

## The Project Gutenberg eBook of Cupology: How to Be Entertaining

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Title: Cupology: How to Be Entertaining

Author: Clara

Release date: August 17, 2008 [eBook #26339]

Most recently updated: January 3, 2021

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Ruth Hart

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[Transcriber's note: for this online edition I have added a Table of Contents and have indicated section breaks with three asterisks. Also I have made the following spelling changes: Chapter II: "shapened like a shephard's" to "sharpened like a shepherd's"; "course in leaves" to "coarse in leaves". Also the sentence beginning "This is a retrospective day for your soul" is incomplete. Chapter IV: "agrandizement" to "aggrandizement"; "reproductions" to "reproductions". Chapter VI: "sitting ud" to "sitting up". Chapter VII: "Chapter V" to "Chapter VII". A Few Toasts: "murmer" to "murmur". Three Great Commanders: "Owen Meridith" to "Owen Meredith". Entertainment Suggestion: "calender" to "calendar". Characters in Finger Nails: "strickly" to "strictly". Strange Wills: "There have been many" to "There have not been many", and "MacCaig" to "MacCraig". Something to Remember: "Spender Percival" to "Spencer Perceval".]

CUPOLOGY.  
HOW TO BE ENTERTAINING.  
INTERESTING FACTS FOR BOTH YOUNG AND OLD.  
TOASTS -- GEMS.  
HOW TO TELL AGE.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR, CLARA.

CINCINNATI, OHIO:  
PRINTED BY FRANK H. VEHR.  
1904.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1904, by CLARA, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

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INSPIRED CUP-READING.

Not Mere Fortune Telling.

[*From Sun-Flower.*]

PROPHECY.

"Prophecy is the science of being able to sense the casual influences or vibrations governing the person or subject on which the consciousness is centered, and knowing the purport or meaning of these influences. To the non-sensitive this has no existence, and he must judge the future by surface effects entirely--his knowledge of human character or of the subject to which he is devoted. A feeling of peace or quietude; that which disturbs or irritates; animates or enervates; engenders joy or gloom; that which attracts or repels without visible effects, are some of the sensations experienced and have their specific meanings, which must be grouped, counter-effects considered, and conclusions drawn from this to make the forecast or outline of the subject's future. To avert mistakes, however, the reader of destinies must have sufficient self-knowledge to distinguish his own influences or vibrations from those sensed in others and not combine them as coming from one source. Every individual is governed by this 'cause upon him,' and if he studies himself he can become his own prophet."



## THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

I know a place where the sun is like gold,  
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,  
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,  
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is faith,  
And one is for love, you know;  
And God put another one in for luck--  
If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope and you must have faith.  
You must love and be strong, and so,  
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place  
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

## OMENS IN THE TEA CUPS.

When, after making the tea, you forget to replace the lid of the teapot, expect a caller to drop in and share with you the cup that cheers.

## SENSING OF ATMOSPHERES.

### HOW TO BE ENTERTAINING.

### READING FROM TEA OR COFFEE CUPS.

As delineated by a Cincinnati lady on different occasions, for the pleasure of guests, both young and old, who became desirous of acquiring this fine art, this character reading gift.



## THE GRACE WE SAY TO GOD.

[JEAN INGELow.]

So take joy home,  
And make a place in thy great heart for her,  
And give her time to grow and cherish her;  
Then will she come and oft will sing to thee  
When thou art working in the furrows; ay,  
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.  
It is a comely fashion to be glad--  
Joy is the grace we say to God.

## LOVE'S SECRETS READ.

These revelations are honestly dedicated to bright folks, who study human needs, and to such as possess and inspire a bit of high-soul, creative imagination, as well as to humanitarians, who become capable of knowing, advising and showing the better sides of life by lofty mental concentration, which ever lifts the thinker into the special soul atmosphere of each separate mentality, by the power of attraction and repulsion, verily, by the cosmic law of life, gaining thereby deeper insight into what seemeth best to think and to do for self and for others.

Believing that these, my life-long experiences, will prove both instructive and highly entertaining, I am happy to send forth these *talismanic* best thoughts, which may indeed become noble and satisfying possessions to many active and wisely applying minds, for the healthful enjoyment of their friends and associates.



## CHAPTER I.

### HELPFUL HINTS FOR FRIENDLY SOCIAL GATHERINGS.

First cup turned was by a tall, handsome girl, who, herself, possesses keen imagination with true power for character-reading, and with love for the study of the occult sciences.

In her very first turn, the sky with misty scenes and an *airship* were traced well up in the lines surrounding the lady.

High, sailing hopes, said the reader. You are gifted beyond the ordinary. You love books, study and art; do not yet care for any domestic duties. You are in cloud-lands.

In her second toss, the reading was as follows:

You are a little more practical. Here is formed a dusting-brush, also a *kitchen* and yard with a happy family of *chickens*, meaning cares and pets; also a *horse* and *sleigh*. You love luxuries. You have traveled over land and seas. The *ferry-boat* is here.

I read now in your third, the certainty, though not fully, noting some of the minor events. Everything has changed from your present thinking. You have climbed the ladder to some public recognition by the influence of friends. You have yet much to achieve--will become a real benefactress. So I read by the people before you. The two *stars* yet beyond, and the *sword* which belongs to your family, represent some hero in wars yet to be.

The national bird, either an *eagle* or *turkey*, promises good results.

The trials of others will fall upon you, all through life. Your views here are full of the different objects. A tall visitor will give you a surprise, attended by coming pleasure, and a new friend; also a *foe*--a *spider*. You have been disappointed in three different forms, one is yet to entail a financial loss--*fish*, you see, have their heads and tails cut off; and the *rings* are broken for some past and present enterprise. You are learning mental philosophy, also, from a male relative to whom you are very dear.

How truly and wonderfully you have read! I have also gained an idea how to trace and to hold the mind in other special desires. Thanks to you for this lesson.

\* \* \*

The next was a dainty, little, self-conscious lady, who is desirous of some special, social accomplishment, aside from her sisters. She is very cunning. See the little head of the *fox* near her, though vexations are with her now, yet the three similar little straight forms, or lines, are realizations, as in this cup, of some pleasant event. The *road* here in view, a short and agreeable journey, upon which you meet a lady friend who is to visit you soon. These upper *dots* are letters and small packages near at hand, with two little *hearts*--love secrets.

You will, said the reader, receive many. One, that is in present expectation, containing an invitation affording pleasure. The *flowers* bespeak it, being near the edge of the cup, with the formation of letters. H will be the initial of one of the writers. Now, you have a *little man* who is to be cut off from some desire--a broken *road* is near him--with a period of indecision and anxiety. Two male forms are holding his desires by their neglect, not by malice. The wish is in their power, you see, yet they are looking away from it.

Your third is with tears for a friend, though no death symbol is near. Ah, here it is! You are to wed with a fair gentleman, not your slight form--first love. You will be fairly happy. Confusion is shown by the various objects in crooked and wavy lines, with those tiny *crosses*, many little cares, and yet the *tree* shades the *house*. Your *castle* on the highway with the little child's *crib* and the *parrot*, an imitative, impudent inmate of the home.

Now, let your own fancy roam over these formations. Set them in your mind. I have reserved this

gift of love for the last sitting. Do you see the *jeweled ring* with the light flashing for you? That will come when years have flown. You will be a widow. That event will benefit your entire family, as the *wavy lines* and *tears* indicate, so do not lose heart. This late blessing is enough to inspire courage and patience. Yes, it is for your household. Do you see the broad sky-scenes? That is good.

\* \* \*

Next: *A hay-mound* and a *field*. You love rural life, young man.

I do, said he, as a retreat and recreation. This *square* promises you a business house in a commercial city. See the stacks of letters and the figures 3, 7, 10,--and the many heads of men in calculation.

Now you stand by an open grave. Your dearest friend has died. The dark cloak enfolds your form and your wish--*the circle*--is in doubt. *Spears* and *weeds* are near it, also a crude *cross*. A time of dissatisfaction will come to you before three years have passed, yet there are promises beyond. Cast, now, for the better times for certainty.

\* \* \*

Third: *Friends, horses, dogs, birds, trees*.

In touch with life's blessings you possess a kind, social nature--a *stream* of clear water. Health and friends in plenty, great activity. You are to rise above many ills.

A broken *bridge* is at the far end of this *road*, but your face is turned away, in this you are spared an evil, be wise. The South will offer you last and final protection. See, the light is shading in that direction. An *old lady* will be your faithful friend. There will be also a trusty *colored man*--see how he stands in *line*? Your last years will be in rural life, with a family and an income with fair surroundings. The space is clear. You see light is over your last scenes. See the young girl--no doubt your daughter--under the beautiful fruit trees?

Orange groves in the sunny South, said he, smiling.

Most important for you appears a distant battle-scene with deep sorrows. Some great personal honors in life for a son. Yes, an American battle scene with the *eagle* distant, yet sure to gain the day.

SOME NATIONAL CRISIS.

NEXT READING.

*Key* to the situation. See, it is within a short time, only a little way from the edge of the cup.

Good, said the recipient, I know what that is now, am glad of it.

Well, you are, however, to weep over the matter soon, as speaking to some friend of this affair. There is much to it. See the *cross* and *tears*, as holding up the cup. Yet you would not now dream that there are complications in this affair. Three factions, yet all in positive expectations, though fight is coming. See the little *dog*, how angry, and the *cat*, with her back up, and the other animal with a spring? Why here. Can't you see it! Of course it's not quite as distinct as a real dog and cat fight. One of the animals is retreating from the scene in fear. Your faces are all turned in the same direction, you know each other.

Well, the *crescent* is in the lower part of the cup. Some later news--also the fine *horse*, a *friend* with some testimonial of appreciation. A *wreath* and victory. Here are several *letters*, one containing news of death. The *coffin* is here for the little child. Many tears are shed by two women--each looks into the grave.

Ah, the spite lines! See them, there are little jealousies, too. We all have these to content with, said the reader, especially if we ever rise above the common level of life and as independent thinkers.

An illness of importance is now developing an event long ago foretold to your family. A fine steed comes from another city through a church-yard, much resembling Trinity E of New York City. Some *letters* follow--see the succession of *dots* and *squares*. *Houses of smoke, news* and *trailing objects*, representing deep-laid intrigues.

Now you are aboard a steamer on the broad ocean. A tall, military looking man is with you, also a young man and woman. Something of importance has taken place in your national life and in your financial position, as well as in political and church affairs. See the crowing *cock* and the *stork*, a change that is to play its part for the tall man. *Flags* are waving. You will all return to a new life in America. The surprising change is for a public man.

## NEXT READING.

An enemy is for you, sir, in your present conditions of duty. Some spoil is here. A *ditch*, a *wasp*, and *serpents* at the top with tongues out. If you are now in politics or litigation defeats await you, for the *briars* are thick and a blind man at a desk holds some document. You appear to be very expectant, though fearing something. A woman is also against you. See, her head is up. She is fair in appearance and influential, yet false. Some men are back of her acts.

Dark complexioned people are, at present, your better allies and friends. Some doctor stands by your side, see his medicine chest, he is of fine mind. A straight path lies between you, though some road is cut in two; you are to be disappointed in an enterprise. *Wheels* are broken. This is connected with cars, engines and automobiles--have care.

Your mind is often too ready to speed forward. Things are so confusing.

Now concentrate on the future. You are enmeshed by others. Your social affairs, too, are meddled with by your family and pseudo friends. See the quacking *duck* and the distant *goose*, with dots, letters, etc. See the heads put together, with mixture of objects before them. No symbol of peace is in this realm, no light nor clean spots are as yet seen as results to you.

Ah! here. It is a *long road* into new conditions. Anger and loss cause you to turn away from the dark and vexing things. One true friend will follow. See the *straight form* and the *dog* and *wheat*--that signifies great good as in clean sheaves. That will be your best destiny in a new life-deal--far westward--some treasure in minerals, too. See the rocks shining forth.

\* \* \*

Next: The *monkey* and the *skunk*! For a moment the hostess and the reader exchanged words. "I wonder if there is such an object now in our midst! I am full of laugh, though not in the belief of such a fact. Oh, it is too amusing how these objects will form. I wish some one else to see this strange cup."

This gentleman has need to be most cautious in some of his undertakings. Do not deal with uncertain characters--see the *monkey* and the *cat-tiger* or *skunk* looking object--lest some vile scandal becomes your lot. *Cross-roads*, *hollows*, and *eels*--slippery things--are near your *present wishes*. The *keys*, *circles*, *anchor*, *squares*, *links*--these represent realizations. Yours are in other lines, yet a *bell* is traced near you. A belated wish lies under cover. It is in a field not yet in your thoughts, though an *anchor*, a human form and a crooked, broken path lie yet beyond that.

## THIRD TOSS.

Now is revealed some disaster to friends, confusion and a large family *whirlwind*, also, some obstinate man--see the *rickety team* with the *mule* in the lead, as running away--a woman in black as the outcome. See how she climbs the steep, jagged hill. Your face is turning towards her in mutual friendship. The *moon* shines on the top of the mountain--your destination. You will no doubt wed with the widow--this woman in black.

Some of the first lines hit very close to facts, said he.

I know it, said the lady, and there is very much to read. I do not know all that may transpire before this occurs, yet you will have a numerous progeny--many relatives. See the people and the letters from the different localities, again true. You will live to advanced age--see the grand *old tree*. You will ever have care over others. The man-mule is to meet his natural death. His respected widow and household are to become your high possessions.

The mules and the whole team? said he. Thank you, there is happiness in store.

No doubt as elevated step-father to this numerous family. You are a genius in this art reading, so fanciful.

\* \* \*

Next expectant:--A Civil Engineer with fondness for travel and *inventions*. Perhaps you will also write books on some new methods in heating houses--an *oven* and *tubes* are in formation; so also a tall man at his desk with pencils. I do like to get something worth reading, but here is a breakdown, something really thrilling--the mountain topples over on the road. You are soon to be, or have been, in great peril. I also see a *fireman*. Do you see his hat?

The man smiled, yet confessed, as I read on.

You carry an atmosphere that aids the reading. You have had an escape by not being at the "Windsor" that special afternoon.

He was surprised. "She is a fine guesser," said the young man, highly pleased.

Again, you cherish a happy hope in an elderly couple. They are your true friends. You are now all

in the same lines of thought. Oh, there is a modest, young lady coming to the elderly folks. She is now away in some large building--a school, I think. You will *love her*. She has a lover who writes to her--you do not--yet the signs are to be favorable to both of you. Now for the last toss.

I am disappointed in your efforts. Oh, how it storms! See the snow-flakes and the great stream of water! I really feel its cold currents now. Something is to be destroyed by it ere you meet the lady. She is in the bottom of the cup. Why have you left her so long. I can hardly find her. You will need to strive for your good fate.

She is to pass out of your life I think some years before you do, yet you will live an active life. Many artistic *new roads* and the *plough*. You will create something truly beautiful--see the *pedestal* amid the landscape--the *swing* and *gardening*. How *restful* it makes me feel! You will be so, sometime, young man.

#### OBJECT LESSONS.

Now, young ladies, concentrate your minds and let us note the symbols, if your wish really to have views and comprehensive enjoyment, so that what is shown in each cup may be at the close interestingly connected. Like in a Primer, let us go straight through. You have heard other readings, develop your descriptive faculties. Do not stop till done to discuss in detail, thereby losing the best effects, and you will thus find some interesting results. You see how most persons like to lift the veil to revelations. Much progress lies before us all.

#### SURPRISED.

Just look here, Florence, said the amateur, *rings* and a *sunrise*, not out of the clouds either. Look, too, at the oval forms like *eggs*. At home we can't get such cups. Here we are in the higher waves. We are determined to read something to inspire others, as you read to us, said the girls with eagerness.

But, which one of you ladies turned the cup? I ought to have directed my occult forces on one at a time. Now, you need to divide honors and loss.

The one who is herein represented is in a most happy frame of mind. I wish it were the test cup--the third and certainty--for the sake of the fortunate lady and her family, then your destiny were assured and your mentality would advance into lofty channels by the influence of an elderly couple and their progressive *sons*, for here is a *tower* of moral strength. *Hearts*, *circles*, *Bible* and *clovers* are in the life-path. The skies, too, are clear and every thing is high up you see in optimism.

Let us now to business. Ah! here it is--gains. A large *goose egg* is in shape, also a *nest*. That is the home, though a great care has fallen into it. See the rain and these many little crosses here together so near the *nest*, which, in this turn, is the home, as there is no other symbol for it; now you can trace the square as the home--hearts also.

You are kind and come from sympathetic people who love truth, books and progress, as does this Bible family. An old man who is in another city will write. See the *M.*, the *letters* and the *road*. There being no form of a man you take the initial. He may be *sixty-one* years of age; see, the numbers are touching the *M.*--man--in the midst of the dots. *Sticks* and *crosties* with *wavy lines*--common vexations.

Do not worry. Though you are now apprised of a large theft which may come into your home. See the sly *rat*--a thief or burglar hovers nigh, have care. You have a few events in Jupiter still left.

How is it to be read?

Each reader must speak as the momentary inspirations come to suit occasions: We must promise the best, to stimulate *all* good efforts, not only for self.

Well, you are really good and correct. I feel elevated by this interesting reading.

We are delighted and shall share together this life-reading. Our families are very dear to each other and may be still further united. Then she blushed slightly, as whispering confidentially.

Oh, it's lovely, said the two girls, as others said the fates had favored them most of all.

\* \* \*

Several of the readings were too ordinary, just as many people are in truth, who contribute nothing for the benefit of higher thought and action, while others were not in good mental states nor in their lucky days, as they said, and as is partly true.

One young man, a news-gatherer, could get nothing as all things lay distant and for others. "My life is to be forever blocked," said he though feigning total scepticism, yet a tone of

disappointment was quite apparent when told that six months hence he should have a comprehensive word with new hopes.

You are in the wrong world, and somehow I felt that he would be fairly driven into his real vocation by a lucky circumstance, for Mother Nature is ever kind to her children, though needing all honest co-operation. Those keen eyes with fine perceptives and vivacious mentality would direct his impulses eventually, for the power of reason and resource lay within his then, somewhat undecided, brain, so have faith in your higher destiny, friends.



## CHAPTER II.

### ONE YEAR LATER.

Being patient and obliging, said a young lady, has cheated me out of my rights so many times. I was to have a reading that night at the home of Mrs. M. C. for I served with hopes and glad expectations into each dainty cup of aromatic coffee that I poured, yet, as usual, did not get my reading. Never have. I had either palm reading, cup or solar biology forecast, though promised each. Oh, I was so disappointed, for it was my desire to learn your special, catchy methods, and to note the sensations cast upon me as under the magic spell. I cannot formulate the things you do, though my friends praise me unstintingly.

You shall not be longer denied, said the adept. Get a cup of coffee or tea, if not too coarse in leaves, after we lunch. I will read them, as we can be alone with our atmospheric thought advisers and our higher selves. I know that your life and labors will abound in good. Many excellent things await your efforts, yet do not now think that my auto thoughts will be my full guides.

Oh, thank you. How nice the conditions are to be alone with one's future expectations. No one can then pervert what is promised. I am now most expectant, am glad I have waited for this propitious time. I love this little room with its dainty furnishings.

### FIRST READING.

You possess fine spiritual gifts; are morally high-toned; you build many castles--just see the *mountains* and *balloons*, the *tower* in the distance. You could study palmistry and occult laws to fine advantage. It has become so respectable, too, you know. Yet few do excel, though many attempts are made. Try it, you are very susceptible to every personality; you have a very retentive memory with large formative powers. Just the requisites with your mentality for doing good to poor humanity. As a wise teacher you could excel.

### SECOND CUP.

Flurries of wind and storms--confusion in your home and heart--*crooked lines* with a *crude cross* and a *sodden log*, out of which will rise a *broken anchor*--lost hopes or wishes. Now, an ugly thing is discerned. See the *spitting* of *cats* and the *angry dog*. That is some disagreeable quarrel between friends of yours. A gentleman will pass through cruel loss and change. Nothing good is yet promised to present wishes. *Serpents* are lying low in the grass--see their heads, you will suffer thereby--your head now lays low in some severe illness. Fate is silent and sad for a time, as in mourning for the sorrows of the good and true. See you the *shaft*, draped like a funeral pall across the cup? You are also to bury a friend, a worthy minister. The people mourn. Now let us invoke the kindly powers to a solution of the many evils cast by contending conditions of jealousies and spite. Let your soul be possessed and purified, for now I know that you are truly one of the chosen few who are tried by the fierce fires and floods of life. This is a retrospective day for your soul--growth beyond your realization of [sentence is unfinished].

### FINAL INFLOW.

A seriousness had fallen over both of them as touching on the live issues of frail, human hopes



and fears, so that each felt the need of that great unseen, yet ever-living power divine. What a strange cup-reading it was in the end! Wonderful to both of them, yet they somehow tarried, as though fearing to reveal the certainty chapters, as you now know the third is designated, yet the soul was sated.

Wealth, in some physical form, I find is the great desire, more even than love or friendship, so that I repeat the golden words of the poet, though knowing the need of money for worthy purposes. There will be for us just enough of the pure coin, not this "God of greed."

#### THE GOLDEN GOD.

[THOMAS HOOD.]

Gold! gold! gold! gold!  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold;  
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;  
Heavy to get and light to hold;  
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,  
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;  
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old  
To the very verge of church-yard mould,  
Price of many a crime untold;  
Gold! gold! gold! gold!

Then said the psychometrist: Now, look with me into this cup. Let us, together, trace the final symbols, now that we are united as true friends.

The form of a woman--see her head and her garments blown forward, the wind is at her back. She goes now with some strong, public tide. That is well. In this clear field there is recognition for you. An *electric street light*--that, too, is some public good in process for your sharing;--and here is like a flowing stream. The mountains are, also, again in view. Each effort holds in a life-reading like this. Some rubbish before reaching the heights.

But look! Oh, behold the *moon* behind the hills. See, it is surely beginning to rise. Let your mind now concentrate on its sublime glory. It is the best kind of promise. Honors await yourself and another member of your family. A full moon signifies that other events have poured their treasures into conditions which have required time. Your moon is not yet over the full scenes of your life. The sunrise, too, appears! How sublime! Here is the stout man--your future husband with a child at his side. A man of affairs, with the *triangle* and a *ship of state*, and here are the roses growing. You will be greatly beloved. The *key* and the *ring* are in the bottom of the cup. You will become equal to your high social duties as mistress of the *castle*, and mother of two well endowed children, who will bless and survive you. The latter years of your life will be the most richly fraught. See, the bottom of the third cup, also, has the clear streams.

I shall expect you to wed with this stout, dark complexioned man, whose wife lies in the little grave that was in the second toss of the cup. We can now join the parts fittingly together, by noting first, second and this final. We may now attach other straying symbols as holding them in mind.

Thank you, ah, so much. I have gained real knowledge from this very interesting object-lesson reading, which stimulates my higher mental action with courage and purpose. Some things delineated I now believe as true. The first *cups* were a veritable marvel, yet too sadly comprehensive. I am greatly indebted to you for this most infatuating pleasure, proving the old adage, that the last do sometimes come first, by their patience. We all need just such talks sometimes. These are beyond the mere realms of pastime, said the reader, who was then inspired of God.

#### HALLOWEEN REVELATIONS.

##### THE ENERGETIC MAN OF HIGH PURPOSE POLITICALLY.

Here is an important cup. A long bridge. You are now in comprehensive touch with a subject-matter that ought to lead you with your family into ease and prominence. Have patient care after you have reached the seeming goal, for, see here still the danger signal from the broken cart of past obstruction with the cross-ties. Do not retreat in dismay. A bridge is of good significance unless you fall between, or it is broken while you are facing it or are thereon. You must be strong. In your trials, being magnetic, your forces will bring help to aid you by mental suggestions.

But see this elephant, tossing about at the end of the bridge--some imposition upon your family. See, the house being in touch, you will lose by the elephant, as letters with many lines mean vexation--strayed or stolen letters--and dead birds are on the ground. The rabbit is some coward.

Do not mind this, you will yet gain significant prestige by the aid of an old man on the new path. See him nearing the *trees* in luxurious foliage--a true friend.

Now we sum up gains. You have striven. See the three rings or wreaths, the sunburst, and the distant tower clearly defined in the light. Victory over loss and cowardice of friends. You are happy and secure.

The summing up represents the home several years hence. Many scattered objects have cleared away the defeats belonging to your life, in order to round it out symmetrically. There is good cheer. Think of the toiling masses as becomes a true disciple of the Christ. You will be in position to manifest to the world some vital principle. Be not then enslaved by time-serving, selfish man. Stand by the flag of your nation in honest and worth. Your star shines high.

#### WOMAN OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

##### FACTS FORETOLD.

Many streams--mental changes. Though here is a great symbol, that of the ancients--the serpent--being wisdom. This one is of different significance. See how its long body has taken up space. The tail is three-forked and downward, the head being turned around, sharpened like a shepherd's crook, lower than the body. Deception--intrigue--house of sickness--see the crosses and losses? The one tossing such a cup has been assailed in various ways. Look now well to the above outlines which still hold a splendid promise. Arches overhead--cannot be vanquished.

#### SYMBOLS FOR A JUDGESHIP.

##### FATEFUL SPITE-LINES WITH WOMAN.

Appearances do oft deceive, good reader, though the cup figures hit my case correctly, beyond words of mine, as to past and some present events. May the future be as well verified, and I somehow believe it will be. You say the flame is now on after twenty-two long years of defeat; I also cross the water often, as you read, am soon to locate in a large eastern city. May this flame you describe possess my mind and heart as now.

And your conscience, sir, the Holy Spirit within the higher self. Your symbols urge you to noble deeds, yet you will never be blessed by woman's love, nor aid. Do you see the standing well-poised form of a woman? Rising power--creative force. See she has her feet firm on the back of the monster snake. You will soon become master of your higher destiny. I feel inspired by a mighty impulse. You will stand before many people--see the tall, straight ladder of fame--I should say that you are holding some still-cherished, mighty plans, despite many of life's defeats.

Now, as this is all free play, will you please tell me if this leading figure defines any of your conditions truthfully, as to politics? You deeply impress me with the ideas of large affairs.

Will see you later, madam.

Thank you cordially.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### THE WOMAN'S ERA OF NATIONAL IMPORT.

##### AN UNUSUAL KALEIDOSCOPE---HUSBAND AND WIFE.

As the symbols are in uniting conjunction, you may both remain to formulate ideas and to delineate. You are no doubt desirous of the full enfranchisement of the human race. You seem just and liberal, as read by these various lights, amid contentions, yet with one central apex--the lighted lamp.

#### NEXT TOSS.

No taxation, without due representation. Now, look into this remarkable cup, with our Uncle Sam large as American life, one foot raised in forward move, as firmly holding the grand flag of the nation. See, upon it sails in earnestness a tall woman of high modern import. See you these faces? They are no milk and water characters. They come close together, Uncle Sam and the woman, as though to embrace in true love and lasting equality. Now, behold the bird ascending the mountain, and the large hen and cockrell. Behold the dove still higher up. Justice, wisdom and peace must go hand in hand by all the people and for all the people. There is a fine sky scene

besides.

How remarkable are the strong outlines as interestingly touched up by creative imagery! Oh, yes, we believe in true freedom as well as in all human rights. I tell you, you are destined to wield political influence. Fear not, though there is to be very great commotion and strife, as to some bodies of beliefs joining forces, There is in evidence a serious national gulf, for a period, See the *seething mass* below? Yet the large, waving flag is in the midst of it all. See how its ample folds cover the little people! Woman comes into full evidence with man and victory squares these and banners. Now, see you the large moon-faced man from over the deep water? Behold the many little people. These represent, without doubt, the toiling masses. See them look to our great flag, Uncle Sam and America. See the guns they leave behind, though they appear well armed by some firm revolves. Some power crowned is near death's gates. There is some peril on the other shores and on this, yet the links for chains of co-operation come later on. First, there are spears, guns, rasping files; secret orders, too, which shall in due time become fully known to Uncle Sam, for, see you the boxes and the broken lines, like a serpent yet, living cables with its intricate workings. I am stirred by its forces, now international. Oh, yes, you could learn to read by concentration of mind. This is the first time this great combination has been presented to me. Your special auras and the cosmic direction in present era of human action have aided in portraying these objects. Life is full of signs of the times. You are thinkers.

No doubt the reader is, at times, largely dominated by the enquirer, though you now prefer to learn of finances. The large fish is in evidence, however, not yet at hand. Clouds obscure desires. You will be thrust into this exciting national and more equal-rights work, with several men of distinction. See the breast-plates and medallions. This is a suggestive and interesting chapter to me and requires study to apply.

Do you grasp some of the leading ideas? Hold them fast, to appropriate as you advance into the vortex of deeper action. See how the steepled church is in evidence. Not so wonderful. Many things photograph themselves for further reading by observation. We are yet in the very infancy of comprehending cause and effect.

*Kismet!* I detest war, yet mankind is destined to thus make the annals of future history more complete in equity and in fraternal justice to humanity. Let us prove that the world is really advancing. This is the fierce and fermenting time, the entire world's chemicalizing process. We may all learn from the great book of life.

Though many noble souls seem vanquished, each actor shall be his own, yet united historian.

Thank you. Readings of this character are instructive, even to skeptics. Wish we could all read and retain each helpful part. As one thinks on these lines the fuller atmospheric waves become laden with blessings. The Good Book says, "Ask and ye shall receive," so, ask in wisdom and in faith. You are now charged with the desires. Perhaps I do inspire inquiry. Look at these lines of chairs in this fine toss, also men.

Birds again--rows of singing birds, and flowers, too--joyous expectations. Man with baton--musical matters, attended by audiences. You either are in full touch with singers, or certainly will be. The swing up high is a fine sign. Follow it up with courage, The double triangle, the long road and the unobscured star are before you. These promise you honors and fame. You will know the art of growing old sweetly.

See the gallery of pictures you have collected. The park and the people, too!

Heaven has blessed you with mental gifts and spiritual graces in the glorious, ever present, because of your doing things with no dreaded to-morrow. This is a superb final, for the light lines are within your daily duties. You will travel together in close relationship--husband and wife, and begin anew very nearly at the same time. It is really an inspiring text. Thus do we learn to know each other in one little hour of life as fulfilling worthy purposes by every act divine.

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### MYSTICAL CUP.

Touching, no doubt, on the death of Pope Leo, as also on some one of the present party somehow connected with nobility. See you the ocean?

Here is a kingly form, robed and crowned, yet standing with arms and hands filled, symbolizing someone with great plenty in foreign lands. At the feet, a severed circle, some disordered boxes, a pair of large, closed shears pointing toward another commanding form, though obstacles lie between them. Also a crouching form, in part human, with large eyes, and now, on his back a weighty something, facing the less pretentious forms, one of whom is bowed by some new disappointment, being near a fallen wall. Some one in mental suffering, as thorns crown one of the lesser heads, facing a distant city. Some hidden wrongs are to become manifest.

See the army of men in disorder! Soldiers are in line, too, with horsemen from all sides of the land and waters. Dread dismay, yet with keen-edged expectancy in evidence. Behind the kingly form there is a tower--strength-- though there is the unlighted torch at the top. Some large bird in the back scene will venture into peril. Near the shaft at its base are caverns. On closer inspection you can see the vapors arising. You see the entire world appears interested--so many heads of men.

One of the party had expected some special news from distant lands, saying: "Verily, the atmosphere is filled with these things,"--Auto thought or otherwise. Secrets after all are not so hidden, though I believe this reading to pertain largely to the city of Rome, the Vatican palace and famed historical Tiber.

You see, we have all been reading the news. We are in this floating ether of thoughts, no matter what little wishes we have of our own. Our untutored minds cannot yet apply some of these lessons. Everything is in form atmospheric, to be photographed for tangibleness to our crude senses. How then can we be held in blame for the committal of even some desperate acts? Are we not at the perpetual mercy of evil men and powers, which blind fair reason?

Listen, friends, are there not better objects everywhere? Yet modest things are apt to be overlooked. Are we not dazzled by pomp and show? Did we not all cry out, "Oh, what a wonderful cup--a king, a king with a crown?" We must not allow our morals to thus easily hang like conventional cowards. This cup of the king's is full of strife. Numerous virtues are not observed.

See the little tables and the tender vines so choked by grasses, even modest flowers by the fallen walls! Let us note these, yet glory and pomp are man's highest aim in life. I say we should all become a freer people, but we are flattered by show and even despotism. I behold wonderful promises.

This strong trail is for a long time. See the cutting instruments again. The rasp and the little scissors shadowed beneath the larger symbols. Behold the bed-rock, with crevices to catch the feet, and here, a small road comes near a tunnel, looking ambitiously towards the large avenue where splendor, prestige and power are seen. See modern fashion so careless of the rights of others--these poor little people. Yes, I will describe some of these figures, to teach, if so we may, a bit of entertaining, benevolent sense.

Again, look at this upper row of soldiers, machine-made men. See the trumpets, I can almost hear their blast, and see the dust and life-blood of degrading, cruel wars, which impoverish and grind into filth the entire afflicted human race, though there are very excellent people of wealth, were there to wisely co-operate. There is some promise in this reading. If rich men could become active benefactors--see the little banners--wars would at once end, and the Christ would live with mankind.

#### MINISTER'S SPEECH.

I cannot believe that a loving, merciful God bids man to further wars, strife and blood-shed for mere aggrandizement. It is really a libel on all progress, grace and moral justice. The God and dear Saviors whom I love and honor are not monsters of cruel vengeance. There exist so many excellent signs of the good time to dawn on the human race, when the tidal wave once really sets into combined, perpetual motion. Let us all desire to thus aid the race along these lines, or in whatsoever ways we can.

I am forever indebted to a dear, high-souled lady, who loved young folks, for my first deep moral thought-lessons in cupology, and in character readings. Life-long impressions and aids have these brought to many others, in this high-art sensing of human needs, therefore let us supply an atmosphere in which good thoughts can germinate, believing that nature has a bank which is a sure one that can never break. A bank of full justice; life's worthy inheritance; your acts.

Now friends, this collection may end my readings briefly. In order to learn one must teach. No, I have not added some of those special past verifications. I try to study the lesser forms as well as the prominent ones to cultivate patient sensing. Observe your feelings towards your friends or pupils. Be honest, sincere, and sympathetic in heart to heart talks. Hold confidence reposed as a sacred gift. That is one of the secrets of friendship and success in every walk through life. Let us believe it so.

#### FIRE IN VATICAN.

#### BURNS PART OF LIBRARY WITH BARE AND ANCIENT BOOKS.

That portion of the Vatican containing the hall of the inscriptions, where the Pope gives his audiences, and which is adjacent to the famous and precious pinacoteca, or gallery of pictures, was burned Sunday. The smoke and flames were seen from a mile distant.

The first intimation of fire was had when smoke was seen issuing from the apartment of M.

Mario, which is located above that of Father Earl, the librarian, who lives over the library. M. Mario is a celebrated French restorer of ancient manuscripts and illuminated books. He has been engaged in copying work, and his first reproductions have been selected for part of the Vatican's exhibit at the St. Louis exposition. It is supposed that M. Mario forgot to take proper precautions with his kitchen fire, which probably blazed up and ignited some nearby hangings.

The entire museum of inscriptions, the rooms of Father Earl, part of the library and the printing houses were entirely flooded with water.

It is impossible to reach even an approximate idea of the extent of damage. Many articles were saved, including some ancient and very valuable arms which were recently moved to the library from the Borgia apartment in order to make room for the new residence of the papal secretary of state.

Many things that escaped the flames were injured by water, especially the precious private library of Pope Leo.

The above clipping verifies the reading of the King's cup.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE ACQUISITIVE ADEPT.

#### BY A BRIGHT GIRL OF SEVENTEEN

Dear lady, this is not as I should like to promise. You have suffered deeply. Here are dark caverns, crosses, confusion and wavy, broken and crooked lines. No good luck to be foretold. So it appears on the surface. You are overcast by sorrow and losses, with death to many present hopes. As holding up the cup, gravestones, tears--heart-tears--seems an ill-omened cup, yet no one need to be discouraged.

I can now reveal to you, even in this conclusive reading, one fair remaining sky-scene, with a little sun-burst, and a distant square. Examine, also, below the tangled rubbish. See you the head of the little anchor, like some friend in need. Trust still in the good, and such will come to you.

Let no one say they are doomed. This lady is well along in years, therefore, this one fair spot of sky-scene is large enough to fill in the remaining periods with joy and hope. I am not content to skim over the mere surface. Helpful revelations need the deeper, mental searchlight.

By turning this cup from left to right, the symbols shadow forth a peaceful old age, up near the sky-light and the evening star. The dots, with little rings--some kindly aid until the close, with loving, retrospective hope in the final All Good.

I feel your deep enthusiasms, my friend. God's blessings on you, dear child. You thrill my soul with expectant gladness.

It proved that a benevolent Boston family opened their hospitable doors to this lovely old lady amid her deepest dilemmas. Also, a small inheritance came to this star-lit dome of her declining life's protection.

### A WOMAN'S WINNING CARD.

A woman's winning card is cheerfulness.

She may be capable of countless self-sacrifices, infinite tenderness and endless resources of wisdom, but if she cloaks these very excellent possessions under a garb of melancholy she may almost as well not have them, so far as the ordinary world is concerned.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THREE COQUETTES.

#### THE FICKLE TRIO--SOCIAL WHIRLWINDS.

You say, "Tell us all you see." Young ladies, there is a mixed-up state of affairs, yet one must use good judgment, so steady your minds for correct appreciation of the kindness of your near associates and friends. These Fourths of July mental pyrotechnics are not safe playthings, my dear young friends. Here are outlined so many love gifts, with pleasures too short-lived. You are

pain-giving iconoclasts.

Heart-breakers, said the three, laughing.

You have spoken correctly, for here are broken, also incomplete circles and squares. These imperfect lines so near the life symbols *key and wish* with shattered urns and crushed flowers. Ah! and here are some blighted trees! This is both the spring time of your lives as of the seasons, so have care for the sad heart tears you cause and will reap. Lives are oft thus crushed. You are acting your funny parts as now you think.

"Know thyself," young man. Trifle not with the happy, little blonde lady, whose widowed mother passes sleepless nights thinking of her two pretty daughters. Neither be too attentive to the young matron, whose master carries the dagger by his side. L. and H. seem not good letters of names nor localities for you. Yet, you possess some fine mental gifts. Good books are near.

You girls will soon drift apart by a stolen letter and some dark cloud of distrust, though you will need each other. See you the separate roads, with the harsh wind blowing the leafless branches of the trees? and yet near by shines the beautiful meadow, just beyond your present thoughts. Strive to cultivate more of the duties of needed practical life and hopes. These high thought signs will not serve you, when life's autumn comes.

Now listen, little Brunette. Accept the old love in about two years. He will return to you from a distance. You smile, yet you will not wed with any one now associated. Do not, then, deceive him. He is keen of mind and heart. See, his sky is clear, and the ring of promise is in the light.

Yes, we can now see these outlines. You are a psychologist. You make us see them, as you desire, young man. Note you their forthcoming. I cannot impel these realities. Emma is the good name of your best friend, young man. She loves you thoughtfully. Cultivate her rare graces. The mirror is clear that is near her home. The birds sing and the children are joyful. Fine symbols. The home-garden, too, is beautiful. Let us trace the lines. The old, sick lady, inmate of the home will die in the Autumn. That will be a decisive change for that family. Do not allow them to pass out of your kindly care, if real friends you would possess. Lives can be strangely made or unmade oft times. One must be wise in order to be happy. These pitchers, with stout handles, as here seen, signify some lucky circumstances. The supposed wealth of this globe-trotting, dark clothed lady friend is to have a big fall. See the objects! The trunks are all upset and she is in ill temper and very self-willed. See the head? A mule is near her.

How curiously you read some of these things. I shall note them more fully, though you do not compliment us three at all. Are we, then, so soulless in our innocent pleasures? Pray, tell.

I but delineate some truths as your benefactor, and as I am given them for each. You all love popularity and excitement.

Oh, yes, things appear true in part, as to a few simple things, yet it is very pleasant to hear you read these fanciful figures. I know the lady Emma, also the worrbersome, aged, sick woman. I expect an upset at her death, yet we hope for good results, though you promise me irritating labors by this looked-for change.

How amusing this big frog, the magician or joker, as you term him. I did not know the tad-pole was so gifted.

Some months later proves the death, and several of the stated events more than verified. With the young folks asking eager questions, the clouds had gathered. The lame man came into view. The good time not yet. Confusion and discord revealing some added cares as threaded together by the symbols as previously shown, and from the note-book of the young man. The hated lame man of letters having rudely frustrated the game of their lives, yet he was just, though believed to be the cruel enemy, from the broken, wavy lines and cutting things about him, then facing towards them. Mental reason, or impressment plying its parts as touching these mingled, and confusion atmospheres, proving that all things affect us, consciously or otherwise, relating to life.

These intricate and wonderful relationships--these cosmic laws--bind all mankind together for better or, more often, for needless sorrow and trials. Yet here was some good side to these life-lines, for their own choosing, had each been more unselfish and just. Are we, then, arbiters of our own fate? It is still an open question to many, though there is a time for all things.

#### LET US NOT BE FATALISTS.

We must seize the handle of the subject, when the door is waiting to open. Each association makes some conditions, brief or life-long. We are not bound to be enslaved forever, though nothing pays but justice, kindness, patience and useful duty, if peace we would enjoy here or hereafter.

There is at least one good, guardian angel ever ready to aid in each life, my dear young friends. One of these ladies did marry that mentioned first love after many sad disappointments, with little intrigues, as afterward she said: "Be neither too fickle, too self-opinionated, nor too *submissive*. Be something useful. Learn to reason with head, heart and soul." The young man is still plodding on in pessimism. This best friend Emma is still alone, yet working out some of the noble purposes of her helpful, progressive life, knowing that "her own will surely come to her" some good time, and that this brief school-life is not the end of anything nobly sought for. Simulating big things allowed the young man to belittle many noble facts in nature, thus stunting his manly growth, and overgrowing this chilling pessimism with smart retorts.

One really desiring to aid humanity can become inspired into consistent kindness, well centered in the lines of forecast, as also in the cup reading pleasure. So observe the figures, point them out, summing up as these gems of thought come to life. One too lazy or disobliging cannot grow these many latent powers. These are as yet but dimly apprehended. All persons possess some special gift. God meant it so, and that we give hope and joy in all honest ways. So try your gift in this mingling of your aspirations for lofty expressions, which transmit pleasing convictions, strange as at first these may appear. Each soul, as reading or listening, creates an atmosphere of either flippancy, depression, courage, trust, or some vital power.

Some persons there are, who make us feel happy and well by simply looking at us, or thinking of us, with that subtle power that cures one of melancholia, discouragement, or irritability. Writing a letter with a soul is good. You know there is the soul of things, a fact in nature. I know of many cases, on turning backward in memory's pages. One special one of a dear musical friend, who became very ill from over-work, with nervous headache and sick stomach, so that all hope of an expected musical evening had to be abandoned, as she took her bed in disgust, with sore disappointment. About an hour later, not entirely unexpected, there called at her home a beloved brother, whose melodious voice in song proved to the lady better than any medicine, as he quietly sat down to the piano to sing that sweetly pathetic song:

"Only waiting till the shadows  
Have a little longer grown."

Hark? said the sick lady quickly sitting up at hearing the first notes. Oh, that is my dear brother, Peter--his name signifieth Lord. Please aid me to dress. I am really better, I am, indeed, do not fear. I must go down to hear him sing. His charming voice has lifted me into strength. I will take the tea. Though very pale, she entertained that evening, and even sang, until midnight. Not one of the party at that time was a Christian Science believer either.

We are only in the kindergarten of life. Some time we shall all possess the high art of selecting our friends and our life companions, my dear, eager, anxious inquirers. We have power in ourselves to grow. This was simply an unadulterated fact, proving the power of mind, soul and spirit on itself from the stimulus of the brother; there being also very much efficacy in the harmony of tones as well as of personality. I wish more persons could be conscious of the power of the voice on the actions of all we come in contact with. We are now touching but slightly on the esoteric, as carnal desires are yet in full evidence.

I have now in mind a sensitive lad of fourteen, who, after four trying years ran away from a really good home and a step-mother, because of her harsh tones. Though a good woman, his soul-life seemed to suffer.

"The way she says things," said he, "is awful to something in me, so that I want to fight. I can't help but shiver. Oh, I don't know what it is. I want to be good. I know she does some nice things."

Though the young philosopher chose for himself a severe taskmaster, with plenty of added work, yet, with some special kindness in trustful tones that proved part-pay, some needed, minor chord was touched in the soul-life of the lad, that gave him hope in himself and in his future, which proved very true. He has long been a kind and useful citizen, in precepts for the young, and an object lesson to many. A practical, reasoning benefactor of the race, as was the kindly Charles Dickens in the interest of child-life. So let us work. These times are infinitely larger, broader, and more full of promise to the world.

Our musical friend has left the shadows that were then gathering about her life. Gone into the more perfect light and life of her true inheritance, with God the loving parent of all human and divine joys.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SUPERSTITION

Do not hold to cowardice nor fear of death. The mad bull with the spade stands near by. Look into this strange cup of figures and graves. Some recent death and gloom has somehow filled your mind with renewed horror. You have also felt that you are about to die. Not a comfortable thought, madam, to be snuffed out of all earthly hopes! Abandon your cringing fears. Dread

nothing. You must gain mastery over these crude forebodings, or you will be seriously handicapped. Most discouraging is fear. The spirit of conscious life cannot be annihilated. Man is immortal. We should not doubt the word of God nor His prophecies.

Towers, trees, and large scenes are in evidence to aid you into a larger life career.

See you now the rubbish by the grave! enough to hopelessly entangle you. See the many wild animals in your path near the dung heap. Again the tears and the fears. You do not stand erect. Your ideas of the after-life seem to belie your professed creeds. One of your sincere friends and true helpers requests my candid service in your behalf as noting your vibrations. Thank you.

I will now proceed further with your sanction. Listen well: You belong to a class who would send dynamic heart-beats to disturb your entire bodily system on the subject of death. Were it a necessity to perform even some slight operation, your death in this state might easily ensue from very fear.

Madam, how is one to overcome nature? I do not brag on my heroism as others do. I do fear death, the devil and his imps. I have often dreamed of him as pursuing me. There must be something to it, as my father believed likewise. I want the good time of life here. We don't know of the hereafter as promised.

Young man, your birth-right, your reason and education are at fault, if nineteen years of life's action has brought you no solace. You are not in life's true logic, nor is the profession of law well chosen for you by your relatives, neither is the ministry.

You now think you are in love with a good young girl. How will you comfort her when sorrows come to you? She, too, fears death and pain beyond the ordinary. A pair of simple young folks, indeed, both of you.

See, in this last cup the flame of destruction has come. You have both lost your heads. Death and loss have invaded the home. Everything is scattered about. No reason nor care remains. Indecision, crosses, and breaks are in promise. The good symbols are yet distant, though inviting you to their ample folds. You need first to be whipped into life's truer graces, as oft we are. Your parents were weak, sympathetic and selfish.

There were five of you in family. The figure in first cup was correct, though not an old man there, that is three years past! and the one-armed man! that was long ago, too. Yes, but his letters yet lie near your family thoughts. Do not lose them, there is value attached. Yet there are imprisoned minds who do not know their real possessions. Now, these bars and unformed circles bespeak it. Behold the light on the obscure desk in the old square.

Oh yes, he was cheated out of his rights, years ago, yet father keeps the letters. There is nothing in them now.

Yes there is, several years hence, by the death of a child and a lost woman from near an ocean city. News sudden will come to you. Let your fancy concentrate a little on these letters.

How peculiar! There was one who died by water, that was a family connection.

You have now had three readings. Hold your true texts in mind. Fear nothing but injustice. You will be tested. You will yet love the ocean, even the lightning's fierce flashes, though after sudden peril and loss you will make acquaintance with your higher self--not be so selfish nor material. Eight years of strange wanderings with indecision and betrayal by a false black hand, as shown you. Several gravestones and some sickness. After these experiences you will awaken from some of life's medley of dreams and fears. You will then meet a strong, true woman, who will dominate much of your nobler, latent life, and aid you into position, if you do not mar your life's course in about three years. Your hand reads likewise. In this last cup of yours are spears and weeds, with knives and hidden crosses. Your dangers, as here read, are very many.

There are so many small lives filled with idleness, though some useful objects could oft be reached. Yours is largely among these. Yet I am pleased to state you could yet become a fine mind and life trainer by the age of forty, if wise enough to select your true helpers--good books. No one can work effectively alone. My mind has traveled with you up to these years, viewed the field of resource and its possibilities. You should win two helpful friends.

Only one comprehensive life-course reading has shown this entire evening. We do not gain the high art of holding the good which we gain, so profligate are we. Then we like to blame our friends or the fates for our poor judgment and our obtuseness. Until we begin to work as though we belong to and believe in an immortal life, as an inheritance, the great human family cannot enjoy that useful cohesion that belongs to mankind as God designed life's distributives--our higher attributes.

Again, shun the man with the fire-arms and bottles. Behold the weapons. The dark pit lies near him with many cross-bars, cages and clouds. An evil combination--*imprisonment*, though your sunlight has only been dimmed. If so, your will, patient labor and strong desire can yet win for you. The flag of victory is now so limp. This fear of kindly death or hell is the enemy of mankind. Do not again thus cringe to this fair angel of life to all men eventually. You can live to old age and



follow streams, fishing as pastime. This old man symbolizes your dear self now calmed in mind--not so dead as in youth. So, hold your true texts for ready action, and become a brave man to enjoy the true life here promised to you.

If we have stimulated in any heart some lofty resolves, which will unfold their fragrance for other lives, we are then well repaid, as trusting in the Infinite All Good.

A pilgrim on the path.

CLARA.



#### CUPOLOGY.

*Significance similar to Psychic Readings, Clairvoyant Symbols, or Dreams.*

If high up in the cup--Early consummation.

If chained to the bottom--Delayed desires.

Uncle Sam--American matters. Statesmanship--Waving flags; Hopeful signs.

Arm--Proffered aid  
Accordion--Primitive talent  
Apples--Health, Knowledge  
Atlas--Sight, Seeing  
Bats--Moral blindness  
Bees--Thrift  
Bed--Illness or need of rest  
Birds--News, Singing, Joys  
Bridge--Some event in life  
Broom--Industry  
Bread--To be sated  
Cooks--Learning  
Cake--Luxury  
Cats--Jealousies  
Children--Good omen  
Cavern--Near danger  
Circles--Fine realizations  
Cow--Good nutriment  
Crescent--Love token  
Cattle--Thrift  
Children at play--Universal good  
Crosses--Some trials  
Chair--To preside  
Chicks--Cares  
Chickens--Gains  
Crowing Cock--Ambitious, Victory  
Crows--Intrigues  
Ditch--Dangers ahead  
Dogs--Friends  
Door--Some opening  
Dots--Letters, Papers, News  
Ears--Listen well  
Elephant--Some imposition  
Eggs--Gains  
Eyes--To observe  
Feet--Traveler  
Feet, bare--Poverty  
Fish--Money, Gains  
Fish, headless--Losses  
Flowers--Joy, Pleasure  
Floods--Sickness, Sorrow  
Fountain--Public benefit  
Fruit--Health

Forests--Nature loving  
 Fox--Cunning  
 Hearts--Artistic love of Unity, Friends, Home  
 Hand--Friendship  
 Horse--Much news, Friend  
 Horse, vicious--Angry friend  
 Houses--Home building  
 Jewel-Box--Wealth  
 Jumping--Vitaliveness  
 Lock and Keys--To be put in trust  
 Lion--Moral courage  
 Ledger--In accounts  
 Lighted Lamp--Great success  
 Lock--A secret  
 Moon--Honors  
 Monkeys--Evolution--Darwin  
 Medals--Diplomas  
 News-Boys--Public excitement  
 Nuts--Problems  
 Oxen--Patient toil  
 Palms--Restful victory  
 Palm-Trees--Tropical scenes  
 Park--Benevolence  
 Platform--Oration  
 Pitcher--To receive  
 Public seats--People's joy  
 Quills--Old parchments  
 Rats--Thieving  
 Ring--Contract  
     Near heart, Wedding  
     With child or flowers, Bliss  
 Road--An outlook  
 Rabbit--Timidity, Cowardice  
 Rainbow--Sublime promise  
 Saw or Scissors--Vexations  
 Scales--Love of justice  
 Star--Hope, Promise  
 Squares--Realizations  
 Sunlight--Vital life, Health  
 Ships--Commerce  
 Sinking Ships--Perils and loss  
 Spring--Wisdom, Peace  
 Snake--Enmity, Lies  
 Staff--Aid  
 Sofa--Social or Courtship  
 Spiders, or--  
 Scorpions--Illness, Venom  
 Sky-scenes--Sublimity and Peace  
 Tiger--Onslaught  
 Tall Shaft--Illustrious dead  
 Table Set--Feasting  
 Trees--Lofty thoughts  
 Tower--Strength  
 Urns--Veneration, Retrospection  
 Wells--Wisdom and drawing forth good  
 Wheat--Plenty  
 Whirlwind--Distraction  
 Wavy lines--Vexations  
 Weeds--Petty trials  
 Window--In a new light  
 Monks, Nuns, Priests or Ministers--betoken sectarian controversies  
 Scattered objects--Lack of harmony and no propitious time for action

Keep the mind well centered in reading. Thus only will the transmitting powers of soul expand the descriptive faculties.



GIRLHOOD.

[AMELIA E. BARR.]

An exquisite incompleteness,  
The theme of a song unset;  
A waft in the shuttle of life;  
A bud with the dew still wet;  
The dawn of a day uncertain;  
The delicate bloom of fruit;  
The plant with some leaves unfolded,  
The rest asleep at the root.

POPULAR TOASTS.



*Our Flag:* The beautiful banner that represents the precious *mettle* of America.

OUR COUNTRY'S EMBLEM.

The Lily of France may fade,  
The Thistle and Shamrock wither,  
The Oak of England may decay,  
But the Stars shine on forever.

\* \* \*

The standard of Freedom floats proudly on high,  
It's the bright waving Banner of Light,  
Fair symbol of Liberty born of the sky,  
True emblem of Union and Might.

WEBSTER'S MOTTO.

Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and  
inseparable.

SHIP OF STATE.

Nail to the mast her holy flag;  
Set every threadbare sail;  
And give her to the God of Storms,  
The lightning and the gale.

A TOAST TO OUR NATIVE LAND.

Huge and alert, irascible yet strong,  
We make our fitful way 'mid right and wrong.  
One time we pour out millions to be free,  
Then rashly sweep an Empire from the Sea!  
One time we pull the shackles from the slaves,

And then, quiescent, we are ruled by knaves,  
Often we rudely break restraining bars,  
And confidentially reach out toward the stars.  
Yet under all there flows a hidden stream,  
Sprung from the Rock of Freedom, the great  
dream  
Of Washington and Franklin, men of old,  
Who knew that freedom is not bought with gold;  
This Land we love, our heritage,  
Strange mixture of the gross and fine, yet sage  
And full of promise,--destined to be great,  
Drink to Our Native Land--God bless the State!  
--Robert Bridges in the Atlantic.

Here's to the man who loves his wife,  
And loves his wife alone,  
For many a man loves another man's wife,  
When he ought to be loving his own.

#### TOAST TO THE HORSE.

Dr. Kane, President of the New York Drivers' Association, at a public dinner recently delivered the following toast to the horse:

"That bundle of sentient nerves, with the heart of a woman, the eye of a gazelle, the courage of a gladiator, the docility of a slave, the proud courage of a king, and the blind obedience of a good soldier. The companion of the desert and the plain; that turns the moist furrow in the spring in order that all the world may have abundant harvests; that furnishes the sport of Kings; that with blazing eye and distended nostril, fearlessly leads our greatest Generals through carnage and the smoke of battle to glory and renown; whose blood forms one of the ingredients that go to make the ink in which all history is written, and that finally, mutely and sadly, in black trappings, pulls the humblest of us all to the newly sodded threshold of eternity."

#### OUR ABSENT FRIENDS.

Although out of sight we recognize them with our glasses.

#### FALSE FRIENDS.

Here's champagne for our real friends,  
And real pain for our sham friends.

#### OUR INCOMES.

May we have heads to earn and hearts to spend.

Here's wishing us all more friends and less heed of them.

May we ever be able to serve a friend, and noble enough to conceal it.

#### THE SPHERE OF WOMAN.

They talk about a woman's sphere as though it  
had a limit;  
There's not a place in earth or heaven,  
There's not a task to mankind given,  
There's not a blessing or a woe,  
There's not a whispered yes or no,  
There's not a life, or death, or birth,  
That has a feather's weight of worth--  
Without a woman in it.

\* \* \*

Here's to the friends we class as old,  
And here's to those we class as new,  
May the new soon grow; to us old,  
And the old ne'er grow to us new.

A FEW TOASTS.

Woman. She needs no eulogy--she speaks for herself.

May we have the unspeakable good fortune to win a true heart, and the merit to keep it.

May we never murmur without cause and never have cause to murmur.

Woman. The fairest work of the great Author; the edition is large and no man should be without a copy.

Happy are we met, happy have we been,  
Happy may we part, and happy meet again.

May Satan cut the toes of all our foes,  
That we may know them by their limping.

The man we love--he who thinks the most good and speaks the least ill of his neighbors.

\* \* \*

Our National birds--  
The American eagle, the Thanksgiving turkey.  
May the one give us peace in all our States--  
And the other a piece for all our plates.

\* \* \*

Here's to the girls of the American shore,  
I love but one, I love no more,  
Since she's not here to drink her part,  
I'll drink her share with all my heart.

A little health, a little wealth,  
A little house and freedom,  
With some few friends for certain ends,  
But little cause to need 'em.

\* \* \*

Col. Lovell H. Jerome, who resigned as second lieutenant Second United States Cavalry, in 1879, and now repels the invading smuggler in New York City, brought a new toast to the Hoffman House bar recently:

To the ladies,  
Our arms your defense,  
Your arms our recompense,  
Fall in!  
--*New York Sun.*

THREE GREAT COMMANDERS.

May we always be under the orders of General Peace, General Plenty and General Prosperity.

We now toast the superb Electric Flag of the people with every honorable Elk who has beautified and made memorable these pleasures of the Queen City.--*Cincinnati, July, 1904.*

\* \* \*

Though there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip,  
Yet, while o'er the brim of life's breaker I dip,  
While there's life in the lip, while there's warmth  
in the wine,  
One deep health I'll pledge, and that health  
shall be thine.  
--*Owen Meredith.*

## A HINT ON ENTERTAINING.

"The most successful social functions are those managed by a host and hostess," says a society scribe, "not by either alone. Leave a man to make up a party and he is sure to forget that Mrs. B. was engaged to C. before she married D., and that Mrs. C. is aware of the fact, and that the D.s and E.s have long been at daggers drawn, and he will have no eyes to detect the designs of Mrs. H. On the other hand, a woman gets nervous and fatigued with the constant effort to keep the ball rolling, and fails just where a man would succeed. What is wanted is a division of labor, and if this were done oftener there would be less disappointment on the part of entertainers and entertained."

## LOOK AT YOUR CUP.

A cup of coffee, farmers assert, makes a pretty accurate barometer:

"To make a barometer out of a cup of coffee," a farmer said, "you must use loaf sugar. You drop a lump of this sugar exactly into the middle of your cup, and then watch the bubbles rise. It is by these bubbles that your prognostications are made.

"If the bubbles rise straight up in the middle, remaining there in a cluster till they disappear, the weather is to be fair; if they rise at the sides of the cup, adhering to the china, the weather will be rainy. If they rise all over the coffee's surface, and move here and there erratically, changeable conditions are to be looked for."

## ENTERTAINMENT SUGGESTION.

Here are some ideas for an entertainment, which is said to be both amusing and instructive, as it makes one think, and the time put into anything that makes men or women think is never lost. Have an art gallery and invite your friends to it. Each person is supplied with a catalogue and must pay a forfeit for every piece of art he fails to find. Here is a sample of the catalogue:

1. The Bell of the Season. (A dinner bell.)
2. Saved. (A bank containing a few pennies.)
3. An Absorbing Subject. (A sponge.)
4. A Drawing Subject. (A crayon.)
5. The Skipper's Home. (Cheese.)
6. A Young Man's Horror. (The mitten.)
7. The Light of Other Days. (A candle.)
8. Tears, Idle Tears. (An onion.)
9. Can't be Beat. (A turnip.)
10. The Four Seasons. (Salt, pepper, vinegar and mustard.)
11. A Regular Bore. (A gimlet.)
12. Family Jars. (Mason's fruit jars in three sizes.)
13. True to the Core. (An apple.)
14. A Prison Scene. (A mouse in a trap.)
15. A Switchtender. (A hairpin.)
16. A Bunch of Dates. (A calendar.)

Of course, no one speaks in the art room.

Every guest fills in what names he can, hoping that his friends will miss many more than he does. Have ten or more "pieces of art" than are on the catalogue. This is to mystify a little.

## HAVE A PEANUT?

An original young woman of Lamar has invented a new kind of social diversion. It is the "progressive peanut party." Four guests are seated about each table, and on the table is placed a crock full of peanuts. Each guest is provided with a hatpin, and when the word is given all begin jabbing for peanuts. The quartet that empties its crock first wins the game, and then the sets of players change. It is needless to say that the peanut party is strictly a "hen" function. A man couldn't jab a crockful of peanuts with a hatpin in a week, but the young women of Lamar played thirty games in a single afternoon.--*Kansas City Journal*.

## WHAT THE EYES TELL.

The color of the eyes has hitherto chiefly concerned the novelist and the poet, but lately the cold-blooded statistician has been looking into them. It is announced that, taking the average of Europe and America, 44.6 per cent of men have light eyes, including blue and gray. The proportion of women having blue or gray eyes is 32.2 per cent. In other words, blue eyes are decidedly rarer among women than among men, says the *London Express*.

Men have light eyes oftener than women, but in the intermediate shades between light and dark the percentage of the two sexes is very nearly the same.

In this intermediate category are brown and hazel eyes. The percentage of these among men is 43.1, and among women 45.1.

The percentage of black eyes is larger among women than among men, being 20.7 per cent for the women, while among men it is 12.3.

Blue eyes are considered to possess great attractions. This was the case among the Greeks and Romans of classic times. Upon the Goddess of Minerva was bestowed a surname to signify the blueness of her eyes.

Gray eyes have ever been the ideal of all great novelists; among the number Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade. Most of the heroines in up-to-date fiction are gray-eyed maidens.

Of the living great, as well as the famous dead, most have eyes of gray blue.

Shakespeare had eyes of gray; so had nearly all the English poets. Coleridge's eyes were large, light gray, prominent and of liquid brilliancy. Byron's eyes were gray, fringed with long black lashes.

Charles Lamb's glittering eyes were strangely dissimilar in color, one being hazel, the other having specks of gray in the iris. Chatterton's brilliant gray eyes were his most remarkable features. Under strong excitement one appeared brighter and larger than the other.

As to green eyes they are for glory. The Empress Catherine of Russia had eyes of this hue. In Don Quixote green eyes are thus referred to:

"But, now I think on it, Sancho, thy description of her beauty was a little absurd in that particular of comparing her eyes to pearls. Sure, such eyes are more like those of a whiting or a seabeam than those of a fair lady, and in my opinion, Dulcinea's eyes are rather like two celestial emeralds, railed in with two celestial arches, which signify her eyebrows. Therefore, Sancho, you had better take your pearls from her eyes and apply them to her teeth." Green eyes are not popular, however. Cervantes spoke of them as "verdant emeralds," that more usually they are likened to the optics of the cat. Very few heroines have green eyes. Jane Eyre and Rose, in Robert Elsmere, are the only two we can think of at the moment.

## REVEALED BY THE THUMB.

The thumb is a great tell-tale where character is concerned. If nose, eyes and mouth decline to reveal the secrets or temperament, you need not be at a loss. Notice the hands, and especially the thumb of the person whom you are seeking to read.

A broad and short thumb indicates lack of refinement. Taken in conjunction with stubby finger tips and a thick wrist, it indicates coarseness, even positive brutality.

A tapering thumb gives notice of extreme delicacy of perception and refinement of character.

A thumb of medium breadth indicates balance between the extremes mentioned, and denotes strength of character essential to success in life.

If when in repose the thumb curls outward, its owner possesses a sound constitution, much vitality and cheerfulness.

On the contrary, if the thumb naturally falls inward towards the palm, a melancholy, despondent disposition is denoted, also constitutional delicacy and lack of vitality.

## CHARACTERS IN FINGER NAILS.

Broad nails denote a gentle natured person, inclined to be modest and unassuming.

Narrow nails denote a studious but not very gentle nature, with a desire for scientific knowledge.

White nails denote a fondness for society of opposite sex, not overstrong in health and subject to fevers.

Round nails denote a desire for knowledge in general, apt to take great pride in own accomplishments, rather hasty, yet fairly good natured and forgiving.

Long nails denote caution, lacking confidence in human nature, decided in opinion and strictly virtuous.

Eyes are cold, enticing, sympathetic or affectionate. The mouth is kissable (as men say), cynical, cruel, sensuous or indifferent, and so with all the features.

#### BEAUTY'S SEVEN NURSES.

Beauty, it is said, has seven nurses, which, if given full charge, will make of the homeliest woman a picture of charm and loveliness.

These magic seven are fresh air, sunshine, warmth, rest, sleep, food and whatever stirs the blood, be it exercise or enthusiasm.

Be sure to get plenty of sleep. You can sleep yourself into good looks. A long nap and a hot bath will make any woman more attractive, and lift years from her shoulder.

Don't be afraid of sunshine and fresh air. They offer you bloom and color. And deep breathing is surely the hand-maid of the fresh-air nurse. Deep breathing gives a fine figure as well as clear complexion.

Don't sit down to table as soon as you come in from work, or a round of social duties. Lie down, or sit down, for ten minutes, waiting until you can partake of your dinner with the physical machinery rested and refreshed.

Don't bathe in hard water. Soften it with a little powdered borax, or a handful of oatmeal.

Don't bathe the face while it is very warm, or very cold.

Don't wash the face when traveling, unless it is with a little alcohol and water, or a little cold cream.

Don't attempt to remove dust with cold water. Give the face a hot bath with soap, and then rinse thoroughly with clear tepid or cold water.

Don't rub the face with too coarse a towel. Treat it as you would the finest porcelain, tenderly and delicately.--*Philadelphia Telegraph*.

#### TO DISCOVER A WOMAN'S AGE.

Every man seems to be born with a desire to know the age of the ladies with whom he comes in contact, and women also appear to have an innate curiosity concerning the number of "summers" which have passed over the heads of their female friends. But there is nothing more difficult to discover than the exact age of a lady who wishes to keep the fact a secret.

Now, here is a little scheme by which you can find out the age of any person.

Having engaged that person in pleasant conversation, you proceed something after the following manner--speaking very innocently, of course:--

"There is a very simple problem in arithmetic which very few people are able to see through, yet it is as easy as possible. I wonder if you can do it?"

This sets the person on his dignity, and he or she wants to do it at once.

Then you go on:

"Think of a number corresponding to the numerical order of the month in which you were born. Oh, no, you need not tell me."

(To make the explanation clear, we will assume that the figure is two--standing for February--and



that the age is 30.)

"Now, multiply that figure by 2," you continue, "and add 5. Done that? Well, multiply that by 50 and add your own age.-- From the total subtract 365, and to the total add 115. Now, what figure have you got?"

"230," replies the person addressed, "Isn't that correct?"

"Exactly," you exclaim, "You are one of the very few persons who have managed it."

And you turn away to hide your smile of satisfaction at having discovered that your victim was born in February and that he is thirty years of age. You have arrived at this result by separating the figures 230 into 2 (February) and 30. And you can do this with everybody's age. Try it on your sweetheart.-- *Tit-Bit*.

#### HOW HE MAY BE WON.

Some men have been found courageous enough to express themselves on the subject, "How to win a man." Here are the requirements from a masculine point of view for winning a man worth having. The summer girl should cut this out and paste it on her mirror:

Be natural, be extremely fastidious in choosing friends, in conversation, in manners, and in dress.

Be neat, for the well-groomed woman, though plain, is more attractive than the slovenly beauty.

Be cheerful and fun-loving, be kind, unselfish, sympathetic and affectionate.

Be interested in everything that will improve your mind and broaden your views.

Be orderly, systematic, and industrious, but do not waste time on non-essentials. Good reading is far better than useless fancy work.

Be domestic and home-loving, secure as much knowledge as possible concerning house-hold affairs, and do not be ashamed to use it.

Be athletic enough to keep in fine physical condition and just manly enough to be self-reliant and courageous, but not so independent as to forget for one moment that you are a woman.

Cultivate a liking for children and old people, for you must remember that you have been the one and will be the other if you live long enough.

Do not appear to be superior, even if you know that you are, one can easily be mistaken on this point.

Do not be conceited or vain, do not be silly or gushing, or too eager.

Do not be late and yet do not waste time in being too early; study repose of manner, it is so restful to tired nerves.

Do not nag either before or after he is won; the "I told you so" has lost many a friend and lover.

Be frank, and truthful and forgiving, and remember that forgetting must often go with forgiving. This, of course, is the ideal woman, but the standard is not too high for any girl to strive for.-- *Philadelphia Telegraph*.

#### DEW DROPS.

Wisdom is the flower of experience.

Hope is good, but hustle is better.

Energy, however, usually follows encouragement.

A soft answer sootheth, but a wise one shameth.

The genius never regarded as a crank is yet to be born.

Do as I say, not as I do: Preaching love with a jealous heart.

To move through the world without the dissent of others: Be temperate and pay your debts.

Happiness is not so difficult to obtain as to retain.

Who will not work without pay should also be consistent enough to refuse pay without work.

Heart and head are two masters who may be served by one hand.

Human deification, permitted or self implied, is an offense against Deity.

#### BIRTH STONES FOR LUCK.

Do you want that mysterious thing that is called "good luck?" Of course you do. Then in some form or another you must always wear your birth stone. This is declared to be, by the superstitious, a true talisman against all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Upon her finger in a handsome ring the very modern girl wears the stone that means good omen to her, and feels that she is secure from harm. If it is not in a little golden circlet upon her hand, then perchance she wears it at her throat, in one of the little dingle dangles that are so fashionable. But about her neck, in her fob, or bangle, the lass who wishes to cast a spell of good fortune about herself, somewhere wears the stone that is assigned to the month in which she first saw the light of day.

In what month were you born? Do you know what is your birth stone? If you do not you better at once discover the stone and begin to wear it. That is, if you wish good luck, and what maiden ever lived who does not sigh for it.

Here is a list of the gems, and the months to which they are assigned by those soothtellers who know all the signs for luck, good or ill: For January, garnet; February, amethyst; March, jasper; April, sapphire; May, chalcedony; June, emerald; July, onyx; August, carnelian; September, chrysolite; October, aquamarine; November, topaz; December, ruby.

#### KRUGER'S UNLUCKY DIAMOND.

When Kruger went to Europe he took with him a famous diamond, which was said to have brought misfortune and death to all its possessors. It had a strange history.

The diamond originally belonged to Meshhesh, a Basuto chief, from whom it was extorted by T'Chaka, the Zulu King. T'Chaka's brother killed him and stole the stone. The brother came to grief and the gem passed into the possession of a Zulu chief, who soon afterward was assassinated. The natives say that no less than sixteen of the successive possessors of the diamond were either killed or driven out of the country for the sake of the gem.

The diamond was then seen by white men who sought to possess it. A party of whites attacked the natives who had the stone in their possession, and a fierce fight ensued, in which 300 lives, mostly natives, were lost.

Memela, a native chief, took the gem and concealed it in a wound which he had received in the battle. Afterward Memela was caught by the Boers and set to work as a slave. Kruger, hearing his story, released him, and in gratitude Memela gave the stone to his liberator. Some years passed, and then Kruger met his misfortune.

Where the fatal diamond is now is not certain, though it is certain that the ex-President of the Transvaal parted with it. Some say that it is in the coffers of the Vatican, and some that it was sold to the Emperor of Austria, and is now among the crown jewels of Vienna.

The stone is said to be 200 carats in weight, but is not perfect.--*Baltimore Sun*.

#### STRANGE WILLS.

There have not been many will makers more eccentric than Mr. MacCraig, the Scotch banker, whose last testament will shortly come under the consideration of the Edinburgh Court of Session. Mr. MacCraig it may be remembered left instructions in his will that gigantic statues of himself, his brothers and sisters, a round dozen in all, should be placed on the summit of a great tower he had commenced to build on Battery Hill, near Oban--each statue to cost not less than \$5,000.

\* \* \*

A much more whimsical testator was a Mr. Sanborn, of Boston, who left \$5,000 to Prof. Agassi, to

have his skin converted into drum-heads and two of his bones into drumsticks, and the balance of his fortune to his friend, Mr. Simpson, on condition that on every 17th of June he should repair to the foot of Bunker Hill, and, as the sun rose, "beat on the drum the spirit stirring strain of Yankee Doodle."

\* \* \*

A Mr. Stow left a sum of money to an eminent King's counsel, "Wherewith to purchase a picture of a viper stinging his benefactor," as a perpetual warning against the sin of ingratitude.

\* \* \*

It was a rich English brewer who bequeathed \$150,000 to his daughter on condition that on the birth of her first child she should forfeit \$10,000 to a specified hospital, \$20,000 on the birth of the second child, and so on by arithmetical progression until the \$150,000 was exhausted.

\* \* \*

Sydney Dickenson left \$300,000 to his widow, who appears to have given him a bad time during his life, on condition that she should spend two hours a day at his graveside, "in company with her sister, whom I know she hates worse than she does myself."

#### LAUGHAGRAPHS.

It is related of George Clark, the celebrated negro minstrel, that, being examined as a witness, he was severely interrogated by the attorney, who wished to break down his evidence. "You are in the negro minstrel business, I believe?" inquired the lawyer. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "Isn't that rather a low calling?" demanded the lawyer. "I don't know but what it is, sir," replied the minstrel, "but it is so much better than my father's that I am rather proud of it." "What was your father's calling?" "He was a lawyer," replied Clark, in a tone of regret that put the audience in a roar. The lawyer let him alone.

#### THE MAN WHO CAN MAKE US LAUGH.

God bless the man who can make us laugh.  
Who can make us forget for a time,  
In the sparkling mirth of a paragraph,  
Or a bit of ridiculous rime,  
The burden of care that is carried each day,  
The thoughts that awaken a sigh,  
The sorrows that threaten to darken our way,  
God bless the dear man say I.

#### QUEER BLUNDERS.

Illegible copy has caused innumerable amusing and not a few serious blunders in print. A speaker quoted these lines:

O, come, thou goddess fair and free,  
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne.

They were printed as written:

O, come, thou goddess fair and free,  
In heaven she crept and froze her knee.

The reporter was following sound. Here is another illustration:

Those lovely eyes bedimmed,  
Those lovely eyes be dammed.

A Congressman advocated grants of public land to "actual settlers." It got in the paper as "cattle stealers." A reporter tried to write that "the jury disagreed and were discharged," but the compositor set it up "the jury disappeared and were disgraced." The last words in a poorly written sentence, "Alone and isolated, man would become impotent and perish," were set up as

"impatient and peevish."

#### A MYSTERIOUS TELEGRAM.

A certain church society in Vermont resolved on a Christmas festival, and determined to have a scripture motto, handsomely illuminated, in a space back of the pulpit. One of the deacons, who had business in Boston, took with him the proposed motto and the measure of the space to be occupied by it, but unfortunately lost the memorandum. He therefore sent this telegram to his wife in Vermont. "Send motto and space." She promptly complied, but the Boston telegraph girl fell off her chair in a faint when she read off the message, "Unto us a child is born four feet wide and eight feet long." The deacon, however, thought it nothing uncommon.

\* \* \*

Mistress: Did the fisherman who stopped here this morning have frog legs?

Nora: Sure, mum, I dinnaw. He wore pants.--*Cornell Widow.*

\* \* \*

"Goodness," exclaimed the nervous visitor "what vulgar little hoodlums those noisy boy are out there in the street!"

"I can't see them," said the hostess, "I'm rather near-sighted, you know."

"But surely you can hear how they're shouting and carrying on."

"Yes, but I can't tell whether they're my children or the neighbors."--*Philadelphia Press.*

#### FORTUNE.

A divinity of fools, a helper to the wise.

#### DEAD EASY.

Funnicus--It's a queer thing, but all the men employed at the cemetery are historical characters.

Dullwum--How do you make that out?

Fennicus--They're mound builders, aren't they?

#### A BAD SPELL OF WEATHER.

Dear Paw--I am having a luvly time, so do not expeck me home ontill next week. All are well and send luv. The wethur is brite and fare. Yure sun, WILL.

#### FOR AN EVENING GAME.

At a club social the hostess proposed a game of "sobriquets," offering a prize for the one who would identify the largest number of the assumed names.

She gave to each one a slip of paper on which were typewritten the assumed names of numerous persons, mostly writers, and at a signal allowed them twenty minutes in which to write the correct names opposite. A few illustrations are here given, but others may be added:

- 1 Currer Bell - Charlotte Bronte
- 2 Mark Twain - Samuel Clemens
- 3 Uncle Remus - Joel Chandler Harris
- 4 Boz - Charles Dickens
- 5 Bard of Avon - Shakespeare

- 6 Peasant Bard - Robert Burns
- 7 Poet of Nature - Wordsworth
- 8 Immortal Dreamer - Bunyon
- 9 The Traitor - Benedict Arnold
- 10 Little Corporal - Napoleon Bonaparte
- 11 Mr. Dooley - Peter Dunne
- 12 Oliver Optic - William T. Adams
- 13 Gail Hamilton - Mary A. Dodge
- 14 Grand Old Man - Gladstone
- 15 Poor Richard - Benjamin Franklin
- 16 Swedish Nightingale - Jennie Lind
- 17 Brother Jonathan - Jonathan Trumbull
- 18 Father Endeavor - Francis Clark
- 19 Tippecanoe - General Harrison
- 20 George Sand - Mme. Dudevant
- 21 Ian Maclaren - John Watson
- 22 Timothy Titcomb - J. G. Holland
- 23 Ik Marvel - Donald G. Mitchell
- 24 Mrs. Partington - B. P. Shillaber
- 25 The Learned Blacksmith - Elihu Burritt
- 26 Peter Parley - Samuel G. Goodrich
- 27 Autocrat of the Breakfast Table - Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes
- 28 Uncle Sam - United States

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.  
RULERS, PRESIDENTS AND MINISTERS WHO HAVE BEEN SLAIN OR ATTACKED WITHIN  
THE CENTURY.

- Napoleon I, attempted, December 24, 1800.  
 Paul, Czar of Russia, March 24, 1801.  
 Spencer Perceval, Premier of England, May 11, 1812.  
 George IV, attempted, January 28, 1817.  
 Andrew Jackson, President United States, attempted January 30, 1835.  
 Louis Philippe, of France, many attempts, from 1835 to 1846.  
 Frederick William, of Prussia, attempt, May 22, 1850.  
 Francis Joseph, of Austria, February 18, 1853.  
 Ferdinand, Charles III, Duke of Parma, March 27, 1854.  
 Isabella II, of Spain, three attempts, from 1847 to 1856.  
 Napoleon III, three attempts, from 1855 to 1858.  
 Daniel, Prince of Montenegro, August 13, 1860.  
 Abraham Lincoln, President United States, April 14, 1865.  
 Michael, Prince of Servia, June 10, 1868.  
 Prim, Marshal of Spain, December 28, 1870.  
 Richard, Earl of Mayo, Governor-General of India, February 8, 1872.  
 Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey, June 4, 1876.  
 William I, of Prussia, three attempts, from 1861 to 1876.  
 Alexander II, Czar of Russia, six attempts and finally killed by explosion of bomb, March 13, 1881.  
 Mohammed Ali, Pasha, September 7, 1878.  
 Humbert I, King of Italy, attempt, November 17, 1878.  
 Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, attempt, December 12, 1878.  
 Alfonso XII, of Spain, two attempts, 1878-79.  
 Brattiano, Premier of Roumania, attempt, December 14, 1880.  
 James A. Garfield, President United States, July 2, 1881.  
 Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, October 28, 1893.  
 Marie Francois Carnot, President of France, June 24, 1894.  
 Nasr-ed-Din, Shah of Persia, May 1, 1896.  
 Stanislaus Stambouloff, Premier of Bulgaria, July 25, 1895.  
 Canovas del Castillo, Prime Minister of Spain, August 8, 1897.  
 Juan Idarte Borda, President of Uruguay, August 25, 1897.  
 Jose Maria Reyna Barrios, President of Guatemala, February 18, 1898.  
 Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, September 10, 1898.  
 Edward VII, of England, attempt, April 4, 1900.  
 Humbert, King of Italy, July 29, 1900.  
 William McKinley, President United States, September 6, 1901.  
 Alexander, King of Servia, June 11, 1903.  
 Draga, Queen of Servia, June 11, 1903.  
 Governor General Bobrikoff, of Finland, June 16, 1904.

THE FOUR LEAVED SHAMROCK.

"I'll seek the four leaved shamrock  
In all its fairy dells,  
And if I find its charmed leaves,  
Oh how I'll weave my spells.  
I would not waste my magic might  
On diamonds, pearls or gold,  
Such treasures tire the weary heart,  
Their triumphs are but cold.

But I would play the enchanter's part  
In casting bliss around,  
And not a tear or aching heart  
Should in the world be found."

\* \* \* \* \*

"To wealth I would give honor,  
I'd dry the mourner's tears,  
And to the pallid cheeks restore  
The bloom of happier years;  
And friends that had been long estranged,  
And hearts that had grown cold,  
Should meet again like parted streams  
And mingle as of old.

And thus I'd play the enchanter's part  
In casting bliss around,  
And not a tear or aching heart  
Should in the world be found."

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK CUPOLOGY: HOW TO BE ENTERTAINING \*\*\*

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