duties. My supposed demise was to them simply an inspiration for a "policy" play. I don't know when any little thing ever depressed me more. So; I was deemed dead. Strange that some one had not sense enough to discover the fact of my having simply strolled away in my astral form! I would have imagined that so common and natural a thing could not have failed to be at least suspected by almost anybody.

Pondering upon the unpleasant consequences to me which might ensue if there were not a timely correction of that misunderstanding, I strolled absentmindedly with the passengers through the depot and aboard the ferryboat. Moving in this way I sometimes temporarily forget that I am not in my body until some incident recalls me to recognition of the fact. It is perhaps hardly worth speaking of, being such a common experience in our astral interludes, but I always find it vexatious and irritating to have persons walk through me. And it happens so often. Of course it is easy enough to dodge those you meet, and if you sail along over their heads you have no trouble, but moving in a crowd on its level you are almost certain to find some one mistaking you for empty space come plunging through you from behind or lurching into you sidewise in your unguarded moments.

Both those things occurred to me that unlucky morning. A fat German woman, with a huge market basket on her arm, almost wrecked me, and I had scarcely got my disarranged parts collected and in place again when, in going off the boat, a pretty, delicate looking young girl was jammed right into the space I occupied. Her sensitive nervous organization evidently felt my presence, though she was unaware of the cause of her sensation, for she shivered and whispered to a companion:

"Oh, Jennie, I've got gooseflesh all over me! I believe I'm catching cold."

That incident, I think, hurt me worse than the other. It is distinctly unpleasing to be shivered at by a pretty girl and spoken of as giving her gooseflesh. I was sure I would not have affected her so if I had had my body on at the time—a reflection which would have been consoling but for the doubt it awakened if I would ever again possess that anxiously desired materiality.

The day thus badly begun was destined to like continuance. I was in no proper mental condition for the astral plane. My perturbed thoughts, full of concern about my loss, unfitted me for the calm self control I should have had and made me subject to all manner of vicious illusions and painful impressions, artfully produced by the malicious sprites constantly besetting me.

Late in the afternoon, weary of aimless wandering about the town, I violated a resolution I had firmly formed the night before, which was that I would never look upon Marian's face again. It seems as if there were a sort of fatality against a man's keeping the resolutions he makes concerning women. Doubtless if I had gone slowly to her house, as my body would have had to, memory and reflection would have braced up resolution and turned my steps aside, even from her door, to the club; but having only to think of any place in order to be there, if I wished it, I was actually in her parlor before I had time to remember I had abjured her.

She was lying upon a sofa with her face in its cushions, crying bitterly, and an evening newspaper, dropped from her hand, lay upon the floor. My first glance at the sheet caught the paragraph which had no doubt caused her grief. It was this:

HARRISBURG, Dec. 22.—In a sleeping car berth on the Chicago train arriving here at three a. m. a passenger was found dead. Papers in his pockets enabled his identification as John Bentley, of New York. He was apparently well when he boarded the train at Pittsburg. Death is ascribed to heart failure. His body is held to await claim by friends.

"May the blessing of the unlucky light on the writer of that item," I said to myself. "Why could not the wretch have said where my body is held to await the claim of its best friend?" I wondered if it was being held "on ice," having slowly frozen out the little spark of life I had left in it? If some sapient country doctor, to make an imposing spectacle of himself before a coroner's jury, would not want to cut it open and take a look at the heart, to be sure it had failed? Either was quite possible. Clearly I had no time to lose if I was ever to get that body back in reasonably serviceable condition. But to find where it was "held" was the first thing. Perhaps some other evening paper had fuller particulars.

I was really sorry to have to leave Marian in such bad spirits, notwithstanding her blamable behavior the night before, but could not do the slightest good by staying. Momentarily forgetting I was practically a mere ghost, I did try to tell her my views differed in some important particulars from those presented in the newspaper, but I had no more voice than a mummy.

As I have learned by bitter experience, an astralized person suffers under enormous disadvantages in trying to read the news. Having no material hands with which to open and turn the papers he has to depend upon those who have, peering over their shoulders, crouching down before them to get sight at the under side, and in all sorts of undignified attitudes and inconvenient ways adapting himself to their perverse methods of handling the sheets. It is simply maddening to wait while a fellow wades slowly through a long, labored editorial on the tariff or increases the addling of his brain by perusal of the baseball column, and then, just at the moment when you think he is about to turn to the next page, see him fold the paper and put it in his pocket. Eventually I gave up in despair that way of finding out what had become of my body.

Then a happy thought occurred to me. "My friend X.," I reflected, "is one who can be depended upon, if he has seen that item, to take prompt and energetic measures. Most probably he is already preparing to set out and hunt up my remains. If so, all I shall have to do will be to go along until I hear him told where they are, then skip ahead, retake possession and be ready to welcome him when he arrives."

I found him in his room, dressing and thinking aloud, a bad practice to which he is much addicted when seriously troubled. The paragraph I had already read lay on a stand beside him, clipped from the paper.

"I'm awfully sorry for the poor fellow," I heard him mutter; "of course I am. But his dying just at this particular time is all sorts of a nuisance. I can't go corpse hunting tonight—even for him. Alicia would never forgive me if I did not take her to this opera—only time it's to be given in the season. And a day more or less won't matter to him now. They no doubt have him nicely iced somewhere. Seems to me I've heard they give unclaimed bodies to the medical colleges. But they would hardly do that right away. Even if they did I could get him back and have him fixed up most likely. Decidedly tomorrow will be time enough. I shall see the item in some morning paper, wire over to the railroad authorities, who of course have all the facts reported to them, find out where he is, go on and get him. Tonight belongs to Alicia. I have heard nothing about John." And he deliberately put the clipping in the fire and went on getting himself into full dress

I was, to put it mildly, disappointed. Still I could not blame him, and he had given me a good idea—animal that I had been not to have thought of it for myself long ago! Of course there would be, somewhere in the company's offices over in Jersey City, an official report of the incident, and I might have the luck to find it. Anyway, I could go and try a good deal quicker than X. could telegraph, even if he had been willing to do so that night. So I did, and for once fortune favored me. The conductor of "fast line, number four," had duly reported the finding of a dead man on his train, and the division superintendent, probably with an eye to having the data handy for reference in case of inquiry by friends of the deceased, had hung the statement, open, upon a hook beside his desk, where I found it. From it I learned that my body had been "taken in charge by Undertaker J. B. Jablet, of Harrisburg."

What more did I want? Nothing. Happier, I believe, than I ever was before, I darted at once to Harrisburg.

It was easy enough to find and enter Mr. Jablet's establishment, which was quite conspicuous, and there, sure enough, I found my body. It had been unclothed and stretched out on a board in a sort of cold storage room, like a big refrigerator, but happily not in contact with ice. Life, though weak, was still in it.

But I had not arrived a moment too soon. Another astralized man, who confessed he had lost his own body years before, was already there, seeking to appropriate mine. He was just about trying it on when I came and stopped him. I saw at a glance it would not fit him, as he, too, could have seen, if he had not been so madly desirous of obtaining a material shell that he was quite desperate. Indeed he would almost have rattled around in it, and could not have controlled it at all, for he was but a little whiffet of a fellow, while I am of the goodly size a man should be. So I "bounced him," morally speaking, sympathetically but firmly, and was just about taking up my old quarters when I was interrupted.

The door opened suddenly and the undertaker came in, accompanied by his son. I waited to see what they were after. Mr. Jablet's look did not please me. He was a muscular fellow, short but strong, with a broad, square lower jaw and a sloping forehead which spread away gradually in a wide bald area of skull fringed at the back with short red hair. Altogether he seemed an ugly person to argue with, and I judged he had been drinking.

"They don't get this stiff away from me," he was saying to his son as they entered, "until they put up handsome. Business is bad and he comes along as a windfall. He has, judging from what was found on him, friends who are well fixed and I mean to work them."

I felt that Jablet, if he thought me reviving, might be quite capable of knocking me on the head to prevent what he counted upon as a fat job slipping through his fingers.

"Oh, there ain't much in it," replied the son indifferently; "not more than forty or fifty dollars, and do the best you can with it."

"Ain't, eh? You're not smart, Dan'l. You don't know the business yet. I'm going to give you a pointer you'll find of use some day; maybe I'm a-going to embalm him."

"Dad, you're a daisy. I didn't think of that."

"Course you didn't. But you ain't me. I'll load him up with eight shillings' worth of fluid and get seventy-five dollars and the thanks of his friends for the job. Go and get the fluid jug and we'll do him up now. His friends may come for him in the morning."

The son went out and the old fellow, standing by my body, slapped it on the leg with insolent familiarity, chuckling: "Yes, sir; we'll fix you up. Fix you up to the queen's taste. Nothing like style for a corpse—when there's money to pay for it." I fairly boiled with rage, but what could I do? Were I to enter my body at once I would but precipitate my fate, for in the numb and stiff condition my muscles were certainly in I could not hope to whip those two sturdy rascals. Judge of my infinite relief if you can when I heard the son call out from another room at a little distance, "Dad, the jug's empty."

"Is that so?" responded the old man regretfully. "Well, then, we will let it go tonight; but you must get up early in the morning, start the fire and make some more fluid. He will have to be fixed before the morning train gets in."

Father and son went out together, closing the door behind them. Presently I heard them lock the front door and go away. Then I immediately resumed my body. Words can convey no idea of how horribly cold it was. In my astral form I of course had no sensations of temperature, and the body, being without consciousness while I was away, had not suffered, but when it and I were joined our common suffering was intense. I seemed to have arctic winters in my veins, and was really afraid my fingers and toes would snap off like icicles when I attempted to use them.

"Yes, sir; we'll fix you up."

Nevertheless I persisted in moving, crawled into the next room, where there was a red hot stove, and when pretty well thawed out made a systematic search for my clothes. Luckily I found them all, even to the overcoat, in a closet, and soon dressed myself. The pockets were empty, but I did not mind that, for in the waistband of my trousers I had sewed a fifty dollar note, a precaution against "going broke" which I have not in years allowed myself to travel without. With this money I made my way back to New York on that night's "fast line, number four" —having broken out of Mr. Jablet's shop —and before ten o'clock the next day was walking up Broadway.

So ended the lesson of my unlucky astralization, and my story is done, except that I deem it due to Marian to declare explicitly she had not been guilty of any such impropriety as I seemed to witness. In fact, she not only had no visitor that evening, but was not even at home, having gone to spend the night at her sister's. The scene which appeared so shockingly real to me was simply an artful illusion, got up by a couple of waggish "elementals," who impersonated her and the total stranger with such skill as to completely deceive me. Their trick could not have been successful but for the perturbation of mind I was in at the time, but I am not now sorry it was played, for it will enhance my caution in accepting as real even the most plausible appearances on the astral plane.

What an Astral Body Is.

The structure of the inner astral man is definite and coherent. Just as the outer body has a spine, which is the column whereon the being sustains itself with the brain at the top, so the astral body has its spine and brain. It is material, for it is made of matter, however finely divided, and is not of the nature of the spirit.

After the maturity of the child before birth this form is fixed, coherent and lasting, undergoing but small alteration from that day until death. And so also as to its brain—that remains unchanged until the body is given up, and does not, like the outer brain, give up cells to be replaced by others from hour to hour. These inner parts are thus more permanent than the outer correspondents to them.

Our material organs, bones and tissues are undergoing change each instant. This is not the case with the inner form. It alters only from life to life, being constructed at the time of reincarnation to last for a whole period of existence. For it is the model fixed by the present evolutionary proportions for the outer body. It is the collector, as it were, of the visible atoms which make us as we outwardly appear.

So at birth it is potentially of a certain size, and when that limit is reached it stops the further extension of the body. At the same time the outer body is kept in shape by the inner one until the period of decay. And this decay, followed by death, is not due to bodily disintegration per se, but to the fact that the term of the astral body is reached when it is no longer able to hold the outer frame intact. Its power to resist the impact and war of the material molecules being exhausted, the sleep of death supervenes.

Now, as in our physical form the brain and spine are the centers for nerves, so in the other there are the nerves which ramify from the inner brain and spine all over the structure. All of these are related to every organ in the outer visible body. They are more in the nature of currents than nerves, as we understand the word, and may be called astronerves.—A Theosophist in Lucifer.

One Way of Marking Clothes.

A young woman who has a weakness for novelties has invented a new way of marking her belongings. Indelible ink she scorned as belonging to the distant past, and embroidored monograms and initials she voted commonplace. Even the pretty device of embroidering her possessions with her favorite flower finally lost its charm, and her latest fancy is to have her own face produced.

She had some tiny and not unflattering photographs taken, and they are now being transferred to the corners of her handkerchiefs, the bands of her skirts, the capes of her collars and all the other places where the sign of possession is usually fixed.—Buffalo News.

A Hint For Typewriters.

Typewriters ought to write the names of the persons to whom they write letters in capitals. To use ordinary letters shows lack of consideration and good taste. No printer of any standing would issue a letter printed in that way. His training in his art has distinctly taught him not to do it. Manufacturers of typewriters claim that their machines are educators—that the operators must necessarily become proficient in spelling, punctuation and the proper use of capitals. But somehow this little matter of propriety and good taste in address and signature has thus far been greatly overlooked.—Cor. Boston Transcript.

A Fine Sight.

What finer sight can be imagined than two powerful athletes, with no ill feeling toward each other, twisting, wriggling and squirming to get out of certain positions, when a spectator thinks a fall inevitable? How eagerly the throng watch them in their almost superhuman efforts as they apply holds and then break them, seize each other with irresistible force, then spring quickly upon their feet, till as a desperate resort one of the contestants will turn a complete somersault, lighting nimbly on his feet in a frantic endeavor to gain the supremacy.—Lippincott's.

True Heroism.

It should be an important part of the education of every child to form within him a true and worthy conception of heroism and to enable him to recognize it wherever it exists. Too often his only idea of it is found in the sensational romance or in the examples around him of men who for praise or glory or gain will do daring deeds and manifest a physical bravery, often at a fearful cost to their fellow men. Let us give them a truer ideal and afford them a higher example.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The World's Fair.

FETE DAYS AT THE FAIR.

Dates Set Apart For the Observances of States and Organizations.

Besides the special fete days arranged by the committee on ceremonies innumerable societies and organizations will meet in Chicago during the World's fair. The names of some of these organizations do not appear in the following official list of fete days:

Washington	May 17
Wisconsin	May 23
Maine	May 24
Denmark	June 5
Commercial travelers	June 10
Germany	June 15
Nebraska	June 15
Massachusetts	June 17
New Hampshire	June 21
France	July 14
Utah	July 24
Liberia	July 26
Foresters	Aug. 12
Hayti	Aug. 16
Colored people	Aug. 25
North Carolina	Aug. 18
Austria	Aug. 18
The Netherlands	Aug. 31
Nicaragua	Sept. 1
Catholic education	Sept. 2
New York	Sept. 4
Brazil	Sept. 7
California	Sept. 9
Maryland	Sept. 12
Michigan	Sept. 13 and 14
Kansas	Sept. 15
Colorado	Sept. 19
Montana	Sept. 20
Patriotic Order Sons of America	Sept. 20
Iowa	Sept. 21
Rhode Island	Oct. 5
Spain	Oct. 12
Italian societies	Oct. 12
Minnesota	Oct. 13

STATE BUILDINGS.

How Exhibits of Great Commonwealths Will Be Housed at the Fair.

New York and Pennsylvania as the greatest states of the Union were given the front center of the tract reserved for state buildings at the Columbian exposition, and their structures face the great Art building on the south, New York having the eastern end of the plot and Pennsylvania the western. The latter's building, designed by Thomas P. Lonsdale, of Philadelphia, is a combination of various styles, the square and massive predominating. All the materials are of Pennsylvania production, and the cost is $60,000.


PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING.

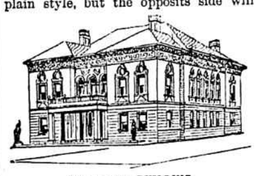
The New Jersey building is, like most of the state structures, designed chiefly for social purposes and a place of writing and registration, and is made so far as possible representative of the state. It is modeled on the old house at Morristown, N. J., which was Washington's headquarters, but there are additions for convenience sake. There are large and inviting piazzas front and rear, and the main entrance leads into a large hall two stories high, with a circular balcony around the second story.


NEW JERSEY BUILDING.

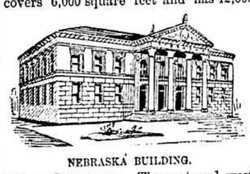
The Texas building is meant to be emblematic of the state so far as possible. It is therefore large, massive and plain in the main portion, but topped with considerable ornament, and in its materials the visitor will find an epitome of the state. With some slight exceptions every particle of wood, stone and other material in it will be of Texas production. The cost is to be $100,000, and the location is a fortunate one to show the structure with the finest effect.


TEXAS BUILDING.

The Minnesota state building will be in the Renaissance style of architecture. The framework of wood will be coated with stuff to give the effect of stone construction. The main entrance will be in plain style, but the opposits side will more faithfully represent the state. The entrance there is through a portico having rusticated dome columns, and on the entablature over the center the name "Minnesota" will appear in a raised panel.


MINNESOTA BUILDING.

Nebraska was fortunate in securing about the best site on the exposition grounds for her state building, as it fronts south on Fifty-seventh street, while a magnificent boulevard borders it on the east and a large lake on the west. It is 60 by 100 feet and two stories high, covers 6,000 square feet and has 12,000 feet of floor space. The east and west fronts have wide porticoes, on each side of which are wide steps covering one-third of the length of the building. Over each portico is a large gable on a line with the main cornice, and in each gable, in bas-relief, is the Nebraska state seal, five feet in diameter.


NEBRASKA BUILDING.

Vermont is to have a building which will indeed represent the state, as its walls are to be of blue, white and variegated marble from her various quarries, chiefly from those of West Rutland. The structure will have but one story, and be in the familiar Queen Anne style. The cornices facing the windows and the heavy oak doors will be polished and elaborately carved. The plan was drawn by Architect Jarvis Hunt, of Weathersfield, and the expense will be borne by 100 prominent citizens. It will contain some great curiosities.

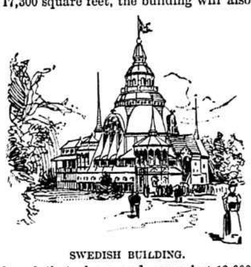

VERMONT BUILDING.

Arkansas has won a certain sort of fame by being the only state to have a building at the Columbian exposition designed by a woman. The lady was Miss Jean Loughborough when her plan was adopted by the Arkansas committee, but soon after she was married, at the capital of that state, to Mr. Frank M. Douglass, and she is now a resident of Chicago. She learned architecture in that city, and her design for the Arkansas building was selected almost at the first view, over those of many competitors, for its rare combination of beauty, simplicity and convenience. The Arkansas building looks just what it was meant to be—a homelike clubhouse, where Arkansas visitors may rest and enjoy themselves socially.


ARKANSAS BUILDING.

Swedish World's Fair Building.

Among the minor structures of the Columbian exposition of 1893 the Swedish building, though small, will be conspicuous. As the plot granted for the purpose was triangular and contains but 17,300 square feet, the building will also be of that shape and cover but 12,000 square feet. The style will be that of the old Swedish cathedral, and the building will consist of a main floor and gallery having a south front of 164 feet, while above the center will rise a tower 200 feet in height. It will be of wood and shipped in parts from Sweden.


SWEDISH BUILDING.

Germany's Building at Chicago.

Germany's building at the Columbian exposition will be a curiosity indeed, as it will combine nearly all the styles of architecture, and its interior decorations will represent all the schools of German art and nearly all the eras. The main structure will be 133 by 106 feet, but from the center and rear an extension will put out 50 feet, making the central section 183 feet long. This extension is known as the chapel, and will contain objects of an ecclesiastical nature, such as altars and painted windows. Above it will rise a bell tower 100 feet in height. The plans were drawn by an official architect in Germany.

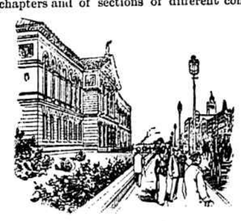

GERMAN BUILDING.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESSES.

Imposing Array of Conventions Arranged by the World's Fair Auxiliary.

A series of more than 100 international congresses, as planned by the World's Congress auxiliary, will be held during the months of the exposition in the permanent Memorial Art palace erected on the lake front at the foot of Adams street, through the co-operation of the Art institute of this city, the World's fair directory and the city of Chicago, at a cost of more than $500,000.

In this Memorial Art palace there will be two large audience rooms arranged to seat about 3,000 persons each, and more than 20 smaller rooms, which will accommodate from 300 to 700 persons each. Meetings of such a character as to draw a large popular audience will be held in the main audience rooms, while meetings of chapters and of sections of different congresses for the discussion of subjects of a more limited interest will be held in the smaller rooms. It will thus be possible to have two general congresses and 20 special congresses or conferences in session at the same time and to have three times as many meetings within a single day by arranging different programmes for morning, afternoon and evening sessions, but it is not anticipated that so many daily meetings will be required in any department of the world's congress work.


THE ART PALACE.

The world's congresses will be of twofold order. There will be a series of general congresses for the presentation in appropriate popular discourses suitable for a worldwide publication of the progress made in all the various departments of civilized life. The object of this presentation will be to promote the intelligence, culture and elevation of the people of all countries.

But a different class of congresses is also required. In addition to such general congresses there will also be special congresses for the consideration of scientific, technical or special subjects not suitable for such popular presentation. Such special congresses will be more directly in the charge of the organizations interested and represented by their respective committees of co-operation, which, acting in harmony with the auxiliary committees of arrangements, will arrange the programmes and conduct the proceedings. The special congresses of the religious denominations and the strictly scientific associations will be of peculiar interest.

Both the general congresses, planned for the people, and the special congresses, planned for the advancement of great special interests, may thus be made highly successful. As the material exposition at Jackson park is designed chiefly for the pleasure and benefit of the people of all countries and subordinately for the entertainment and advantage of the specialists in the different departments, so also is the intellectual and moral exposition to be made in the world's congresses primarily intended for the benefit of the people who will hear or read the proceedings.

The general assignment to the months of the exposition season of the world's congresses as arranged up to the present time is here given:

May—Woman's Progress, The Public Press, Medicine and Surgery.

June—Temperance, Moral and Social Reform, Commerce and Finance.

July—Music, Literature, Education.

August—Engineering, Art, Architecture, etc.; Government, Law Reform, Political Science, etc.; General Department, Science and Philosophy.

September--Labor, Religious, Missions and Church Societies, Sunday Rest.

October—Public Health, Agriculture.

An Enterprising California Woman.

Mrs. Harriet W. R. Strong, of Whittier, Los Angeles county, Cal., is a woman of great enterprise. At the World's fair she will have two important exhibitions. One will be a "palace" twenty feet square, made entirely of pampas plumes. The other exhibit will consist of a working plant for a new system of irrigation, in which one dam is placed above the other. This will irrigate all of the orange and fruit orchards of the California state exhibit.

Miscellaneous Reading.

MANIFESTATIONS OF FEAR.

It is said that Emperor Charles the Fifth, reading an epitaph: "Here lies one who never knew fear," remarked, "Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers." It is certainly a somewhat absurd, though a favorite claim for a popular hero, that he "never knew fear." No one possessing human nerves and brains could say this with truth. That a brave man never yields to the emotion may be true enough; but to say that at no period of his life he experienced fear is simply impossible. As Lord Lytton expresses it:

> "It shames man not to feel man's mortal fear,
> It shames man only if that fear subdue."

There is a story of a young recruit in the "Thirty Years' War" going into action for the first time in his life in the highest spirit: "Look at Johann," remarked one of his comrades as the troops were drawn up ready to charge, "he is full of jokes; how brave he is." "Not at all," replied the veteran addressed; "he knows nothing of what is coming. You and I, old comrades, are far braver; we sit still on our horses, though we are terribly afraid."

Fear is certainly one of the most irrational of the passions. It is not always excited by the presence of danger. Men who can be cool and collected in cases of real peril will tremble at some fanciful alarm. The Duke of Schomber could face an enemy with ready courage, but fled from a room if he saw a cat in it. A very brave French officer fainted at the sight of a mouse. The author of the "Turkish Spy" states that he would rather encounter a lion in a desert than be alone in a room with a spider. Many people have similar fanciful antipathies, which excite their fears in a manner real danger would be powerless to do. Fear of infection is a dread that embitters the lives of many sensible people. There is a legend of an Eastern dervish, who, knowing that a plague was about to visit a certain city, bargained with the disease that only a specified number of victims should fall. When twice the number perished, the plague explained its apparent breach of contract by asserting "Fear killed the rest." In all times of epidemics doctors can tell similar tales. During the Great Plague of 1865-6, an unfortunate man died purely from fright; a practical joker who met him in the street pretended to discover the fatal "spots" upon him and the poor man went home and died, not of the disease, but of sheer terror. A long obituary list might be compiled of the victims of fear; from the criminal in the Middle Ages, who, reprieved after he had laid his head on the block, was found to have died ere the axe could touch him; down to the poor nun mentioned by Horace Walpole, whose disreputable abbess literally "frightened her to death" by visiting her at night and telling her that she was dying.—London Daily News.

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DON'T GO TO LAW.

The lawyers say there is much less litigation now than formerly. They attribute it partly to the more general education of the masses. They are learning that it don't pay to go to law. It has been found that most differences can be arbitrated and settled much more satisfactorily every way.

It should always be remembered that when a matter is taken into the courts, the decision has to be left to men after all, and their judgment is no better than that of disinterested men selected to effect a compromise. The arbitrators can be known to be men of intelligence, and with a high sense of justice; while a judge, or some of the jurymen before whom the case would go into court, may care nothing about justice.

The best feature about arbitration is the absence of the professional lawyer, whose principal mission seems to be to stir up bad blood and delay the case, not in the interest of justice, but to increase his fees. The ordinary professional lawyer takes the keenest delight in besmirching the reputation of his client's opponent. By the time this is indulged in on both sides, enough bad feeling has been engendered to make lifetime enemies of the litigants.

Nor is this all; when the "law's delays" are ended—when the lawyers allow the farce to end, it will be found that the parties to the suit are worse enemies than ever, and both, as a rule—counting time and fees—are in worse financial condition than when the suit began. By the time "justice is satisfied," the surplus ducats have been transferred to the lawyers' pockets, and they laugh in their sleeves at the folly of those by whose patronage their profession is sustained.

Wise men will stay out of the courts, and, instead, will settle their differences, if they have any, by submitting the case to a committee of good, intelligent peacemakers, in their own community. This is the best and cheapest plan, and leaves the contending parties better friends than ever.—Journal of Agriculture.

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Causes of Sudden Death.—Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from the "disease of the the heart" do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, experiments have been tried in Europe and reported to a scientific congress held in Strasburg. Sixty-six cases of sudden deaths were made the subject of a thorough post mortem examination; in these only two were found who had died from disease of the heart. Nine of the sixty-six had died from apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lung—that is, the lung was so filled with blood they could not work, there not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still chilled after being warmed with labor, or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close, heated room into the cold air, especially after speaking, and sudden depressing news operating on the blood. The causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives, which would otherwise be lost under verdict of "heart complaint." The disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable; hence many may not take the pains they would to avoid death if they knew it lay in their power.

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The Lion's Pet.—The late Henry Moorhouse was fond of relating an incident that beautifully illustrates a precious truth. When he was a boy there came to his native city a circus with its attending menagerie. In the motely crowd which gathers about such exhibitions, there was a man whose little dog had just been beaten in a fight with another dog. The man, in a fit of senseless rage, seized the bleeding and suffering brute, and hurrying into the circus tent, roughly thrust him through the bars of the lion's cage, expecting of course to see him devoured in a moment. The dog also seemed to know his danger, and crouched upon the floor in manifest terror. The lion fixed his gaze upon him, but did not stir; and at last the dog, gathering hope, crawled slowly toward the monarch of the forest, and looked up into his face as if with mute supplication for mercy. To the surprise of the spectators, the king of beasts, who could have crushed him with single stroke, gently drew the helpless creature to his side, and then raised his lordly neck above him like a wall of protection. Meanwhile the owner of the dog had recovered from his silly anger, and demanded his property.

"You put him in; go to the cage and get him," was the quiet reply of the keeper. The man drew near and called the dog, but there was no response, for the once obedient servant acted as if he had found a better master, and was satisfied with the change. The old master called again and again, and whistled and coaxed in vain, and at length began to scold and threaten; but the ominous growl of the lion, and the flash of his flaming eyes, sent back the human brute in fright and haste, amid the laughter of all who witnessed his discomfiture; and the two friends were left in peace and mutual love.

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The Whole Truth.—A minister who was a witness in a case before a court had administered to him the usual oath, "You do solemnly swear that, in the case now pending, you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So help you God."

He happened to know some things about the case which neither side of the case wanted told in court. The witness, however, intended to tell all he knew. The lawyers began to object to his making certain statements, saying they did not wish to hear anything except what they asked him about. He appealed to the judge, and the judge said he should not tell anything to which the lawyers objected. Your honor, didn't you make me swear I'd tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God? You made me swear it, and I'll tell it."

"And with that he jumped to his feet, and turning to the jury, commenced to rattle it off to them, and despite all the efforts of two lawyers to stop him, he told it all; and then turning to the judge, he said: "Now your honor, I've told it. Now put me in jail if you like. But hereafter, if you don't want me to tell the whole truth, don't you make me swear that I will."

Judges and lawyers were a good deal amazed; but the honest man wasn't sent to jail. And the judge, after the court adjourned, said to a friend: "That man taught me a lesson to-day that I had not learned in all my forty years' experience on the bench; and now I very seriously question if it is right to swear men that they will tell the whole truth, and then allow lawyers to prevent them from telling it."

Who that has sat in a court room and watched the lawyers in their attempts to prevent witnesses telling the simple truth, and endeavoring to confuse and break down honest men, and too often succeeding, has not felt that there ought to be some way of protecting witnesses, and giving them a chance to tell exactly what they know, and the whole of it.

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Photographing the Baby.--By the time the start for the gallery is made the baby is thoroughly exhausted and out of patience. The whole party go along, of course.

When the gallery is reached, coaxing and tickling and baby talk all fail to put the subject in a good humor. One says she doesn't see what makes him so cross. Another wonders what makes him act so. Still another declares that he must be sick. The photographer comes to the rescue. He has had experience in many just such cases and knows what to do. He cannot do anything but what is a novelty to the baby, and he generally succeeds in quieting the child and successfully producing his likeness. He does it in the midst of difficulties, though. He has all the elderly attendants of the baby to combat with at first. They finally realize the fact that the artist can do better without their efforts, and as they go homeward one says:

"How quickly he got the baby still. It's perfectly wonderful. Some men do take to children that way and can do anything they want with them. I don't wonder they take all their babies to him to have their pictures taken."

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Anglo-Saxon Numerals.—-Our Saxon forefathers formed words for the numerals up to nine, but there their power of invention seems to have abandoned them, for ten is not an original word. It comes from the Saxon word tynam, to close, to shut in or up, expressive of the simple fact that, when the calculation had gone on to the extent of ten fingers, one after another having been turned in, both hands were found "closed" or "shut in." Eleven is simply the an lif, "one left," of our Saxon fathers, as was the case after both hands were closed, and twelve is the contracted form of two lif, "two left." After twelve the numerals are simply compounds of ten and the lower numbers, until we arrive at twenty, which consists of dual twain, and the word, tig, meaning ten.

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Iron Purifies Water.—The filthy water of the River Nethe is purified for use in Antwerp by being passed through revolving cylinders which contain small pieces of iron. It has been ascertained that fifteen pounds of metalic iron will purify 1,000,000 gallons of water. The water thus treated is said to be completely freed from germs, bacteria and other objectionable matters. English and French chemists find that the contact with iron reduces the organic matter by from 45 to 85 per cent. and albuminoid ammonia by from 50 to 90 per cent. and all free ammonia is removed. The process has been applied with success to the water of the Delaware river in Pennsylvania. It is simple and cheap. A fair inference from these facts is that it doesn't hurt drinking water to pass it through iron pipes.

◆

A Tempting "Ad."—A Southern paper publishes the following advertisement: "Wanted—By a young lady, aged nineteen, of pleasing countenance, good figure, agreeable manners, general information and varied accomplishments and who has studied everything from the creation to crochet, a situation in a family of a gentleman. She will take the head of his table, manage his household, scold his servants, amuse his babies, check his tradesmen's bills, accompany him to the theatre, cut the leaves of his new book, sew on his buttons, warm his slippers and generally make his life happy. Apply in the first place to Miss ———, Hickory Grove, Ga., and afterward to papa, on the premises."

◆

☞ Father (to son who has failed in his examination three times)—I made a mistake in sending you to college. I ought to have apprenticed you to a locksmith or some other trade. "My dear father, I have often thought the same, especially when I have been out at night and have forgotten my latch-key."

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☞ In some parts of Russia the snow actually is preserved in great sand and manure-covered heaps, as a means of irrigating the land during the summer heat.

◆

☞ "Well, Johnnie, are you able to keep your place in your class?" Johnnie—Yes, sir; I began at the foot and there's not a single boy been able to take it from me.