

THE FAMILY STORY



AN ASTRAL ROMANCE.

They were, I think, the happiest couple it was 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. But, as good luck would have it, they did allow me to come to see them, and when I had known them long enough to dare to speak on personal matters I remarked upon the perfect harmony that existed between them. Then Margaret told me their story; and this is the romance as she gave it to me:

"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. When I was a child I had only one playmate—he was a little older than myself—and I was satisfied if I could hide away somewhere and wait for him to come. The peculiar part of the matter was that no one else was able to see him, and as for myself, I never knew where he came from, nor did I ever see him until I looked up suddenly and found him beside me. Another peculiar fact was that he always carried an odd instrument, similar to a harp, and we would sit side by side for hours, he playing, I listening entranced, until suddenly the music would cease and I would look up to find the player gone. Then I would go into the house and play the music over again on the piano. This went on for years and people considered me queer, if not quite crazy.

"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 moustache." (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



PICTURE REPRESENTED A YOUNG MAN, 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 settled 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, 'I beg your pardon, madam,' he stood aside to allow me to pass. I was too much disturbed to be able to eat much, 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



IN THE HALL WITH MARGARET.

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.

"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 new-comer 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, I 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.

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 to the public. They have regular agents who make a business of dealing in "photographs of celebrities."

Midwinter in the Northwest.

Through all the dreary days the cold rains pour,
And winter's chilling gusts make sullen moan;
Their outstretched arms the tall pines raise and lower,
As if to silence that deep monotone.

No clear bird-voices thrill the solemn wood,
And save the wailing wind there is no sound;
Where once the lilies in white beauty stood
The rotting leaves now robe the sodden ground.

The slim, dead cedars standing on the height
Seem icy fingers pointing to the sky;
The maple-trees—ah, what a woeful sight!
 mere skeletons that ever strive to die.

We look in vain for glowing sun at morn;
At evening watch the dark blot out the day,
And greet, mayhap, the old moon, pale and worn—
A groping ghost half seen through folds of gray.
—Woman's Home Companion.

Winter.

Merry, though the moon shines pale
And the wind-tossed branches fall;
Purest crystals float and fall;
There they sparkle,
Here they dangle,
On the pine and lonely wall.

Merry, though the stream is still
Neath the cold and trackless hill;
There the realms of Hesper glow,
Twilight lingers,
Shining fingers,
Gild the sleeping fields of snow.
—Woman's Home Companion.

POWER OF MORMONISM.

Statistics Seem to Indicate that It Is Unbroken in Utah.

Opponents of the Mormon church have been stirred to renewed activity by several recent events. Statistics also seem to show that the general growth of the church has been accelerated rather than otherwise of late. At the October conference President Wilford Woodruff demanded that Mormons should unite in politics. At that time the demand was set down as merely the talk of an old man, but the November election seems to show that a large element among the Mormons still entertain deep respect for the revelations of church elders. In Salt Lake City John Clark, the candidate for Mayor of the citizens, but a very devout Mormon, and an undisputed church candidate, was elected by a small majority. The gentile vote and the independent vote were divided among three candidates—all gentiles. Mr. Clark was supported by the politicians whose names are always associated with church politics, and the conclusion that the church elected him is well supported. Every gentile who was on the ticket with him was defeated. Every gentile who was on the other tickets was seriously scratched, and every Mormon running received a comparatively large vote. The same



PRESIDENT WILFORD WOODRUFF.

result was seen all over Utah. Ogden's administration, as well as Salt Lake City's is in the hands of Mormons, though in each case the gentiles form the bulk of the population. The city council in each case, by a majority of Mormons, show a result of religious voting. The tendency of Mormons to vote for men of their own faith has an important bearing on national affairs. It is not improbable that next year a Legislature may be elected in Utah which will be so overwhelmingly Mormon that a United States Senator will be chosen who will give his allegiance to the church leaders.

PAUL REVERE'S MEMORY.

It Is Honored in Boston by Naming a New School House for Him.

Paul Revere's memory is honored in Boston with a new schoolhouse in Prince street—one of the handsomest structures in the East for educational purposes. The foundation and the steps of the building are of light pink granite. The basement and the first story walls are red brick, laid in white joints with trimmings of gray terra cotta resembling Indiana limestone in color. The quoins at the corners are also of mottled gray brick. The shape of the building is like the letter "H." The front view has a four-story, flat-roofed effect, topped by an ornate cornice of galvanized iron, below which is a deep frieze of gray brick. The central portion recedes about thirty feet from the street and contains two main entrances at the first story, reached by fifteen steps. This area has a semi-circular arrangement of seats. Above, at the center of the building, is a pretty bust of Paul Revere, mounted upon an elaborately designed bracket, with an eagle holding a scroll upon which is engraved the figures "1896." The build-



SCHOOL NAMED FOR PAUL REVERE.

ing is a radical departure in school-house architecture. It is a primary and grammar school, and is the finest public school building in Boston, containing bathing facilities for the pupils.

Merely a Feeler.

The Baron—Did her father acquire his money honestly?
Penelope—Oh, yes. (Sarcastically.) If he did not I suppose you would not marry her?
The Baron—Not at all. If he acquired it dishonestly he would probably be too clever to give any of it up.
—Judge.

A soft, gentle, pleading voice soon becomes more tiresome than a rasping one.
The more a man has to do with women, the more he finds it necessary to lie.

WAS THE SUCCESSFUL SUITOR

His Kindness to Children Won the Widow's Heart.

"I don't say as how ye've went based on yer word," he said, as he sat down on the stump in front of the log house, "but the fack stan's that ye've gone an' married another man."

The woman took off her sun bonnet and handed it to one of the barefoot children who were hanging about.

"Take that into the house," she said, "an' the rest of you all run an' play." Then turning to her visitor she exclaimed defiantly: "Thar ain't nobody man or woman, as kin say that once I gin my word I ever went back on it. I told you long ago, when first they was any prospect of my gittin' ter be a widder, that thar wan't no use of yer hintin' around about what I might do in case anythin' happened."

"Ye said, though, that I stood as good a show as anybody else."

"An' so ye did—then."

"What ye was skeered about was that ye'd git somebody as wouldn't be good to the children."

"That was fist the yint."

"Ain't I allus been ez plite an' agreeable to 'em ez anybody could?"

"Sure."

"Ain't I bought 'em candy an' gingerbread hosses an' tin wagons?"

"Most liberal."

"An' on the Fourth of July didn't I buy 'em shootin' crackers an' sky rockets an' roaming caudles an' a lot of other things?"

"You done all that. But you didn't stay ter see 'em touched off."

"Cause I hatter go ter town right back ter town, that same afternoon."

"It was that day I made up my mind ter marry Jake Spicer."

"And him a man with a wooden leg?"

the other murmured indignantly.

"Yes, an' you'll be surprised ter know how much them fireworks an' that wooden limb had ter do with it. I knew how much store Jake sot by it. He took jist as much pride in that wooden leg ez I do in my marble-top bureau. I give you credit for bein' good natured most of the time, but children is pesterin' an' there ain't no tellin' how long a man's temper is goin' ter hold out with 'em ez ain't his own. When I seen the patent an' accommodatin' way Jake Spicer rolled up his pant leg an' held out that wooden limb for the boys ter tack pin-wheels onto. I said to myself: 'There's a man ez kin take sass an' disobedience an' not git killed; ef any body'll make a second father ter them young 'uns, it's him.'"

—Washington Star.

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,

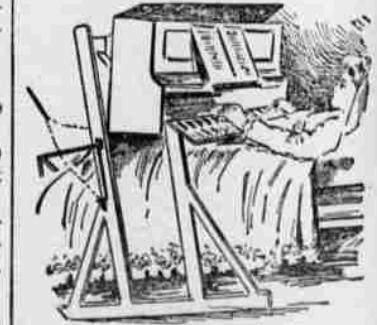


WHERE PILLARS WERE PULLED DOWN.

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 saw that the British government in Persia is not to be trifled with.

Piano for Sick Musicians.

An English piano-making firm has designed a small portable piano, which



AN ENGLISH DEVICE.

is slung from a frame across the patient's bed, and enables the bedridden musician to pursue his or her art.