

An Astral Lion Hunt

By Parke Whitney

I DON'T expect anybody to believe this story of mine. You will say that I am a dope fiend, or an insane or a dreamer, but I tell you it happened—it actually happened—and it proves to me that it is possible for a man to live in his physical body and still live out of it as it were—visit old-time associations and places, and even remote countries and climates.

and headlike, and haunting. I felt their uncanny influence all that night. I would awaken suddenly, and see those strange, black eyes looking into mine, and I would see the man's smile as he showed his pearl white teeth. I knew that this was foolish, and I chided myself for my uncalled-for fears.

The next morning I was dressing when there was a knock at my door. It was Sunday morning, and I had arisen later than usual. Answering the summons, I faced the Hindu who stood there smiling at me and just as I had seen him all night in my restless sleep.

consciousness. My flesh cold and it twitched, and I was sinking, sinking! I tried to pull myself together, out of the depths of mental semi-consciousness, but it was useless. I was completely in the power of my Hindu companion.

Again I was taking a journey! I was traversing the upper spaces of clouds and air! There seemed to be no distance at all—no distance that I couldn't traverse in an instant! I was a disembodied spirit! I was separated, freed from the fetters of the physical! I was living another life, and yet I seemed still to be myself, that is, the same individual as I was in my normal existence!

One of the slaves of the owner of the estate brought out a big powerful elephant! He was a handsome fellow, I thought. My friend, or my host, for that was what he really was, commanded me to climb upon the elephant's back. "We will go lion hunting!" he said, briefly, and smiling.

Again I heard the distant voice of the Hindu. I seemed to be returning from a long journey! I was flying through space! I breathed heavily, and gasped. Opening my eyes I saw him smile—smile just as he had done so often before—and he spoke quietly. "You have visited my old home in India! You have accompanied me upon one of the lion hunts of my youth! Henceforth you are my friend—my friend!"

Oh, look what I've done, Hilda!" cried Carmen Phillips, as her friend came along. "Just look at my shoe! Of all things to happen, I caught my foot in between the rail and a plank here, and now one of the French heels on my brand new shoes is stuck fast there, and I can't move it an inch. I am without a heel. What shall I do? You don't need to laugh, Hilda Martin, because it isn't funny at all."

So the girls started at a fast walk, Carmen limping. When they reached the shop, Carmen explained her trouble. Mr. Spaulding smiled, and started back to the railroad crossing with the girls, to help them out of their predicament.

Here, wasn't it, Hilda?" Both girls were looking at the exact place where the heel should have been, and Mr. Spaulding's eyes were carefully searching up and down both sides of the track. "Where did you say it was?" he asked. "Why, it was right here," Hilda said, pointing to the spot. "That's where it was." "Yes, it was right there, Mr. Spaulding," Carmen said soberly. "But—but—"

The Grateful Youth

great maple that was showering down its beautifully tinted leaves all around her. She put her head down on her arms and had a good cry. "Oh, dear, now my nice new shoes are spoiled. No one can make a heel to look like that one, and—and I did so want to go to the dance tomorrow evening, but—"

to his feet and walked slowly down to where she was sitting. "There, there, little girl, what's the matter?" he said, softly. Carmen raised her head and started. "Why—er—er," she stammered. "What do you want?"

By Joella Johnson

An Amateur Diplomat

MOLLIE stood by the little white gate gazing down the road, grass-grown and tree-shaded. The last rays of the sun were fast changing the fleecy pink and gold clouds to soft violet, and in the swampy marsh not far distant the young frogs were giving one of their annual spring concerts.

"How old are you, Richard?" she went on. Richard looked at her with a proud air. "I'm seven, most eight. How old are you?"

day now." He paused a moment for breath and then continued: "Why didn't you go down? Haven't you got any sweetheart?"

By Phil Moore

"I just met him the other evening," said Mollie, and she smiled reminiscently. "They live in that big white house on the hill."

evening late in August the two sat rather silently in the rose-covered porch of Mollie's little cottage. But it was a silence that contained all speech. The moon had risen in all her glory over the distant purple hills.

In Washington

SOMETHING happened today, Carl, but don't you scold, dear," Inez begged, gazing up at her husband with anxious eyes. "I was careless—of course I was careless. I know that, but don't be cross, please. I'll go without butter for a whole month to pay for it."

ting, they meant much more. She hesitated, not feeling quite sure of him. "Tell me," he repeated, a little more sternly, yet unconscious of the fact. "What are you afraid of? It can't be anything very bad." He had lived alone, doing his own will, having his own way, and did not know that he had become a little exacting; that his sensitive wife was beginning to feel restraint.

A Trifle Careless

"That isn't the way of the world," he sneered. "It's gone and you'll have to go without now, or use that old cotton one in the hall. You're welcome to that." He left her and went down to the office, not meaning to be cross or unkind.

of unrest and restraint in the home. They talked stiffly, without the usual freedom. Such a little thing it takes to make so much difference! Then one day Carl came home early, whistling in the old boyish way, a broad smile on his handsome face. He leaped up the steps, three at a time. "Here's an umbrella for you Sis!" he beamed, as he flourished it before her.

By Elsie Endicott

you forgive me, Carl?" she asked, still a little doubtful. "Oh, that's all right," he answered carelessly. "I'm glad you like it. Come, let's have supper; I'm as hungry as a bear. By the way, never mind the butter. You're really growing quite pale and thin without it. Everybody makes mistakes sometimes; no doubt I do myself."