

# Among the Effects of MARY BAKER EDDY'S Sister-in-Law

WAS A TRUNK THAT HAD NOT BEEN OPENED FOR YEARS. WHEN ITS CONTENTS WERE EXAMINED, THERE CAME TO LIGHT A PACKET OF LETTERS WRITTEN BY THE GREAT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE LEADER IN HER SCHOOL DAYS. THESE LETTERS FORM THE BASIS OF A MOST INTERESTING AND SIGNIFICANT CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE WOMAN OF MODERN TIMES.

## The Girlhood of Mary Baker Eddy Munsey's Magazine for April

The letters have never before been published, and they shed an entirely new light upon a much discussed period of Mrs. Eddy's life, revealing the characteristics that were later evidenced in her greatness. Accompanying them are two hitherto unpublished portraits of Mrs. Eddy, and a poem written many years ago but never printed until obtained for exclusive publication in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

The April MUNSEY contains eight special articles, eight short stories and a splendid serial—one of the most engrossing numbers we have published in years.

**For Sale Everywhere Ten Cents a Copy**  
The Frank A. Munsey Company, New York and London

### Bicycles = Guns

A new Gun and Bicycle Store will be opened in the room the express office recently occupied, on

**Monday, March 20.**

### A 10 per cent Discount

Will be given the FIRST WEEK ONLY on all new and second hand Bicycles, Talking Machines and supplies.

### Save Money by Getting in the First Week

SECOND DOOR EAST OF REPUBLICAN OFFICE.

#### Program for Two Days' Domestic Science Course.

At the library auditorium, Rensselaer, Ind., March 24th and 25th.  
FRIDAY.

10 a. m. Demonstration—Vegetables—Preparation, cooking and service.

2 p. m. Lecture—Foods and food principals.  
3 p. m. Demonstration—Eggs and cheese.

#### SATURDAY.

10 a. m. Demonstration—Bread and

fancy bread.

2 p. m. Lecture—Meats—Cookery and service.

3 p. m. Demonstration—Desserts. Tickets on sale at Long's. Each lady will bring fork, spoon and note book.

Anyway Adam didn't trail around on Eve's apron strings.

A man gets to the front sometimes by being shoved by those in the rear.

Acting so as to keep out of trouble is no sure sign of cowardice.

### A Columbus of Space

By Garrett P. Serviss.

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

#### An Extraordinary Hunt.

The significance of what had occurred in the temple gradually dawned upon me afterward, but it was never so clear in my mind as to produce more than an uneasy and growing foreboding.

Edmund did not mention the subject again, and there was no outward manifestation of the new opposition which had been set up against us. Naturally, it would require time to develop its force. It was a struggle between two opponents of equal power, for if the "Big Medicine Man," as Jack continued to call him, was supreme in religious affairs, Ala was nevertheless queen, and her popularity was a bulwark to her authority.

While the people, and even the high officials in the palace, apparently knew nothing of what had occurred, I felt certain that our arch-enemy would learn of it and remorselessly pursue the advantage that it gave him.

Again and again I was on the point of urging Edmund to leave the planet while there was yet time and take Ala with us, if she would consent to go, as he had himself suggested. He was so absorbed in his schemes, however, that I hesitated to disturb his thoughts.

In a short time all our preparations were made, and we set out on what I must regard as the wildest and most inconceivable adventure that we had yet undertaken.

We started, as usual, from the great tower of the palace, our company consisting of nine persons—all that the car could conveniently accommodate. These comprised, besides ourselves, Ala, Juba, two maids chosen from Ala's immediate attendants and a high official of the palace—a sort of majordomo—a very intelligent person and of great physical strength.

Of course, we had our weapons, both the pistols and the guns, with an abundance of ammunition and of provisions. We were attended by half a dozen aeroplanes, which were to accompany us as far as they could go, and were there to await our return from the unknown regions.

We took the direction of the mines, and beyond them we entered the wilderness, and soon found ourselves involved in the zone of clouds and semi-darkness. Here, at a point where a curiously shaped mountain peak, rising just on the border of twilight-land and pointing its bold outlines against the strongly illuminated sky behind, served as a landmark which we could not miss on our return, the aeroplanes were ordered to await us, and we pushed on alone with the car.

Jack, of course, was all alive for this adventure, as he always was for anything promising excitement, but Henry didn't like it, and would have stayed behind if he had had the courage to remain alone among strangers. For my part, my curiosity was greatly aroused, and, beside, I found immense interest in watching the enthusiasm of Ala.

Her adventurous spirit was in its element; and, as far as appearances went, she gave no thought to future troubles. According to custom, the control of things at the capital had been left in charge of a sort of board of regency, which was a permanent institution, as I learned, Ala not being the first queen who was fond of visiting distant parts of the country, though she was the first who had shown a disposition to explore the unknown regions.

On leaving the aeroplanes behind, we plunged deeper and deeper into gloom, and were compelled to use our electric lights. Among Edmund's special preparations was a small searchlight placed at the peep hole in the front end of the car, and this was now brought into requisition.

It gave us startling views of the nature of the surface beneath.

First we ran for many miles above an area covered with vast swamps and bogs covered with the oddest conceivable shapes of vegetation. We were keen to see some of the gigantic animals which we knew, from our first startling experience, inhabited this region, and it was not long before the light found one out.

We were about a hundred feet above the ground and proceeding slowly, when Edmund, who had placed himself beside the searchlight and was peering through the opening, said quietly,

"There! Would you like to take a look?"

Ala was beside him in a moment, and she could not repress an exclamation or refrain from starting backward, although in a second she recovered and laughed at her own nervousness. There was room for only one, beside Edmund, at the little window, and when Ala had satisfied her curiosity we each took our turn.

When mine came I was for an instant almost as much agitated as Ala had been.

Directly ahead of us, not more than seventy-five yards distant, there was a shallow pond, its banks thick with tangled bushes, and in the midst of it stood a monster on eight legs, tawny colored in the electric light, seeming to bristle with stiff hairs all over its huge round body. Its head was relatively small, black, and apparently armored with polished jet, and faceted with innumerable eyes, which flamed in the brilliant beam poured upon them.

"Good Lord!" I could not but exclaim. "It is like a prodigious tarantula! Look! It's going to leap at us!"

"Upon my word," said Edmund, "I think the fellow does mean fight. Get away a moment, and I'll swing the car round. We'll give him a broadside if he becomes too ugly."

Accordingly, the car was swung into such a position that one of the side windows faced the creature, and Edmund brought the moveable searchlight to the window, which he threw wide open.

automatic guns were in our hands and the pistols ready.

"During the few seconds that the streaming light had been removed the monster had changed his position, and now, as the glare fell upon him again, we were startled to find that he had approached us. He was within forty feet of the car, standing in a glassy glade, having with inconceivable rapidity and agility clambered or leaped over the stunted trees and bushes surrounding the pond in which we had first seen him.

His huge spiky body seemed to bristle with anger, and his countless eyes blazed like so many great rubies in the piercing light. It was truly a heartquaking sight!

Ala started back with a womanly cry of alarm, and Henry, I am almost ashamed to say, sank helpless upon a bench.

"I believe he is going to jump at us," said Edmund, quietly. "Aim for his head and let him have half a dozen shots in quick succession."

Before anybody could touch a trigger the awful creature bounded with lightning speed upon the car.

If you have ever seen a "hunting spider" leap upon a fly you know the incredible rapidity of its spring and its stroke. This monster was no less swift in his action.

Through sheer nervous shock we simultaneously discharged our guns, but without aim, and, unfortunately, without effect.

The monster struck the car with a force that made it roll back, and two shaggy legs entered the window.

A yell of horror and terror broke from Jack's lips, and in an instant he was dragged from the window, our terrible assailant dropping out of sight at the same moment!

Edmund sprang to the controllers and the car sank swiftly to the ground. As we landed in a tangle of bushes Edmund leaped out into them, calling upon me to follow. Then the light streaming from the open window fell upon the most awful spectacle that a man ever lived to tell about.

The monster was within twenty feet of us, holding Jack high above the ground with the claws of two of its legs, and turning him round and round, as a spider prepares a fly for his meal.

The dreadful jaws were open to receive the morsel, when a stream of fire shot from Edmund's gun, followed instantly by half a dozen more.

The animal reeled and its legs gave way, thrashing the bushes as it tumbled on its side.

Jack dropped like lead, and I rushed to his side, while Edmund pumped more shots into the huge rolling body, whose struggles broke the intertwining branches with terrible crashes.

As I reached Jack he resembled a shapeless lump. Edmund rushed back as soon as he could to look at him.

(To be continued.)

#### An Alibi.

A new story come out of the west which runs like this, according to the Tarkio Herald: A Sunday school teacher asked his class who led the children of Israel out of Egypt. No one answered. He again put the question a little more pointedly. Still silence reigned. The teacher became impatient and said: "Johnny, who led the children of Israel out of Egypt?" Johnny began to cry and said: "Please, sir, it wasn't me. We just moved here last week."

#### A Slight Jolt.

Sapleigh—"I'm—aw—beastly fone of—aw—following the hounds, donchee know."

Miss Cayenne—"I inferred as much from what papa said."

Sapleigh—"Weally? And what did youah—er—fawthah say?"

Miss Cayenne—"Oh, he said you seemed to be going to the dogs."—Chicago News.

#### Left Over.

Barbara, aged four, had always been allowed to make small cakes out of the scraps of dough left from the morning's baking, so one morning after being sent to gather the eggs, she came running in with a very tiny one and exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, see this little egg, it must have been all the dough the hen had left."—Delineator.

#### A Friend's Hat.

"It looks modish."  
"It does."  
"But I have a suspicion."  
"Well?"

"I believe it is her last year's mal retimmed and turned upside down."—Kansas City Journal.

#### And He Passed.

"Good-night," said Staylate. "I've enjoyed myself immensely. Now, next Sunday night I—er—expect to pass your house, and—"

"That will be nice. Good night." And she shut the door.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

#### He'd Been There.

"Well, I see by the papers that Kohler's men have arrested the cleverest hotel thief in Cleveland."  
"Is that so? Which hotel did he run?"—Cleveland Leader.

#### Real Work.

Mrs. Bacon—"I understand your husband is at work on a new poem."  
Mrs. Egbert—"He is. He's trying to get some magazine to accept it."—Yonkers Statesman.

#### Poor Billiards.

Calvin Demarest, the amateur billiard champion, described, at a dinner in Chicago, some poor billiard tables.

"One summer in the country," he said "another man and I were overtaken by a storm and had to go into a tavern for shelter. The rain fell steadily. We had three or four hours before us. Time began to hang heavily on our hands."

"Landlord," said I, "do you happen to have a billiard table?"

"Sure," said the landlord. "Sure. Just step this way, gents."

"He proudly threw open the door of a dark, stuffy room. We saw an antiquated table with a patched cloth, and in the corner was a rack of crooked cues."

"Any balls?" said I.

"Sure," said the landlord, and he unlocked a closet, and laid on the table three white balls, all alike—there was no spot, you know."

"But see here, I remonstrated, 'how do you tell these balls apart?'"

"Oh, that's all right," said he. 'You soon get to know 'em by their shape.'—Detroit Free Press.

#### The Hello Girl Scored.

At Washington the newspaper correspondents are telling the following story about Representative Walter Brownlow, of Tennessee. Recently he called up somebody at the White House. He had a fierce time. Central, who had tried to get the number for him, appeared to be inexperienced or asleep. Mr. Brownlow, ordinarily the most patient of men, finally lost his patience.

"Look here!" he shouted; "quit this foolishness! Either get me the White House or give me some place where I may at least talk to my intellectual equal!"

Silence for a moment, and then over the wire came a good loud "Hello!" in a man's voice.

Mr. Brownlow was much relieved.

"What place is this?" he asked.

"The Government Hospital for the Insane, across the river," came the answer.

Representative Brownlow is now endeavoring to ascertain that central's name. He wants to have her promoted. That's what he says to the newspaper men.—Judge.

#### A Better Runner.

Being pursued by a farmer and his three sons, after being caught in the chicken yard, a young colored person had just made up his mind that he was not eluding his followers as quickly as might be, when a long-eared jack rabbit jumped up from the roadside and started down the road ahead of him. The would-be chicken thief had run a few hundred feet further when the farmer and his boys were astonished to here the negro shout, in a voice that quavered with fright though unrestrained: "Say, for de Lord sake, you rabbit, get out of de way and let some one run who can run."—Argonaut.

#### Lesson from the Past.

They had begun to call Wellington the Iron Duke.

"Well," he said, after the first shock of it was over. "I'm not as hard a citizen, at that, as if I were a steel king."

Still, he could not help thinking what an absurdity it would be for the sculptors to perpetuate him in bronze.

#### What He Does.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "can you give us a definition of the word speculation? Let us suppose, for example, that your father has \$500 and that he desires to buy several thousand bushels of wheat he never expects to really see or possess. What does he do?"

"He loses his \$500."—Chicago Record-Herald.

#### The True Way of It.

"Winter lies in the lap of spring," So the careless poet likes to sing. But the cold, hard truth would be, mayhap, Winter sits and spring hangs on a strap.

#### It Would be Sad.

"Why do women wear such large hats?"

"It is necessary. If fashion says that hats must be large, then hats must be large."

"Suppose fashion should decree that shoes must be large?"

#### Where the Poems Go.

"John, I must have a new gown."  
"But that old gown of yours is a poem!"

"It may be a poem, but it's about ready for the waste basket now."

#### An Angel.

"My wife is awfully good to me."  
"Lucky man! How does she show it?"

"She lets me spend all the money I save by shaving myself to buy baseball tickets."

#### In the Dime Museum.

"In love with the two-headed girl!" exclaimed the giant. "Foolish man!"

"Think of two pairs of lips to kiss," said the living skeleton.

"And two heads to buy hats for. None for me."

#### Quite So.

That man is made of royal stuff Who now and then unbends; Forgets his troubles long enough To listen to a friend's.