

got real nice eyes. I peered back through the curtains after they set down. He was holding her hand and just eating her up with his eyes, and she was looking straight ahead, like she was really seeing spirits. I bet she believes, but I can see he's sceptical."

"Well, you send 'em in quick!" says I. "Of course, I was in trance when they come in, using Laughing-Eyes for control. I've got long eyelashes, though I do say it, and they're one of the best points about my mediumship. For, when I open my eyes—this way—just far enough to see shadows of people like them pictures of people cut out of black paper, you can scarcely tell it. As they come in, I chanced one peep. I couldn't make her out plain, but I took to her. And when Laughing-Eyes says, 'Good morning!' and she answered, it was the nicest, softest little voice, with a kind of a cry in it. Her doing platform speaking on woman suffrage! That voice hadn't no business talking any but gossip and baby talk!"

"Well, they set. And I started in on him. Of course, I was pretty sure of his name and business, and I let that out gradual the first thing. I could tell by the rattle of her skirt—always notice when they change position or when they set awful still; it means something—that Professor Beach got it correct out of the card-case. Then I fished with a Frank, and found he had an Uncle Frank. That seemed to convince him, because I heard him catch his breath. Then I got her bare left hand—nearest the heart—to gather her magnetism, and felt particular the ring finger. The professor was right again. There was nothing on it. And I worked right up toward the point. 'There's something funny between you two young people,' I says. 'There's a bond like iron and yet there's a wall. I seem to see you drawn together, and just when you come very close it's as if somebody held a veil between you so you couldn't touch each other. And—it ain't a spirit draws that veil?' says I—Laughing-Eyes, you understand."

"And they both stopped moving, and it was so still you could 'a' cut it with a knife. I was dying to look through my eyelashes. And then, says Laughing-Eyes:

"Ain't there a spirit of an old lady with grey hair and a full figure, a spirit that had something to do with a lot of talking from the platform? It seems to me she belongs to you, lady. And when she comes I get a peculiar influence, like there was crowds of people before her, and all women. Seems like there's women everywhere in her aura. I sense a kind, stern nature, that would do for people and never excess 'em,' and then I stopped."

"And you could hear her silk skirts go when she leaned forward and said:

"Yes—yes!"

"He wasn't moving an inch. I might 'a' been in the room alone with her. And I said, knowing I had it going:

"That spirit is just struggling with me to get control of my mediumship," and here I made Laughing-Eyes chatter Indian, like I always do when I want her to seem mixed up. But Laughing-Eyes held the fort."

"I got a 'C,'" says Laughing-Eyes, "and then an 'A,' and then—ain't the name Caroline?" "It is," says the girl in a whisper. "And it seems like the last name was the same as yours," says I—Laughing-Eyes. "There's an influence from your father's side—" and right there I had to stop and plan for a second. Was her father in the spirit? I done some quick thinking, and I seen he must be. For, if Caroline Seaman Bruce brought her up, her folks must 'a' been passed out, and the family name being the same, Lavinia's father must have been brother to Caroline. No matter how carefully you plant a case, sometimes you never think of the best things until the sifter is right in front of you. So Laughing-Eyes said:

"She's happy in spirit with a middle-aged man, not very tall, who says that he brings a parent's influence to you and a brother's to her." Of course, he wouldn't likely have been a very old man when he died, and his daughter being short, it wasn't likely he was tall."

"Well, they set so still that I had to peep through my eyelashes. She was leaning forward, with her hands clasped, looking at me, and Mr. Winton was leaning back, looking at her steady. I knew almost for certain that I was on the right path. So Laughing-Eyes went right to the point:

"Caroline's sorry about something. Caroline says she made a great mistake

in the flesh and she's been influencing you to change—oh! Caroline wants me to go away. She wants my medicine. And then I done the regular jerks for changing control and put on a platform voice like a woman suffrage leader must have, and I says—I was Caroline Seaman Bruce now—it was risky, but I tried it:

"Dear Lavinia," says I, "many things have been made clear to me since I passed out. When I made you promise that you would never marry, but would devote yourself to the cause of woman, I was using my earth sense, not my spirit sense. The cause of woman will triumph, but there are other leaders more fitted. Have you not felt me trying to influence you? I know that you will best serve the cause as wife and mother," I says. "If you feel called, follow the call, dear one." And then, for fear she'd ask embarrassing questions, I throw a conviction again, and had Laughing-Eyes come right back.

"Mr. Winton was holding both her hands."

"Caroline's gone!" says Laughing-Eyes.

"Then I put my foot on the push-button. That was the regular signal to Emmie Rose, out in the kitchen, that she was to come and break up the sitting. Miss Bruce wanted to hear more, but Emmie felt my head and wrists and said that they were cold, and would they please leave. A minute afterward, when I was pulling myself together—I was just limp—Emmie come running in."

"They're hugging each other in the parlour!" says Emmie. All of a sudden she clapped her hands over her mouth.

"My," she says, "I've got to go in there. I forgot to collect their two dollars!"

"Emily Maude Rose," says I, "if you disturb them young people now, two dollars or no two dollars, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live!"

"I didn't lose nothing by it; and I'll say that Lavinia Bruce got no fool for a husband. It was about a week later that James P. Winton came into the 'Standard Bearer' office alone. He didn't seem to have no business there; just wandered around and talked about things in general. But when he went over and took down 'Prominent Leaders of the Woman Movement,' the professor got an awful turn. Mr. Winton put it back on the shelf after a while, and when he wandered out he said:

"You'd best look into that book before you sell it." Of course, the professor looked as soon as his back was turned. In front of the picture of Mrs. Bruce was a letter addressed to Laughing-Eyes.

"Inside was a cheque for fifty dollars, drawn to the order of Laughing-Eyes, or Rosalie Le Grange, and a slip of paper that said: 'Much obliged!'"

The Most Beautiful Women.

During a recent interview, Rodin, the great sculptor, whom George Bernard Shaw considers the greatest of all living artists in any medium, was asked what country produced the most beautiful women. Rodin said: "All of them. Each country has its own beauty. What is beauty? No exact definition can be given. Those who most resemble the classic type are some of the Italian models from the South, and from Sicily, really the Greek part of Italy. These also have a peculiarity rarely found nowadays with us, that of the second toe being longer than the big toe. One finds it invariably in Greek statues. Another classic feature, the nose continuing the line of the forehead, is rarer. I once saw it in a young American lady, Miss D—, who has produced it artificially by injecting paraffin to fill up the hollow at the bridge of the nose. The effect was very ugly."

Someone having remarked that the Italians and Spaniards lost their beauty early, Rodin said: "Yes; nowadays with us beauty is continued much later. Among the English, beauty seems to be remarkably preserved. Perhaps it is the effect of the climate. When I say English, I mean the beauties one sees in London. Generally, no doubt, they are Irish, in whom beauty is natural."

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