# HONOR AMONG THIEVES

By Thomas J. Vivian and Grena T. Bennett, authors of "The Dream Bottle," "The Man Who Was Killed Nowhere," etc.

RED KINSELLA, alias The Angel, alias John Smith, alias Hermert Devereaux, was able to comb his hair. Which means, it being winter time, that Red Kinsella had been out of jail for three weeks. Which means quite a period of freedom for Red Kinsella, who for the past 10 years had pendulumed between liberty in New York and the lack of it in Sing Sing. In many respects Red Kinsella was like the little female figure on the tiny turnstile in the old-fashioned Swiss weather boxes—the young woman afraid of her dress, who only ventures outdoors when the predictions are for fair skies, the simile being good in this wise: That so long as things went easy with him and Helen Rafferty—locally known as "Hell an' raff"—could keep him in whiskey money, he never thought of stealing and so remained outdoors; but when the times were foul and desperation was knocking at the stomach he went pocket-picking as a domestic and commercial necessity and soon was in retreat behind the prison doors.

When Red Kinsella was coming down town in a Second avenue car the situation stood after this fashion: The car was crowded, its normal condition. The seats were jammed with Italian laborers, as they usually are. The few other folk in the car were hanging to and swaying from the straps, their ordinary attitude. Three of those so swaying and lurching as the car lurched were:

Red Kinsella, with hair of decent length and $3.25 in his pocket, so that for the time at least he was delving for neither dollars nor cents in the pockets of others.

Second, Helen Rafferty, physically strong as an ox and morally weak as water, bosomed like a Juno, having the hands of a duchess and the voice of a bullfrog with bronchitis. The $3.25 in Kinsella's pocket was the balance of $5 which she had given him that morning—one of many $5, got the Lord knows how, and in a way which Kinsella delicately kept from discovering.

Third, Selig Baruch, formerly of Posen, but now of 296A Elizabeth street, manufacturer of antique brasses and quite a political power in his neighborhood. Rich, too, and wearing as an irritating evidence of the fact, a monstrous three-karat diamond, screwed into the front of a grimy shirt.

Kinsella had never heard, or if he had heard had forgotten the text, "Needs be that offenses come, but woe to him by whom the offense cometh." But the text, as all texts are, was based on the truth of ages and the offender suffered. In this case his name was Selig Baruch and the medium of his offense was that blazing diamond in his tawdry shirt front. It stuck out an incentive to evil, like the pigtail of Jarvis' wig, about which the Rev. Barham has so curiously written. It was a scintillating invitation to thievery. It was as irresistible as is a dogwood in full bloom to the child in the woods—it had to be plucked. It was the ripe fruit on the branch of a neighbor's peach tree hanging over your own wall; it was the golden apple of the Hesperides with Satan at the elbow.

Helen Rafferty also had seen the gem and had coveted it. In fact, she had nudged Kinsella's knee with her own and to his answering glance had pointed with her eyes to the "sparkler." So Kinsella determined to get the diamond and busied his bad little brain thinking out his plan of acquisition.

Selig was reading the Hebrew News and being short-sighted he kept his copy of the paper close up under his nose. But interested though he was in a highly inflammable editorial on the bomb as a means of bringing peace to Russia, he was keenly alive to eternal vigilance as the price of keeping his property in a crowded car. So while he held the Hebrew News with one hand he kept the other busy in a series of little jaunts from his trousers pocket, where lay a fat wallet, to his shirt front, where stood out the diamond stud. In that little system of manual excursions lay Kinsella's chance.

The pickpocket knew as clearly as though it were advertised on a 12-sheet poster that the drop of Selig's hand meant a purse in Selig's pocket. It was a tell-tale gesture that had meant the loss of many a dollar to those whom he had seen foolishly use it.

Kensella had the sporting pages of the Daily Howler in his pocket and opening these he edged his way Baruch-wards until his paper touched that which Selig was reading, Kinsella, too, held his paper with one hand—the left. In his right hand lay a flat-jawed, strong pair of nippers which could cut a steel wire and much less a gold pin as easily as a razor cuts putty. Kinsella timed the up and down excursion of Baruch's hand and then was ready for operations.

Baruch's hand had just assured itself that the purse was safely in the pocket and in its upward sweep had almost assured itself that the diamond stud was in its place, when the owner of the hand felt a suspicious twitch in the neighborhood of the pocket. Down flew the hand and this time it dived into the pocket to see that everything was safe. That was the psychological moment for Kinsella. He pushed forward the edge of his paper until it overlapped the edge of Baruch's paper and while there was the confusion of sheets and the absence of Baruch's investigating hand, Kinsella's acquisitive hand with its keen little nippers slid in under the paper, there was a noiseless slip and the "sparkler" lay in Kinsella's palm. Just for one instant did it stay there and in the next moment it had been passed to the fair Helen who took it with a grip of a miser and the expression of a Madonna.

Baruch's hand found that Baruch's purse was all right and then Baruch's heart turned cold as the skin above it felt a little cold trickle that marked the dropping of the gold wire screw which had been released by the loss of its diamond head. A look like that of the agony of death leaped into Baruch's face and it grayed and lined and aged as though the cares of a hundred years had been crowded into a moment.

Up flew the investigating hand, down dropped the paper and out leaped the agonized cry:

"My tiamond! My tiamond! It iss gone! I haf been robbed! Lock de door! Stop teef! Murder! P'leece!"

Baruch shouted other things and kept on shouting them. The car was instantly in confusion and in that confusion Red Kinsella with much ostentation sought to leave the car. Baruch wheeled on the retreating figure like a flash.

"Dat vos him. He stand next 'nd push me. Ketch him! Ketch him! He hass de tiamond. For Gott's sake don't let him svaller it!"

Kinsella made sinuous and slippery way for the door and might have gotten away had not the conductor—who was discharged the next day for excess of intelligence—slammed to the doors and so shut off the escape of the little, squirming red-headed man. Simultaneously the motorman shut off the power and almost simultaneously a policeman leaped on board the car and shut off the last remnant of Kinsella's hope of flight.

"Hullo' Red," said the policeman, "what's the matter this time?"

"He haf stolen my tiamond. My tousand dollar tiamond!" shrieked Baruch. "He bit it off of me. He bit it mit his teeth. I seen him. He chewed it off my shirt. My tousand dollar tiamond? Send him to Sing-a-Sing."

"Oh, the Sheen's crazy," said Kinsella. "He never seen a tousand dollar shiner in his life. Run me in and search me. I ain't doin' business now."

There was quite a procession to the nearest police station with the policeman and Red as the leading but silent figures, with Selig Baruch following, a very fiend of declamatory accusation; two or three of the car passengers, who were particularly busy, and 746 children in the neighborhood.

Of course they did not find the diamond, although the sergeant gave such heed to Selig's circumstantial description of Kinsella's swallowing the gem that he gave Kinsella an emetic. The result was disastrous to everybody concerned and disheartening to Selig. There was quite a revelation as to Kinsella's gospel of dieties, but no diamond. If they did not find the diamond the police soon found Kinsella's record and the sergeant held that it was quite black enough to hold Kinsella as a suspicious character until some effort had been made to hunt up the thief's confederate. Baruch insisted on this and a telephone message from Simon Lezenbach, the subboss of the district, to give instant heed to Baruch's request having been confidentially received in the sergeant's ear, Kinsella was locked up and Baruch, a Jeremiah in lamentations, took the next car to the Central office. There to Captain Mulligan to explained the situation, made it clear—again with the telephonic indorsement of Lezenbach—how his political services in time of need when a primary was on the teeter, entitled him to consideration and demanded that the police should assist him in getting back his diamond.

"It's a tiamon' dat I bought for my vife, for our vedding anniversary," he said tearfully.

"What were you wearing it for then?" asked the captain.

"SO THAT YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT HAD BEEN NIPPED," SAID HELEN.

"I bought it for de fiftiet' anniversay, 'nd L vear it till then!" explained Beruch.

"Well you don't want to send Kinsella up, do you?" asked the captain, when he had finished laughing. "All you want is your diamond."

"Sure, sure, dat's all I vant. I'm no shylock. I don't want to pinch de boy. I vant my tiamond."

"All right," said the captain. "we'll see what we can do about it and I'll telephone Lezenbach when we want to see you."

Meanwhile the fair-handed, nimble-fingered Helen had made all haste to get rid of the diamond. Past experience had taught her the value of the elimination of evidence and though she knew that a forced sale brought less profit than a decently conducted dicker, she also recognized the force of Red's dictum "when it's swag get what you can on it only get it quick." She knew a man who wanted a diamond and she knew that no one of the three was likely to ask questions or preach a sermon on gems from the housetops. Danny Whalen, night bartender at Coogan's was the discreet agent of the diamond seekers and announced that the limit was $50.

"You know it's worth three hundred if it's worth a cent," said Helen.

"Might have been to him; tain't to me," replied Danny tying on his apron with an air of finality.

"Oh, all right," growled the girl, "hand it over."

She wasn't quite sure whether she would be kissed or kicked for her bargain when she arrived at their room, but to her surprise she found that she was to receive neither form of greeting, for the simple reason that Red was not there. Nor did he come that night and then knew that he was held, and so settled down to wait quietly for the word which she knew would come. It came in the form of a quiet hail from Officer Steinberg, who while dangling his night stick from its wrist cord, saw Helen coming from a delicatessen store.

"Red's up at the Rivington street station and wants to see you," said the policeman, between two sibilant bars of "No Wedding Bells for Me," and then went on with his whistle.

But like the late Mr. Bunyan's Christian on his road to the City Beautiful, Helen Rafferty found lions in the path on her pilgrimage to the Rivington street station.

Lion No. I was not very formidable in appearance, but he had a terrific roar. He was named Pibbel, was a dapper little dwarf by build and grooming and conscienceless little rascal by natural declivity of morals. A practitioner before the supreme court of the Empire state with all that, and a mighty clever man after the oblique fashion of his kind. When Helen was coming up the steps between two green lamps, Pibbel was standing at the head of the stairs with a policeman at his side. The policeman in a rumbling whisper said: "That's her," and walked away. Pibbel, with a nod and a smirk of ineffable cuteness and vanity, walked down to meet the girl.

"Miss Rafferty, I believe," he said, with a motion of his hand toward his hat.

"Oh, quit your kidding," said the girl. "Helen Rafferty and you know it. And I know you, and when I see you I know Red's in trouble."

"Yes," said Pibbel, "Red's in trouble, but you've only to turn your hand to get him out of it."

"Turn me hand," snorted Miss Rafferty, "there's got to be something in it before a turn of my hand will do any good."

"Right again," said Pibbel, "but it isn't much more than a matter of form. They've got Red, of course, but they haven't got a thing against him, that is dead against him—except his record. He'd be out now if word hadn't come from headquarters to do the best for Baruch. But the best has been done and I can fix it so that Red will give you a surprise party before the end of the week."

"What will the surprise party cost?" asked Helen, who could be quite direct when she chose.

"Fifty dollars," replied Pibbel, who could be equally direct when he saw fit.

"Haven't got it."

"How much have you got?"

Helen turned away, investigated somewhere in the neighborhood of her knee and after counting the little wad of warm bills, announced, "Forty-four dollars."

"Well," said Pibbel, hesitatingly, "that's more than 10 per cent of the fee; but all right, hand it over."

"Like thunder I will," said Helen, "leave me without a cent to buy suds and hot dogs for the surprise party. Not on your life. It's forty or tra-la-la, skip the gutter, Mr. Pibbel."

There was more nagging, the financial result being $40 in Mr. Pibbel's wallet and $4 returned to the safe keeping of Miss Rafferty's stocking, and the legal advice, without fee, that Miss Rafferty had better take herself and her four dollars home again to wait for Red's coming.

"But Red sent to say he wanted to see me," persisted Helen.

"Well," said Pibbel, with a smile which he arrested on the spot before it got past his nose, "there's no harm in seeing him—now." And so took himself off.

The other lion in the path was the sergeant of the station. The same policeman who had been standing by Pibbel's side when Helen neared the station house steps was standing at the sergeant's side when Helen entered the station house office.

"How much did you pay Pibbel?" asked the sergeant with such a snap and a glare that Helen had told the truth before she had time to frame a lie.

"Oh, 40 was it?" repeated the sergeant, and as he said so the policeman at his side hurried away, skipped down the station steps and went hot-footed in the direction Pibbel had taken. All of which might be construed by suspicious minds as correlative evidence that there was truth in the report that Pibbel and the police worked together along certain lines, but among these lines was none that led to the implicit belief on the part of the police in the absolute honesty of Mr. Pibbel's settlement work.

"Red sent to say he wanted to see me,'" said Helen repeating the formula she had used so resultlessly with Pibbel.

"Well," replied the sergeant, "you can see him all right, all right, but there's something I want to see first."

"Look here now you," cried Helen with desperation, "didn't I tell you that Pibbel had just seen me to the extent of 40? Do yer think I'm the Bowery Savings bank?"

"Uh," growled the sergeant, "this isn't a touch. Hand over the sparkler—that's what I've got to see."

"Well, you won't see it on me," replied Helen. "It's gone."

"Oh, is it," replied the sergeant, "then I guess you better see Red right away, and he may have something to say to you that'll put you in the way of findin' it."

So Red was brought out of the station cell and what he told her was so curtly worded an ultimatum that Cromwell's message to Londonderry was politeness itself compared to it. It was a clear case of surrender or good-bye. In vain Helen repeated the fact that she had disposed of the diamond and that Mr. Pibbel had absorbed the proceeds. All she got in the way of thanks for her considerate method in disposing of all that she had got from Danny was to be called several kinds of a blanked fool. Baruch's diamond must be returned instantly or Red would disappear from the haunts of men and take up an indefinite and mysterious existence with other creatures who were known by numbers only.

"You've got to get the diamond, and I've got to have it here tomorrow afternoon at the latest," was Red's proclamation.

"But how can I get it when Danny's got it and I haven't a penny to buy it back?"

"That's your lookout. You've got to get the diamond and I've got to have it here tomorrow afternoon at the latest," was Red's finality.

"But why tomorrow afternoon?" persisted Helen.

"Because the Sheen's comin' here for his headlight tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock. If I've got it to give him I go out there," and Red nodded in the direction of the station-house door. "If he comes and I ain't got it, I go up there," and Red shot out his prognothous jaw in the direction in which he thought lay Sing Sing. "Now buzz, buzz, kid."

Helen with her heavy heart and lightened stocking took herself off, but in the back of her shapely head she took an idea, the germ of an idea which she painfully nurtured all the way down to Coogan's saloon. Danny wasn't there, but she learned of his lodging-place from the bartender and at once hurried in that direction. For there was no time to lose, the great thing was to see Danny before he had complicated the transaction by transferring the diamond to the intimate friend of the intimate friend who, etc.

Helen found Danny sitting on a hydrant near his lodging-house on Second street, looking as trim as a partridge in a neat brown suit, and as fresh of face as though he lived a groom's life instead of pumping beer all night in the smoke-fouled soggy air of Coogan's.

"I've got to have that diamond back," said Helen.

"Indian givin', eh?" asked Danny.

"No," answered Helen, "I'm no Indian and you know it, but the guy that—that gave it to Red—"

"There, there, that'll do," said Danny, "keep your fairy stories. Red's got to give back the stone or go up, I suppose. Why didn't you find that all out before? I'm no pawnbroker."

"And I'm no welcher, as you know, Danny," said Helen, "but this is a case of M-U-S-T—got to, see? It's the big chief that's moving this time."

"Oh, all right," said Danny. "Come around tonight to Coogan's. I put the stone in his safe. Don't forget to bring the 50, either."

"Danny," said Helen, "I can't do that, I've spent it."

Danny almost dropped his cigarette in his surprise, then exhaled a mighty cloud of smoke through which he looked darkly at Helen.

"Say," he gasped, 'what sort of a brace is this you're givin' me? Are you talkin' to Danny Whalen or are you tryin' a dope. Now it's just this. You give me a stone and I give you fifty, eh? Now, cause I'm a soft fool I give you back the stone, and you give my fifty, eh? I lose on my make, eh? But we'll let it go at that. Now, that's plain, eh?"

"But Danny," insisted Helen, "I spent the money on Pibbel to help Red out of his mess and I swear to God if you'll give me that stone so's I can bring it to the Rivington street Green Lamps tomorrow afternoon at 4, I'll give you $60 when you come on at night and I don't care then whattell happens to me after that, so long's Red's out."

Danny blew another cloud of smoke and when it had faded into a blue wisp he said:

"Gee, but youse women beats the Dutch, and Red beats you, too, don't he? I never laid my hand on a woman, drunk or sober, and no woman ever jumped off a bridge for me, or even off a stepladder. Oh, all right, Helen, you're tough and I'm a dam fool—come around tonight, I'll give you the stone."

Danny repeated the fact of his belief that he was several kinds of badly adjectived fool as he handed over the diamond to Helen that night. He also advertised a new phase of his thoughts.

"Look here, Hel,'" he said, "this is no bunko game, eh? You ain't gettin' the stone from me to sell it to someone else for more'n 50, are yer?"

"Danny," said Helen, "I'm telling you the plain up and down truth."

"All right," said Danny, "I know Baruch, and if I find that he ain't got back this stone tomorrow, there'll be doin's in the Kinsella shebang, see?"

Helen slept with the diamond tied up in a corner of a handkerchief and the handkerchief tied around her neck and as soon as she had finished breakfast took a trip over to Jersey City, where a friend of Red's was doing a small, neat and confidential jewelry business. To him she handed the curtailed stud with the explanation that she wanted a screw wire soldered on and volunteered the intelligence that she would wait till the job was finished. Red's friend was a competent workman but he was not the sort of man to leave alone with a $300 diamond in the present condition of the artificial gem market. Helen looked at it critically and returned the stud with the remark that she wanted the coil more closely pressed together.

"I'm afraid 'twould work out of Red's shift front if the screw worked that easy,' she said.

The jeweler tightened the coil and Helen retied the diamond in her handkerchief and killed the time until she was due at the Rivington street police station. There she met Baruch and a smiling, red-faced, grey moustached captain who had the manners of a retired prize-fighter and the bank account of a stockbroker.

Baruch was visibly nervous and Helen noticed that the characteristic fluttering journey of his right hand from trousers pocket to shirt front was interrupted as though the switches had got misplaced and he wasn't sure of his terminals. He made a step forward as the girl entered and had begun a high pitched inquiry, "Did you bring—" when the captain took him by the arm and beckoning Helen led the way to a private room.

"You brought the diamond, of course," said the captain, in a rumble of a voice.

"I have," replied Helen, fumbling at her neck, "but it's the straight business isn't it? Red gits out if I give up?"

"That's the deal," said the captain.

"But mother of Abraham," cried Baruch, "how do I know it's the same stone?"

"It's the same stone, all right, all right," said Helen, and when Baruch had convinced himself that such was the fact, Helen said he was such a sweet old man to take matters so easily that she wanted to put back the diamond in its place with her own hands.

"So that you'd never know it had been nipped," said Helen.

So the girl set herself to the task. And it was quite a task for the shirt front was very much rumpled—indeed it might have been the same front from which the stone had been filched—and the screw wire was so tightly coiled that its insertion was a matter of difficulty.

"It's so blamed dark in this corner anyway," said Helen, "come over here by the window."

So Helen dragged Baruch across the room, stumbling badly in the progress as she held onto the lapels of Baruch's coat, and at the window succeeded after much squirming in replacing the diamond. Then Baruch went on his way rejoicing and after a few gruff admonitions from the captain Red and Helen also went on theirs.

That night when Danny came on duty Helen was waiting for him with the money.

"Glory be," said Danny, "do you really mean to say you're keepin' your word?"

"Keepin' my word!" echoed Helen, in a slightly thick voice, for she was obviously and odorously drunk. "I want you t' know, Mizzer Dan'l Whalen, that I k'd keep't 10 times oversh I wanted t'. Get onter thish.' And with a dive Helen brought up a roll of bills almost as thick as her wrist.

"Great hivins,' cried Danny, "where'd yer git that?"

"I gave the Sheen back ish sparkler—I fashened it in hish shirt, mishelf—"

"Oh," laughed Danny, "that's pretty good. He got his stone, but he lost his wallet, eh?"

"Min' y'r own dam bishness," said Helen.

# WHOSE LIFE DID YOU LIVE BEFORE?--Continued From the First Page of This Section

ization of the astral body was elected, and only in the 15th did Colonel de Rochas feel justified in carrying the regression of her memory back to any previous existence.

In all such experiments, scientific investigators proceed by careful stages; and, with a subject who is simply passive and not trying to produce marvels on her own account, the normal personality must be restored by stages as carefully graduated in the progressive scale.

Thus, Miss Mayo was taken back, in her condition of trance, gradually from 18 years of age to 16, to 14, to 12, to 10 years of age.

She saw her astral body transform itself in appearance corresponding with the altered age, and her memory revived countless facts which she had forgotten in her waking state.

At 8 years of age she was at Beirut, and could remember all her Turkish, which had slipped away from her during the years she lived in France. At the age of 1 year, her language failed her, and she could simply nod "yes" and "no."

Then she went into nothingness, feeling only that she existed. She was carried back still farther, when she said she was "all in the gray," and remembered having had some earlier existence. But Miss Mayo was even yet too little used to the trance state to warrant heavier strain upon her nervous forces.

With the 17th seance the full facts of those earlier lives of hers which could be evoked began to the time before her birth; beyond that, and—

"Where are you now?"

"I am a woman. She calls herself Lina."

"Are you living or dead?"

"I am dead."

"How did you die?"

The tragedy of the girl's preceding existence was disclosed. The daughter of a fisherman in Brittany, she led the toilsome, hard life of the fisher child, yet was allowed to attend the parish schools long enough to learn how to read and write. As she grew into maidenhood she hoped for marriage, with the simple, natural desire and ambition natural to the young, innocent girl.

She was in her teens when the suitor she longed for came, a fisherman, like her father. His name was Yvon. She was married when she was 20 years old; and then, indeed, she learned what life and love could be, and what sorrow could be.

The reincarnated fisher girl of the hypnotic trance—the girl who, as the guarded and sheltered young lady of this generation, was ignorant of the greatest fact of woman's life—passed through the pangs of childbirth, showed the happiness of the mother with her child, and showed the anguish of the mother when the child died, a baby only two years old.

There were no other children, for Yvon, her husband, was drowned in a shipwreck. Lina, in wild despair, flung herself into the sea from one of the precipices of her native Brittany.

Before the eyes of Colonel de Rochas, M. Lacoste and her physician, Dr. Bertrand, the subject underwent afresh the agonies of her supposed suffocation, until, in mercy to the living girl, before them, the intensity of her reenactment of the obscure tragedy under the waves of the Brittany coast had to be mitigated.

Again and again, Miss Mayo, hypnotized by Colonel De Rochas, rehearsed her life and death as Lina, and her formless, peaceful existence "in the gray" until, impelled to reincarnation, she assumed the amorphous haze of a fresh astral body and descended upon her present mother, Mme. de Mayo, some months before her new birth took place. But the life of Lina was only the beginning of her memory's regression.

Before that she was a man—treacherous, dissipated, cruel, bloodthirsty. For half a century she was Charles Mauville, clerk in a ministerial office in Paris. Time and again during his career the streets of Paris ran with blood, and heads were cut off in the public thoroughfares.

Mauville himself joined in the savageries, committing murders with his own hand, because he loved to kill. He lived out his petty, bloody life, hated by all who knew him well, until he sustained a chill at the age of 50 years, and died of pneumonia.

He followed his own funeral to the grave, and heard the pitiless comments of those who saw it pass. He went, not into "the gray," but into "the dark," and suffered blind, dumb remorse and anguish until some unknown mercy permitted him the hope of redemption in the body of Lina, the virtuous, passionately loving peasant of the coast.

But Mauville was not the ultimate stage of regression in Mlle. Mayo's memory. She was in "the dark" for a long time previously but before that had been Madeleine de Saint-Marc, wife of a gentleman attached to the court of Louis XIV. She had known Mlle. De Lavalliere, with whom she was much in sympathy. Madame de Maintenon displeased her.

"And the king, how do you like him?"

"He is very proud."

"Do you know M. Scarron?"

"Dieu! How plain he was!"

"Have you seen M. Moliere act?"

"Yes, but I don't like him much."

"Do you know M. Corneille?"

"He is a savage."

"And M. Racine?"

"I know most about his works; I like them very much."

"Does your husband neglect you?"

"Oh, yes; a great deal."

"He has other loves?"

"You may be sure of that."

"If any one paid court to you, whom would you prefer?"

"The king."

Married as girls of noble family were married then, a grande dame in a dissolute court, neglected by her husband, Mme. de Saint-Marc lived the life of her class and her period until, her beauty faded and her soul jealous of the charms of the younger women, she found herself 40 years old and in bad health. She suffered from pains in her chest; and she coughed, in rending paroxysms, until death came, and her spirit passed out of her into "the dark."

This, in brief, is a review of the existence into which the spirit now occupying the body of Mlle. Marie Mayo has been reincarnated as far back as that of Mme. Madeleine de Saint-Marc, a grande dame of the court of Louis XIV.

But it is not quite all. Colonel de Rochas succeeded in arousing his charming subject's progressive memory—in making her picture her future as well as her past. But it was far more brief, far more indefinite. Mlle. Mayo could carry her existence forward only two years—up to the age of 20—when she invariably saw herself in a foreign country, among naked negroes.

If it was prophecy, does the abrupt termination point to another tragedy? Is she doomed to perish among naked savages, when her youth and her sweetness shall be in their most perfect flower?

"If we had proof," remarks Colonel de Rochas, "that the personalities 'played' by subjects really lived, we should have proof of very great force in favor of the survival of the soul and of its successive reincarnations. In the case of Mayo, it is difficult to recover the traces of the more or less obscure personages of whom she objectivates the types; but these personages are not improbable."

But he reviews the case of another girl, Josephine ———, which he studied for some months.

"The persons are very plausible," he says. "I have been able to ascertain that the places and the families spoken of exist, or have really existed, although the subject has no recollection of them in the waking state. But it has been impossible for me to obtain the proofs of their birth or of their death in the registers of the parishes or at the mairies.

"Are we to assimilate these phenomena to mere dreams? Certainly not. I believe that we must compare these manifestations with those which have been studied in the case of Mlle. Helene Smith, and, generally, with all those which are provisionally attributed to spirits, and in which we see the true and the false intermingled."

It is science itself, the science that has so scrupulously and so firmly taken up the study of phenomena hitherto left to the charlatanry of conscienceless Cagliostros, which casts the first doubts upon the results of its own experiments.

But what of our lives as we hold them and deal with them now, when science shall have passed beyond the darkness Colonel de Rochas characterizes as one "in which all observers have to struggle at the beginning of every new science?"

What cataclysm of law and morals impends, when we shall be compelled to admit among us the unknown spirits of "the gray" and "the dark"?

## ALCOHOL STILL HIGH.

### Farmers Not Jumping at the Chance to Make It.

That denatured alcohol in this country is not yet on the same basis as that provided by the governments of Germany and France is the statement put forth by the manufacturers and users of the product. In those countries, according to American Industries, in addition to being free from internal revenue taxation a government bonus is given for every gallon of denatured alcohol placed in consumption.

Information and statistics now being gathered will be furnished to the proper committees of congress, and the probabilities are that legislation will be introduced which if passed will result in a further cheapening of the product. Under present conditions denatured alcohol is not particularly cheap, the retail price being in the neighborhood of 60 cents a gallon and the wholesale price 39 cents in five barrel lots. The manufacturers—and there are fewer than half a dozen of them now—are full of reasons for this, the main one being that corn and all vegetable products are bringing fancy prices.

Those who have made a special study of conditions do not view with enthusiasm the prospect for the establishment of small distilling plants on farms where refuse apples, spoiled cabbages, corncobs and green cornstalks and all sorts of waste vegetable material can be converted into alcohol.

They are doubtful of the success of such plants even if the farmers were inclined to devote a part of their time to them, but they do believe that in the establishment of centrally located plants a profitable employment for capital can be found, using very much the same methods as those adopted by the creamery men of the west.

It is understood that a New York company now has its agents in Cuba and Louisiana looking for sites for alcohol distilleries, the idea being to utilize sugar and molasses refuse. If the plans are successful large quantities of alcohol will be produced at between 10 and 15 cents a gallon, making it the cheapest fuel obtainable in this country.

Contrary to the opinion generally held by the uninitiated, alcohol cannot be employed as fuel in any kind of apparatus suitable for oil, and on this account it has been necessary to invent for the purpose special and peculiar devices—all of them depending fundamentally upon the idea of burning not the alcohol directly but the gas generated from it by heat.

The cook stoves soon to be placed on the market are very compact, with broilers and other attractive attachments. Besides, they are decidedly cleaner.

Of heaters there is quite a variety, one style being intended for automobiles. The motor cars in the future also will be provided with a modified carbureter for burning alcohol, thus getting rid of all disagreeable smell.

Outdoor heaters and cookers burning alcohol will soon be on the market and special contrivances have been devised for the use of the same fuel in the kitchens of yachts. Lamps suitable for the purpose, with incandescent mantles, give a beautiful and cheap illumination.

## Shot Three Mountain Lions.

From the Denver Post.

Three husky mountain lions isn't so bad for one man, one gun, two dogs and a few hours. The man is J. J. Carpenter, Cebolla, Colorado, and a hunter of big game.

Mr. Carpenter started out bobcat hunting and went up a short distance on Elk creek, where he struck the tracks of four mountain lions in the snow, the dogs treed one about three miles away. One shot, and the soul of that lion floated serenely over the hills.

Ten minutes later the dogs had two more lions in the treetops. Carpenter killed the smaller one and dragged it down into the gulch. Then he looked around and saw the mother lion watching him from a point of vantage in a tree just above him. She ate up a large leaden bullet and dropped 30 feet to the steep hillside with a roar that sounded quite ominous. Then she bit the brush and did other things indicative of what she would like to do to Carpenter if she caught him. She started bravely enough, and Carpenter threw his gun to his shoulder to greet her. However, she paused about four feet from him and fell dead 10 feet below on the slope.

# ROYALTY FINDS TRUE HAPPINESS--King Edward Enjoys Ideal Life as Country Gentleman at Sandringham

From the London Observer.

KING EDWARD is never so happy as when leading the life of a country gentleman at Sandringham, surrounded by the members of his family and his most cherished friends. All state is put aside, and the king and queen become as far as possible two private individuals, living the life of their choice, that of an English countryman and his wife. From affairs of state his majesty can never wholly dissever himself, and weighty matters have to receive his undivided attention at times wherever he may be, but the early morning hours are set apart for state business, and when once his majesty appears among his guests he gives himself up to the whole-souled enjoyment of the country life.

Neither the king, the queen, nor any member of the royal family appears at breakfast at Sandringham. This meal is served to the guests who elect to come down for it at several tables, set for four, six, or eight persons, as occasion requires; but all guests are at liberty to breakfast in their own rooms if they prefer it. The king does not make an appearance until well on in the morning, and the men guests await his majesty's pleasure until the orders of the day are given out. The king wears rough country suits and thick boots at Sandringham, and is never without one of the great cigars that are especially his own. His majesty's habit of punctuality is well known, and to insure a like quality in others the clocks at Sandringham are always set fast.

### The King Out Shooting.

In times gone by no ladies accompanied the guns when shooting was afoot, but now the ladies of the party are invited to luncheon and to follow the sport after. Princess Victoria is often her father's companion, or the most exalted guest among the ladies is honored with the privilege of remaining with the king.

Luncheon on these occasions is a very pleasant meal, and the portable stove which is carried insures the service of hot dishes in perfection. Sportsmen are well looked after, and cups of hot turtle soup, or some such sustaining edible, are served before the return to the house. The king dislikes elaborate luncheons, but everything is admirably done, without the meal being unduly prolonged. When a battue is arranged the fact is announced, and all work is stopped in the vicinity of the shoot. The beaters wear a distinctive and picturesque dress. The old-fashioned long smock is worn, the hat is ornamented with a red band, and each man carries a red and blue flag. The guns number eight or ten as a rule, the king having no taste for a big party. The Sandringham pheasants are noted for their succulence, as all the king's personal friends know, for none is forgotten. Three to five brace is the average gift to each, and vast numbers are sent to hospitals and other charitable institutions, and a hundred brace to Osborne college.

The king's guns are always of the latest pattern, and the gun room at Sandringham is the envy of all sportsmen, as it contains a magnificent collection, including a great many presentations from various royal personages. The result of the day's sport is always laid out for the king's inspection before it goes to the larder, which is one of the largest in the world, having accommodation for some 7,000 head of game.

The sportsmen generally return to the house in time for tea, a delightful meal, at which the queen presides. It is served in the hall, at one big round table if the party is small, or at several tables if necessary. Scotch scones, little fancy rolls, hot cakes, and every sort of sweet cake are set about, and Scotch short cake, of which the king is very fond, is never left out.

### The Royal Dinner.

The hour for luncheon at Sandringham is 2:30, and dinner, which is more formal, is served at 8:30 in the fine dining room, which contains the wonderful Spanish tapestries presented to King Edward when prince of Wales by King Alfonso VII, father of the present king of Spain. The guests assemble in the drawing room before dinner is announced, and the king and queen make a formal entry with any royal personages who may be among the visitors, the royal party having previously assembled in a separate room. The menu is invariably short. The custom of twisting table napkins into fancy shapes, so dear to the restauranteur and the suburban hostess, does not obtain at Sandringham, where this necessary adjunct is simply folded over. All the glass, china, cutlery, and silver are ornamented with the royal crown, that bearing the three feathers, previously in use at Sandringham, having been presented to the prince and princess of Wales for use at York cottage.

His majesty is a model landlord, and when at Sandringham spends some time every day with his agent, and takes an active personal interest in the estate and in the well-being of the people. Most affectionate relations exist between the royal landlord and his tenants and employes. There is a cottage hospital on the estate for sick indoor and outdoor servants, and it contains pleasant nurses' quarters as well as sick wards. Each village on the estate has its club for workingmen, and in these institutions the king takes the closest interest. It is the king's custom on Sundays to walk to church, while the queen and the other ladies drive. His majesty joins in the hymns, his deep, powerful voice being very plainly heard, and, as every one knows, a sermon delivered before the king must not last more than 10 minutes.

The king is an ideal host, and both the queen and himself bestow much thought on the individual tastes of their guests, and all their fads and fancies are remembered, and as far as possible administered to. It is the king's habit to accompany the men guests to their room, where he will stir the fire and himself look about to see that they have all they want.

When entertainments such as theatricals take place the king and queen and the house party enter the ballroom in procession and sit on either side the gangway. Plain evening dress is de rigueur at Sandringham, where the frock dress is never worn. The king wears the ribbon of the Garter on festive occasions, however. At the conclusion of the entertainment the royal procession is again formed, and the way is led to the supper room, where no formality is observed. The king goes about among the guests, seeing that they are having supper and enjoying themselves. A few specially favored ones he takes up to the queen, with whom he chats for a minute or two with each. His majesty is the life and soul of the party on these occasions, and nothing can exceed his amiability and good spirits.

### Sandringham.

All the cups, pieces of plate, and such trophies won at races and regattas by the king are at Sandringham, and the king takes great pride in exhibiting them. Sandringham is quite a model house, and was built by the king when prince of Wales 37 years ago. Above the entrance is carved: "This house was built by Albert Edward, prince of Wales, and Alexandra his wife, in the year of our Lord 1870." It is the modern Elizabethan style, with no particular pretensions architecturally. The grounds are well laid out, and there is a model dairy, where the Queen and Princess Victoria often take tea. The Italian garden at Sandringham is a blaze of color in the late summer, and at the end of the flower walk are the ornamental gates presented by the servants to the king. There is also a fragrant lavender walk. The park is undulating and lies high, and heather and pine trees are features of the surrounding district.

The Norwich gates are set up at the entrance to the drive. The king pays an occasional visit to his racing stables when at Sandringham, and here a fine model of Persimmon is to be noted. The dogs' cemetery is near the kennels, where the queen likes to visit her famous borzois.

Many distinguished people have visited the king and queen as prince and princess of Wales. The late queen was there with the Empress Frederick on one occasion, when 17 royal personages arrived to take tea with a neighboring vicar. Everything, however, was made easy, and two royal servants were sent on ahead with cakes and delicacies to set the table in readiness. But the hostess had a busy time pouring tea.

## Preparing for the Future.

From the Penny Pictorial.

Mrs. Jenkins had missed Mrs. Brady from her accustomed haunts, and hearing several startling rumors concerning her, went in search of her friend.

"They tell me you're workin' 'ard night an' day, Sarah Ann?" she queried.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Brady, "I'm under bonds to keep the peace for pulling the whiskers out of that old scoundrel of a husban' of mine, and the magistrate said that if I come afore 'im again or laid me 'ands on the old man, he'd fine me 40 shillin's!"

"And so you're workin' 'ard to keep out of mischief?"

"I'm what? Not much! I'm workin' 'ard to save up the fine!"