



AN ASTRAL ROMANCE.

They were, I think, the happiest couple that ever my good fortune to meet—Margaret and Paul Fischer.

They were so completely absorbed in each other that they seldom took the trouble to become acquainted with strangers, not feeling the need of companionship.

"I will tell you my side of the story and then Paul can tell you his."

"As you may have discovered, I have dabbled somewhat in occult matters. I have always been a natural musician and I play without difficulty any piece of music which I may pick up, although I have never taken a lesson or practiced one hour during my lifetime."

"I never could talk with my playmate because he used a language which I could not understand. As I grew older I drifted away from him. Other affairs filled my mind and it was but seldom I would have a vision in which the same form always appeared, but seeming to grow older even as I was."

"I began to study occult sciences when I was about 18 years old. I attended spiritualists' seances and finally took up the study of theosophy. Never, however, had I received a so-called test, and any deductions I made were of necessity founded upon the experiences of other people."

"One night, after I had attended a meeting, I sat down by the table at home and, idly picking up a pencil, started to draw a portrait—I who had never in my life been able to draw a straight line. The picture resulting represented a young man with dark eyes and hair combed straight back from a wide, high forehead. The features were delicately molded and the mouth was partially covered by a mustache. (Here she looked admiringly at her husband and then resumed the thread of her narrative.) "He seemed 23 or 24 years old, and was decidedly handsome. Underneath the portrait I was impressed to write: 'This is Paul—You will soon see his face.' I was told soon afterward that Paul Fischer was a spirit and was the same little boy with whom I had been acquainted in my childhood. I was told also that he was born in Alsace-Lorraine and had never been outside of his own country. I treasured the portrait I had obtained. It had a great fascination for me, but so much occupied my thoughts that I had no time, as a rule, to think much of the original. Six years passed by and I found it necessary to go to a strange city. I reached the town early in the morning and, hunting up a boarding house at once, I set-

tle down for a rest before commencing the business which had brought me to the place.

"As I was going to dinner that night I was face to face, in the hall, with Paul. I started and so did he. Then with a beg your pardon, madam, he stood aside to allow me to pass. I was too much disturbed to be able to say a word, and I felt his eyes were watching me all the time, so I soon left the table."

"In the evening Mrs. Porter, the woman at whose house I was staying, knocked at my door and asked me to come into the parlor. I hesitated, but went and was introduced to Paul Fischer—the man of my dreams—the man of the portrait. I recognized the face, the voice, the way in which the hair was arranged, in fact, every detail corresponded with my preconceived ideas of how he would look. But my head was in a whirl. My Paul Fischer was supposed to be a spirit, but this Paul Fischer was decidedly material."

PICTURE REPRESENTED A YOUNG MAN.

It was just one week before the problem was solved. I did not intend to solve it for you—Paul will do that. To make matters short, however, I will say that I found that he was my Paul Fischer. It was just one month from the time I met him until we were married. On our wedding day Paul brought out a portfolio and asked me to look through it and tell him what I thought of his drawings. The first sheet I picked up showed a portrait of myself. I was represented sitting by a table sketching a man's head, and the date was the same on which I had done my first and only drawing six years before. But Paul must tell you the rest."

"When I was a little boy in the old country (I was born in Alsace-Lorraine), people regarded me as being very peculiar. I would wander off by myself for hours where no one could find me, carrying my harp along, and when I returned I would have a picture in my mind of a little brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, who listened to my music and reproduced everything which I played on an instrument different from any I had ever seen. I know now it was a piano, but then I had no knowledge concerning it. Sometimes I would have long fainting spells and while I was unconscious would babble away about the little maid who could not understand what I said, because she talked a different language from my own. Finally it began to be whispered about that I was possessed of a devil and my father was forced to send me away in order to protect me."

"I came to America when I was 18 years old, and going to the far West I amassed quite a fortune. I did not see the old friend of my childhood so frequently as I grew older, because increasing wealth brought increasing cares, and I had no time to make the customary visits. Still, once in a while, the old fainting spells would come over me and when I returned to consciousness I would bring with me the memory of a smiling face and gentle, brown eyes—a face that seemed to grow older with my increasing years."

"One night I sat in my room late. As I supposed I fell asleep, but when I awakened I found before me the portrait of a young woman who was sitting beside a table sketching, and the portrait she had finished was of myself. I put the picture carefully away, taking it out at long intervals in order to familiarize myself with the features, for I felt that some time, somewhere, I should meet her."

"One night about six months ago I was late in leaving the office and upon reaching my home I hurried down to the dining room. In the hall I came face to face with Margaret, the friend of my childhood, the sweetheart of my dreams. I could not eat—I was too excited—and I begged Mrs. Porter to call the newcomer into the parlor to introduce us. The longer I talked with her the more convinced I became that she was the one woman in all the world whom I could love. I was curious to find out whether she had any conception of the peculiar circumstances which drew me to her and I questioned her adroitly in regard to the matter."

"Then she, who had puzzled her dear little head in vain over the matter, told me all her experience, and when we compared notes we decided that, as heaven had meant us for each other from the beginning, there was no reason why we should wait for our happiness. So we were married and lived happily ever after, as they say in the fairy stories."

"Now, myself do not pretend to give an explanation of this, but Margaret, who has studied these matters closely, says that my astral body must have detached itself from the material form and sped across the sea to join her, drawn by some inexplicable, invisible attraction. That may be the case, if Margaret says so I am willing to accept it as truth. But this I do know: She is a dear, sweet little woman, the sweetheart of my waking and sleeping hours, my alter ego, the center of my universe."—Utica Globe.

Cost of Woman's Gorb. While the New York papers have been discussing why men do not marry, a society woman of that city says that no woman can be really well dressed on less than \$25,000 a year.

Photographs of Celebrities. The enterprising photographer is well aware that whenever a person becomes popular the public wants to know how he or she looks, and keeps a close watch upon rising celebrities with a view to putting money in his purse. When, for example, a player has achieved some popularity, he is approached by photographers who make a specialty of the work with polite requests that he sit for them. Nothing will be charged for the posing, and he may have any reasonable number of pictures free, the photographer depending for his profit entirely upon the money which the sale of the photographs will bring. How much that profit may be is largely a matter of guess work, for the popularity of stage people fluctuates constantly. As a general rule, pictures of actresses sell far better than those of actors. Any new star, of home or foreign origin, creates a brisk demand, which may last for weeks or even months. A successful play stirs up a great trade in the pictures of all the well-known members of the cast, with the leading man and woman at the head of the list. With persons who have become prominent in other walks of life, much the same conditions apply as those which govern players. The President, Congressmen, Governors, Mayors, and others well-known in political circles are approached by photographers, who desire to take them, either free or at a merely nominal charge, for the purpose of selling their pictures. Few photographers sell directly to the public. They have regular agents who make a business of dealing in "photographs of celebrities."

South Africa's Curse. The South Africa colonists have got rid of their lions and elephants, but they have not yet been able to get the better of the baboons. A baboon, although somewhat like a dog, has all the mischievousness of a man. It is the ugliest animal in all creation. Bowers call him Adonis and never designate him under the official name that has been given to him by science. Now, this creature is the curse of the Cape Colony. He commits depredations for the love of the thing. Any impudent tomcat that ventures too far away from home is sure to be captured and strangled for fun by a baboon. Nearly all the Angoras, the choicest and most costly animals imported by the colonists, have been destroyed by these huge monkeys. Even the dogs share the same fate. The bravest and most pugacious of the English canine breeds are unable to cope with adversaries armed with just as powerful jaws and with the immense advantage of having four hands instead of four paws. With a dexterity that conspicuously exhibits its surgical aptitude, the baboon bleeds his enemy in the throat and in less than a minute the duel ends in the death of the dog. One of the principal amusements of these big monkeys is to gambol around the wire fences that protect the tame ostriches just to terrify them. The panic among them is so great that they often break their legs in their wild rushes. This is a pastime which the monkey seems to enjoy hugely. A broken leg for an ostrich means a death sentence.—Paris Figaro.

After a woman becomes a widow, she begins to say a great deal about her extreme youthfulness when she marries. —Some men set like dogs, and there are others who do not need to act.

THE FLABBY BUNDLE.

Experience of a Doctor's Wife Who Disliked the Profession.

The wife of a well-known physician tells an amusing story of one of her early experiences soon after her marriage.

"When I was a girl," she said, "I had the greatest dislike of the medical profession, and always said that I would never in any circumstances marry a doctor; and, of course, it was my fate to fall in love with a medical student who was simply absorbed in his profession."

"After a long engagement, during which time Dr. S. had graduated, and established a fairly good practice, we were married, and I moved to my new home, where there was quite a flourishing medical college, the head of which was an intimate friend of my husband. My dislike of the profession in general still continued, and, whenever the two men were shut up in the library together, I always imagined that they were discussing 'horrors,' as I flippantly called the scientific researches."

"One afternoon, when Dr. S. was off on his rounds, a small boy presented himself with a curious-looking oblong package, with my husband's name on the wrapper. 'Dr. B. sent this,' said the imp, 'and I was to say it oughter be put on ice immediately.'"

"'Good gracious,' I thought, 'what is that dreadful Dr. B. sending to my husband which ought to be put on ice at once? And as I took the package I felt a thrill of instinctive terror run through my frame, for it was not firm and comfortable like an ordinary bundle, but felt flabby and yielding. Like a human arm! I suddenly thought; and, with a cry of fright, I dropped the thing on the hall floor.'"

"My first impulse was to call one of the maids; but, rallying myself and feeling ashamed of my silly imagination, I approached the long hateful-looking package, which nevertheless possessed a sort of horrible fascination for me. 'With shrinking fingers I picked it up by the cord which was around it and carried it over to the table; and then growing bolder, 'How absolutely jelly I am,' I said to myself, 'as if Jack would have legs and arms sent to him in this casual fashion?' Taking out a hairpin—that universal woman's implement—I scratched a little hole in one end of the bundle."

"Horror of horrors, it was flesh! I gave a loud scream, which brought the two maids and my husband, who had just driven up, all on the scene; and then I distinguished myself by going off into my first and only attack of hysterics. After much difficulty Dr. S. ascertained the cause of my fright; then he opened the suspicious-looking bundle and held up before my mortified vision an unconsciously fine fish. The hole I had made in the paper just happened to expose the smooth flesh-like portion between the gills and the eyes."

Philosophy. "If a man do not work," said the gentleman with the good clothes and the dignified expression, "he shall not eat."

Sympathy. Carrie—There goes Miss Sereely and her dissipated fiance. She says she is going to marry him to reform him.

Had Looked Them Over. Mistress—Bridget, are there any letters for me this morning? Bridget—Only two postal cards, ma'am, but there's nothing of importance in them.—Fleegande Blaetter.

Very Much So. "Did you notice while in Italy," said one traveler to another, "that the children along the road near the Eternal city turned somersaults for you as you passed, in the hope that you would throw them some of your superfluous coin?"

A Concession to Habit. Caller—For heaven's sake, Subbuts! What sort of a piece of furniture is that? Subbuts—Why, you see, I got so used last summer to sitting with my feet on the porch rail, that I am unconfortable without it, so I had this built.

Modernized. "Hurry and clean up before dinner, Henry," urged Mrs. Wheeler. Now, twenty years ago a husband so addressed would have washed his face and brushed his hair, but Mr. Wheeler didn't. He rushed out into the twilight and cleaned his wheel.—Judge.

A Side Interest. "Where is your son Robert?" "He's the left half-back of the Coneyale foot-ball team."

Not Good Boarders. Landlady—Are you a bicyclist? Applicant for Board—Not I; never was on a wheel in my life and never want to be.

Women Preachers in America. There are more than 200 ordained women preachers in the United States, not including the numerous colored preachers of that sex.

Royal Residence in Ireland. The Prince of Wales is quite favorable to the establishment of a royal residence in Ireland.

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LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Elegant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Not an Appropriate Adage. Wursted—The old skindink who owns that clothing store on the corner, is a rank, unmitigated fraud and swindler. Hursted—What's wrong now? Wursted—Look at the condition of this overcoat that I bought of him; and I've only worn it a week. Hursted—Well, that doesn't justify you in calling him names. You know the adage says "Never judge a man by his clothing."

And the Band Was Played Out. Jack—Say, old man, your silk hat looks dencely shabby this morning. Tom—Yes; I was out all night, and it lost its nap.

But He Can't Read Her Mind. Simkins—The X-ray will be of great benefit to the average man. Timkins—For instance? Simkins—With its aid he will now be able to see through a woman's ways.

His Leavings. "Did he leave his wife much when he died?" "Well, I don't know as to that, but he used to leave her about every night when he was alive."

Too Much for Him. First Tramp—Say, Woggles, yer don't look well. What's de matter? Second Tramp—I slept in a boss radish bed last night, an' I has a cold in my throat.—Detroit Free Press.

Magistrate—The gamekeeper declares that he saw you taking this pheasant. What have you to say to that? Prisoner—I only took it for a lark. Magistrate—Six months for making such an ornithological error.—Tit-Bits.

Her Reasoning Was Excellent. "Oh, yes, I had any number of young men hanging around me when I was a girl."

Then I don't see why you picked out your present husband. "It happened to be the only one that suggested marriage."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Educating I'm. Magistrate—The gamekeeper declares that he saw you taking this pheasant. What have you to say to that? Prisoner—I only took it for a lark. Magistrate—Six months for making such an ornithological error.—Tit-Bits.

Her "Calling." The Perfect Lady—Dear me! I have been so busy making calls all day that I am nearly prostrated. The Other Perfect Lady—Calling "cash," I presume.—Indianapolis Journal.

According to Darwin. Simkins—Sofleigh is trying to trace his genealogical tree. Timkins—I'll bet he will find a monkey on one of the branches.

Wearing Stockings. Mr. Trouble—You say that men are harder on their stockings than women. How do you make that out? Mrs. Trouble—Because women wear their stockings longer.—Up-to-Date.

His Life Was Not Insured. Yeast—I've just invested in one of those salt and pepper suits. Crismonbank—Well, that sounds as if it would be good for at least two seasons.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Useless Problem. Teacher—If one servant girl could clean two rooms in two hours how long would it take two servant girls to do it? Little Girl—Four hours. Teacher—Wrong. It would only take one hour.

Little Girl—Oh, I didn't know you was talking about servant girls that wasn't on speaking terms.—Tit-Bits.

Dancer in the Ball Room. "What a beastly cold you have got, Sam! Where did you get it?" "It's not a cold; it's hay fever. I got it dancing with that grass widow the other night."—Punch.

Beginning to Take Notice. John—So you really think you have some chance of winning her, do you? Henry—Oh, yes; I feel quite encouraged. She has begun to find fault with my looks.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Married to a Flower Vase. Among the curious marriage customs prevailing in China is one which is thus described by a writer in the Family Herald.

Not long ago a very pretty girl, the daughter of a prominent Chinese official, was married with great pomp to a large, red flower-vase, representing a deceased bridegroom, who had died a few days before his wedding was to be celebrated.

His inconsolable bride-elect declared that she would never marry any one else, but would devote herself as a widow to the dead man's family. So the ceremony with the flower-vase was gone through with to enable the girl to enter the family, and the town proposes to build an arch to commemorate her devotion.

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The Difference. Mrs. T.—I am worried because my husband is keeping something from me, and I don't know what it is. Mrs. S.—My husband, too, is keeping something from me, and I am worried because I know what it is. Mrs. T.—Indeed! What is it? Mrs. S.—It is money.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Vice Versa. "Now that she's married I suppose she belongs to an old family." "If she paid what she is said to have paid the old family ought to belong to her."—Detroit Journal.

A Literary Man. Old Gent—Want to marry my daughter, eh? What's your occupation, young man? Young Man—I'm a literary man. Old Gent—Yes; but what do you do for a living?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Our Flexible Language. "I want to advertise for a sort of general manager, who must know the minutiae of my business," said the citizen. "He'll have to be honest, too. Ju—fix it up for me, will you?" "All right, Mr. Willis," said the ad-writer, and this is the way it appeared: "Wanted—At Willis's emporium, an all-round man who must be entirely square."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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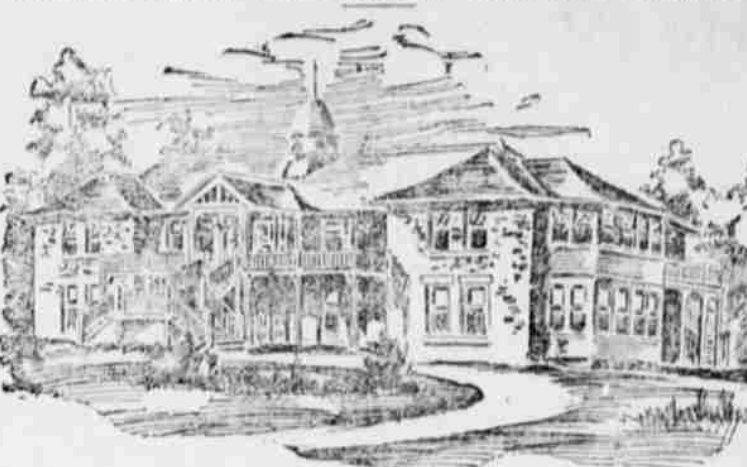
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HOSPITAL ANNEX, CHILDS-DREXEL HOME FOR PRINTERS.



The hospital annex to the Childs-Drexel home for deaf-mute union printers at Colorado Springs, Colo., is now about completed. On the first floor are several bedrooms, a dining room and a drug room. On the second floor are the wards, a room for nurses and a serving room. The building is surrounded on the east and west by balconies, so that the sick can sit out all day in the sunshine. Part of the balconies will be enclosed in glass. The erection of the hospital annex was decided upon at the biennial meeting of the International Typographical Union held in the fall of 1894. The necessary money was voted by the union.

REFORM IN BABY CLOTHES.

Apparel Fashioned on Lines of Clothes for Grown Up Reformers.

The new baby is not outdone by the new woman nowadays when it comes to clothes. The little lady has her apparel faithfully fashioned after the gowns of the grown-up followers of dress reform. From the so-called "booties" on her pink toes to the hood-shawl for her little bald head, the miniature mistress of the nursery is strictly in style, from the Jeunesse Miller standpoint.

The idea of dress reform for the baby sprung into popularity but a short time ago. Previous to that time an ambitious man with an M. D. to his name had patterned several pieces of stockinet apparel without beauty, which proud mamma promptly refused to put on their little ones. Subsequently members of the fair sex succeeded in developing numerous improvements for the baby along less exaggerated dress reform lines.

The chief advantage of these vestment innovations for the infant over the old-fashioned modes is the banishment of that tiny thing which has been the cause of countless weeps in the nursery—the point of a pin. The cure for this crying need of the baby was also accompanied by other improvements in its attire, as to give it precisely what women seek to find in their dress reform gowns. That desideratum is greater freedom of the body and more comfort in their clothes, as well as to reduce to a minimum the necessary pieces of apparel.

One of the more useful additions to common-sense dress reform for the baby are the "booties," which came out but a few months ago. They are hand-knitted foot coverings that come to the knee, where they are fastened with a tiny ribbon. "Booties" make unnecessary the rather awkward-looking pinning blanket. They are dainty little things, with delicate borders of pale pink or light blue.

The tiny shirt with a bit of ribbon



BELONGINGS OF THE DRESS REFORM BABY.

how at the neck is made of white cashmere these days, as the knitted ones are considered old-fashioned by the dress reformers. It is edged with silk and buttoned down the front.

To take the place of time-honored linen band for the baby's waist which had to be rolled around the little one and then securely pinned in place, the reformers have made a knitted band. This innovation is firmly held in place by two straps which go over the shoulders. At the lower part of the knitted band is a pad to which the diaper may be attached. This garment obviates any unequal pressure on the body and throws part of the strain on the shoulders rather than all about the waist.

The modern baby must also have a bath robe. This necessity is made of light-colored nun's veiling and tufted with a bright sphyre. Two tiny cords secure it at the neck, and it is bristled with fancy floss.

The little cashmere sash of white embroidered with a delicate color is loose in cut to allow freedom, while the sleeves are small as becomes the style of the dress reform baby.

The reform idea is likewise carried out in the mull undershirt with deep embroidery on the edge. In place of the conventional band about the waist, the skirt is gathered to a yoke over the shoulder and is buttoned in the back.

As to dresses, the reform baby may have as many as her mother will permit, only they must conform to the same effects carried out centuries ago by the Grecian maiden. That is to say, the waist line, if there is one, must come close under the arms. Illustrative of this idea is the white mull dress with fancy lace yoke, which has a narrow sash that ties in front in a dainty bow.

What Malaria Is. "Malaria is not a distinct condition, germ or poison," remarked a physician to a Washington Star reporter. "It is

the result of a combination of circumstances, conditions and poisons. At certain seasons it is rather prevalent, not, however, because there is any particular poison in the air in this city or section, but as the result of very warm days and rather cool nights. The bodies get very much warmed up during the day, and the anxiety to cool them inclines persons to ride about in open cars or sit on the porches or the parks in the evening. They therefore cool off too suddenly, and the congested condition of things resultant for want of a better name is called and known as malaria. In old-fashioned times the same condition of things was known as bilious fever. There are, of course, many persons who are strong enough to resist the evil influences of the night air, but in cases where the system is run down many are very sensitive to it. I do not know that there is any panacea for this condition. If a person feels that he is run down, it would be well for him to take a tonic preparation for a couple of weeks and particularly to avoid the night air. This riding about the streets in the open cars at night time is very bad for some persons, though it does not seem to do any harm to others. On the whole, however, I think there are more harmed by it than otherwise. If people must go out I would advise that they wear clothing somewhat heavier than that worn by them during the day."

PULLED DOWN PILLARS. Ignorant Persians Thought They Were the Cause of the Drought. They do strange things in Persia. This is the latest. For some years a tidal observatory has been established at Bushire, on the Persian gulf, and it has performed its functions without let or hindrance. This year, however, owing to want of rain, the Persians were under the impression that the bench-marks or pillars which had been built near the English government telegraph office were the cause of the drought and a mob, consisting of men,

women and children, surrounded the office and pulled the pillars down. Owing to the promptitude of Col. Wilson, the resident, and Mr. Campbell, the superintendent of telegraphs, the Persian governor had to supply a company of Persian soldiers, and these, combined with parties of bluejackets and marines from H. M. S. Sphinx, built up the pillars again. This has had the desired effect on the Persians, who say that the British government in Persia is not to be trifled with.

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