

A SOUL LET LOOSE

A PSYCHOLOGICAL NARRATIVE

JOHNSON had one pet theory which he was everlastingly letting loose upon me. His notion was that at night when the body was resting the spirit was not, and so-called "dreams" ensued. He saw no reason why the spirit need lay in the body during the night; in fact, he was quite certain that many a time his spirit had floated away to another spot, and had acted in divers ways, and what had appeared to him on the morrow to be a dream—or nightmare—was nothing less than a reality. His only regret was that his brain had no control over the doings of his spirit whilst his body slept.

He insisted on dreaming about me one night, and got me to promise to keep wake and look out for him. I got a nasty cold by keeping the window open, but he never came—neither in substantial nor shadowy form—to the best of my knowledge. But he came the next morning in person and appeared to be mightily pleased with himself.

"Well, old boy?" he said, as if he expected me to say something pleasant.

"No, I'm not well," I thundered, "I've got a liquidified proboscis through your tomfoolery."

"Wha—at?" he queried. "Why, I thought it worked finely. I can swear in a court of law I dreamt about you, and I distinctly remember speaking to you."

"Get any answer?" I asked, cynically.

"My dear fellow, we were chatting together for more than half an hour. Why I remember it as well as anything."

"You've really got to get something for it, Johnson," I said. "You've got it bad if anybody else said that to me I should immediately put him down as a raving lunatic. Do you mean to say that you pre-arranged to come here and that you came?"

Johnson nodded, with the air of a man who had done something great.

"How long did you lie awake?" he questioned.

"Like the blithering idiot that I was," I informed him, "I did not shut my eyes until after one o'clock—although I got to bed at half-past ten."

"Awfully sorry, old chap," he said, apologetically, "but I don't think I left the house until—quite three. We must try again."

I shook my head very decisively.

"I'm not going to get another running nasal organ for anyone," I asserted.

"As a friend—" he began.

"No friend would wish me to go to the expense of purchasing extra handkerchiefs."

"You see," explained the theorist, "the business didn't thoroughly work—except in my own case. I'm quite satisfied that I—or part of me—came, but that's not enough; I want you to behold me."

I quoted a passage I learnt when an infant, and which I said I always acted up to:

"Be the matter what it may
Always speak the truth;
If at work or if at play
Always speak the truth."

I thought Johnson looked a trifle hurt, but being enthusiastic, his ardor was but little damped, and he said that he did not wish me to say anything untruthful in any way; he simply wished me to quote facts.

"To prove the case once for all," he said, anxiously, "I want you to come to me!"

I absolutely refused.

"Don't be so excessively skeptical and backward," he said. "It's all in the interest of science and things I've proved to you—that is, I've told you—that I visited you last night. Evidently you don't know a spirit when you see one. Now I want you, directly you get into bed, to concentrate your thoughts entirely upon my rooms. I desire that you should for the time being endeavor to be oblivious of everything else, and try to force your spirit out of you by your will power."

"And then—what?"

"Then will it fly to my rooms by thoroughly concentrating your thoughts upon the position of the same. Keep that up until you lose consciousness—and then we will see."

"If I don't come by half-past one," I said, sceptically, "don't sit up for me."

"You—you'll try and come, won't you?" he pleaded. I never saw him look more anxious.

"But how—how shall I be dressed?" I asked, anxiously.

"Don't be silly. No one can see your spirit."

"But I shall be jolly cold, dressed like that, shan't I? I'm not going to get rheumatism for anybody," I asserted.

"You silly fellow," he explained, "why, your body will be in bed all the time; it's only your mind, as it were, that's going to see me."

"But how—how shall you know me?" I asked, somewhat uncertainly. "Look here, if I'm coming in my clothes—I'm not coming feeling round in that draughty condition."

"As you like," almost groaned Johnson.

"But half a minute," I said; "if this sort of thing goes on, you know, perhaps my spirit will be getting loose when I don't want it to—and be wearing my clothes out. I'm not going to pay any more tailor bills, I tell you."

"Your brain will be perfect master of your mind," philosophicly put in Johnson, with a superlatively learned air.

"But how an earth am I going to get from our house to yours? Shall I bring my legs with me?"

"Thought travels quickly—you think and you act. You've heard the parable, quick as thought." Well, directly the thought thoroughly masters the mind, the action will take place.

"How shall I get in your room? Shall I knock? Or, perhaps, I shan't be bringing my knuckles with me? I say—I guess I shall look jolly funny. Do you think a policeman will stop me?" I asked.

"To the outsider you will be invisible. The body is all that is visible in man—the spirit for what it looks like might be 'non est.' There is nothing to see."

"And yet it's I all the time?" I said with a huge laugh, which disconcerted Johnson. "But—how shall you know me?"

"I shall expect you. It is mind to mind. Our minds will work in unison and your thoughts will be my thoughts. I shall keep my whole energy transfixed upon your coming. I shall speak with you, and you will reply."

"Then it is usual for a spirit to brink his throat and lungs with him, is it?" I queried, incredulously. "I say—it will look beastly funny to see a throat and a set of lungs waltzing about, won't it?"

"You're frivolous," he chastised me with. "You do not see the possibilities."

"I see the impossibilities, though," I ventured. "First of all, as I asked before, how am I—even if I consent to an invisible portion taking a constitutional after supper—to get into your house. Please don't suppose, my dear Johnson, that I'm going to fly through your bedroom window. I'm not; flying is entirely out of my line. If I have the control of my spirit to will it to come I'm not going to treat it shabbily by making it fly through a window. If it comes at all, it's coming in the orthodox way. Ha, again," I summed up, "how can I kneecap you after when my knuckles are with the other part of me in bed? I can't take the bell either. Furthermore, I can't turn the handle of the door even if you promised not to interrupt."

"You're getting practical now, old chap," said Johnson, looking pleased. "I agree with you—there must be no obstruction in the way. And there shall not be. I will leave the door ajar, and sleep in the room nearest, and greet you as soon as you come in."

"You—you're sure you'll know me? I shouldn't like to come all that way and feel like a perfect stranger, of course. And I don't want to get in the wrong room, do you hear?" I said, emphatically. "Just for this once I'm going to do the thing you ask, but I'm going to do it properly, and if everything isn't just as I want it, I shall go back. I suppose you'll have a little refreshment ready for me on my advent? Oh, I forgot, of course—I shan't have any—any accommodation for holding supper with me, shall I? Of course not. But I shall expect a drink of some sort, because I understand that I shall have my throat."

Johnson agreed.

"It's a bargain," he said. "I shall be anxiously waiting for you from half-past one until three o'clock."

"Good," I said. "I'll come—of course, all being well. You'll send a cab up to our house for my other part, because we shall have to go down to business together."

We shook hands on it.

"Half-past one," he said, "you'll start the thought."

I agreed.

"Yes, don't be late" were his last words, and I went into the house.

I jumped into bed—leaving my window open again—and started on my thinking mission. I pictured Johnson's rooms, and again and again I pictured them—until I got completely sick at the sight of them. But I persisted gamely, and at times I almost felt myself moving. I conscientiously tried my best for the good of the cause, and more than once I called myself and my attendant sundry uncomplimentary adjectives for their inability to separate. I had fairly got Johnson's bedroom now into my brain, a drowsiness came over me—and I lost consciousness.

When I awoke the next morning I was a firm believer in Johnson and his pet theory. I had certainly been dreaming—in my ignorance I put it that way—and I recalled how I had spent a portion of the night at his residence. I was sure he'd be pleased with me.

He called round the next morning, looking most disappointed, however.

"You—you never came," he said, sulkily, "and I left the door wide open all night for you."

I assured him that, as far as I could say, a portion of me had called upon him in the interim.

His face lighted up in an instant.

"Oh, then it was you, after all," he said, looking relieved. "That's all right."

"Then some—somebody came all right?" I queried, nervously.

"Yes, and—and they took my best clothes! And—and my watch, as you see! One of your ideas, I suppose?"

(Continued on page 7)

An Editor's Opinion of the Royal Gorge.

Edyth Tozier Weathered, in describing a recent trip over the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, says in "The Exposition":

"At last the goal of the ambition of years has been reached—marvellous, wonderful, grand and inspiring Royal Gorge is on either hand. The only disappointing thing is you only have one pair of eyes, while the train darts in and out of the tremendous chasm.—If any who have never seen it are wondering how it looks just go and see. Thousands have tried to describe it, yet every attempt falls short of giving the subject justice."

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TIMBER LAND NOTICE
United States Land Office Lakeview, Oregon, July 3d, 1905. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the Act of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, the following persons have this day filed in this office their sworn statements, to-wit:
Mrs. Lizzie Mayer, of Portland, county of Multnomah, state of Oregon. Sworn Statement No. 2956, for the Sw $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 27, and $\frac{1}{2}$ N $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 28, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ N $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 34, Tp. 35, S. 1, R. 17 E.
Margaret Ryan, of Marquet, state of Michigan. Sworn statement No. 2957, for the purchase of the N $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 28, Tp. 35, S. 1, R. 17 E.
Martin Ryan, of Marquet, state of Mich. Sworn statement No. 2958, for the purchase of the E $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sw $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, N $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 27, Tp. 35 S., R. 17 E.
That they will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes and to establish their claim to said land before Geo. T. Baldwin, Co. Judge, at his office at Klamath Falls, on Tuesday the 22th day of Sept. 1905. They name as witnesses: Margaret Ryan, of Marquet, Mich., Oliver Slifer, of Woodland, Wash., Martin Ryan, of Marquet, Mich., C. B. Embury, of Portland, Oregon, C. E. Peterson, of Stevenson, Wash. and Albert Peterson, of Stevenson, Wash.
Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 22th day of Sept., 1905. 27-36 J. N. Watson, Register.

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