

The Home Reading Circle



By GILBERT PARKER. AUTHOR OF 'THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.'

PART I.

McGilvray had been dead for over a hundred years, but there is a parish in Quebec where his tawny-haired descendants still live.

In Pontiac one of the Magilles, the father of the parish, since the following verse in English as a tribute of admiration for an heroic deed of his ancestor, of which the cure of the parish, the good M. Fabre, had told him:

"Pit! poum! ka-zoon, ka-zoon!" That is the way of the organ tune—And the slugs are safe, that day! Pit! poum! ka-zoon, ka-zoon! And the Admiral light his pipe and say: "Why for us, we are not kill! Who is it make the organ play? Make it say zoon—ka-zoon? You with the cornet come this way—You are the man, Magille!"

Now, this is the story of McGillvray, the bandmaster. It was at the time of the taking of Quebec, the summer of 1759. The English army had lain at Montmorency, at the Island of Orleans, and at Point Levis; the English fleet in the basin opposite the town, since June of that great year, attacking and retreating, bombarding and besieging, to no great purpose. For within the walls of the city, and on the shore of Beauport, protected by its mud flats—a splendid moat—the French more than held their own.

In all the hot months of that summer, when parishes were ravaged with fire and sword, and the heat was an excuse for almost any lapse of virtue, McGillvray had not been drunk once—not once. It was almost unnatural. Previous to that, McGillvray's career had been checked. No man had received so many punishments in the whole army; none had risen so superior to them as had he, none had ever been shielded from wrath present and to come as had this bandmaster of Anstruther's regiment. He had no rivals for promotion in the regiment—perhaps that was one reason; he had a good temper and an overwhelming spirit of fun—perhaps that was another.

He was not remarkable for the vision—scarcely more than five feet four; with an eye like a gnat, red hair tied in a queue, a big mouth, and a chest thrust out like the breast of a peacock—so fine a figure of a man in miniature as you could see. When intoxicated his tongue rattled out fun and fury like a triphammer. Alert-minded drunk or sober, drunk he was lightning-tongued. He could play as well drunk as sober, too, but more than once a sympathetic officer altered the tactics that McGillvray might not be compelled to march, and so expose his condition. Standing still he was quite fit for duty. He never got really drunk "at the top." His brain was always clear, no matter how useless were his legs.

But the wonderful thing was that for six months McGillvray's legs were as steady as his head was right. At first the regiment was unbelieving, and his resolution to drink no more was scoffed at in the non-com's mess. He stuck to it, however, and the cause was searched for—and not found. He had not turned religious, he was not fanatical, he was of sound mind—what was it? When the sergeant major suggested a woman, they howled him down.

McGilvray had not made love to women since the day of his wedding, and had drunk consistently all the time. Yes it was a woman. A fortnight or so after Wolfe's army and Saunders's fleet had sat down before Quebec McGillvray, having been told by a sentry at Montmorency that Anstruther's regiment was camped, that a French girl on the other side of the stream had kissed her hand to him and sung across in laughing insolence, "Mailbrook s'en va l'en guerre."

THEN HE HALTED AND SURVEYED THE GROUND.

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he had forthwith set out to halt this daughter of Gaul, if perchance she might be seen again.

At more than ordinary peril he crossed the river on a couple of logs, lashed together, some distance above the spot where the picket had seen mademoiselle. It was a moonlight night, and he might easily have been picked off by a bullet, if a wary sentry had been so alert and murderously inclined. But the truth was that many of these pickets on both sides were in no wise unfriendly to each other, and



THE LOCK TURNED AND PRESENTLY STEPPED INSIDE—A GIRL

more than once exchanged tobacco and liquor across the stream. As it chanced, however, no sentry saw McGillvray, and presently, safely landed, he made his way down the river. Even at the distance he was from the falls, the rumble of them came up the long walls of fire and maples all—else was still, most still. He came down until he was opposite the spot where his English picket was posted, and then he halted and surveyed his ground.

Nothing human in sight, no sound of life, no sign of habitation. At this moment, however, his stupidity in thus rushing into danger; the foolishness of pursuing a woman whom he had never seen—and a French woman at that; the punishment that would be meted out to him by his colonel if his adventure was discovered—all these came to him. They stunned him for a moment, and then, as if in defiance of his own thoughts, he began to sing softly: "Mailbrook s'en va l'en guerre."

Suddenly, in one confused moment, he was seized, and a hand was clapped over his mouth. Three French soldiers had him in their grip; stalwart fellows they were, of the regiment of Bearn. He had no strength to cope with them, he at once saw the futility of crying out, so he played the cool, and tried to slip from the grasp of his captors. But though he gave the trio an awkward five minutes he was at last entirely overcome, and was carried away in triumph through the woods. More than once a sentry, and more than once a campfire round which soldiers slept or dozed. Now and again one would raise his head, and with a laugh, or a "Sapree!" or a "Sacre bleu!" drop back into comfort again.

After about ten minutes' walk he was brought to a small wooden house, the door was thrown open, he was tossed inside, and the soldiers entered after. The room was empty save for a bench, some shelves, a table, on which a lantern burned, and a rude crucifix on the wall. Had there been nothing else there would have been the crucifix, for, before all else, the French in Canada were religious.

McGilvray sat down on the bench, and in five minutes his feet were shackled, and a chain fastened to a staple in the wall held him in secure captivity.

"How you like yourself now?" asked a huge French soldier who had learned English from a girl at St. Malo years before.

"If you'd tie a bit o' pink ribbon round me neck, I'd die wid pride," said McGillvray, spitting on the ground at the same time to defy them.

The big soldier laughed and told his comrades what the band-master had said. One of them grinned, but the other frowned sullenly, and asked: "Have you to be-co?"

"Have you to be-co?" said the big soldier instantly—interpreting.

"Not for a Johnny Crapaud like you, and put that in your pipe and smoke it!" said McGillvray, winking at the big fellow and spitting on the ground before the sturdy one, who made a motion as if he would bayonet McGillvray where he sat.

"He shall die—the cursed English soldier," said Johnny Crapaud.

"Some other day will do," said McGillvray.

"What does he say?" asked Johnny Crapaud.

"He says he'll give each of us three pounds of tobacco if we let him go," answered the corporal.

McGilvray knew by the corporal's voice that he was lying, and he also knew that somehow he had made a friend.

"I'll dance a jig on yer sepulchreem, ye swabber!" and he spat on the ground again in defiance.

Johnny Crapaud turned to the corporal. "I'll kill him very dead," said he, "if that tobacco doesn't come. You tell him so," he added, jerking a thumb towards McGillvray. "You tell him so."

The corporal stayed when the others went out, and, in broken English, told McGillvray so.

"I'll play a hornpipe, an his gory shroud is around him," said McGillvray.

The corporal grinned from ear to ear. "You like a chew tobacco?" said he, pulling out a dirty knob of a black plug.

McGilvray had found a man after his own heart.

"Sing a song a-six-pence," said he, "what sort'a that for a gentleman an a corporal, too? Feel in me trousers pocket," said he, "which is fur me frinds forever."

McGilvray had now hopes of getting free, but if he had not taken a fancy to "me baby corporal," as he called the Frenchman, he would have made escape or release impossible, by insulting him and everyone of them as quick as winking.

After the corporal had emptied one pocket, "Now the other, man—owes," said McGillvray, and presently he was drinking what the flask from the "trousers pocket" contained, and so well did McGillvray work upon the Frenchman's bonhomie that the corporal promised him he should escape. Then he explained how McGillvray should be freed—that at midnight

some one would come and release him, while he, the corporal, was with his companions, so avoiding suspicion as to his own complicity. McGillvray and the corporal were to meet again and exchange courtesies after "the manner of brothers-in-law," if the fortunes of war permitted.

Then McGillvray was left alone. To while away the time he began to whistle to himself, and what with whistling and what with winking and talking to the "baby" on the table, and calling himself painful names, he endured his captivity well enough.

It was near midnight when the lock turned in the door and presently stepped inside—a girl.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

TOOK HIS OWN MEDICINE.

This Judge Proved That He Was No Respector of Persons.

Judge Maguire, one of the California magistrates is a good story teller, says the Washington Post, and when the judge sits down in one of the clock rooms to enjoy his cigar, half a dozen of his colleagues will always gather around in the hope of getting him started on some of his Western reminiscences. Most of these have to do with matters that have occurred in some court or other on the Pacific slope.

"A certain well-known judge in California," said Mr. Maguire, in one of the reminiscent moods, "is a great stickler for punctuality. He was worst when he first went on the bench than he is now, however. In those days I have known him to fine an attorney \$10 for being late as many minutes, and read him a long lecture besides. No excuse was accepted for being late, and punctuality became quite the rule in that court."

"One morning the judge himself failed to put in an appearance on time. Of course, all the attorneys were there promptly, and there was great hilarity during the ten minutes' wait that ensued. When the judge appeared he was greeted with numerous sarcastic inquiries about his health. He paid no attention to these remarks, however, but soberly taking his seat on the bench, he leaned forward and said:

"This court, gentlemen, is no respector of persons. Mr. Clerk, you will enter up a fine of \$10 against the court." Then he took \$10 out of his pocket and handed it to the clerk, adding, "and please mark it paid."

Justus, Pa., Apr. 4, 1897.—Terrible eruptions appeared on my face, and became running sores. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and used Hood's Pills and Hood's Olive Ointment, and now my hands are perfectly sound.

Mrs. Prosper Antoine.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

MORE PRECISELY EXPRESSED.

"What are Reginald's hour of work?" asked the young woman.

"He hasn't any," replied Reginald's employer. "But his minutes of work may occur anywhere between 9 a. m. and 4 p. m.—Washington Star."

AN AQUARIAN ROMANCE.

A sea bass sung in his own deep voice. In the new aquarium, "Oh, Lady Lobster of my choice! To thee a song I hum—A song I sing of love and joy."

"Ere we beguile, admit my love's name! A part of a tank drama sang On the damp side of the glass."

"Do not remember, love, how I sought thy hand, Oh, rather, thy antennae, As we wandered o'er the ocean's sand In those times so far away? Do not recall the dear old coral grove, So dark and cool and wet. Where, clasp'd in fun, we were wont to rove With never a thought of a net?"

Ah, lady, wert thou but my summer girl In those dear days in the sea, And can it be that the city's whirl Has turned thy love from me? Of the days' sweet, when on a breeze, For thy heart's sake I sang with glee; Though they say they love thee, lady fair, 'Twill be but in the Newburg style."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

IS TELEPATHY REAL OR IS IT A HUMBUG?

Professor Crookes' Theory as to Thought Transference.

RESULTS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

Some Experiments Which Have Been Made Under Conditions Which Render Conscience Between the Parties Highly Improbable, Tested and Reported by the Famous Society for Psychical Culture.

From the Washington Correspondence of the Philadelphia Times.

Do our brains send out waves? Men of science both here and abroad are discussing the newly launched theory of Professor Crookes, the noted English chemist and physicist, who believes that brain waves are the cause of hitherto unexplained cases of so-called thought-transference. What is regarded as even more significant than his offered explanation of telepathic phenomena is the professor's admission that such phenomena really exist.

He is the first eminent man of science who has ever placed upon record his belief that thought-transference is a possibility. A glance at Professor Crookes' record will explain why his remarks are given great weight by men of sober judgment. He is of that class of scientists from whom we generally expect the most conservative views founded upon deductions drawn only from well-weighed facts.

Professor Crookes is best known just now as the inventor of the Crookes tube used in the discovery of the X-rays. These cases are reported for the most part by members or associates of the society and the evidence of the persons concerned is weighed by a process which appears to exclude fakes and shams.

Professor Crookes says that a great deal of the evidence which has proved to him the real existence of telepathy and kindred powers has been collected through the agency of the famous Society for Psychical Research, of which he is the president. This organization is considered important since the receiver even with the most honest intent cannot help being guided by even unconscious indications given by the transmitter when he is within seeing or hearing distance.

Simple experiments in this line of investigation can be made by any two interested persons in the following manner: Make an agreement with a well-known friend who lives in another town or city. The first of the following month—you, the receiver, say at eleven o'clock, devote a half hour to experiments in thought-transference. Agree that one shall act as transmitter and the other as receiver during the whole experiment.

or, if preferred, that you will alternate every other night. Understand yourselves that the transmitter must concentrate his mind upon the receiver, who at the same time must avoid concentration and put his mind in a passive state. Both receiver and transmitter should have a blank diary or memorandum sheet before him in which to record his exact thoughts and impressions as they occur.

Some interesting results have already been reported to the society. They probably represent the greatest successes in this line which have yet resulted from such tests honestly and scientifically made.

One of the English ladies, Miss Campbell and Miss Despard, who live in London and the latter in Burlington, about fourteen miles therefrom, are of particular significance. In all of these tests Miss Despard acted as transmitter, while Miss Campbell acted as receiver. Both receiver and transmitter took place at eleven o'clock each night after a given date. The order of the experiment was to be alternating, every other night the transmitter was to be on the object and on the alternate nights upon a diagram which she was to draw upon paper. Each was to mail to the other every few days a letter containing a diary of the experiments. On the first night of the experiment, Dec. 27, according to the copy of her letter read by the writer, the transmitter at 11:30 o'clock concentrated her mind upon a brass candlestick in her room. She felt that the result would not be very satisfactory.

She found difficulty in concentrating her mind. "Not having desired previously what object to think of," she says, "I looked over the mantelpiece first and rejected two or three things before fixing upon the candlestick. A very noisy train was also distracting my attention, so wonder if you will think of that. In my letter concerning this same night the receiver states: 'I am sorry to say I forgot our projected experiments until I was just getting into bed, when I suddenly remembered, and just then I heard a train making a great noise, and as I have never noticed it like that before I wondered if it was one of your trains.' Concerning her other impressions the receiver says that "clock" was the word which she thought of, as well as "a circle of freighth." The only word that came to her was "sand" and a sound like "k" or "g." It will be observed that "sand" and "candle" are the latter in "candle," are similar and that the sound of "sand" would be correct for the beginning of "candle."

Having noted these impressions the receiver says she heard the clock strike 11:30. In the morning she found that the clock was twenty minutes fast, the time of her impressions therefore having been just after 11.

On the second night the transmitter thought of a cross inscribed in a triangle, but the receiver failed to obtain the correct impression of this message. On the third night the transmitter was conscious of a great noise, success when she concentrated her mind upon "a small Bristol were jug about six inches high, the lower part being brownish red, of a metallic copper color, the upper part having a band of reddish and light purple flowers, some somewhat conventional rose petals, handle greenish." She also remarks: "I do not think you have seen this jug, as it has been put away in a cupboard and only lately brought out. I saw the jug chiefly by bright freighth."

The receiver on this same night first thought of sponge, but concluded that it was suggested by the sound of running water. "Next," she says, "I had more distinctly an impression of a reddish metallic lustre, and I thought it must be a Moorish brass tray on May's mantelpiece; but at last I saw quite distinctly a small jug of a brownish metallic appearance below, with above that a white band with colored flowers, lilac and crimson, on it."

On the fourth night the transmitter drew a square, but after making it saw that it was not as correct as it might be, that the figure in her imagination had tended to "elope up to the right." The receiver on the same night drew an irregular quadrangle whose right side was tilted up. Having finished these interesting diaries the two experiments exchanged them. The postmarks on the containing envelopes proved to members of the society that Miss Campbell posted her letters before receiving the one from Miss Despard, and that Miss Despard had posted her communication before hearing from Miss Campbell. It is an interesting fact that the experiments with objects were more successful than those with diagrams. This is explained by the supposition that the transmitter had taken more interest in the former.

IN THIS COUNTRY.

Another series of interesting experiments in thought transference, made in Kismet, Morgan county, Tenn., have also been reported to the same society. In these the receiver, A. S. Wilcox, M. D., covered his eyes with a fold of dark cloth, while the transmitters, who were several individuals, concentrated their minds upon forms previously unknown to the receiver.

Out of six trials made on one day, when the doctor's wife acted as transmitter, she is reported to have transferred three images which the latter saw vividly and correctly. One was a mountain, another a house, and the other a man on a horse. In the latter the transmitter concentrated her mind upon the appearance of the doctor when he used to ride horseback in years gone by. While Mrs. W. was concentrating her mind over her mother-in-law. While the transmitter was thinking of a chimney, with smoke pouring out of it, the receiver said he saw a circle, but could not say whether it was a ring or a ring, on account of dull, smoky clouds. The same doctor tried additional experiments of the same kind with his wife, his 15-year-old son, and several friends.

On another occasion he appears to have been possessed of the strange power of taking stolen interviews with his wife's meditations. One day while writing at his desk he perceived that she, in the same room, was in deep thought. He dropped his face on his arm and attempted to catch the drift of her reveries. He saw mountain scenery, her brother and two women on horseback. He afterward learned that she was at the time thinking of her home in the Cumberland Mountains, of her brother who lived there and of herself and another woman who once resided in that region. She did not remember having thought about horses, but since horseback riding is the ordinary mode of travel in the locality mentioned she may have unconsciously visualized a horse and rider in motion. At this point the wife, perhaps becoming alarmed at her husband's power to read her innermost thoughts, declared that she would in a second experiment follow him, but was obliged to confess later that his impressions in the other instances were perfectly correct. Numerous neighbors and friends testify to the truth of the assertions concerning this doctor and his strange telepathic power.

An interesting case directly bearing upon this subject was reported from London is that of a man named Fred W. Rose, who contrived the idea of sending his "astral body" to the room of an old lady at whose house he was in the habit of calling. Both receiver and transmitter were started, several times in her sleep by imagining, with unnatural vividness, that she heard some one walking outside in the passageway leading to her door. Her son as yet been explaining to us on this subject, while the old lady, while trying to read herself asleep, had been startled by a feeling of awe and afterward by seeing a strange blue, luminous mist, creeping upward toward her from the side of her bed. She was too terrified to move and put her head before her face as if to ward off a blow. Suddenly the brow and piercing eyes of the strange Mr. Rose appeared over the edge of her book. In the next moment the mist and the apparition as suddenly disappeared. The testimony of all persons figuring in this successful experiment in thought-transference has been submitted to the Society of Physical Research, including a lengthy statement signed by the transmitter.

These are the most interesting of the many cases of experimental thought transference brought during the past year to the attention of the Society of Physical Research, upon whose records Professor Crookes partly bases his new theory, as explained in his recent communication to science. The details of the majority of such tests indicate that the receivers become more and more adept in their strange art the longer they continue its practice.

After the discovery—partly through the agency of this same Professor Crookes—of waves which produce rays of light invisible to the normal eye, it might not be particularly surprising to learn that there are projected in the atmosphere waves of thought, whose perception is not yet given to us all. How the brain is supposed to create its vibrations and consequent waves has not been explained by science, but it is the Atlantic. As bearing directly upon the point, however, might be mentioned a theory of Elmer Gates, psycho-physiologist and director of the Laboratory Mind Art, this city. In a conversation with the writer, Professor Gates said: "All mind action is accomplished by the chemical motions of the atoms and molecules of the brain. The moving atoms produce wave-motions in ether. I hope to discover the characteristic other waves produced by mind motions. Light consists of other waves of a certain pitch. When they fall upon a chemical substance they produce in its atoms certain motions which cause chemical changes. Now if I can discover that such waves are sent out from an active brain, set up in its chemical motions, I shall have made an important advance in this interesting domain. The advance will be equally great for science, if I can demonstrate that no such thing occurs." In simple justice to Professor Gates it should be stated that this opinion was expressed to the writer over six months ago.

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