

# DON MIGUEL LEHUMADA

DISCOVERER OF LIQUID  
FROM THE SUN'S RAYS

AN OCCULT ROMANCE OF MEXICO  
AND THE UNITED STATES

BY  
SUE GREENLEAF



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WITH SORROW IN MY HEART  
AND  
MUCH PITY FOR THE WEAK  
WHO PUT STUMBLING BLOCKS IN MY PATH  
AND  
WISHED MY LIFE A PERPETUAL  
SLOUGH OF DESPOND,  
I RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS VOLUME.  
THE AUTHOR.





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# DON MIGUEL LEHUMADA

Discoverer of Liquid from the Sun's Rays.

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## CHAPTER I.

### IN THE SCIENTIST'S STUDY.

THE private study of Señor Guillermo Gonzales, in the State House of Chihuahua, always had an air conducive to study.

His fame as a scientist, as a man of great moral force, as a man who lived his daily life in a highly spiritual manner, was broadcast in the land.

His most casual acquaintances unconsciously grew thoughtful, studious, and better by knowing him.

He was of purely Mexican origin, and his friends delighted in calling him "Señor" Gonzales—as was the custom of the people when Chihuahua was one of the States of "The Republic of Mexico," a nation long since only known as having existed by reading from the pages of history.

The great love and respect constantly shown him by his daily associates proved the exception to the rule that "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and amongst his own kin."

He was not honored as mankind was honored in the



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nineteenth century—for his social, political or financial position—but for his moral, intellectual, and spiritual development.

Julio Murillo, a fellow student who acted in the capacity of office-man, was a small but well-built typical Mexican, nearing the end of his fifth incarnation.

He spent no time regretting his past actions, nor fearing the future.

Every moment he lived the best in him, and studied to make "the best" better on the morrow.

On the morning our story opens he had finished his regular rounds of tidying the reception-chamber, and was at work in a small alcove room adjoining, on the properties extracted from the sun's rays, by means of a glass chemical instrument. At the focus the rays were liquidized, separated, and blended into "Memory Fluid."

Although the analysis under way was exceedingly interesting to him, he was not in the least disturbed, when a noise much resembling the faint tingling of a small silver bell announced that he must leave his pleasant occupation and receive some visitor.

When he reached the reception-room he stood with his hand upon the knob of the door, which he was about to open to admit a visitor, when a beautiful smile overspread his countenance and he murmured: "It is his Honor."

The door opened noiselessly and a man in every way worthy the name of man stood before him.

"Your Honor," he said, extending his hand in greet-



ing, which was eagerly seized by the visitor, "pass, sir, and be seated; Señor Gonzales will receive you in a very short time. There—the clock is striking the half hour; in fifteen minutes he will be at your Honor's service. The morning paper, your Honor? Wonderful discoveries in Science, in Art, in Man."

The visitor thanked Julio Murillo as he took the paper, and seating himself in one of the many comfortable chairs in the room, he said:

"I have read the paper, sir; others than our kind are no doubt astonished at its contents. There will be more convincing statements made within thirty days. In fact, I believe our evidence will be so strong, that everyone will believe the history of the case and the matter will be forever settled soon.

"I am sure *your* investigations, Julio, will strengthen our case materially. Now, sir, I beg of you to continue your absorbing study, and I will remain here in meditation until Señor Gonzales grants me an interview. One cannot give *too* much time to thought, so do me the favor not to detain yourself longer."

Julio Murillo shook hands with the distinguished visitor, and with much the same smile he had on entering the room, he left to resume his scientific investigations.

The large, handsome, princely looking visitor walked the richly covered floor thoroughly wrapped in pleasant and highly scientific meditations.

He was not long kept waiting for his host's welcome.

He stooped to pick up a nosegay which dropped from his coat, and when he raised his head, Guillermo Gon-



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zales stood before him, by the side of his writing-table, with outstretched hands.

The partition separating the two rooms had disappeared as if by magic, and they stood alone in one grand room.

A giant was not at hand, nor neither were the powers of a magician employed to make the partition disappear so quickly. It was constructed on the same plan as sliding-doors, but it moved with more rapidity and much less noise.

The two distinguished men greeted each other with the embrace and handshake characteristic of their ancient Mexican ancestors.

In the privacy of his study Guillermo Gonzales always addressed the friend of his youth,—and his friend during the other lives which they had lived generations ago in the Republic of Mexico, ay, in the same city where they now lived—the capital of Chihuahua—in the most familiar schoolboy fashion.

“Miguey, my boy, this is indeed a most pleasant surprise. You returned when?”

The friend of the scientist was none other than the renowned man of letters and the Governor of Chihuahua, Señor Don Miguel Lehumada.

“Last night, only, my friend. I have much to tell you,—much to tell you.”

The scientist drew a large, comfortable chair on either side of the table on which he had been conducting his most recent experiments, and motioning his friend to the seat, they sat down facing each other.

“I, too, have things of importance to relate. Your Honor, proceed; my whole attention is yours.”



The Governor leaned his handsome head on the back of his chair with a grace befitting the man he was, and said:

"What I have to tell will not startle you, nor did it surprise me when I learned it.

"A volcanic eruption could not have created more of a sensation over the entire United States, or in all Europe, than is now taking place on account of the knowledge they have of our scientific discoveries. However, to come to the point, I positively located, during my recent visit to the North, 'The Plunger from Kansas.' "

Guillermo Gonzales arose from his chair and clasped his friend in his arms.

"Miguey, dear, dear Miguey, victory is ours! Pardon my enthusiasm! While I know we are working the right clue, I am overjoyed that you should have the pleasure of locating 'The Plunger!'"

The scientist did not resume his seat; but instead walked somewhat nervously and in deep thought back and forth before his honored guest.

The Governor continued: "I met him on the streets of Kansas City. It was a mutual recognition. He even stopped, and said in a confused manner:

"'Pardon me, sir, but are you not Governor of Chihuahua? You do not know me?'"

"'Yes,' I replied, without a moment's reflection: 'You are the "Plunger from Kansas."'"

"He turned very white and shook like an aspen leaf.

"'It is retribution,' he exclaimed, 'and it came after death. O God, is there no peace for me in this life or



any future life? Am I to be an outcast and a wanderer as I was in my second physical state, because of the small offence I committed? There is no justice in torturing a man through several existences, because he took a few hundred thousand dollars from his fellow-man, and did some other similar tricks, which were termed business shrewdness in those days. Governor, I will now say good-bye. Retribution seems to be following me; do not aid its progress, I pray you!

"In a moment he was gone. With the assistance of two detectives, we searched for him the greater part of three days and nights. No clue whatever could we find of him.

"Were I not convinced of the truth of our scientific investigations, I would be annoyed by his sudden disappearance; but it is of no use to be disturbed, for we know it is only a question of time until he will revisit the city to which he fled, it being the capital of a State of a foreign nation then, to escape the wrath of his creditors."

The scientist continued his walk back and forth, listening intently to every word his friend spoke, now and then smiling his approval and exclaiming: "True, Miguey; true."

"For those in touch with the past and to whom the Hidden is revealed, there is no mystery connected with the appearance and sudden disappearance of the Plunger," concluded the Governor.

Seating himself facing his visitor, the scientist said:

"Various lengths of time are necessary to teach people of different degrees of spiritual development that



Nature demands her equilibrium restored, no matter at whose seeming expense.

"In your book, 'Liquid from the Sun's Rays,' Restoration of Equilibrium is fully explained. True, my dear Miguey, we must give people *time* to grow. The poor little minds warped for centuries by credal teachings, abandon of morals, cannot be expected to grasp Truth at a glance.

"We must feed them 'Memory Fluid.' All knowledge of the Hidden must come through Self, and our discovery so wonderfully described in your work, now of international repute, is the only known means to that greatly desired end.

"Come, Miguey, tell me of your reception in the northern states. No such a wave of discovery has swept across the world since the time of Galileo, as that produced by our researches made known to the public by your works."

"My reception," began the distinguished author, and leader of his people, "was an ovation from my exit from this city until my return.

"In my lecture at K——, I hinted at the clue we were at work on to right the wrongs committed by 'The Plunger from Kansas.' Enthusiasm ran high, and at the end of my lecture I was carried from the assembly room in a white velvet chair, beautifully decorated with flowers and lace, supported on the shoulders of the mayor and three other prominent citizens.

"They wish to organize a society, under our supervision, to experiment with our 'Memory Fluid.' The masses are, I believe, intolerant with our discoveries, yet



they read my work and the newspapers comments concerning it, no doubt out of curiosity alone."

"It makes no difference," added Guillermo Gonzales, "*why* they read it or by what means their attention is drawn to Truth; the result is the same,—investigations follow at no distant time.

"A desire to learn must be awakened in the mind of every creature before he is in a condition to develop.

"Come, look through this window. See those three men writing at that long table?"

"I certainly do," replied the Governor; "what new clue is this that you are at work upon? Ah, some of those persons I certainly have seen before. Can it be that they took part in the Plunger's drama, one hundred and fifty years ago?"

"It is quite true, your Honor. Julio recognized them on the street a few days after your departure for the States."—(A term Mexicans occasionally use.)

"They are men of some learning, and at Julio's invitation called here to take observation of our investigations. He gave them a few drops of 'Memory Fluid' every time they called, for one week, which was every day. At the end of the week, the tall man at the right of the other two, Mr. Niksab, called Julio aside and told him in the most confidential air that he had undergone a most wonderful experience.

"Scarcely able to control his joy at the information about to be imparted to him, Julio asked him to write his experience and give it to him for future reference. Niksab did so, and on the file in Julio's study hangs the written statement of his first experience after taking 'Memory Fluid.'



"Since that morning the other two have made a similar confession to Julio. Now they come here every morning and write their remembrances of the doings of 'The Plunger from Kansas,' which is put on our file of evidence to be used at the final reckoning.

"Niksab is the man who found a hiding place for the Plunger on the occasion of his flight from justice, to Chihuahua in the year 1898."

"I remember the time well," said the Governor. "I was then, as now, Governor of the State. How anxious we were then for advancement. How proud we were of our city. How eagerly our peons grasped the advantages given them then for education.

"Look at their descendants and some of our *then* most common menials, who are fortunate to be doing their third and fourth existence since that time; how they have developed!

"Who are they now? Our most noted judges, lawyers, teachers, men of science and letters.

"Come, Guillermo, I wish to pay a quiet visit to the den of our coworker, Julio. Join me; otherwise we will be delayed in bringing about the desired results from investigations which will take place here and elsewhere in the morning."

Arm in arm the two great and noble men—working for the same cause, the spiritual elevation of man—left the studio of the Scientist Gonzales, and entered the lesser apartment of their co-worker, Julio Murillo.



## CHAPTER II.

## HIS FIRST INCARNATION.

EARLY the next morning Julio Murillo was unlocking the side door which led into his quiet study adjoining the reception-room of the great scientist, Guillermo Gonzales, when he was surprised to hear some one, evidently a stranger, call him by his given name. He pushed the door he had been unlocking open, and as he stepped inside, faced the person who addressed him.

A tall, fair-haired, rather masculine looking woman stood before him with extended hand.

"Good morning, Señor Julio; good morning. It is with much pleasure I find you so well and so famous. My card, señor."

"Pass, señorita, pass. You do me great honor. Be seated. In what way can I be of service to you?"

He scanned the card closely, as he wheeled a comfortable armchair in front of a large window which he opened, and repeated: "Be seated."

The fair visitor stood in front of the open window some minutes before taking the proffered chair, gazing with great admiration at the rare and costly flowers and foliage, growing in the *patio*.

She seemed to be in no hurry to tell the object of



her visit, if she had an object, neither did she seem to be a stranger to the scene around her.

Julio Murillo stood a little at her back, his eyes riveted upon her card.

"Marriet Motuble! Marriet Motuble," he mentally exclaimed. "The name means nothing to me; it does not even give me food for reflection. But the magnificent señorita fills me with unpleasant memories of the past. Can it be that she was in anyway associated in times gone by with—with——"

His mental comments were suddenly brought to an end by Miss Motuble seating herself, at the same moment drawing a chair close to the one she occupied, and saying: "Sit here by me, friend Julio. I want to study your face while I talk to you. I am impressed that we will not long be alone, and as there are many things I have to say that must be known to no one but yourself, I will delay no longer telling them."

Julio felt the truth of her statements, and bent his head toward her, as he seated himself by her side, that he might not lose a word she spoke.

"You are the son of Señora Suzzan Carriles, of Colima. Your father was a priest, while the husband of your mother was Señor Carlos Carriles, a man of quiet manners, but strong feeling and ardent sentiment when convinced or aroused.

"Your strong resemblance to the priest, your father, was so noticeable when you reached the age of six years, that your mother's guilt needed no accuser, and in a fit of religious enthusiasm she made a confession of her guilt to her husband.



"Señor Carriles' sympathies in your behalf were greatly aroused. He sought the priest, a man of much wealth and prominence in the State, and told him of his knowledge of the great sin he and your mother had committed.

"Under the threat of publicly making known his sins to the clergy and State, he agreed to take you under his guidance and to rear you in a manner befitting his own son.

"This promise he religiously kept for five years. Up to that age you were in ignorance of your birth. The priest became very ill and fearing death near by, made a full confession to you.

"He afterward recovered, and seriously regretted having made you his confidant.

"Instead of treating you as a beloved son, his love had during his short illness turned to hate and he compelled you to act in the capacity of the most common menial. You rebelled at the change affairs had taken, but by so doing you only made your existence the more intolerable.

"A lady tourist came to your city one day, and visited the monastery where you lived, it being one of the many places of interest in the city.

"She overheard a conversation between yourself and the priest, wherein he threatened to murder you if you made known his treatment of you and the relation he bore to you.

"This same lady met you on the street some days later, and took you at once to the palace of the kind and high-minded Governor.



"To him she told what she knew concerning you, and besought the noble leader of the people to allow you to speak, which he did.

"In a very quiet way he had the priest arraigned before the Church and State, with the result of the priest's condemnation and sentence of life.

"He was found dead the next day after he was acquainted with the court's decision. ,

"Half of his large fortune was given to you by the Church and State, acknowledging you, thereby, his legal heir. Is there anything I have left out of this recital which you recall, Julio?"

Julio straightened himself in the chair, the first move he had made since Marriet Motuble began her recitation, and said:

"The gist of the subject you have told perfectly. A few minor things happened which I will later recount. How natural you seem to me now. How astonishingly clear you have related that incident which happened one hundred and fifty years ago, and which caused me to go abroad to study; with the result that I departed from the faith of my father.

"You caused much trouble then, but I have to thank you for getting me out of the dreadful mire of ignorance into which I was born and where the priest held me.

"I will repeat your own words at that time. You said: 'I will make things warm for the person who commits crimes, and takes advantage of the inexperienced, young or aged.' Crimes are various, however. Your success in that life was not without laurels;



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in *this*, I hope your mission is different and on a higher plane. You did much harm. You are now here to aid us in securing proof which will eventually bring the 'Plunger from Kansas' to meet justice—for *spite*. He went out of the other life like a flash—whether by his own hand or by the hand of some wrathful creditor, man never knew.

"The many homes made desolate by his dishonest schemes must eventually be compensated for their losses. *Time* is the great adjuster of all wrongs; and the Plunger's time is not far distant."

"Your statements are true, my friend Julio, in every detail. You have partially only guessed my mission to Chihuahua, however. Yes, I did harm. I am searching for one I loved in that life, who suffered much from the abuse of certain countrymen of her own, then residing in Chihuahua. Aye, from myself."

"In truth," said Julio, "I am certain you will locate her in this city before long."

"The great circle in which Time moves shows our planet nearing its perihelion, and for the next ninety days the great scientist, Guillermo Gonzales, and his able assistant, to whom I am now speaking, will be able to demonstrate to the world the effect of your great discovery, 'The Liquid from the Sun's Rays,' or perhaps better known as 'Memory Fluid,'" said Miss Motuble.

"Aye," assented Julio. "No such means has ever been in the hands of man, by which he can effectually bring the perpetrators of crimes to justice."

"And it matters not," continued Miss Motuble, "of how long standing the crime is."



"Not in the least; not in the least," continued her host. "In fact, we are thinking of trying to run down every person who participated in that ancient and inhuman crime of silencing the musical voice of Lot's wife."

"If that is done," laughed Miss Motuble, "the truth of the story will be proven; but to spend one's time trying to prove such an absurd story is a sin. Besides I admit that the story is of too long standing, for you and me to interest ourselves in it. I am here for the sole purpose of making existence warm for the many I knew in other lives, who failed to get justice meted out to them then. Indirectly only am I connected with the punishment of the 'Plunger from Kansas.' Yet revenge prompts the motive."

Further conversation between them was interrupted by the entrance of first, a little girl with beautiful flowers to sell, followed by Mr. Niksab, and two other men, one an elderly, bald-headed, dissipated looking man, who carried his hand on the side of his cheek. His face was spotted and his mouth stood open.

His surprise was very noticeable when he saw Miss Motuble. His lips quivered and tears began to flow from his eyes, like water from a fountain.

Julio Murillo shook hands with the three men, asked them to be seated, and then turned his attention to the little girl, who stood modestly by the door waiting to tell the object of her call.

"How many posies must I buy from my little flower girl this morning?" said Julio.

"One," replied the child, "if it so pleases your honor,



for it will please thy mother, Señora Suzzan Carriles, for you to do so."

"Bless the dear one," cried Marriet Motuble, "we will buy every posy she has. Come, gentlemen, now is the opportunity to show your gratitude to science through this child, who is the living proof of our friend's investigations. Come, gentlemen, who will bid on this child's posies? One dollar for each flower. One dollar once, one dollar twice——"

"Three dollars for each flower," cried a voice from Guillermo Gonzales' reception-room.

Julio Murillo greeted the bidder as he stepped into the little study, with great joy. He was accompanied by the scientist, Guillermo Gonzales, who was no stranger to the three men, they wasted no time to show their good will and great respect for him.

The flower-girl curtesied to the two distinguished men. She was something more than a simple child to them. She was the living proof of their scientific investigations.

The fair auctioneer continued crying: "Three dollars for each posy once; three dollars for each posy twice; three dollars for each posy——"

"Four dollars I bid!" cried the blear-eyed, spotted faced, bald-headed, dissipated looking man. "Four dollars, I say. *Four* dollars, I say."

The pretty child made a curtesy to the fair auctioneer, and cried: "No, no, señorita, take not the money of so bad a man."

Prostrating herself before the great benefactor of his people, she continued:



"Your Honor, shield me from so bad a man! I would go hungry and sleep *en la calle* sooner than live well, from the *dinero* of so bad a man. *Tengo hambre, tengo hambre!* But let me die for want of food; let me die. I cannot look in the face of so vile a man." The child turned her face, so full of fright and abhorrence, toward the man she loathed, and as she cried in a voice full of agony: "Go, great demon, go!" she fainted away.

The great good man to whom she so piteously appealed, lifted her tenderly in his arms and laid her on the couch in Julio Murillo's little study.

The fair auctioneer followed and devoted her time immediately to restoring the child, aided by Julio Murillo.

The Governor returned to the reception-room and placing himself in front of the repulsive stranger, said:

"Give an account of the strange actions of the little girl toward you. If you have done that fair child, who is modesty and purity itself, an injury, it must be repaired at once, and on your bended knees at that. Explain matters, sir!"

"I do not know the child," began the man.

"That is not the case," quickly responded Guillermo Gonzales and Mr. Niksab in one voice.

"I beg of your Honor, and you, my friends, to believe me. I, J. Ecarg, have never injured a child in my life. I never saw the girl until this moment. I beg of your Honor to have faith in my statements. I know nothing of this child whatever."

"Remember," said Mr. Niksab, as he handed him a



glass of liquid, which he put to his lips and quickly drained. "*Remember*," he again repeated, as he took the empty glass and placed it on the stand. "It is Memory we are cultivating. Memory, John; *Memory*."

"With your Honor's consent we will take this subject into the reflection-room," said the great scientist. "He is one with whom we have been experimenting."

Mr. Niksab and the scientist supported Mr. Ecarg on either side.

"'Memory Fluid' is beginning to do its work, and remorse of conscience makes him limp," said Mr. Niksab.

"This is a great world—a wonderful age of scientific discovery. Pass, gentlemen, into the reflection-room. Pass at once. I am rejoiced to know that we have another clue which may in some way lead to valuable information concerning the one subject which is consuming the greater part of our present investigations," concluded the Governor.

Mr. Ecarg very much resembled a man who, after years of dissipation was now entering upon one of his big monthly or weekly drunks.

As the trio was passing from the Governor's presence, the scientist said:

"Does memory not recall this man, your Honor? I am sure of him. A glorious victory is close at hand."

In a thoughtful mood the Governor followed them to the door, through which they disappeared from view, but he made no response to the scientist's question.



## CHAPTER III.

## THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT DIAZ.

THE two great scientists, Señor Don Miguel Lehuma and Señor Guillermo Gonzales, had been more successful in their treatment with "Liquid from the Sun's Rays"—or "Memory Fluid," as their wonderful discovery had become to be known—than their most sanguine hope for its success could have been in the start.

Their belief in the first place was that they had secured a fluid from the Sun, which would under proper conditions destroy every species of bacteria in man; that while the death of disease was taking place, each of the mental faculties and the spiritual nature of man as well, would begin taking on its normal condition, and when the body became freed from all depleting causes, these faculties would be in a condition to rise to a high degree of development. Further, they believed that the fluid they had discovered would have a particular effect upon the memory; not only in restoring it to its normal condition, but in causing it to bring to mind every incident in one's life.

But strange to say, their wonderful fluid went further in its effect upon memory, than the present life of the person upon whom the experiments were being carried.



It penetrated the sarcophagus of every previous existence and resurrected every thought and experience. It mirrored all the physical, social and spiritual environments, of each life of the person as plainly to him as if they were occurrences of yesterday instead of the remembrances of events in one's other lives; which he had lived perhaps ages and ages ago.

It was not until many experiments had been performed successfully, and the remembrances of each subject faithfully recorded, that they let the public know of their wonderful achievements.

Then it received its first knowledge of the scientific investigations and the results, of the two scholarly men of Chihuahua through the medium of the work—"Liquid from the Sun's Rays" by the distinguished Governor of the State.

The eyes of the entire world were centered upon them at this time, watching intently for their great test case to be concluded. A case which they claimed would furnish the world sufficient proof to convince it, that their great discovery, "Memory Fluid," accomplished all they claimed for it and very much more.

On his return from "the States," the Governor had said, that in twenty-four-hours' time they would have sufficient proof collected to enable them to give the results of their test case to the public. And in truth, they did have; but complications had arisen which would result in them being able to give stronger proof of the effect of "Memory Fluid" upon mind and matter.

But these very complications would require time for arrangement, and the public must wait. The eager,



avaricious public, tale-bearing public, panted with suspense, caused by the delay.

The two great men were in no hurry; they had reached their present plane of advancement by a succession of lives carefully planned during one hundred and fifty years.

Fifty years seems a long time for the single life of one man, and it is. But when a person with a mind so full of desire for knowledge is cut off at the end of fifty years, the time seems short. He is cut off at an age in which he is in a condition to begin to take on higher and better knowledge. It is the desire for a continuance, on a higher plane, in a physical life that causes one to return to earth and take up the new life where the old left off.

The press spoke of the two scientists as marvels of the day. It claimed that history did not record any great discovery to have been made by men so young as the discoverers of "Memory Fluid," hence they were spoken of—not without satire, however—as being inspired—and their discovery—if it contained a grain of truth—as a miracle.

Ten years previous these two great men, living in the the same city, meeting only occasionally and then as strangers, had for many years secretly recognized each other as a compatriot, a fellow-student; a friend in other lives, two other lives long since passed away. Yet for the want of more confidence in self; for the courage to confront his fellowman and avow his knowledge of a superior soul development, and physical advancement, each held aloof.



The occasion for mutual acknowledgment arrived. It was a supreme moment. They fell on each other's necks and wept for pure joy. From that moment they spent hours each day reviewing events of their past; studying to develop the present, to bring about by scientific discoveries, a means which would show to the world that the sins committed in this body must be appeased on earth; if not in the life in which the sins were committed, then in another life. Perhaps the guilty one would pass through several lives unmolested; but the day of reckoning, however, certainly would come, retribution would surely overtake every evil doer.

The result of their investigations was the famous "Memory Fluid," which accomplished for them more than they hoped.

It was with much amusement often, that the two wise men discussed the subject of their youth, at which the public marveled. How well they knew they were *not young* in experience, or years. It was laughable to read the statements of the credulous editors, credulous from a materialistic point of view; but wholly incredulous when it came to questions of spiritualistic discussion.

The age in which they now lived was more in sympathy with materialistic ideas than in any of their previous existences. They were not surprised, for it seemed prophetic that evil, that materialistic views, should reach the pinnacle of fame before a revolution would occur which would demolish their false ideas. And they had hoped that the revolution was near at hand—and they prayed that it might be brought about by their wonderful discovery. Victory was sure to fol-



low. And what a glorious victory it would be! A victory of life over death; of health over disease; of spirit over flesh; of the righting of all wrong; of the assurance of everlasting life.

Events which pointed very plainly to materialistic and spiritualistic controversy were taking place on every hand, yet the masses adhered to materialistic views or to the dogmatic teachings of the churches.

A hundred and thirty-eight years had passed since the American Continent was convulsed by an internal revolution. This revolution took place immediately upon the death of President Diaz, of the Republic of Mexico.

It was a short and terrible conflict. At the earnest solicitation of all State officials; of the entire army; of a large majority of the professional fraternity; of prominent people of wealth and business, the United States interfered in behalf of the law-abiding citizens of the Republic; and quelled the internal revolt.

The mere presence of the army of the United States upon Mexican soil, the fact of the army of so great a nation occupying their soil, not by force, but by the earnest pleadings of many of the best citizens of Mexico, those who wished to see the republican form of government, established by General Diaz, continued, was enough within itself to keep the small parties of revolutionists in each state quelled.

Only a small number of fights occurred, and in each but very few lives were lost.

During the year the American army occupied Mexico, and many of her best war ships were anchored off the Mexican coast for further protection, the Mexican people



convinced themselves thoroughly of their impossibility to maintain a republican form of government when there were so many small factions fighting for the rulership of the nation; and there was not a man in the army or in any other vocation of life, who had the confidence of the educated sufficiently to unite them, or the power to hold the peons and rabble in submission.

Toward the close of the year the state of their unsettled condition was awful to behold. Something must be done, and that quickly; or a fearful struggle, a long war would take place.

It was finally decided to ask, to petition the American government to annex the Mexican Republic to the United States of America, without any delay, provided three-fourths of the States of Mexico and a majority of voters in the Federal District desired it.

The day set on which votes for and against annexation should be cast was the same day of the month on which occurred the birth of General Porfirio Diaz—the greatest leader they had ever known; the maintainer of peace and progress in their land—the fifteenth of September.

The scenes enacted on the day of voting made another black page in the history of the Mexican people.

The combined effort of the Mexican army in favor of annexation and the army of occupation saved the country from a most fearful homicide.

The rabble set to work by the priesthood, who seemed to think the day especially set apart for them to gain prominence by helping to defeat the annexation question, caused the trouble. Their people plundered, mur-



dered, set fire to the homes and business houses of prominent people whom they knew were in favor of annexation.

It certainly required months for the vast army of rabble to be organized and drilled, to be able to accomplish so much evil before their nefarious deeds became known, before they started out upon their grand parade of open revolt. Notwithstanding there was an organization of this kind in the capital of every state in the Republic, a very large majority of the States went for annexation.

A petition for immediate annexation was presented to the Government of the United States by a large and representative body of Mexican citizens, which pleaded for an extra session of Congress to convene, which occurred with results satisfactory to each nation. And Mexico became a part of the United States of America without further delay. More than one hundred years had passed since the memorable event, and Mexico had grown to be possibly the most important part of the United States.

There had been a long reign of peace and prosperity, and the fact that this part of the United States had been, long ago, a hot-bed for internal revolution, was only known to the present generation by reading from the pages of history an account of her brave people struggling for independence—struggling for enlightenment; for the maintenance of a republican form of government.

The two great scientists and their most able coworker were of purely Mexican origin; in no existence previ-



ous to this one had there ever been any mixing of blood.

Governor Lehumada took no especial pride in the fact that there was no Anglo-Saxon or other than his native Latin blood in his veins.

Neither did the other two great scientists—Guillermo Gonzales or Julio Murillo. They had no prejudices; they were too intelligent and learned. They advocated intermarriage of the races. They believed that it was necessary for a high degree of intelligence to be preserved.

However, their own existence—the very high degree of their intellectuality and spiritual development was an exception to the rule they advocated.

There are people who without apparent cause carry prejudices in families for hundreds of years, and while their real feeling may not have any publicity, is only due to the fact that no occasion presented itself for them to declare their opinions.

There are a few of this class of people living in the capital of Chihuahua, who pride themselves on the fact that they have never crossed the Rio Grande; that they do not speak the English language; that they have no associates amongst the Anglo-Saxon American people. These persons are not without influence, often being people of wealth and position; and they now believed their time had come to make known their views concerning the race question.

Many of the large newspapers were full of the absurd ideas of these people. They claimed that the wonderful discoveries of their two townsmen were due to the fact that through their veins coursed no foreign blood.



They claimed they could see through the shadows events which foretold the complete extinction of the Anglo-Saxon race on American soil and the re-establishment of the Mexican Republic. Sensational papers published their articles, and wise people laughed at them over their morning meal.

When questioned about the opinions of their countrymen, the Governor and Señor Guillermo Gonzales impressed their interviewers with the fact that they were perfectly intolerant of such restricted ideas. That it was very embarrassing to them, being of purely Mexican descent, and striving to bring about a means for the improvement of man, to be held up for a target at which the known world would hurl its anathemas.

They now knew no nativity save the United States of America; they knew no Master but God.

They held in esteem only such people who were striving to improve their physical and spiritual state. They held no one in contempt because he was poor, ignorant, dissipated; full of disease and depravity. They knew the time was close at hand when a desire would be born within the soul of each for a knowledge of Truth; that the scales of disease which obscured the light from their soul would decay, and victory would cry out. These very people who secretly hated their foster-mother were the stumbling-blocks to every enterprise, headed by a person of Anglo-Saxon origin, particularly if the advocate be of American parentage and was born in the United States north of the Rio Grande.

They aided and abetted the clergy. They fought strenuously against any modern improvements in the



Catholic Church. Their ancestors were so bold once, that they held a meeting of indignation, when some of their brethren of more modern ideas were determined that the poor of the church, as well as the rich, should have comfortable seats; they contended that it was a relic of slavery and heathenism for people to prostrate themselves on a dirty floor to worship.

The voluptuous, avaricious priests hated to see the innovation. They knew it meant a waning of their power. Yet when questioned by the advanced members of their flock, they could not refuse their consent.

The opposing party were petted and pampered by the priest, who consoled them by saying—and truthfully—that upon them the salvation of the church rested. It was a terrible, terrible day when the long, barren church, save for the candelabras, the paintings of the saints and images of Marie and Jesus, and its wonderful altar of purple and gold, was furnished with comfortable seats for the poor; the very poor, who with their *centavos*, *centavos* (which they obtained mostly by begging and plundering), helped to build the magnificent cathedrals, and entirely supported a vast army of parasitic creatures called priests, in idleness and voluptuousness.

The few in Chihuahua who were so unfortunate as to have for their ancestors a class of people wedded to catholicism as practiced in Mexico in 1899, and adhered to it, needed the sympathy of every enlightened person seeking for spiritual knowledge.

Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir was the most prominent member of the few who resented the present



*régime* of things, simply because his forefathers did a hundred and thirty-eight years ago. He was a man of great wealth. He insisted on the "Don" before his name and invariably signed his mother's name, Falomir, to his own, as was the custom then.

His family ate *tortillas* and *frijoles* three times a day; drank *pulque*, *aqua miel*, *mescal*, and *aguardiente*—the latter two when they wished their troubles drowned; both of which are powerful intoxicants.

The male members of the family wore *sombreros*, short ornamental coats, sashes of many colors; and skin-tight trousers of light colors. The women and girls of the family wore black *rebozos*, and lace *mantillas* over their heads; the *criada* cooked on the *brasero*, and never failed to serve *ensaladas* and *tamales* on holidays and feast days as was the custom from time immemorial up to the date the Republic became a part of the United States. This family was spoken of by their townsmen as oddities and were rather liked for their old-fashioned ideas; they were hospitable to the extreme with their own countrymen, and generous to a fault to the poor of Mexican lineage who adhered to the religion of their fathers. They were unobtrusive in social affairs and political affairs, but interfered in everything commercial where it was possible.

Their interference was always in a quiet way, however, and attracted the attention of no one but those directly interested. They inherited the cunning and silence of their ancestors and acquired more unconsciously; by long contact with races which held them in submission. It required no effort to conceal their



real feeling toward the country of which they were now a part, which took them under its protecting wing at the earnest solicitation of their best people at a time when the growing Republic was bereft of its main support; the great and noble leader, Diaz, who caused every avenue of progress to be opened up for his people. A man who loved the Mexican people, for whom he had fought and labored, next to his God. The American people claimed him as one of their heroes, and even the present generation honor his memory with as much fervor as if he had been one of them, as if the Republic he established and maintained had been a part of the States.

Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir's ancestors belonged to the faction which strove to make the Church stronger; to the faction opposed to Diazism, to progress. He seemed to take an uncanny pride in nourishing the frightful skeleton he had inherited.

Little did he think that the very fact that he made bold to step out and hold an indignation meeting, like his ancestors, against the "powers that be," that the cherished skeleton would be brought forth and aired with a result of disaster to his present life, that is, disaster in a certain way. As much as Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir hated, or pretended to hate, the Americans and their language, he had now in his employ a poor, but highly educated young American woman, Helen Hinckley. She spoke his language and understood it as perfectly as if it were her native tongue.

She had no prejudices against the race from which her employer claimed to have sprung. She rather admired



the quaint, old-fashioned customs to which he and his family adhered.

She was evidently of strictly American origin. She had no relative, no home, and no money but what she earned. She described herself as a lost spirit roving over the world in search of friends and a permanent abiding-place. That was the only answer she gave herself or anyone else, when questioned why she was alone and in Chihuahua or any other place. She had been in Chihuahua only one night, when she read in the great daily, *The Chihuahuan*, the next morning, the advertisement of her present employer, which stated that he wanted an educated American who understood the Spanish as well as his own tongue, who was quiet and unobtrusive, to act as secretary. He preferred a person with no family ties; and one who would consent to live in his family for a year. Whatever salary such a person required for his services would be forthcoming at the end of each month.

When Helen Hinckley walked into the old-fashioned adobe house standing in the center of a large garden, around which was the old-time high adobe wall, and stood in the magnificent *patio* gazing at the rare flowers, beautiful birds and sparkling fountain, she felt as if she were not a stranger to these very scenes. She was startled and yet made very happy, neither of which feelings could she account for.

When shown into the long reception-room she showed her surprise, to see it full of applicants eager to get the position for which she had come to apply.

She was about to retire, for she was sorry for these



earnest breadwinners, whose only happiness seemed to be in material existence. Besides, she felt intuitively that if she applied, all of those present, who needed the position worse than herself, would go away with a heavy heart, still she lingered in the *patio*.

To the left of the room where the many applicants breathlessly waited to know their fate, was the small but well-appointed office of Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir, where, one at a time, he examined the applicants.

When he saw Helen, he stepped to the open door and said: "Oblige me, señorita, by passing into my private office." He immediately dismissed the other applicants with the quiet and polite information that he had secured one whose recommendations were all he required. He further told them that he hoped they would soon secure employment, as no doubt they were all competent, and (with a ring of satire in his voice), being Americanos, were deserving. No great change had come over Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir, yet judging by the great enthusiasm and cordiality with which he greeted Helen Hinckley, on his return to his private office, it seemed to indicate quite differently.

"Pardon me, señorita," he said in greeting, "but I took the liberty to say to the other applicants that I had employed a competent person as my secretary, meaning you. I hope you will do me the honor to serve me in this capacity. In fact, you are the person whom I have had in mind. Your duties will be light; in fact, for some time to come, all the day will be yours. I have only one request to make, and that is, while in my



house, you will have no social intercourse with my wife and children; that you will stay closely in your own room or in some quiet spot in the garden which my family do not frequent. When I want your services I will send the *mozo* for you. A *mozo*, saddle horse, and carriage are at your disposal. You are from this moment to be at no expense. Every comfort of home life we will supply you free, and your salary I will pay now. How much do you require? Will you stay?"

Helen Hinckley replied without any hesitation: "Sir, you are courteous and generous to the extreme. I thank you. I will enter into your employment at once. I want for my services, five hundred dollars a month."

Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir stepped to his desk and handed her the first month's salary in shining gold; directed a dreamy-eyed *criada* to show the señorita to her room, and sent *un mozo de cordel* to the hotel for all of her belongings.



## CHAPTER IV.

## THE PLUNGER FROM KANSAS.

EVENTS of great importance were crowding themselves thick and fast upon the attention of more people in the capital of Chihuahua than the leader of his people, the Governor, and his able coworker, Guillermo Gonzales, and Julio Murillo, his assistant.

Governor Lehumada had long been practicing to make his personal desires subordinate to a very high standard of right. He had fixed his sole purpose of thought upon a desire to bring about a means for the recovery of memory.

He had received many impressions through the gift he had of placing the spiritual world first in his thoughts and his actions.

Evil he believed to be the result of a microbic condition of matter. The happy results obtained by the rise of the "Memory Fluid," were turning the tide of thought into a more spiritual channel, the fact of which was in itself sufficient compensation for the years of labor the great men had had in bringing about their scientific discovery of "Memory Fluid."

The name of Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir had within the last ten days become a household word. At first most every one looked upon his ideas, as por-



trayed by the press, as a big joke; but now the clergy had made bold (for they believed their staunch supporter had a big following,) to attack "Memory Fluid" as an enemy of life, as a messenger of evil. Yet they hailed it as their mascot, for they claimed to believe that, though a great evil within itself, through it would come a revolution which would result in the re-establishment of the Church and the Mexican Republic, which would be controlled by the former.

The very audacity of such statements made the public stop to pant; and a few stopped a little longer to *think*.

Governor Lehumada was reviewing the ideas advanced by Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir, and hoped to be given the light which would enable him to see the outcome. So intent was he with "*his feast with his soul*," as he termed his moments of abstraction, that he did not notice that Mr. Niksab had returned to the reception-room. "Your Honor," spoken in a rather loud voice, caused the Governor to start and look around.

"Pardon me," he said, "I did not hear you, so intent was I reflecting upon all that we have just witnessed."

Mr. Niksab bowed, and continued: "The scientist requests me to say to you that the subject now under treatment is undergoing some wonderful changes, and your Honor will do him a great favor by witnessing the workings of 'Memory Fluid.'"

"With much pleasure. We will enter at once. It is the eternal spirit that is calling out to him. He hears, thank God, he hears."

Guillermo Gonzales waved the Governor and Mr.



Niksab to seats near the table upon which J. Ecarg lay. His body was undergoing great pain; convulsion after convulsion shook his frame. His face was ghastly and his features contorted.

Mr. Niksab's whole nervous system was wrought up to the highest pitch, out of sympathy for his friend. Not able to sit by calmly and witness the fearful convulsions, he arose:

"Great God!" he exclaimed. "It is death!"

"It is death," quietly assented the scientist, Guillermo Gonzales, which statement was approved by a nod from the heads of the Governor and Julio Murillo.

Mr. Niksab knelt by the side of his friend, and cried aloud: "Great God, spare him a while longer, that he may have time to repent."

"Arise, my friend," said the Governor—"This is not the passing away of your friend. It is only the death of diseases which have been holding him down to darkness more than two hundred years."

"Give yourself no uneasiness," added Guillermo Gonzales—"your friend is only reaching the point where he can live."

"Hark!" said Julio Murillo. "Victory is close at hand. Memory will assert itself soon."

The prophecy of the Mexican was soon to be fulfilled. J. Ecarg drew himself up and said without the least hesitation: "I remember the circumstances perfectly. I kept a hostelry of some repute in this city then. That was in the fall of the year 1898. Being the largest city within only a short distance of the Rio Grande, the beautiful and progressive Mexican city had



become known, and not without much regret from the law-abiding Mexicans, as a rendezvous for many Americans who were refugees from justice. As a rule I was not in favor of shielding my countrymen; but my heart went out to a young man who was in such distress, such great mental torture. He called upon me late the very night of his arrival in Chihuahua, and on bended knee begged me to shield him from the fury of the law. He had no remorse of conscience for the wrongs he had committed. His only fear was the *juzado*. He most likely would have committed the same offences upon Mexican soil the day of his arrival, if there had been the slightest opportunity, and if he had not felt sure that he would have to face the four bare walls of a prison for the remainder of his life. There was a man in the city—an American, of good birth and education, a prospector and railroad man—who was my friend in every sense of the word. He spoke the Mexican tongue without a flaw. I appealed to him to find a place of refuge on some *hacienda*, for our distressed countryman. My friend said:

“Your will is mine. But tell me, John, what is the name of this refugee from justice?”

“‘He is known,’ I replied, ‘as “The Plunger from Kansas.”’

A cry rang out through the room, as if some animal of high mettle had been wounded.

Every one jumped to his feet and the look of pain and surprise was quite visible on each face.

From whence had the unearthly cry come? was the unspoken question on the white lips of all save Mr. Niksab. They soon understood.



"He is my friend. John, do you not remember? It was I, Niksab, who took 'The Plunger from Kansas' in a coach, on a dark, rainy night, to a cabin in the mountains on the *hacienda* of Don Alberto Ulloa. I supplied him with the necessities of life, and there he remained for many weeks in fear and trembling. You know me, now, John, don't you?"

John did not reply; he had lapsed into a cataleptic state, and his anxious listeners were doomed to wait for further evidence, which would help to conclude their test case.

Mr. Niksab walked the floor and wrung his hands: "He is dead now, I am sure," he cried; but the great author of "Memory Fluid" put his hand upon his shoulder in a brotherly fashion, and in a quiet, reassuring voice said:

"Again you are mistaken. It is only a further death of the millions of microbes which breed disease in his body."

"Ah, I forget," said Mr. Niksab.

"You are not freed from the awful gnawings of the creatures yourself; but it is not to *forget* that you are here. It is, on the other hand, *to remember*," replied the Governor.

Marriet Motuble had entered the room unobserved by all, and now astonished them by saying: "You're right, Governor; you're right. It is memory we must cultivate while under your roof. It's a good thing for John that he has sunk into his present state of semi-consciousness, or I am afraid I would be compelled to make him acknowledge his great sins by means of



physical force, which is a shorter route to punishment than your 'Memory Fluid.' I think a good thumping would do John good; or a bullet through his head might be better."

These coarse remarks were not joined in by anyone, but she was in nowise abashed. They pitied her for her coarse, vulgar mind. They knew her time was not far distant, however. The scientists busied themselves quietly with their chemical instruments, now and then glancing up (out of courtesy) at some remark she made, to which, however, they made no response.

Mr. Niksab sat in a corner of the same room, his head between his hands in deep thought, lost, it seemed, to everything around him. The fair-haired, aggressive señorita walked, or rather stalked back and forth in the room, her thumbs in a pocket on either side of her short coat.

"I remember, too, that blear-eyed reprobate, the *subject* yonder—that was the name by which the medical students called such people in years gone by. They called them that in the year of 1898-'99, did they not, friend Niksab?"

Mr. Niksab started from his reverie, looked at the señorita with a strange look in his eyes, and said: "I believe so," and at once lapsed into another silence.

"You are correct," said the Governor. "You have been, I believe, a Subject here also. I am not mistaken, am I? For our 'Memory Fluid' we can claim another victory, then."

Marriet Motuble stood in her favorite position, a smile of amusement on her face, listening to the Governor.



She openly respected and secretly admired him. All the impulses of her loving heart, which were many, went out to the great man. Hers was a terrible love, and woe to the man who aroused her love and failed to reciprocate it. She did not take her eyes from his handsome face,—her eyes which spoke volumes of love, and shone with the light of a furious passion.

In this frame of mind she approached him closely, and said: "Your Honor is mistaken. I have never been a 'subject' in your illustrious institution."

"But," interrupted the Governor, "you remember."

"Yes, 'tis true; and more, perhaps, than many would care to hear," she replied.

"Can you explain how this great memory came to be a part of you? Aye, it is possible you do remember many things which evil-doers in the great life of the past, did those who are here again for a purpose by Divine arrangement who would prefer not to have their past brought to light. But the just management of all things eternal cannot be changed. Physical man must be the adjuster of all evil, through the awakening of his soul. It matters not how strongly they fight against it, it is the inevitable. And it is a struggle often."

"You are dead right there, Governor," replied Mariet Motuble, "Our friend John over there is undergoing a great struggle now," and she laughed a fiendish laugh, as she continued promenading back and forth in the room. "Poor devil; if he were in his right mind now, he no doubt, would prefer to die and go straight to that place the orthodox ministers said existed, many years ago, to terrify their flocks into submission—



possibly, if he thought he would be allowed to stay there forever, rather than be a 'Subject' and undergo what is now taking place."

In an earnest and serious tone Guillermo Gonzales said: "Your argument, dear señorita, is false. A seeking for the Eternal—after the things not comprehended by the senses—cannot be brought about by compulsion; no physical force can make the change. It is the desire for a knowledge of the Eternal; for a communion with spirits, which causes the change; the death of disease; the return of memory, the final life."

Marriet Motuble, on hearing this, was again convulsed with laughter; but finally controlling herself, said: "That is all very fine, and sounds well, and might apply very well to most every one, but to *John*—ha! ha!—to *John*—never! The only way to cure him, to be sure of him, is to put him into a yawning abyss of that Ebony Fluid you extract from the 'Sun's Rays,' and which, I believe, you claim, if it can be produced in sufficient quantities, would be able to destroy not only all things physical, but those very things which are thought now by everybody, except possibly your honored selves, to be Eternal."

The three wise men dropped the instruments they were casually examining, on the hard, polished floor, where they were broken into a thousand pieces. Her statement confounded them. With questioning looks they gazed into each other's faces, and then at the implacable señorita. They knew that besides themselves no one on earth had been told of the "Ebony Fluid." In fact, they had discussed the probable use to which



it could be put in hushed tones, in the sanctity of their most private study.

Julio Murillo was the first to gain control of himself, and addressing the señorita, said: "If we were living in the year of 1898—at that time when Hermannism was in vogue, when the ignorant, the credulous often employed these delvers in mechanical spirits, and paid them large sums to look into the future and disclose their fate—I say, if we were back in that infant age of spiritualistic progress—I would at once avow that you had been to see one of those prophets."

Marriet Motuble replied: "You forget, friend Julio, that I, as well as yourself, existed years ago. Then you were not so distinguished as now. We lived in the very year about which you have just spoken. Women were then said to be mysterious beings, as well as the beings who could fathom all secrets. The Great One to whom you pay silent tribute, has seen fit through all these years to perpetuate the gentler (?) sex, and with much the same disposition she then had. But really, gentlemen, it is unbecoming in me to be telling three renowned scientists, discoverers of 'Memory Fluid,' about what existed at a previous age, or how I came into possession of a knowledge of your 'Ebony Fluid.' Besides, I am lingering longer than my time admits. Pour some more 'Memory Fluid' down John, so he will call to mind his own offspring lying in a semi-conscious state in the adjoining room."

"What is the meaning of your words, Miss Motuble? Let me entreat you to linger a few moments longer and explain. You can aid us materially in making this affair clear."



Miss Motuble's eyes shone with love, and with outstretched hands she started toward the object of her affection, and in a low voice, yet plainly audible to all present, said: "Dearie!"

Her whole nature changed outwardly in an instant. She whirled her large frame around as easily as if it worked on pivots, and walking to the door, said: "There are other days, gentlemen, other days. Patience is a necessary requisite to success. You will pardon me if I leave now. Julio, thy mother's seducer, thy father, is heading the present movement against the State."

"Impossible!" they exclaimed in one breath. "Retribution overtook him in his first existence. Impossible!"

Again she gave way to a fit of laughter, and said: "Impossible, hey? nothing is impossible. Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir has evidently not been recognized by you. Ha! ha! Well, this is an age of discovery!" Stepping up to Mr. Niksab (who still sat on a low chair, his face buried in his hands, seemingly unconscious to everything taking place around him), she slapped him soundly on the shoulder, a custom with men of bad breeding, in the nineteenth century, who were very friendly with each other and demonstrated their friendliness by this coarse greeting. He sprang to his feet and looked in a bewildered way all around him. "Ha! ha! ha! ha! Friend Niksab, you can have your hand in the righting of a few other wrongs, if you say so."

"I am aiding the great scientists," he interrupted, "by helping to find living proofs of the wrongs committed by the 'Plunger from Kansas.'"



"The poor Plunger is getting it on every side; getting thumped by this scientific hail," she replied.

"In what way, Miss Motuble," quietly asked the Governor, "can Mr. Niksab be of further assistance to our scientific investigations?"

She made him no immediate reply, but laughingly said in a familiar tone: "Nicky, the fellow who murdered your brother, rifled your safe, stole all those *cántaras* of *pulque*, and *mescal*, and skins of *tequila*, when you 'kept bar' at the Palacio, is here now, less a notch or so as things go in social affairs at present. You remember him, don't you, Nicky?"

"There seems to be coming over me a dim remembrance of the person you speak of and the circumstance you relate; but I am not clear."

"Governor, give him more 'Memory Fluid,' and he will nail the villain in twenty-four hours."

"What position does he now occupy?" asked Guillermo Gonzales. "I am anxious to know, as you say he is a notch higher in the social scale than in his other life."

"He is president of the Maguey Paper Factory, and is as dishonest now, in a polite way, as he was in that memorable year, in an uproarious fashion. He is not contented with the immense profit he derives from the sale of the superior paper he manufactures, but he takes the dry maguey leaves, boils them for days—until they are in a pulp—strains it; ferments the liquid and sells it for a kind of rum, which he claims will cure insanity, and I, for one, believe him. I have personally known a dozen or more credulous people—those who are



always taking something to aid digestion or strengthen the mind—I say, I believe in this drink—because they lived only a few days after taking it ‘according to directions.’ The poor demented creatures are now ‘cured’ for one existence at least. It is called ‘Perpetuity Miel.’ ”

“Ah, let me think,” said the Governor; “let me think. I—have received some samples of this rum, with a request to partake of it sparingly, and recommend it to the public.” (He opened a small glass cabinet and took out a large bottle). “Yes, here it is: ‘Perpetuity Miel.’ A strange name, composed of a Latin and Anglo-Saxon word, meaning a sweet, endless duration.”

“Do you, Miguey, recall the name of the president of the ‘Maguey Paper Company’?”

“I do not; I do not. Strange, I do not know, he being so prominent a man in the various commercial fields,” replied the Governor.

Julio Murillo said: “His name in a previous existence was Henry Lexort.”

Mr. Niksab cried, as he clutched his fists and fought at some unseen foes in the air, “The same, the same; he was killed at the Jockey Club for cheating in roulette. He had returned to the city, in disguise, after successfully evading the *rurales*—for many months. The great desire again to see the scene of his crime led him back to Chihuahua, with the result I have just mentioned.”

“That is a strange truth,” said the Governor, “that criminals more often than otherwise return to the scene



of their crimes. More than one has walked to his doom by such rash actions."

"That is why I have such perfect confidence that the 'Plunger from Kansas,' although living his third life since the date of his life in which he committed his famous cattle robbery, will return to the scene of his operations and to the city to which he fled to escape the clutches of the law. But to return to the president of the Maguey Paper Factory. It is quite unusual that the name of so prominent a man in our midst is unknown to five people of intelligence and education."

"I will ascertain at once," said Julio. "I will speak over the fluid and have his secretary to give me his full name and address. We may need it for future reference."

"Do not give yourself so much useless work, friend Julio. I know the man's genealogy as well as his present name. I make it my business to find out the pedigree of all such animals, such scorpions, and to air their old skeletons, in the hope of helping them to take on a new life; to hide their dry, marrowless bones with new flesh and blood."

The "Subject" on the table moved; then sat upright; rubbed his eyes; looked beseechingly towards the door and cried out: "Marriet, Marriet, have you forgotten that I loved you in that time long ago?"

The four other occupants of the room turned to face the woman he was thus beseeching, and behold, she was gone.



## CHAPTER V.

## LIQUID FROM THE SUN'S RAYS.

EARLY the next morning the beautiful and progressive capital of Chihuahua was in a state of more than usual bustle.

Some time previous to this day a large body of her representative citizens, amongst whom were more than a thousand progressive women, had called upon the Governor *en masse*, and secured his consent to lecture upon, "Liquid from the Sun's Rays."

Chihuahua is a magnificently built city of over more than one-half a million inhabitants. It is a large mining center, railroad center, and educational center. Recently its fame had spread abroad. The eyes of the entire civilized world are riveted upon it. It is the home and abiding-place of the greatest scientists the world had ever known.

Scientific men and women from all over the world came every day to see the city; the country which produced such marvels of scientific wonder and spiritualistic progress. The object in gathering such a large body together to call upon and entreat the Governor to deliver an address upon his and his coworkers' great scientific discovery, was their knowledge of his great timidity; of how he personally disliked to appear before the public



and recount the wonders accomplished by their "Memory Fluid."

Through his book, "Liquid from the Sun's Rays," they had gained their first and only knowledge of their brilliant townsmen's discovery. Committees of from ten to one hundred had at various times since reading the Governor's wonderful book, besought him to deliver a public address upon the subject, for their benefit. Invariably he put them off in a polite way, saying: "At some future time." Hoping, of course, that they would weary at his many refusals, and cease to ask for a personal explanation; that they would be satisfied with reading his work.

Such was not the case. Persistence on the part of his fellowcitizens won.

Now the early morning was alive with the persons constituting the various committees who were appointed to make the large theatre an Eden of loveliness; a place befitting the great man who was to address them that night, and the distinguished guests. The President of the United States, accompanied by his entire family; ministers from foreign countries who felt themselves especially favored by their own country in being granted a leave of absence from their post of duty, and to the committee of Chihuahuans for the invitation, arrived that morning on a special train, which was a veritable drawing-room on wheels. This party was at once quartered at the "Mexican Annex," a magnificent hostelry, containing more than one thousand rooms. "It occupies two blocks of ground; it faces East on the Alameda; it is five stories high, and built from the ground



to the roof, of a greyish-white marble," said a prominent member of the reception committee. "The magnificent pillars in the rotunda and those on the outside, which support the five stories of open-air promenades around the hotel, are solid onyx, carved in the most wonderful designs. This famous hostelry is the private property of the Governor, and is known throughout the States. It is lighted and heated by a means known only to himself and his two scientific coworkers. In each room there are several small instruments, curiously designed, back of pictures which represent, respectively, the face of the sun, glaciers, and small furnaces. They are of much interest to every person who visits the magnificent hostelry, yet no one can conceive for what purpose the curious little pictures are fastened so securely in the walls and ceiling. By certain mechanical action, a liquid extracted from the rays of the sun unites with other liquids obtained from the same source, which is concealed behind each picture, respectively. Then, if light is desired, a miniature lever is moved which causes the liquid concealed back of the picture of the face of the sun to unite with another fluid with the result that a soft, mellow light spreads over the house, which gradually increases in power until a light of the brightness required is obtained. On the same principle, if heat is required, another lever is moved which unites a fluid with another situated back of the small furnace, and gradually the air rises, balmy and fragrant like the air on a summer day in a garden of fragrant flowers after a light shower. The small pictures of glaciers represent the source from which cold is generated," con-



cluded the gallant Chihuahuan. More detailed information as to the lighting, heating and cooling of the hostelry, were unknown to the reception committee who were showing the distinguished visitors the many places of interest in their famous city.

While they expressed their great delight with the entire city, they unanimously voted the "Mexican Annex" to be the most magnificent and beautiful hotel building they had ever seen at home or abroad, and the most magnificent building they had yet beheld in Chihuahua.

It was well that the last clause was added, for the committee held in reserve a greater surprise for them. Those who had never heard of their auditorium, their great State theatre called "The Goddess," could scarcely have imagined in their advanced day even, such a place to have existed; a place of such great dimensions; of such grandeur; of such beauty.

Chihuahua is honored by being the home of thousands of beautiful women, who are likewise known for their virtue and great intellects. These women indulge in the amusements,—the popular amusements of the day,—but never dissipate.

Many of them help to support large institutions of learning by practicing various professions for that purpose, and they do not think they are doing *charity* either. They contend that they owe their efforts to the further enlightenment of the age, that *their own soul* may grow stronger. There are, on the other hand, thousands of women in the city, beautiful women who have many of the lighter accomplishments, who indulge in the most hilarious forms of dissipation. Many of them likewise



move in the most distinguished, intellectual circles. Yet these very circles are kept down; their progress retarded from the very fact of the presence of these women; women who have never felt the Divine power.

The entertainments given by these women teem with brilliant repartee and sparkling wit. Wit made sparkling, by the use of high-class wines.

The advent of so many distinguished people to the capital of their state was a welcome opportunity for them. All the morning they had paraded themselves back and forth through the route taken by the reception committee to best show off the city to their guests.

Most of them were becomingly attired in fashionable gowns for morning outdoor wear. They sped along noiselessly over the smooth streets in their chariot-like carriages, that swayed back and forth in a most delicious fashion.

Their vehicles were put into motion by means of the simple effort of pressing the thumb against a small button set in the center of the dash-board; and they were turned in any direction by means of a small lever, which required the slightest effort imaginable to handle.

These women succeeded in attracting the attention of the President and his party,—just what they were out for, and were often close enough to hear the bursts of admiration which unconsciously fell from the lips of some of the gentlemen of the party who were very susceptible to the charms of feminine beauty.

They returned to their homes in ecstasy, to refresh their beauty by an afternoon siesta and bath; ready to array themselves in their most gorgeous attire, in the



hope of meeting the distinguished visitors at the banquet to be held immediately after the close of the Governor's lecture; to make further conquests, to gather fresh laurels.

No one in the city was as little concerned over the event about to transpire as the Governor. Getting his own consent to appear before his people in the guise of a scientist, of a wonderful discoverer, was the struggle. It being over he looked upon the prospective lecture seemingly with no more concern than if he were about to make a Fourth of July speech. Yet such was not quite the case. He was greatly concerned about the result of his evening speech. Events had come in quick succession, since his arrival home; important ones, that dwelt directly upon the great chain of evidence he and his coworkers were intent upon bringing to a close, and he was now on the alert. He knew not at what moment to expect the climax. Strict orders were given the attendants at his home, that he was not to be molested at any hour during the day. That the day must be his own for thought.

The day before, he had caused the child Catalina Martinet, the child who swooned in the study of the scientist, to be removed to his own home, where she was placed in charge of his housekeeper. He kept up the most magnificent private home in the city. Many were the mothers who sighed as they drove by, for some power to entrap him for their daughters. They thought it a sin for so beautiful a home to remain without a mistress. The Governor was not disturbed by any of the sighs or enticing looks. He pursued his scientific in-



vestigations and at the same time he felt that through them there would come to him a love that would make his life, his soul, his spirit, a paradise on earth.

Catalina Martinet seemed to have no remembrance of the strange occurrence of yesterday. When she awoke from the peaceful sleep into which Guillermo Gonzales and Julio Murillo had succeeded in getting her, she was bright and gay. Instead of the careworn child of yesterday out seeking her living, she looked and acted like the happy child of wealthy and indulgent parents. She clung to the Governor, embraced him fondly, and called him "Papa." All day long he had been communing with self and silently watching the child, whose every movement was a source of great wonder and delight to him.

Dressed in a becoming gown of very fine texture, she alone accompanied the great man to the theatre.

The large auditorium of the theatre was full, every seat occupied, and most all available standing room was filled with the small, but strong spring seats that came up from the floor by a touch, when required to help seat the great crowds that thronged to the auditorium whenever the Governor was billed to address his people.

Applause after applause went up from the large audience when the person for whom they waited in breathless silence appeared upon the stage.

Exclamations of surprise and admiration were heard on every side when the people saw the pretty child. She sat facing them with the complacency of a queen, throughout the entire lecture.

In the large private boxes sat the President of the



## 62      Liquid from the Sun's Rays.

United States and the representatives from foreign countries which came with him.

It was an event of great annoyance to the Governor to find, in one of the most conspicuous seats of the private box where the President and family sat, Marriet Motuble.

On his way to the theatre he had called for a few moments at the Mexican Annex, to pay his respects to the Chief Executive and the distinguished representatives of foreign countries present.

Now he only bowed to them, and wondered how the aggressive señorita made the acquaintance with the party; by whose invitation she had a seat in the box.

He felt his mind wandering and it was with much effort he was able to concentrate his thoughts upon the subject of his lecture. His discourse led up in a modest way to "Memory Fluid," by mentioning the many discoveries they had made before they began to experiment to find a fluid, directly from the source of light which would perpetuate Memory through all time. That while working with the instrument which condensed the moisture from the sun's rays to a liquid, they discovered it had a very strange effect upon whichever one of the three workers who always conducted the experiments, when the fluid had reached a certain stage. A generous sample of the fluid at that peculiar stage was put away for future experiments. In the meantime they perfected their "Heat and Light" fluid and put it into practical use.

At this point in the history of their discoveries, Guillermo Gonzales stepped upon the stage. He was



received with a storm of applause. He returned the greeting with a smile and low bow. The Governor continued: "My able coworker will show you one of the uses to which we have put this fluid in our own city."

Then while Guillermo Gonzales turned the light off and on, and made the room very hot, then cool, the Governor pointed to the large picture of the face of the sun in the center of the ceiling and told them that it was the source of the artificial light which they saw in the room, and the heat they felt.

"Back of the face," he explained, "is a small glass bulb which holds two ounces of liquid, which, to make very clear to you, I will call the Principal liquid. This fluid is used in the production of heat, light and cold. Extending from the bulb are ten thousand small glass tubes, through some of which this liquid flows to the center of each miniature picture of the face of the sun on the ceiling and wall, through others to the center of the miniature furnaces placed in the four walls of the room two feet from the floor, and still through others to the small glaciers which so beautifully adorn the walls twenty-four inches from the ceiling. In the center of each small representation of the face of the sun is a hollow glass button filled with another form of liquid obtained from the sun's rays, which we call 'Light Fluid.' When light is required in a certain part or in the entire part in any room or hall in this building, a small lever is moved by pressing a button, conveniently situated for that purpose, which brings in contact the principal liquid and the 'Light' liquid, with the result you now see; the soft, mellow light spreading over the



room, increasing in intensity until the amount of light required is had.

"Heat is likewise produced by causing the principal fluid to unite with a liquid confined in the miniature furnace, which we term 'Heat Fluid.'"

Guillermo Gonzales touched a button, and the room gradually became very warm; so warm, in fact, that the audience was uncomfortable; murmurs of complaints were heard on every side. All the dainty fans carried by the ladies for effect only, were immediately put into use.

The Governor fanned himself vigorously and wiped perspiration from his brow.

"The efficiency of 'Heat Fluid' is well demonstrated, my friend," said the Governor, addressing the scientist. "Make us cool; this heat is overpowering."

The intense heat gradually gave way to the cool breeze, which the Governor explained, "was caused by the uniting of the principal fluid with the fluid called 'Cold Fluid,' concealed within the small glaciers."

Every one in the room turned his face toward the ceiling to see the representation of glaciers, and was greatly surprised to feel the cold air falling on his face as the heat ascended.

Cheer after cheer went up from the much pleased assembly. Their delight knew no bounds. It was the first knowledge they had of the means by which this magnificent auditorium was lighted, heated and made cool.

"The strange influence the liquid had at the certain stage before mentioned," continued the Governor, "upon



us working to bring about desired results with it in other conditions, gave rise to serious study of self while under its influence, and further experiments in making the same fluid stronger. On inhaling some of the stronger fluid we lapsed into a cataleptic state, and on our return to consciousness each astonished the other by relating wonderful and strange experiences. And strange to say, each of us had received the same remembrances of strange experiences which happened right in this city one hundred and fifty years ago. When we knew from our own personal knowledge that the liquid was perfectly harmless and capable of bringing about such wonderful results, we were determined to experiment upon others, and, if possible, find out if others had lived at the same time. And if the fluid caused those upon whom it was tested to recall one certain incident which we remembered to have occurred in the year 1898, in this city. This new fluid or liquid we call 'Memory Fluid,' and upon others it likewise worked marvels. They too recalled at once the same incident which we had recorded in our register. And now our great test case is about to be closed. The 'Plunger from Kansas' has positively been located. All the evidence of many persons now living who knew him in this town one hundred and fifty years ago, is about collected. He remembers himself. Retribution is overtaking him. See! this is his picture. Through a similar process to the one used in making this auditorium light, another has been used in producing from memory's picture-gallery of the past, the picture you see of 'The Plunger from Kansas,' now before you."



For an instant a hushed silence fell upon the large audience. Then as if by unanimous vote they at once cried out in the most tumultuous cheers.

The cries of: "Down with him, I remember him; he robbed my father in another life." "Punish him." "Catch him." "Hang him." "Put him in prison." "Make him repent." "See that his just due is meted out to him." "Yes, for he escaped in the other life," rang out.

One of the orthodox ministers—Rev. J. T. Note—there are still a few who hang on to their creeds with the same tenacity that Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir and his few followers do to the ancient customs and religion of their long-lost and beloved Republic of Mexico; arose and cried: "The wrath of God be upon such unholy teachings. Oh, God, spare our great nation, about to be plunged into an abyss of darkness and despair."

When Father Hernandez, the best known priest in the city, cried: "Jesus and Mary protect us from evil," Marriet Motuble arose from her conspicuous position in the box she occupied with the President, and cried: "Carry that scorpion, the Rev. J. T. Note, out. I know him of old. He tried to convert the 'Plunger' to his faith, to get some of his ill-gotten gains, no doubt. He was a missionary then, practicing his arts of conversion in Chihuahua. It is upon him the wrath of the gods should fall. And that priest, Father Hernandez," she continued, as her body swayed back and forth, convulsed with laughter. "That priest, that priest, he was a voluptuous lout. Oh, the hangers-on he had. Clangity



clang, clang, clang, every fifteen minutes went the bells in the towers of his ancient church, to call the peons to prayer—to get their *centavos*. Oh, you viper, you scorpion, get out of here!”

“Hush!”—came out the clear, distinct voice of the Governor.

Marriet Motuble sank quietly into her seat, at the sound of his voice.

Julio Murillo stepped on the stage, and in a quiet, reassuring voice said: “Eternal Truth, the Sublime Law of Right, will be asserted. The voice of my mother, Señora Suzzan Carriles, of Colima, cries out for a resurrection. Through her desire for a new life, for a knowledge of truth, yonder priest, whom I pity from the bottom of my soul, will see the folly of his ways, and will desire also to live the life of spiritual purity.”

A pitiful cry, “Oh, Joseph, oh, Mary, spare me, spare me!” rang out, as the priest fell forward.

He was carried out amidst the cries: “Impostor,” “Give him ‘Memory Fluid,’ ” on one side, and “Our kind priest is persecuted,” on another. “Spare him, ye blessed Virgin Mary!”

“Jesus y Maria, Jesus y Maria!” cried Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir. “This is the beginning of the war about to be waged. The sanctified Catholic Church will win. These blasphemous scientific impostors will meet their just reward. I knew it would come through the means of the fake ‘Memory Fluid.’ It is necessary for a vast amount of evil to be thrust upon man at one moment before he is brought to his senses; before a much needed revolution takes place.”



The keynote to his thoughts was struck when he said the word "revolution," as it acted like wild-fire upon the wrought-up assembly.

Progressive women and men arose, and their cries of: "Down with the revolutionists! Down with the progeny who opposed the noble Diaz!"

"Drag the scorpion out and cut his wind off," cried Marriet Motuble.

The President of the United States arose, and with hands outstretched toward the Governor, sent forth a silent appeal. This was the first exhibition of fear noticed during the entire commotion.

The Governor understood the mute appeal of the head of the nation, arose, and with a proud toss of his handsome head, spoke in a clear, high voice: "Captain, let the soldiers enter, and take the disturbers of peace away!"

No one up to this time had noticed that the doorways and vestibules leading into the auditorium were thronged with the city police force and the state militia. The wise Governor had, through the assistance of his able coworkers, Guillermo Gonzales and Julio Murillo, arranged thus for the protection of those present at the first outbreak of the evening.

The Captain whom he addressed had been in the audience, within close distance of the Governor, for some time, and only waited for the sign from him to quell the disturbers.

At the same moment the auditorium was filled with officers of law, the boxes occupied by the President and family and other visitors were completely surrounded with soldiers armed to the teeth.



Friends of the priest, Father Hernandez, had carried him out the moment he fell in a faint; others, in sympathy with Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir, ushered him out quickly, so the police restored quiet by their presence.

Some nervous sensationalist was so bold as to cry out: "God save the President! This occasion is for the purpose of getting him here to murder him. It is the old story repeated. Abraham Lincoln was shot by a traitor while in a theatre two hundred and fifty years ago. We must protect our President with our lives."

The person who gave vent to this cry was at once put under arrest, and taken by force out of the theatre.

Quiet was once more restored and by a few words from the Governor, the people were assured of protection and that the banquet would take place.



## CHAPTER VI.

## MRS. GRANGE AND THE PRESIDENT.

It was the powerful influence of the minds of the Governor and his able coworkers upon the people which produced quiet.

Even the aggressive Señorita Marriet Motuble leaned back in her chair with a dreamy faraway look on her face.

The Governor had spoken longer than he intended, and on looking at the timepiece, which occupied a conspicuous place in the room, he was greatly surprised to find the hour of midnight.

The President of the United States dismissed the assembly with a few complimentary and brilliant remarks, but strictly avoided making any allusion to the affair just ended, or rather, I would better say, which had just been quieted; for the scene had not ended, it was only the beginning of a fearful struggle, which would not end in a day, a week, a month, a year.

The committee having the arrangements for the banquet in hand, passed into the hall, some leading the way escorting the guests who came in first with invitations, others with those who came in last.

Everybody felt greatly impressed with some impending trouble, yet each endeavored to hide his anxiety behind a smile.



The subjects upon whom the scientists had been experimenting and from whom such great results had been obtained, were special objects of interest at the banquet. J. Ecarg looked greatly embarrassed; most of the evening, however, at times he seemed to lapse into a semi-conscious state. He only appeared to be at ease and contented when talking to Marriet Motuble.

Several times during the evening he was heard to laugh out merrily at some jest made by her.

Mr. Niksab was often the center of a large crowd, whom he entertained with stories of the effect of "Memory Fluid" upon himself and others.

Occasionally he stole a glance from his eager listeners in the direction of Marriet Motuble and his friend John Ecarg. He felt a deep interest in him, and in a measure responsible for the result of his present condition, of his awakening.

There were so many people present that it was impossible for each to meet the other during the evening. All the most prominent citizens were presented to the President and other invited guests from abroad. The Governor tried to have a few pleasant words with all visitors and newcomers to the city.

Toasts were proposed in which response was made in the most brilliant and appropriate manner.

The toast, "Our Beautiful Women," was proposed by a gallant visitor, and the Governor was called upon to reply.

With his usual gallantry he responded. Crowds of beautiful women, many of whom belonged to the fast set before mentioned, drew near.



One in particular made herself conspicuous by getting very near the President and clapping her hands at everything the Governor said—words complimentary to women.

She was the wife of a Scotchman who, having failed as an opera singer, was obliged to try his hand in other lines,—railroading and commercial fields. Having secured, at a small salary, a place in a railroad office, with the high title of "Assistant Freight Agent," he was forced to depend upon his form, his pretty face and his voice, (which by way of apology, he always explained, he hoped to recover), as well as his wife's winning ways, and her ability to "*act*" in amateur dramatic performances, for their social position.

Mrs. Grange made the most of her winning ways. She flirted, and smiled, and danced and drank wine with every man of position and wealth, who paid her the slightest attention, and hinted only at such favors.

In the little game she played she very often came out winner; that is, winner in a way. She received for herself and husband an invitation for the next swell function, and often the present of a new gown for the occasion from her latest conquest, who also assured her that he would use his personal influence with the president of the railroad where her husband was employed, to have him retained in his position. Quite frequently these admirers of hers hinted that through their influence there was likely to be a raise in his salary. The raise, however, never came, yet the promise of it did them good; it was something to which they could look forward.



It was probably the hope of securing such a promise, by the aid of some of the famous men present, that Mrs. Grange disported herself so bewitchingly before them.

To herself her charms as reflected from her mirror, seemed irresistible, and it was a source of constant wonder to her why any man failed to become her victim.

In her case the formality of an introduction was never necessary. Yet she realized the prestige a formal introduction gave her, and by intriguing with those who did not know her arts, she very often was presented to people of influence by their own friends. She affected a retiring manner, and made her blushes to order.

Those to whom she was first introduced thought her a combination of beauty, modesty and purity, and her entertaining powers superior to anyone whom they had seen. Her great bashfulness enhanced her ability to entertain, they thought. The President of the United States certainly seemed to think so, from the way his face shone with pleasure as he gazed into her half upturned face, full of blushes that came and went as she talked.

The Governor had just concluded his response to the toast, "Beautiful Women," which was eliciting a storm of applause. Guests were collected in twos and threes, discussing the brilliancy of his remarks.

Some of the gentlemen were discussing which one of the many beautiful women present would be thought the most beautiful, by the greatest number of persons at the banquet, if a vote were taken.

The President wished the woman into whose face he



gazed with evident admiration might be chosen as the queen of beauty, and in a voice only meant for her ears told her so.

But Marriet Motuble stood close by and had been an eye-witness to the little, quiet game of flirtation, which they did not dream had attracted the attention of anyone.

She also heard the pretty compliments paid Mrs. Grange by the President, and at the time most inopportune for them, she stepped closer to them, and in a tone which carried much satire, said: "A pretty compliment indeed, Mrs. Grange; but pardon me, please, it was not meant for my ears."

The President was evidently annoyed, although he tried hard to hide his real feeling, and said: "We, too, Miss Motuble, were discussing the Governor's able speech. He paid beautiful tributes of appreciation to the many charming women present."

"Your Honor, that is quite true; he is a great Chesterfield. He knows how to be gracious to the ladies, *homely* ones as well as beautiful, timid ones," said Mrs. Grange, as she turned her face full of earnest pleading up to his.

The President did not reply in words, but the look he gave her, as he bent his head until it nearly touched hers, was proof enough to Marriet Motuble that he was afraid to trust his voice. His chest heaved with tender emotions inspired by Mrs. Grange, and one word would betray his real feeling.

On neither of those two did the stirring events just passed, seem to have left any impression.



Marriet Motuble well knew the mental calibre of the woman, and was not in the least astonished to find Mrs. Grange in the affected state she always assumed when with men.

"But the President! the President!" exclaimed Marriet Motuble, mentally. "I cannot understand how the leader of our great nation can carry on a sentimental conversation with a brainless beauty (?) when the great city of Chihuahua is in such a state of excitement. There is no telling where the events just transpired will end. I for one am sorry this terrible calm is taking place. It seems to me a time of preparation for a greater shock. He is a great actor if he is mentally disturbed and can so completely disguise his true feelings. I will test him."—"Say, President," she cried, as she whirled her huge frame in front of the two, and interrupted the low conversation, "Governor Lehumada is a fine actor, is he not?"

"In what way, pray, Miss Motuble?"

"In the disguise of his real feelings."

"He is a heroic actor," said Mrs. Grange.

"He is, indeed," curtly replied Miss Motuble, addressing herself to Mrs. Grange; then in a complete change of voice, said, speaking to the President, with her back half turned to Mrs. Grange, "I mean, your Honor, that the noble man yonder is in a high fever of excitement caused by the disturbance in the auditorium—for he realizes that it was just the beginning of a long conflict, the end of which cannot be seen by mortal eyes. Yet the noble man is able to conceal his feeling out of his great love for his people, and his desire to have the banquet end successfully."



"You know your people here better than I, Miss Motuble, this being your home; and pray, do you anticipate any further trouble?"

"I know the city but little better than yourself, your Honor, except possibly in the way of remembrance."

Mrs. Grange, arousing herself from her passive state, said in a voice loud and cutting: "A *subject* of that fluid also!"

Ignoring her altogether, Marriet Motuble continued:

"With your Honor's permission, I do remember many persons present as having lived in lives gone by. Some here to-night lived in this city one hundred and fifty years ago."

"May I ask whom?"

"Most truly."

"Not I, I hope," again ventured Mrs. Grange.

"The child," continued Marriet Motuble, "lived then."

"What child?" inquired the President.

"Ah, 'tis true, you do not know. What a pity! The beautiful little girl who sat by the Governor during his lecture. Catalina Martinet. Dear child!"

"Can it be possible!" exclaimed the President.

"Quite true, your Honor. She *remembers*. She died at the age of eighteen of a broken heart."

"How sad," remarked Mrs. Grange, persisting in trying to join in the conversation.

"Was her death the result of a disappointed love?" asked the President.

"On the other hand," replied Miss Motuble, "quite the contrary. Her heart, poor child, was broken when



she learned of the cloud under which she was born—that she was an outcast—a waif. She died in my arms.”

“Impossible,” exclaimed Mrs. Grange.

“Not at all,” quietly replied the President. “One is as likely as the other, while neither is *impossible*.”

Marriet Motuble continued as though there had been no interruption: “She died in my arms. I buried her at my own expense in a tomb befitting a queen. And truly she was a queen. The deed to the ground I built her tomb on I have in my safe amongst my legal documents. Every word is legible. I could not bear to think that her precious body, possibly before the flesh had decomposed, would be thrown out of the grave to make way for a new corpse, as was the cruel custom in Mexico then. Her tomb is in a state of perfect preservation yet. I hope soon to finish this cycle and have made arrangements to have the destructible part of me, or that part of me recognized by those not initiated, laid away there.”

“How interesting. Quite uncanny, though!” ventured Mrs. Grange, as she peered around her as though expecting to see a ghost. She evidently saw something; for her face turned very white and she trembled with fright as she sank into a chair.

The President saw but paid no attention to her. He was interested in Marriet Motuble. The story she was telling was a revelation to him.

She, too, saw that something unusual had happened to Mrs. Grange, but paid no attention to her, and continued: “I know the child’s genealogies, of both her past and present existence. She, like myself, is here for



a purpose. There are many who have congregated here for the same purpose. While the prime cause for the great meeting here was the same, many great results will be obtained other than the one hoped for in the beginning."

"Can it be that you are here also to aid the scientists in getting proof to bring the 'Plunger from Kansas' to justice?" asked the President, with much surprise, and showing great interest.

"Indirectly only. I am here for the direct purpose of finding one whom I loved in that same time—a young, beautiful woman, whose poverty was the result of the doings of the 'Plunger from Kansas,' and who suffered much loss financially and great abuse from the slanderous tongues of jealous Americans living in Chihuahua."

"Are you certain that the lady of whom you speak is living now?" asked the President.

"It must be true. I feel her presence, yet I have not been able to find her. She will come. She will come. A young woman, beautiful and talented. Must I wait much longer? I——"

Her last remark was cut short by some one calling, in a low, sweet tone: "Señorita Motuble. Ah, here you are. I have been looking for you for two hours. I am Catalina Martinet. It was my tomb you had built long, long ago. You *remember* now, don't you?"

She caught the beautiful child in her arms, kissed her in her passionate way, and cried: "Yes, dearie, I know you. You are happy now, are you not?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the child. "Since I know that justice comes to all, I am happy. And you?"



"Dearie, I too am happy in a way. But do not worry about me. Let us talk about other things. Catalina, this gentleman, Mr. Mortingo, is President of the United States."

"Your Honor, it is with much pleasure I meet you again," Catalina smilingly replied. "I remember you quite well. I met you when you were here before."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the President. "Dear child, I was never in this city before. This is my first visit."

"Too bad, he does not remember," addressing Miss Motuble. Then to the President she said: "In your *other* life. I will call the Governor to give you some 'Memory Fluid';" and with a wave of her hand, before they could realize what she was going to do, she was gone.

The President's conversation with Miss Motuble had not been carried on without many interruptions. While he realized that he was the most prominent person present, and that he owed part of his time to all, yet so intensely interested was he in the aggressive Miss Motuble, that he was determined at any cost to hear her story through.

The remark of Catalina Martinet was heard by many near by, some of whom were intimate friends of the President. They now stepped forward and began to banter him about taking "Memory Fluid."

The President took their jests in good part, at the same time avowing his intention of experimenting with the wonderful fluid.

While those around the President listened with much



merriment to him, as he related the little incident with the child, Marriet Motuble turned her attention to the beautiful, retiring Mrs. Grange, who, so far as the President was concerned, had ceased to exist.

"This," she exclaimed, as she held up Mrs. Grange's lifeless head, "is an example of coming memory."

The President looked at her for a moment in mute astonishment.

"Oh, your Honor, it is true."

"But the fluid, Miss Motuble. Who gave her 'Memory Fluid'?" asked the Spanish Consul, who had been an eager listener only for the present time.

"I, your most humble servant. I did."

"But when and how?" asked the President's daughter, who just came up.

"Possibly I would better not say," Miss Motuble answered.

"Oh, do; oh, do!" came from all sides.

"Yes, let us hear, Miss Motuble, how you came to be such an expert in handling our fluid," quietly asked the Governor, who came up leading Catalina Martinet.

Marriet Motuble dropped the lifeless head of Mrs. Grange on the back of the chair where she sat, and in a pleading voice said: "Dear Governor, I must first have your promise that you will forgive me for making tests of your fluid without the consent of yourself or the great scientist, Guillermo Gonzales. Don't tell me, I pray, that I have taken too much liberty with your great discovery."

"On the other hand, Miss Motuble, I am personally delighted that you are thus experimenting, and I feel



confident my able coworkers too, will be grateful to you for taking so much interest in our 'Memory Fluid.' "

"Bravo! Say, gentlemen and ladies, that is the kind of stuff to make governors out of, and scientists, too. Well, so long as the culprit is not to be punished, I will confess. While 'Memory Fluid' has no odor, a simple inhalation of it will cause a cataleptic state, such as the state in which we now find the beautiful (?) Mrs. Grange. When she comes out of this state, in which she has been about five minutes, she will begin to *remember*. And if I am not mistaken, she will begin to regret the life of deceit she has been leading."

Catalina cried: "Señorita Motuble, she will remember and yet will be punished for her ill treatment of me in that unhappy life of mine, long, long ago."

Everyone stood around in breathless surprise.

Marriet Motuble kissed the child Catalina, standing by her side and holding in tight clasp the Governor's hand, and said: "Dearie, she will remember, and I hope that her first regret will be of her ill treatment of you. See! she moves."

The crowd stood back in breathless expectation.

Secretly the Governor and the other two scientists rejoiced at what was now taking place. It was the realization of a long-looked-for opportunity. A public exhibition of the effect of "Memory Fluid" and the proof of its harmlessness.

"She moves again," came in subdued tones from some one standing by. Much the same effect seemed to be produced upon those witnessing the scene, as would take place if Mrs. Grange had been dead and they were waiting to see her return to life.



"She moves again," said the Spanish consul, stepping closer. "The fluid has caused no change in her complexion, and her circulation is very little wrong," he concluded, as he let her wrist drop, but gazed with evident admiration into her face.

He tarried a little too long. She opened her eyes, and finding a strange face so close to hers, exclaimed at the same moment as she threw out her hands and pushed him away:

"The impudence of you, you ill-bred scamp!"

"But, madam," said the President, "it was his anxiety for your return to consciousness that caused the consul to be peering into your face."

"Your explanation is satisfactory, President. But are you not mistaken about me having been unconscious?"

"In a certain sense, madam, you were," replied the Governor.

"But, you *remember*, do you not, Mrs. Grange,—Aunt Inez?" asked the child.

Mrs. Grange sprang to her feet. "Have I been living a dream all of my past life, or am I now dreaming?"

"Neither, dear madam," replied the great scientist, Guillermo Gonzales; "neither, madam. You are simply confused with the remembrances of two lives."

In an abstracted manner she took the hands of Catalina Martinet in her own, and gazing intently into her face for a moment, said: "It is the same child. The other life is plain to me now. Am I to be punished? I did ill-treat her then; I did. But spare me, spare me!" She pleadingly called out to some invisible per-



son. Turning her face away from the child, she looked straight into the laughing face of Marriet Motuble, who said:

"I thought it would come, Sister Grange. In fact, I knew it would come."

"Such torture," she cried, turning from first one to the other, "such torture; save me, save me!"

"We cannot do that, dear madam; we have no such power. You need have no fear. It is the awakening of your soul, and only good can be the final result," said the Governor.

"Your words only harrass me. There are so many here to chide me for my unjust treatment of the child there, in that other life." Spying a new face close by, she fairly screamed: "What, you here?"

Everybody turned to see who it was that caused the half crazy woman—crazy with guilt—to cry out so, when a queenly young woman stepped forward and said:

"I certainly am sorry my presence has created such an uproar. Ladies and gentlemen, I now apologize."

"Have you ever met the woman?" asked the President.

"Not in this life, your Honor."

"She remembers me, though," said Mrs. Grange, "and I her."

"If that be true," said the Governor, "present me, dear madam. I have not the honor of her acquaintance."

As Mrs. Grange sank into a chair she put her hands over her eyes, as if to hide from view of every one, and said: "Your Honor, the lady was Helen Hinckley, in



## 84      Liquid from the Sun's Rays.

that time long past," then sank into her former state of unconsciousness.

Helen Hinckley, with a pleasing smile, advanced with outstretched hands to the Governor, and in her charming voice, said: "By which name I have the pleasure to present myself to your Honor now."

The Governor took her two beautiful hands into his own, and as he looked into her open countenance, and beautiful eyes, he realized that at last he had met his fate.



## CHAPTER VII.

## THE PRESIDENT SURPRISED.

It was the intention of the Presidential party to spend one day and night in Chihuahua, and to leave the following morning before eleven o'clock for Saltillo, where they would spend a few days visiting her large and famous educational institutions, of which the United States is justly proud.

But instead of carrying out the plan for the tour, he sent a message, saying his visit would be delayed, to the president of the most renowned of the ten schools, which had made the beautiful city of Saltillo, away up in the Sierra Madre mountains, five thousand feet above the sea level, the envy of all pedagogues all over the East and North. The hub of learning was no longer said to be in the old, puritanical town of Boston, as was credited to it a hundred and fifty years ago.

A strange shifting of scenes had taken place, not only in the fall of Boston from its educational pedestal, but in the shifting of the axis of the earth, changing the positions of the poles, and creating in different parts of the world a different climate from what had been in years gone by, as well as different animal, vegetable life and mineral deposits.

The great school, "For Hidden Thought," of which



Francisco de Urdiñola was president, was the institution of greatest note in Saltillo, and the only one of its kind in America. It was to the president of this University that the President of the United States sent a message, saying that the date of his arrival in Saltillo would be delayed.

President Mortingo had a short conversation with Governor Lehumada at the close of the banquet the previous evening, in which the President declared his intentions of becoming a "subject" the following day, to see if he could fathom the mysteries of the evening.

He made an appointment also to meet the child, Catalina Martinet, at the Governor's home, at nine o'clock, after which meeting he would go to the studio of the scientist, Guillermo Gonzales.

As the President sped through the beautiful streets of Chihuahua, from the Mexican Annex, to the palatial home of Governor Lehumada, his thoughts travelled with surprising rapidity from one occurrence to another of the last evening.

He had never taken life seriously, and notwithstanding the fact that he had thought last night that the "Memory Fluid" possessed an uncanny element, he laughed to himself now, and declared the whole scene was an uproarious comedietta, in which he was about to present himself before the public as the buffoon. He chuckled at the thought of the prominence from a new point of view it would bring him, by submitting himself as a subject for the great scientists to further experiment upon. He had always been ambitious to shine before the public. He was chosen President of the



United States, not because he was a great politician, or a man who had distinguished himself in the service of his country; quite the contrary. He came by chance, as it were, into the presidential chair. He had great wealth and good nature combined, and he allowed himself to be *used* by his friends. It was a great plum he had secured by being good-natured, and his face constantly glowed with evident satisfaction.

The two great political parties had ceased to agree amongst themselves, and on the eve of the great national election a black horse had been run into the ring and won the race.

Each party was glad the other had not won the race, and each felt assured that the *black horse* would not prove a serious stumbling-block to the many projects each party hoped to accomplish by the election of a man from its own party.

Far beyond the most sanguine expectations of the people, he had proved a benefactor. His good-nature, coupled with his desire to do no one a wrong personally, and produce all the good possible to the nation, was a balm to the hurt minds of the two defeated parties.

All of these things Mr. Mortingo knew very well, and reflected over them now with much satisfaction. It was the pleasant things of life he was seeking, and he had his full share. He accepted all favors shown him, even those from persons whom he knew to be enemies, and whose object in showing him courtesies was for the sole purpose of gaining some political favor or social prestige. He smiled as he stepped from the carriage, and thought of the sensation the step he was about to take would make upon the people.



Governor Lehumada received him in his wonderful drawing-room, with the respect due his position, and at once presented the child, Catalina Martinet. She curtsied prettily and gave her tiny hand to the President. He kissed her bright face and asked her to sit on the chair placed by the one he was to occupy, and to excuse him one moment. Then he drew his arm through the arm of the Governor, and as they walked a few steps away, said: "Your Honor, does the child know I have come to see her?"

"She does not, sir; at least she does not know by being told. I have, however, a feeling that she divined you were coming, and that you would talk to her upon the subject of a past existence," replied the Governor.

"I am sorry she suspects the object of my visit. I am afraid the mere fact of it will make me incredulous of her statements," said the President. "However," he continued, "what led you into the belief you have just stated?"

The Governor walked a few steps further away with his friend, and in a lower tone said: "The child has taken a great fancy to me, and notwithstanding the fact that I tried to persuade her not to call me 'papa,' she persists in so doing. She is a child a man in any position in life would be proud to claim as his own, yet being a bachelor I feel a certain timidity in being addressed as 'papa.' Now to answer your question, what led me to suspect that she knew you would call this morning and the object of your call as well? While I was taking my breakfast she ran into the room, and after throwing her arms around my neck and kissing me



fondly, she exclaimed: 'Dear papa, dear papa, the great man will be here presently; I will run to the house I used to have for a home, and get the philopena he gave me in the other life. I promised to keep it always, and I want to show him I still have it. Then he will remember.'

"'Is the President coming to see *you*, Catalina?' I asked.

"'Dear papa, you *know* he is; may I go for the philopena now?'

"'No, child,' I replied, 'not now; but if our President comes and wishes to see the philopena, you may go for it.'"

"Oh, thank you; thank you. Do let the sweet child go at once," said the President.

"Do you want me?" cried Catalina, starting from her seat toward them, as they turned around to call her.

"We certainly do," replied the Governor, as he caught the happy child in his arms. "We certainly do, do we not, President?"

The President looked at the two for a moment in mute astonishment, then replied: "We do want you, dear, but how strange!"

"I wear the philopena, President; you remember it, don't you?"

The Governor looked at her questioningly, to which she replied:

"I slipped away, papa, just for a moment, to get it. I knew the President would want to see it;" with that she handed him a curious coin suspended from a small silver chain.



"What is it?" asked both men, as they examined it curiously.

Catalina looked serious as she replied: "He does not remember. It is speiss, a five-cent piece, you gave me for winning the second game of checkers I played after you taught me how. You said you would never see it again, for I would give it to the priest some day when I went to confess; playing checkers for a philopena."

"This is an old coin," said the President; "it is dated 1898."

"And the day we played the game is cut on it also," said Catalina.

"A date is on it—December the seventh. But who put it there?" asked the President.

"Why, you cut the letters on it, your Honor," Catalina replied, "with a little pearl-handled knife. I have it also. You used many big words to me then, but I remember them all very well. Do you remember what you said the priest might do with the knife, if I were not a good girl?"

"You forget, child, the President does not remember; but tell us about the knife," said the Governor.

"Do; I am all curiosity," said the President.

"It is a big word you used," said Catalina, "and if you do not remember, I will have to tell you what it means. You said if I were not a good girl, the priest would perform phlebotomy upon me."

"We do not know—explain, child," said Governor Lehumada.

"He meant, the priest would open a blood-vessel, and all of my blood would run out," laughed the child.



"But were you so bad that I had to be constantly reminding you of the fact?" asked President Mortingo.

"I was not bad then," said the child; "it was only after I knew of the disgrace of my birth that I got to be disagreeable and bad. It is now time for you to take 'Memory Fluid' from Señor Guillermo Gonzales. I will tell you about other things when you remember. I am now going to meet Helen Hinckley in the Alameda." She shook hands with the President; kissed the Governor fondly, and with the air of a queen swept from the room.

"How strange," said the President; "a child and a queen in one;" while Governor Lehumada, with a smile on his face, murmured: "Helen Hinckley, my long-lost love, found at last, at last. Would that I, too, could hasten to her."

"The President heard the Governor's confession of love, but gave no sign that his secret had been betrayed. "With your permission, Governor, I will go at once to the studio of Señor Guillermo Gonzales. I wish to become a subject immediately, the child has enthused me very much; in fact, I never believed it possible for any one to arouse my curiosity to such an extent."

At that moment Señor Guillermo Gonzales was shown into the drawing-room, and as he greeted the President, said: "To keep the matter of you becoming a subject very quiet, I came at a suggestion just received from the Governor, to administer the 'Fluid' here."

"How considerate," said President Mortingo. "I really felt a little delicacy in going to your laboratory."



Let the experiments begin now, I pray you. I really am getting nervous over it. I hope I will not be affected, on my return to a conscious condition, as was poor Mrs. Grange last night."

"Have no fears, President; it is not likely you committed any evil deeds in a life gone by for which you will now suffer remorse. Your presence in this life is no doubt due to the fact that you desired knowledge—desired to reach the highest plane, without any waste of years."

"That is most likely," said the Governor. "Friend Gonzales is quite right. To avoid any further delay, please follow me into my private study. As soon as the 'Fluid' is administered, I will leave you with Señors Gonzales and Murillo, until the period we desire is reached. Then I will return. A matter of great importance has come up recently, within the last hours, which I wish to attend to personally."

"You are quite excusable, Governor, quite excusable," replied the good-natured President. He thought he knew what the "important business" was that had recently come up, to which the Governor wished to give his personal attention.

His vein of humor produced a hearty laugh from the three men besides himself in the room when he received the small glass containing "Memory Fluid" in his hand, and holding it aloft, said: "I drink, oh, thou Great Revealer, to the health of all my present enemies and friends, to all friends and enemies I had in those lives I am supposed to have lived ages and ages ago! Oh, thou Muse, bring me Memory, that I may know myself



now as I was then! Was I then a mule driver, or a bootblack in America; a *mozo* in Mexico, or an Emperor of Germany?"

He sipped the tasteless liquid and lapsed into silence.

Guillermo Gonzales nodded to Governor Lehumada significantly, and the Governor at once made his exit.

He hurried to his dressing-room and began to make some changes in his toilet. Satisfied with himself from the reflection he saw in the mirror, he rang for the coach, and while waiting for it to be announced, exclaimed: "The greatest moment in my life has come! Dearest Helen, thou wilt be mine! You must! You shall! I have lived sadly through one existence searching for you, and several times during this life I have been on the very verge of despair because I could not find you—and I would have despaired, were it not that even in a past life I knew a power would be given to me to discover an element from Nature which would be instrumental in bringing you to my arms. The insincerity of humanity has, since the beginning of time, caused more heartaches and trouble than any other one thing. To the great Creator I certainly give thanks for the germ of sincerity he sowed in my breast, and the proper nutrition he placed there to make it grow. There, Juan says my coach is ready; I must hasten to meet my love."

With a sweeping glance at his mirror, he hastened out of the room and down the long stairs. On nearing the drawing-room door, Juan said: "Your Honor, a señorita awaits you in the drawing-room."

The Governor took the large white card from the



silver tray his man held out to him, and with a look of dismay upon his face, read aloud: "Miss Marriet Motuble." "A very great disappointment, dear, dear Helen. When will I ever have another opportunity to see you? It is unjust for me to feel this way. I will enter at once, and not keep the señorita waiting. Juan, tell Miss Motuble I will be in at once."

While Juan entered the drawing-room Governor Lehumada removed his gloves and hat, and was glad to have the opportunity to collect himself, and when Juan reappeared, he asked: "Do you see any signs of displeasure on my face?"

"No, your Honor; your face is as serene as the morning sky."

"Thanks, Juan. It is another victory. Take my hat and gloves, and tell the coachman to go to the Alameda. The child, Catalina Martinet, is there; should she desire to use the conveyance, take her wherever she wishes to go. Tell him to say to her that I had started for her, and at the last moment was disappointed at being unable to go," whispered Governor Lehumada, into the ears of his trusty man. Was all the long message sent to the child meant only to be delivered for her ears?

"Certainly not," mentally remarked Juan. "I kind of have a suspicion that there is something more than 'Memory Fluid' bothering the Governor for several days; but then I am only Juan, and not a great Governor, author and scientist. I will experiment one day, if I can, and help to solve the great problem of life. I wonder if it is probable that the Governor has



fallen in love with some beautiful young woman? I will find out, if it can be done. I will from this moment camp on his tracks, and when I have a chance I will *slip* some 'Memory Fluid,' for I has a notion in my old head that I lived before. I has a notion that Mr. Niksab and J. Ecarg, were known to me somewhere, long, long ago." He smiled to himself as he went out to give the Governor's orders.

On his return to the house he stationed himself conveniently near the drawing-room door, so close that every word uttered by the aggressive señorita was heard by him.

When Governor Lehumada entered the drawing-room, he felt very much like a schoolboy who had been punished for not wanting to enter the parlor and be pleasant to callers. He was ashamed of himself, and tried to make amends for his actions by being more gracious than was necessary.

Miss Motuble mistook his gallantry and great hospitality for demonstrations of love, and after greeting the object of her affections, she sank into a chair close by, much overcome with emotions. She believed she had won a conquest. She was unable for some minutes to speak. Her face became red and white by turns, her breast heaved with great convulsions, while her hand trembled so violently that she had no power over the fan she was trying to move.

The Governor saw the condition she was in, and from the bottom of his heart he pitied her. The object of *his* heart's desire affected him much the same way when he saw her. "But I need no sympathy," he argued to



himself, "for my love is reciprocated; my Helen is mine, and I am hers. It is the law of the inevitable. It could not be otherwise. Miss Motuble," he continued, "is there any way in which I can serve you this morning? Can it be you are not well?"

The tone in which he addressed her, more than what he said, was the tonic Miss Motuble needed. She failed to hide her irritation, and sitting erect in a moment, her face, crimson with rage, said: "How can you serve me this morning? I need no assistance whatever, sir. I am neither in need of money or advice; on the other hand, I came to proffer certain valuable information I have recently obtained. I ferreted it out. I admit it cost me considerable time and expense, but I learned of the scorpion's movements, as well as his entire pedigree. I have it all here—the written statements of many who knew him. He was not an opera singer in the life long past; he was a vocalist in a missionary choir, and he wafted his dulcet tones high and loud every Sunday for the edification of the congregation which, by the way, was very small. I know them all, the scorpions. Then to think I came here to tell you of my remembrances and the many written statements I have from others to aid you in your great experiments, and am approached by you as the aggressor, the one to whom a favor needs to be shown. No, Governor Lehumada; no, sir, I will not tolerate any such impudence even from you. I will not further state the object of my call. I now have the pleasure to bid you good morning." She arose to her feet, and with one turn of her huge frame had swept past the Governor.



She had spoken so fast and so fiercely, after she came out of the half-crazed condition into which her great love and passion had thrown her, that the good Governor knew not what to do or what to say to quiet her. As she passed into the hall he called to her: "Miss Motuble, I pray you, my good young lady, to stay, if only for one moment. You do not understand me. I certainly am clumsy in my expressions. Dear miss, pardon me; if you have inferred a discourtesy by any remark I have made, pray, forgive me. You are a source of great wonder and delight to me, and carry a fund of valuable information." He approached her, as she stood near Juan panting like a tiger at bay, and gently laying his hand upon her arm, said: "I am forgiven, am I not? I certainly never intentionally offend anyone, particularly a woman."

She turned her face, full of shame and regret, to him, and with tears in her eyes, said: "Dearie, I am so lonely; you do care for me, don't you? It is not true, as I suspected, that your whole love is centered in Helen Hinckley. Is it, dearie?"

With that she threw her massive arms around his neck with such great force, that his body swayed to and fro like a babe in the paws of a lion.

With her head on his shoulder, she sobbed: "Dear, dear Miguey, my dearie, forgive me for mistrusting you. I was frenzied with what I thought unrequited love. Great Revealer of Light, I thank you for making me see my mistake." When her petition was ended she loosened her arms from around his neck. Governor Lehumada sank helplessly against the wall, and Juan sprang forward and exclaimed:



"Your Honor, the señorita has choked you." He supported the Governor, and addressing Marriet Motuble, said: "You are accountable, miss, for the helpless condition of my master. You seem to remember too much."

All the time he had spoken to her, his back was turned. Now, facing the place where she had stood, he said: "I take charge of the house, now that my master is unconscious, so, you git!" But to his great dismay she was gone.

He rang for help, and soon the Governor was lying comfortably in his own bed.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## A CONFESSED CRIME.

GOVERNOR LEHUMADA did not faint, nor was he in the least injured by the passionate embrace of Miss Motuble. He was speechless from surprise only, and he allowed his men to assist him to his room, realizing that a few moments of quiet for reflection was what he needed.

He assured Juan that all was well, and that he wished to be alone for a few minutes. Juan shook his head as though he had many misgivings, and quietly left the room. He walked slowly down the hall in deep meditation. He wished that he were off duty, so he could follow the strange señorita. He went into the yard and gazed wistfully up and down the street, in the hope of seeing her. Heaving a sigh, he turned to enter the house again, and murmured to himself: "It must be the evil in the fluid that is causing the trouble."

Some one startled him from his reverie, by saying: "You are his Honor's man Juan, are you not?"

"I certainly am," he replied.

"I was told to give you this letter, and request of you to give it to his Honor at one o'clock this afternoon sharp." With that he handed Juan an official-looking envelope, and hurried away.



Juan turned the large letter over and over, and read the address on the back, several times: "To His Honor, Governor of Chihuahua." "Humph! Well, for once in my life, I wish I was 'His Honor.' I would make quick work of seeing on the inside of this letter. Association with these scientists has caused me to be a man of much thought. I, too, have great ideas. I know a thing or two. Ha! ha! It does not take a scientist; a Governor or a President, to know that 'His Honor' is in love, or that there is pending (he straightened himself up and smiled at the big sentence he was framing) a fearful calamity, and the greatest violence of it will fall upon this town."

At that moment the child Catalina ran up to him, and said: "Oh, Juan, let me go to him at once. He is in great trouble; the town has gone wrong. Juan, guard his Honor night and day. Do not let anyone enter the house without his knowledge. Watch for Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir. You know him, do you not?"

"The great Don,—ha! ha! I do know him, señorita."

"And the priest, Father Hernandez?"

"Him, too, *niña*. I tell my sins to him every week," said Juan.

"Oh, Juan, how can you?"

"Because, *niña*, I am still a Catholic. It is not popular to be, I know; but so long as 'His Honor' knows I am, and still keeps me in his service, I will be true to the religion of my fathers."

"His Honor is too wise and too great a man to interfere in anyone's religious beliefs," said Catalina.



"Yet he is a man, and loves," quietly remarked Juan, with a twinkle in his eye.

"He does love. His is a great love; it extends over all humanity. Had you lived before, Juan, and *remembered* it, you would understand," replied the child, with deep pathos in her voice.

Juan laughed heartily, and said: "Pardon me, *niña*, but what can a *child* know of another life? If 'Memory Fluid' makes *señoras viejas* out of *ninas*, it is not good. What would homes be without the innocent coo and laughter of babies?"

"I am happier now than before I remembered, Juan. It is because you do not understand what it is to *remember*, that makes you say such things."

"Maybe so; maybe so, *niña*, but Juan is glad he does not *remember*."

"My dear *hombre viejo*, you must *remember* what I told you about Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir and the priest," cried Catalina, as she ran into the house.

"Good-bye, Juan; watch out for the minister, J. T. Note—the Rev. J. T. Note, as he calls himself, and his followers. He is also a foe to progress. Guard him, Juan; guard him well. No harm must come to his Honor."

Juan's reply was upon his lips, but the charming child was gone before he could voice it. He looked curiously at the big envelope in his hand, and while reading the address again and again, disappeared into the house.

No sooner had Juan and the Governor's other man left him alone, than he arose from the bed upon which



he was reclining and walked back and forth rapidly in an abstracted manner. He was a man who prided himself upon his personal appearance, and now as he stopped before the long plate-mirror and surveyed himself he said: "Dearest Helen, is there anything in my manner of dress, my gait, or tone of voice that displeases? If so, I will rectify it to suit you. I cannot see myself as you see me; oh, my love, that I could! Oh, for the power to see into the future as I now can look into the past. Ye wise and everlasting Force, grant me the boon of greater knowledge. All I get will be used for the uplifting of humanity. I feel the presence of a great force in our midst, which will bring about a change; a change so wonderful that were I to prophesy, no one would believe me. Each would declare that the day of miracles is past. Poor, deluded creatures, there will nothing happen which will be of a miraculous nature. Simply the natural results of the present condition of affairs will take place. The mere fact that President Mortingo submitted himself as a subject, to further demonstrate the use of 'Memory Fluid,' will hasten the change. We must be prepared to meet it. We must be able to preserve peace at home and abroad. I must not defer 'till morning to tell my fears to the heads of departments." He stepped to an ivory tube by the side of his great mirror, and said, speaking through it: "Convey to the head of each department the following:

"'Prepare for trouble. Try to avert it. Help me generate a great soul wave, that we may quell the disturbers of peace and enemies of progress without force



or bloodshed. If trouble comes, it will be by the brewing of Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir, Father Hernandez, Rev. J. T. Note, and the husband of Mrs. Grange, who is assistant Freight Agent of the Chihuahua Air Motor Railroad Company, at this city. If he joins the peace disturbers it will be in an underhand way. He has not the courage of the other gentlemen just mentioned. The prime movers in any trouble that may arise will be the three first mentioned. Others will join them. Many well-known and prominent citizens, who writhe in envy at the success of our administration, because the one in which they figured was a failure from more points of view than one, will be glad of the opportunity to join the rebels and to assist in a cause against us. Not because they believe in the leaders, Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir and faction—not by any means—it is because they are our enemies and wish to make us trouble, to create discord, to overthrow our rule. No blood must be shed. We do not care to repeat the old story. The theories we advocate and practice must not be thrust upon humanity at the point of the bayonet. In ages gone by, the Christian religion was carried into all lands, the sword in one hand, and the cross they wished to implant, in the other. There must be an awakening of the spirit of God within man first. It never comes by force. Love is the upbuilding of the race. It grows within the breast of man after its awakening, and spreads its perfume all around, like a beautiful, fragrant rose in a well-attended garden. Remember, force must only be employed to protect the lives and property of our citizens, should an uprising



occur. That is all the instructions I care to give. Adios, gentlemen.' ”

At the moment he ceased talking, Catalina Martinet entered the room, unannounced. “Dear papa,” she said, “I thought I never would find you.”

“But you succeeded. Come, tell me how you enjoyed yourself in the Alameda,” replied the Governor, placing a chair by his side for the strange child. He felt a delicacy in asking about Helen Hinckley, yet he secretly hoped she would speak only of the object of his heart's desire.

“Oh, your Honor, it is about what I heard at the Alameda I came to see. First, does J. Ecarg repent? Is he doing any good now?” said Catalina.

“I have secured an excellent position for him. He works early and late, and has not been known to frequent any low places of resort since he first took ‘Memory Fluid.’ He has certainly repented of the great wrong he did you in your previous existence, as well as your mother. A criminal at the bar of justice could not feel any greater remorse of conscience than he now does from the mere fact that he in nowise gave aid to your support or to your mother's. He now wishes to help you.”

“I cannot have help from him; my soul is yet sore. Dear papa, Helen Hinckley, the most beautiful and the truest of women, is to adopt me.”

“Bless her,” cried the Governor. “That is a happy thought.”

“She says that Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir and followers are excited very much this morning



Hundreds and hundreds of people have been there to-day to see him. She was asked, late last night, after the banquet closed, to spend the day away from the house, but to return not later than eight o'clock to-night. Before she left, those people began to come. She believes their object is to formulate plans to overthrow the state rule. She fears your life will be in danger. She asked me to say to you to use every precaution to avoid evil," concluded Catalina. She seemed to possess the very soul of Helen Hinckley.

The Governor looked into the face of the beautiful child, and as he wiped a mist away, that seemed to gather in his eyes, said: "This is the return of love. I am contented. She loves me now, I am certain. All is well; all is well. It could not be otherwise in the end. Truth is everlasting; it endureth forever and forever. In the end it triumphs. The waiting for the end often seems an eternity. Without the one I love, every day is as an eternity. The end is near at hand. Yet before it comes, a fearful struggle will take place. Thou great One, from whom all light comes, bear witness to my integrity of purpose."

The Governor spoke aloud and gesticulated much, yet he was unconscious, seemingly, of the fact, or that he had company. A slight knock at the door stopped his soliloquy, and glancing around the room in a confused manner, he discovered the child sound asleep upon the chair on which she sat. "Poor little darling; after all, you are a healthy, natural child. Exhausted from last night's dissipation, nature demands her rights, and is now getting them. If my Helen has adopted you, dear,



you are mine, too, I will be your papa after all." He kissed her fondly on each full, red cheek, and quietly opened the door.

It was Juan who was seeking admittance. He stepped quickly into the room, after looking up and down the hall nervously, and closed the door.

"Your actions, Juan, are strange. Explain," said the Governor.

Juan stood shaking and speechless, and glaring with wide-open eyes at Catalina.

"What is it, man, what is it? Why do you stand gaping like a man from whom all reason had fled? Come, good man, be natural. I cannot lose my old friend. Come, come, sit down; I must do something for you," entreated the Governor, getting very nervous. The only sign of life Juan had shown since he entered the room, now appeared. He raised his long, gaunt hand, and pointed with his index finger to Catalina.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Governor. "You are surprised to find the sweet child here. She is no cause for your being so frightened. Come, Juan, explain yourself," he entreated, taking his old servant's arm.

"Your Honor," he whispered, "she is not a child—she is a woman, and a ghost-woman at that."

"Nonsense; nonsense, man. Now I am afraid of your reason. She is very much of a child. See how soundly she sleeps, and the glow of health upon her cheeks," the Governor replied lightly, notwithstanding the fact that he felt slightly annoyed by the strange actions of his man, as well as his remarks concerning the child.



"She may be a child, your Honor, but she prophesies. And I am afraid of people of her size, who make prophecies that come true."

"Explain yourself, Juan, explain yourself; do not talk in riddles. What did the child prophesy?"

"It was this way, your Honor. You remember I carried her in my arms from the carriage into the house, when you and her came home from the banquet last night?"

"I certainly do," assented Governor Lehumada; "also how surprised you were to find her wideawake, instead of sound asleep."

"I was, your Honor; but was more surprised when she whispered in my ear, and said: 'Juan, I saw the "Plunger from Kansas" to-night.'

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Have you not heard of him, Juan?"

"No," I said. "Does he plunge in a Kansas river?"

"Oh, how stupid. No, he does not *plunge* at all now. He made a big *plunge* about one hundred and fifty years ago—but not in a river—oh, no, not in a river. You are a funny man, Juan; but then, you do not *remember*."

"Yes, I do remember much; but not anything about this man who *plunged*, and not into a river, one hundred and fifty years ago. Say, chile, you is dreaming, honey. Come, Juanita will put the precious *niña* in bed.' I led her to the housekeeper's room, and as we went, she said:

"You are funny, Juan. I am awake, not dreaming. You will see the "Plunger from Kansas" to-morrow."



"How will I know him when I see him?" I asked.

"Oh, he will come to this house to see Governor Lehumada in the morning, and when he gets here he will say: "You are Juan, the Governor's man? Is his Honor in?" and when you say he is, the 'Plunger' will reply: "I came to see him, but I will not call this day. Please hand him this, with my compliments," and he will hand you a package."

"Well, he did come, and he did say just what the child prophesied, and he did give me this package, your Honor. Take it, please. I am afraid of it. The devil is let loose, as certain as fate. And I think this fluid you tell about in your great book, is the cause of so much trouble."

The Governor had an interested and amused smile on his face as he opened the package handed him by his man.

"You are no doubt quite right about the book I wrote, and the public demonstrations and proofs we have given of the results of our great fluid upon matter and mind, being the cause of so much trouble. On that score, Juan, you are right. But there have been no evil results, and there will be none. But what is this? Look, Juan, look; who is this the picture of? Don't be mistaken, man; don't. Be sure you speak correctly. Have you seen the face before?"

"My sight is not good, your Honor. It's failing," replied the frightened man, getting further away from his master, out of pure fear. "My sight is nigh gone, your Honor."

"Can it be? Can it be the face of the one I loved? Of the one I now love?"



"It is Helen Hinckley's picture, papa, taken in that life long gone by," cried Catalina, grasping the Governor's hand.

"Child, how do you know? You have not seen it."

"Oh, I do know, I knew last night he was going to bring it. I heard him say so at your lecture last night. He *remembers*, you know. He is trying to palliate the wrongs he did in that day long gone by. He is afraid that retribution will overtake him, that he will be reduced to poverty."

"Did I not tell you, your Honor, that she was no child. That she is a ghost a-talking like a grown woman philosopher," ventured Juan, edging nearer the Governor, while he glared at Catalina as if she were a spook.

"Be sensible, Juan. Be sensible. I do admit, however, that the child is a wonder even to me; that she has a power of speech that would be the envy of many a collegian. But she is a child of flesh and blood, nevertheless, and a wonderful creation, too," concluded the Governor.

Catalina put an end to further remarks by him, by saying: "What is it, dear papa, written on the back of the picture?"

The Governor turned the photograph around, and said: "To be sure, child, there is something written on it. It is very dim. One moment—I will use some of our restorative liquid, and then read it."

In the center of his bedroom stood a beautifully carved rosewood table, on which was a magnificently beautiful piece of sculpture. It represented a little



girl, about eight years old, distributing the olive leaves from a branch which seemed to be always full. The Governor placed his hand fondly upon the head of the statue, and at the same moment held the back of the photograph over the mouth of the marble representation of the child. A vapor spread over the pasteboard, yellow and stained by time, and in three seconds, every word written thereon stood out in bold relief.

He read aloud: "My baby girl, Helen Hinckley, July 3d, 1898. Boston, Massachusetts. Age, eight."

"The same, the same," replied the Governor, his voice full of emotion. "But it does not tell me enough! How am I to know that this was brought here by the 'Plunger from Kansas.'"

"On the paper in your hand," said Catalina, "is a message from the 'Plunger.'"

"She is no child, I say," cried Juan, his knees fairly shaking with fright. "With your Honor's permission, I will go out of the room. That child is too much for me." When he opened the door to leave, Governor Lehumada called:

"Juan, I will not repeat what I have said to you, twice before within the last few minutes. The child is of flesh and blood as ourselves. There is nothing uncanny about her; so I command you to remain in this room until I dismiss you."

Catalina looked up pathetically into the face of the Governor, and said: "Don't scold him, papa; he does not remember."

The Governor pressed her hand, and kissed her rosy cheek time and again. "You are right, sweet child. I



should not be harsh with Juan. He does not remember," he kindly replied.

"How much is written, papa dear?"

"To be sure, child; I have not read what is written on the paper. This is a strange handwriting also. It reads:

"The photograph was given to me by the father of the child, Honorable E. Willard Hinckley, in his own home in Kansas City, August, 1898. That very day I got more than one-half million dollars from him, and gave him as security a mortgage on fifty thousand cattle I never owned. In less than sixty days he was a bankrupt; in ninety days he was dead; his wife and child were penniless and homeless. Despite the long number of years which have passed, that photograph has been preserved in a way nothing short of a miracle. Five times have I put it on the burning coals; three times in black, muddy water. Out of each it came unsullied. Out of a superstitious fear I resolved to keep it, to preserve and guard it with the same care as one would an ancient heirloom of untold value. It has ever been a thorn in my side. In that life one hundred and fifty years ago—the time I made my memorable plunge in cattle, the thought that I could not get rid of the picture of little Helen, drove me wild with rage. It was in a fit of frenzy, brought on by not being able to destroy the picture, that made me take my life. I was then in South America. My wife had perished in an epidemic shortly before, and no one knew just what destiny befell me, "The Plunger from Kansas," and no one but those whom I had wronged, cared. Before com-



mitting the deed that sent me out of the body to try to find relief, I sent a large package to a relative in Kansas. Amongst the things it contained was the picture. Thus it was preserved in the great iron safe in which various documents and family curios were put for safety. On my return to earth after an absence of half of a century this photograph fell to my part of the family keepsakes. And while in that life I never knew its history, it always filled me with fear and trembling when I saw it. At the age of thirty-five I passed again out of the physical body—and lay in a state of unconsciousness for fifty-six years. I was awakened by a voice which seemed to say: "Helen is here. Have you no desire to rectify the wrongs you did her in that life long since passed away?" I did not understand, yet I prayed to be allowed to live, that I might be better and wiser. And I was born again. Fortune favored me from my birth. I was born to wealth, and the faculty I have of acquiring it is a wonder to many. I am now twenty-eight years old, the same age I was when I performed the feat in cattle-plunging. I bring you this photograph with the strange feeling that to you it belongs, and when it is securely in your hands, the dreadful nightmare the sight of it gives me, will leave me. This town has a fascination for me, of which I cannot get rid. I feel nervous, as I did one hundred and fifty years ago, when I was here a refugee, whenever I see an armed officer of the law, or a strange face that gives me more than a passing glance. Retribution, you say, is going to overtake me. If the law can get me, handle me; but to use a slang phrase of the nine-



teenth century, I will close by saying: "Catch me if you can; but I think I am too *swift* for you in this life, as well as I was then."

"I am, your obedient servant,

"THE PLUNGER FROM KANSAS.'"



## CHAPTER IX.

## MARRIET REPORTS HERSELF DEAD.

THE Governor heaved a sigh when he had finished, as if a burden had suddenly dropped from his shoulders.

"How long since he gave this to you, Juan?"

"About fifteen minutes before I entered this room, your Honor."

"Did it take you fifteen minutes to get up the stairs?"

"I am an old man, your Honor, but am yet spry. When the Plunger left, I was called to your private study, where Señor Guillermo Gonzales wished to speak to me. If your Honor cares, I will tell you everything he said. First, he sent a message to you, which I have not had an opportunity until this moment to deliver. He told me to say to you, that though the President has returned to consciousness he desires to be left alone that he may write a full account of his past, provided he *remembers*."

"Very well, Juan," replied the Governor. "I will not interrupt his Excellency. And as for you telling me *all* the scientist said to you, there is no necessity for you telling anything, except the message you have just delivered."

"Since the 'Plunger' came, I feel it my duty to tell you that Señor Gonzales cautioned me to guard you



closely; to allow no one to pass into the house without you knowing the person and giving your consent. That trouble is brewing in the city, and your life would be threatened," said Juan.

"It is certainly kind of him and others to be so interested in my welfare. I am least concerned about my own safety. I have a strange presentiment that I will not be harmed. It is the safety of the people, the great multitude around us, Juan, about whom I am concerned. Rest assured, good man, I will protect my people, no matter what the cost."

"But, dear papa, the people would not be able to protect themselves, if you were gone. Dear papa, do not court danger," cried Catalina.

"That child! She makes me afraid, your Honor. I wish she were more like my own little granddaughter," said Juan, stepping closer to the marble statue and further from the child.

"Poor man," said Catalina, "he does not *remember*. He is afraid of me, is he not, papa? How strange that anyone is afraid of a little girl."

"It is strange, dear; but Juan is an old man and has never taken 'Memory Fluid,'" replied the Governor. "Juan, I will remain in my room with Catalina. Serve us a luncheon here promptly at twelve-thirty, one hour hence. I have a presentiment that I will be seriously occupied about one o'clock. Tell the *chef* to prepare a luncheon for two persons, in a manner befitting his Excellency, and send it promptly at half-past twelve to my private studio."

"Yes, your Honor," he replied, with a low curtesy, as



he left the room, while he mentally exclaimed: "If I am not a fool, he will be *seriously occupied* at one o'clock. The big letter I have is to be delivered to him at that time. I wish it were *one* now; I want to get rid of it. It seems to be burning a hole into my body. I thought I would 'speriment with 'Memory Fluid' this morning. But now I will do nothing rash. I will let the past rest, so far as I am concerned, until I see the result of the present unsettled state of affairs. In the meantime I will take the matter of being a subject under grave consideration. If I was just ten years younger, strangers would take me for a great scientist. At sixty it is difficult for a man to take on new ideas." Juan had not been commenting aloud, consequently was very much surprised by hearing the familiar tones of Julio Murillo saying: "Don't bother about your age, Juan. You will live again, if you desire; then you may be a very learned man."

Juan did not reply, and the great scientist's assistant went on.

With his head low upon his breast, frightened and trembling, Juan hastened to the kitchen.

Governor Lehumada and Catalina were reclining in large, comfortable chairs in the room where Juan had left them. The Governor in deep meditation, the child thumping upon the arm of the chair with a small stick, and singing softly, the words, "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home;" and the exquisite tone in which they were sung caught the ear of the Governor and unknown to the child, he watched her intently until her song ceased.



"Those words, Catalina, sound strangely familiar to me. Is it a new song, or an old one revived?" he asked.

"It is an old song, your Honor," replied the child, as she curtesied prettily to him, in the same manner she did the day she came to the State House to sell her flowers. It was only a few days ago, yet it seemed to the Governor that a year or more had passed. In fact, the child had grown to be so great a part of his life that it seemed incredulous that she had ever lived elsewhere.

"Where did you learn it, dear?" asked the Governor.

The child was startled at first, and looked frightened; then, throwing out her arms, she rushed to the Governor, crying: "For a moment I was the Catalina of long ago. I was unhappy. I had ceased to remember myself as I now am. I thought I was the poor Catalina of disgrace and despair whom the President taught to sing that song so long ago. He sang it to me the night he left for 'the States,' in the other life that I knew him."

"Was he kind to you, dear?" asked the Governor.

"Indeed he was, papa; kinder than any man had been. Sometimes he vexed me greatly. I did not understand him, and he was a constant tease."

"He was an American tourist in Mexico then, was he not?" asked the Governor.

"He was an American, I am quite sure; but I do not think he was in Mexico for pleasure," replied Catalina.

"Possibly not," commented the Governor; "at that time many Americans were coming to Mexico to prospect. He no doubt was a mining man."

"I do not think so," confidently replied Catalina.



"No? What idea have you then, child?"

"He had much money to spend, and every time he came, and he came often, he gave me money; sometimes food and clothes. My mother washed for several people who stayed at the big white hotel facing the principal plaza. He knew this, and whenever he came he questioned me about these people—he wanted to know what I saw in their rooms. I always went with my mother to help her carry *la ropa limpia* home. I had a sharp eye and usually saw everything in view in the room," she replied.

"I cannot understand," replied the Governor, "why he questioned you about what these people had in their rooms. He must have been consumed with idle curiosity."

"He asked me," continued Catalina, "if I could bring him the '*phiz*' of a certain man, who with his wife stayed at the hotel."

"The *phiz*? What did he mean, child?"

"I did not know then, and told him so, and he said: 'Well, I will tell you what I mean by a *phiz*.' He took a pencil and note book from his pocket, made a few strokes on the paper and handed me a picture of myself. 'Oh, no,' I said, on seeing what he meant, 'I cannot make pictures.' He left the house, saying he would be back in one-half of an hour. He came as he promised, and brought a little black box, which he said was a *camera*. He showed me how to use it, and I consented to take it with me the next time we went to carry *la ropa* to the hotel, and take a picture of the man and woman, also one of the room. I did so, and here it is.



Also my phiz.” She handed the pictures to the Governor, and while looking at them intently, he said:

“Can it be possible, child, that this is the picture of the great counterfeiter who operated in Mexico for so many years, and whom I delivered into the hands of the United States authorities? It is, it is. I *remember* him well. And this, dear child, is your ‘phiz,’ is it? It is not unlike you now. But you were older then than at present, were you not?”

“I was older. I am eight now, and I was eleven when that was made.”

“Mr. Mortingo, the President of the great United States of America,” laughed Governor Lehumada, “was a secret service man in the year 1898. I remember him well. He was a jolly, generous chap, and on coming to Chihuahua I remember the remark he made when he first called upon me. He said:

“‘Uncle Sam has sent me down here to catch some birds who are in your city. They are molding and shoving the queer.’”

“Yes,” said Catalina, “that is what he kept telling me—that they were ‘shoving the queer’”—to which the Governor replied:

“I understood very little English at that time, but the official interpreter put it into the best Spanish he could and I at once saw the point. The Americans were much given to the use of slang then, much of which had a singular fitness. I committed the phrase to memory and never forgot it. Let me see the other picture; the interior of the room.”

The child handed him the picture, and pointing to a



certain place in it, said: "There is the lump of silver they were chopping up as we went in. In the kettle over the fire is lead."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Governor. "That is very interesting to know. I wonder what will be the feelings of the President, should he remember?"

"I have several packages of spaghetti he gave me to use on feast days. He showed me how to cook it. We learned to like it so well, he declared that my forefathers were Italians. And sure enough, my mother began to hunt up old family history, and she discovered that her great-grandmother was an Italian noblewoman," said Catalina.

"Child," replied the Governor, "you have always been something more to me than an ordinary child, a child of entirely plebeian birth. The mere fact of your wounded pride on learning that you were born out of wedlock, that broke your heart and caused your untimely demise, proved the question of your blood to be other than plebeian."

"I do not cry any more now, over the past," said Catalina, "for I believe in the righting of all wrongs. It is worked out by Nature and Nature's help to man."

"Come, child, my little philosopher, kiss your papa; kiss me fondly. A strange fear is crowding over me," he said, holding out his arms to her.

She did his bidding with much fervor, and whispering in his ear, said: "Juan is coming with our luncheon. I will open the door."

The faithful old man entered and set before them a dainty meal, and stood quietly back of the Governor's



chair while he ate heartily of the food. The meal was quite contrary to the usual customs of the household—that is, without any conversation and with much dispatch.

The Governor arose when he had finished, looked at his watch, and said: "It is now one o'clock. Juan, remove the dishes, and take the child to the house-keeper."

"Yes, your Honor," replied Juan. "Here is a letter I was told to give you at one o'clock."

The Governor took the letter, and kissing the child fondly, said: "Go with Juan, dear, and tell Juanita you need to sleep."

As they were leaving the room, she said: "I am sleepy and will take a nap—but will show you the way to Marriet Motuble, when you go."

"A strange child," mentally commented the Governor, as he tore the envelope open. "As if I intended to call upon Miss Motuble, the massive giantess; the aggressive señorita. No, no, Catalina, dear, sweet child, you are a wonder in many ways, but this time you are mistaken. Dearest Helen, would that I could visit you! What, what is this?" holding the letter he pulled out of the envelope at arm's length. "What is it?"

"I, Marriet Motuble, nearing the end of my third existence," he read, "wish you to bear in mind the following: that by the time you have finished reading this note which I have ordered to be left with you at one o'clock this very day, I will no more be a mortal. By my own hands will the great chasm which separates the



physical from the spiritual of man be reached. Such an act has been recorded, since the beginning of time, as a crime against the great Creator as well as against self. Be it further known that I, Marriet Motuble, this moment confess to my many faults, the greatest of all my sins to my mind being my pretensions to having been a subject of 'Memory Fluid,' or of having remembered a previous existence. I only made this pretense to ingratiate myself into your favor, knowing your great belief in your wonderful 'Memory Fluid,' to make you return my great love. My labors were in vain. I am, on the other hand, repulsive to you—so I this day, at one o'clock, make an end of this earthly existence."

The Governor looked at his watch. "Ah! he exclaimed, "it is one o'clock this very moment. Can it be that she is now taking this step? What can I do to prevent this mad act? I will send her a message—where does she live?—I have not the faintest idea. I will have Juan inquire."

Juan appeared almost instantly after the Governor's call.

"Do you know where Miss Motuble lives? The lady, I mean, who called here early this morning?" asked the Governor.

"No, sir, I do not," replied Juan, eying the Governor curiously.

"Find out, immediately. If necessary, employ a detective. I must know if there is any possible way of finding out."

"I will do my best, your Honor, my very best," re-



plied Juan, as he left the room, shaking his head dubiously. The Governor followed him to the door engrossed with his own thoughts.

"Juan," he called, "here one moment."

Juan returned and looked questioningly into his face.

"Go to my private study at once, and say to Señors Guillermo Gonzales and Julio Murillo to do me the favor to meet me here this moment, if they have the leisure. With dispatch, Juan, with dispatch."

"Yes, your Honor," replied Juan, as he hurried away.

Such a request had never been made to the scientists before, and without any delay they hurried to the Governor, curious to know the object of the call.

The door leading into the room was wide open, and as they entered, the great author of "Liquid from the Sun's Rays" stood in the middle of the floor re-reading Marriet Motuble's letter. He greeted them warmly, and without any delay said: "I have received a very strange letter—no stranger, however, than the person by whom it is written—the aggressive señorita Marriet Motuble."

"Marriet Motuble!" exclaimed both men in a low voice.

"Your surprise cannot possibly be greater than mine," replied the Governor. "Please reserve your surprise for what I will read you. In fact, I am inclined to believe most anything, if what I have read of this long letter be true. I am yet in ignorance of the nature of the remainder of the letter. Be seated, friends, and I will start at the beginning."

The three great men sat down in a circle, and when the Governor had re-read the first part of the letter



and various comments had been made, the Governor began reading where he had previously left off:

"I repeat that I, Marriet Motuble, this day at one o'clock will make an end of my present earthly existence. Farewell, farewell, my adored one, farewell. Although my great love for you was not reciprocated in this life, I will live again and again. In the next life I hope to have sufficient power to compel love to grow in your heart, in your great noble breast, for me—for me alone.

"My life is not lived upon the highest plane, for I long for revenge; for revenge upon the one you adore. Her name is upon your lips at this moment, and you breathe a prayer for her protection. Beware! if I have the power, her downfall will come shortly. She upon whom I wish for revenge to fall, is Helen Hinckley. And I am the one who adores you.

"MARRIET MOTUBLE."

"That is not all," said the Governor, "but before I read this, which is entitled, 'A Matter of Business,' I will ask you what I would better do in regard to the case. It seems so perfectly absurd that anyone would kill himself for such a foolish reason. I cannot imagine one loving another for whom he knew the other had no regard."

"Love," replied the great scientist, "is a strange thing. It goes out toward the object of its desire, prompted by no other motive, it would seem, than to do the will of the person upon whom it is lavished. Miss Motuble



has my sympathies, most certainly, because she is in error. What she terms love is a misnomer. However, we must investigate. If self destruction has not taken place, we must use every means known to science to prevent it."

Julio Murillo was walking back and forth, as was his custom, his hands clasped tightly behind him, intent upon what was being said, and forming his own conclusions.

"Have you no suggestions to offer, friend Julio?" asked the Governor.

"Yes, your Honor," he replied, facing the two men; "I would suggest that you do not let this matter annoy you in the least. Miss Motuble will never take her own life!"

"You speak so positively, I am encouraged. But what makes you think so, friend Julio?"

"The reasons he will give, Miguey, will be scientific ones, and you can rely upon them," said Guillermo Gonzales, as he embraced Julio and said: "Tell us upon what grounds you base your statements."

"I am at this moment," replied Julio, "*en rapport* with the bewitching, aggressive señorita. She is half reclining in a beautiful lounging-robe, on a couch so rich that Cleopatra would have envied it in her days of splendor. Now she lifts a goblet to her lips and cries: 'The drink of the gods! What a joke it is to play upon the credulity of the Governor. What the result will be when they search for me and find me peacefully taking my siesta, instead of being no more a mortal, no more of clay, I cannot say. Ha! ha! If I cannot secure his



love, I will create an uproar. I will be prominent yet before I die. I will crush the life out of all the scorpions around here. I will, I will!" She now falls over amongst her pillows embraced in the arms of sleep."

"If there is no doubt about what you tell me, I will certainly hold this young woman accountable for her little confidence game. I have sent Juan to find her address. Should he succeed in finding it you will accompany me to see her," said the Governor.

"You must go in disguise, your Honor, as a physician; we three will go disguised thus. It is not necessary to wait for the return of your man. I know perfectly well the place where she now is," said Julio.

At that moment Juan entered the room, panting and frightened. "Your Honor," he cried, "I employed a detective; he has this moment returned to say that Miss Motuble is dead by her own hands. Her body was laid, less than an hour ago, in the old private family vault of the Motubles."

"Everyone knows the place. It was there the child Catalina Martinet was buried," cried the Governor.

"The detective's statements are false," said Julio Murillo. "I mean he has been misinformed. Someone may have been placed in the Motuble tomb, under the name of Marriet Motuble, but the real person is alive and is as strong to-day as anyone of us three."

"Juan," asked the Governor, "are you sure no mistake has been made by you in repeating this message?"

"I am sure, your Honor, and I am sorry Señor Julio thinks she is not dead," said Juan.

"How inhuman!" exclaimed Guillermo Gonzales.



"Maybe so, your honor; but women who make men afraid should die."

"You have strange ideas of getting rid of annoyances," said the Governor, trying to hide a smile. "I will ring for you, Juan, when I need you again."

Juan was getting intensely interested in the affair on hand, and was secretly congratulating himself that he would hear everything; consequently, was very much crestfallen when the Governor very politely invited him to leave the room.

"That part of Miss Motuble's letter which relates to the deception she practiced by pretending to have been a subject of 'Memory Fluid,' is false also; there was no pretension about it. She actually came disguised as a drunken man, and entreated me to give her 'Memory Fluid.' Her figure was a splendid disguise, but her actions and voice betrayed her sex to me. By no sign from me did she ever know that I had penetrated her disguise. She certainly is a strange mixture of God's creation—a strange mixture," concluded Julio.

"I know of no case as interesting as hers, unless it is the case of 'The Plunger from Kansas,'" said the scientist, Guillermo Gonzales.

"You are correct, my friend," said the Governor. "As soon as I finish reading Miss Motuble's letter, or I would better say letters—this one is entitled, 'A Matter of Business'—we will disguise ourselves as doctors and ferret out the mystery of the tomb, after we convince ourselves that she is alive. She used a different tone in writing this:



“TO HIS EXCELLENCY, GOVERNOR OF CHIHUAHUA: Be it known that on the day which shall from henceforth be known as “Memory Fluid Day,” that I, Marriet Motuble, being an attentive listener to the lecture, and a guest at the banquet, where all I saw and heard consumed me with interest, and where the following plot I overheard, which I now relate to put you on your guard—that I may show to you my great appreciation of your wonderful discoveries and the great love and esteem in which I hold the lives of my fellowman. The words that first attracted my attention were spoken by Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir, well known to yourself, to a man who wears the garb of a priest, Father Hernandez by name. He said: “The nefarious works of this man Lehumada, a man of purely Mexican origin, whom we elected to fill the highest office in the hands of the people of Chihuahua, has betrayed the confidence imposed upon him to such an extent that it now behooves us to put our shoulders to the wheel and stop the downward run he is hurrying us to perdition. The time-honored institutions and customs of our once great and beloved Mexico have fast disappeared. And now it is left to one of our own race; one of our own dear Mexican blood, to pretend to discover a liquid which will restore and perpetuate memory to be used to get evidence of crimes that poor souls are said to have committed in lives gone by, that they may now be brought to justice. There is no telling how far these accursed doings will be carried. It will not stop at the trial of ‘The Plunger from Kansas.’” The priest replied: “Your story I will spread far and wide. I will raise an



army from amongst the priests, and our followers and our sympathizers. Money will buy a great following who at present are seeking work, and have no scruples. To these people I will paint the intentions of the present makers of 'Memory Fluid,' as black as midnight. I will have our own priesthood falling by countless thousands into a yawning abyss—filled with the blood of our own downtrodden. Complete organization is absolutely necessary. That can be done in this city within twenty-four hours. Through our secret code we will advise our sympathizers over the entire continent of America of our intention. They will be ready to come to our assistance at the moment of our call. The first step we will take in this city to-morrow night, when we hope to arrest and put to death the three instigators of this great evil that seems to be spreading over the entire continent. This is the beginning of a long and bloody war which will be waged between Free Thought and the dogmatic teachings of the churches. Particularly do I hope for the re-establishment of the ancient and time-honored institution of our long-lost Mexico." The two men arose, embraced each other, and hurried away to spread their evil intentions amongst their followers present. If this information proves a warning to you, I will be greatly repaid for the slight service I have rendered you. May the great Power above guide you safely through the conflict about to be waged between Scientific Thought and those wedded to the creeds of the churches—to the dogmatic teachings of every denomination and society on the face of the earth.

"Your aider and abettor in all your scientific investi-



gations in this life and those other lives we will live together in the future, yours, through all time,

“‘MARRIET MOTUBLE.’”

“A strange woman,” said Governor Lehumada, as he folded the letter and placed it within the envelope.

“There may be much truth in her statements. We have received many warnings since nine o'clock this morning, about this same affair. I hope we may be able to avert it,” said Guillermo Gonzales.

“It cannot be done,” came the emphatic prophecy of Julio Murillo. “So I beg of you to waste no time. Trouble is gathering thick and fast on every side. Let us prepare our disguise at once and hasten to the tomb and to Marriet Motuble.”

The two men left the Governor to prepare a disguise, and Juan entered to assist him.



## CHAPTER X.

## A DAY OF CONUNDRUMS.

IN thirty minutes the Governor and his two scientific friends disguised as physicians, stepped into a private cab propelled by air.

Julio Murillo gave directions to the motorman to take them through the streets slowly to the Mexican Annex.

The cab was circular in form and around it extended a glass window which magnified everything seen through it from the interior of the cab, while from the street nothing in the interior of the cab could be seen.

Governor Lehumada leaned back amongst the comfortable cushions, by the side of Señor Guillermo Gonzales, and engaged him in conversation, the coach gliding noiselessly through the street the while.

Julio Murillo sat upon the high observation stool in the center of the circular cab, where he saw, through the window near the top of the cab, everything in the streets through which they passed.

Occasionally he gave directions to the motorman, who was comfortably seated in the center of the top of the cab, through the speaking tube, to turn in this direction and that direction. Three-quarters of an hour had passed since they left the Governor's mansion, and still



they were winding in and out from one street to the other, and yet they seemed to be no nearer than they were at first to the Mexican Annex.

The two men talked unceasingly and were not in the least disturbed by not reaching their destination. They had never known Julio to do an act without being able to give a good reason for it, and now they did not question his object in taking them through various streets, back and forth, instead of directly to the hotel.

The cab came to a stop in front of a large drug store.

It being the physician's cab belonging to the Governor's mansion, and on account of its peculiar construction, it attracted much attention wherever it went.

The motorman descended from his conspicuous seat and entered the drug store to fulfill the orders of Julio Murillo.

"Friends," said Julio, when their cab had come to a standstill, "do me the favor to watch closely out of the window. A curious little play is going to take place in front of this store within a few minutes."

"With much pleasure, friend Julio," replied the Governor, as the two men arose to look out of the window.

"The All-Wise has been kind to you, my compatriot, to give you the power to read the thoughts and know of the actions of those around you," said Señor Guillermo Gonzales.

"I am grateful, my friend, for all the progress I have made. Get in tune with Nature and her mysteries you can read. The divinity of Her force, Her influence, can be felt by all," replied Julio seriously.

"What a strange looking man is now entering the



drug store—that big swaggerer there to the right,” said the Governor.

“Yes, to be sure,” said Señor Gonzales. “He makes me think of one of those ancient Northmen sailors, or a big, raw-boned Irishman of more recent days.”

“What a strange gait he has,” remarked the Governor; “there is something familiar about the fellow. I wonder if I have met him before.”

“Yes, your Honor, you have met *her* before,” said Julio.

“Her?” exclaimed his companions in a breath. “Her?”

“Yes, you both have met her. That person is no other than Señorita Marriet Motuble, the lovesick maiden of less than two hours ago, who claimed to have committed suicide because her great love for you was not reciprocated. Watch her closely. I will put on the *sound condenser*; then we can both see and hear what is going on,” said Julio.

“Who is the man, with whom she is talking?” asked the Governor.

“Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir, your Honor,” quietly answered Julio.

“He also is in disguise, then. What can be the meaning of all of this, Julio?” questioned the Governor.

“Your questions can be answered more definitely when I turn the lever of the sound condenser,” said Julio. “Every five minutes one of the tubes is filled and ready, when the lever is turned, to repeat every word spoken within ten feet from the center of its radius. The five minutes is up. Watch the two while we listen,



and we can more fully comprehend the meaning of their conversation."

Julio turned the lever, and the three scientists heard the following conversation, Marriet Motuble being the first to speak.

"It is pathetic to know that one so young and so fair would take her own life. She is the young woman, I believe, who is private secretary to the well-known Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir, is she not?" asked Marriet Motuble, as she puffed a cigar in regular man fashion.

"If the person is Marriet Motuble," said Governor Lehumada, with much concern, "why does she ask such a question?"

"It is a ruse," replied Julio, "to find out something about the young lady to whom she refers. She is exceedingly fond of Miss Hinckley, and at the same time insanely jealous of her. What is it her companion is replying?" concluded Julio.

"No doubt Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir would be glad if such were the case. He believes, I understand, that this young woman will be the means of much domestic unhappiness and outside trouble, unless that by means other than his own she can be induced to leave his employment. This blue-blooded Mexican is a royal friend of mine, and I will take it upon myself to offer one thousand dollars *in gold* as my friend would say. You know he has never yet acknowledged Mexico to be a part of the States. Yes, I will pay one thousand dollars in gold to the person who will induce Miss Hinckley to leave my friend's employment."



"Indeed," replied Marriet Motuble. "I wish I knew the charming lady. A fellow could not easier make one thousand in gold, and perhaps get the lady as well. Say, sir, it's settled, I'll get her away. Have this cigar, and let's go in and have a large glass of the old popular drink of the ancient Mexicans to celebrate the blue blood, the royal Mexican blood, of your friend Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir," said the aggressive señorita.

"Improbable it seems to me that the person can be a woman," said the Governor.

"Hard to believe, yet as true as fate," replied Julio.

"Thanks," replied Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir, taking the proffered cigar; "with your permission, we will drink to the royal blood of my friend a little later."

"As you please," replied Marriet Motuble.

"First," said her companion, "let me introduce myself. Jose M. Martinez—my card, please. Of Mexican extraction also, you see."

"Ah, I see the connection—a sympathizer. Well, well, this is royal blood too, and mighty glad I am to know you, Señor Martinez. Let me present myself. Leo Leander—my card, please. I also pride myself upon my lineage. I am a lineal descendant of the Northmen. But it is not family genealogy we are here to discuss," replied Leo Leander.

"You are right, Señor Leander; yet it fills one's bosom with pride to be able to trace blood." Getting very close to him, he continued: "I'm sure your



sympathies are with my friend in the uprising in which he is about to be the instigator. Can I trust you? You seem to be such a royal fellow."

"I do not quite comprehend you, my friend; but if you or your friend are in trouble, command me. I am your most obedient servant," said the pretender, Leo Leander.

"I am content," said Mr. Martinez; "'*muy contento*,' as my ancestors would have expressed it. Now, friend Leander, this is the point I wish to make. Miss Hinckley must be gotten away from the house of my friend before nightfall. She knows too much about his reverence for the ancient customs of his long-lost Mexico. She must be gotten rid of—do you comprehend?"

"I grasp your meaning, I am quite sure. Leave her to me; I will put her beyond the sight of mortal eye."

Mr. Martinez shook his hand warmly, and said: "There is one thing more, then we will drink the health of my royal-blooded friend, who, I hope, soon will be your friend also. The author of 'Liquid from the Sun's Rays'—that accursed fluid which they claim restores memory—and his would-be scientific associates, must be killed before morning. We are determined to have a revolution. We are determined to rend this part of the country, so long known as Mexico, from the rule of the United States of America. We are assured now of a following of ten thousand from each State that was at one time a part of Old Mexico, or the Republic of Mexico. You know the history, do you not, of that long-suffering, brave and downtrodden people? We wish to sever our relations from the people who united us to them without our consent."



"We certainly do," said a voluptuous man who had been standing close by, an attentive listener.

"Ah, old fellow, here you are," exclaimed Mr. Martinez, in true democratic style. "On time to the second. Let me present you to my friend Señor Leo Leander, Don Enrique Arellano." The two men shook hands cordially, and Don Enrique Arellano embraced him after the fashion of the nineteenth century Mexicans.

The three men in the cab turned from the scene in front of them, and gazed in astonishment at each other.

"What deception they are playing," said Julio. "The fellow introduced as Don Enrique Arellano is none other than the priest, Father Hernandez.

"Is it possible?" cried the Governor.

"This is a strange affair," said Señor Guillermo Gonzales; "a strange affair."

"The priest is talking," said Julio. "We must not lose a word he says."

The three men again turned their faces toward the street, and listened intently to what was being said:

"I caught my friend's last remarks as I came up," said the man introduced as Don Enrique Arellano. "We must sever the existing relations between the country known as the Republic of Mexico, long, long years ago, and the United States of America. We are determined to re-establish the Republic."

"And how are the latest reports?" asked Mr. Martinez.

"I have been assured the support of every bishop in the states that once were a part of long-lost Mexico."



"Our power—I mean the power of the Church, as wielded in the nineteenth-century Mexico, is only known by reading history," said Mr. Martinez.

"I see where you are correct, my friends. The relations must be severed. The civil law must be revised. It is sad, sad, sad to see the poor, downtrodden priests, poorly fed, poorly dressed—those, I mean, who have to depend upon the church only for support. They struggle bravely on and uncomplainingly, hoping and praying, no doubt, to regain the long-lost power they had over the people during the life of Pope Leo XIII."

"Quite true;" replied Don Enrique Arellano, wiping a tear from his eye, "quite true. Then the priests were clad in purple and fine linen; then they received fifteen dollars for every marriage ceremony they performed—now only one; then the many feast days brought them thousands of *centavos*; now they are so few that the increase in the church treasury is hardly perceptible. The people are too much enlightened in the ways of the evil world, and not enough in the ways of the church, or, I would better say, this Government does not teach them submission—there is no head. Each goes his own way; each thinks for himself; hence the priest has lost his power, and I say it must be recovered," vigorously concluded Mr. Arellano.

"Let us drink to the health and wealth of the priests, and to the recovery of your long-lost Mexico," said Leo Leander, evidently hoping to spring something new on them.

The three actors passed into a bar near by, out of sight of the three scientists in the cab.



"So much has transpired since we stopped in front of this drug store, it seems to me that it must be night," said the Governor.

"On the other hand," replied Julio, "the time is only ten minutes later than the moment we arrived here."

"Shall we proceed to the tomb of Marriet Motuble?" asked Señor Guillermo Gonzales, with a smile.

"When the two return," said Julio, "we will get some more information; then we will start."

"You say we will start. Will something prevent us from reaching the place, Julio?" quietly asked the Governor.

"We will reach the tomb, but not for several hours yet," he replied; "and now I must have the motorman return to his seat. We must be prepared to follow wherever they go."

The exquisite notes of a bird close by, went out upon the air. People passing stopped and looked for the bird in every direction. Failing to see it they hurried on. At the first sound the motorman came out of the store carrying a large package, which he handed to Julio, and without a word climbed to his seat on the top of the cab.

"That was your secret signal, was it not, Julio, which you told me you had invented?" asked Señor Guillermo Gonzales.

"It was, my friend, and it works to perfection. I will explain the principle of it later. See! the trio are coming from the bar," replied Julio.

Once more they were intent in their thoughts and looks upon the three strange people in disguise.



Leo Leander said, evidently continuing a sentence she had begun at the bar: "Oh, yes, I know quite well the way to the Motuble tomb. After her tragic death was noised about, I met a friend of hers to whom I expressed a desire to see the old tomb and to know its strange history. He told me the story of the Marriet Motuble who lived in a life gone by, also the pathetic tale of the child, Catalina Martinet, for whom the tomb was built. I expressed a desire to see it. He gave me this key, which was presented to him by the deceased señorita, who begged him, if it fell to her lot to pass away first, to visit the tomb often, and grant the same privilege to his friends. Curious to see the tomb, I hurried out to the city of the dead, and had just arrived, when two men clothed in black, and carrying a large, heavy metallic coffin, entered the tomb, deposited their burden and hastened away. No one was present but myself, and they evidently took me for an officer of law. For they had not gone very far when one of the miserable cowards came running back; he handed me a paper and requested me to sign it. At first I refused; but the poor devil insisted that I was the proper person to sign it, and if I refused they would be imprisoned on their return without my name. So intent were they, that I was worked up to the belief that I was the person who should sign it, and I mustered up courage and wrote the first name that came to me, other than my own."

"And what name was it?" asked Mr. Martinez.

"Julio Murillo," calmly replied Leo Leander.

The three men in the cab threw up their hands in astonishment, and Mr. Arellano cried: "Jesus and



Marie! Jesus and Marie! You saved the poor wretches from present trouble, but should this act of yours become known, which will be sure to happen, your life will be in danger."

"I am fearless. You cannot frighten me, friends, with the law as practiced in Chihuahua," said Leo Leander. "If it is now your pleasure, we will visit the tomb, gentlemen," he concluded.

"A brave fellow," said Mr. Arellano, "a brave fellow. You will lead and thousands will follow. Ah, friend Martinez, we are to be congratulated on having this great leader on our side. Lead; we will follow to the tomb. The work we desire to have accomplished tonight is in the hands of the proper person."

"You will please accompany me to the Mexican Annex; there we will take a cab—a physician's cab, like that one there, if one can be secured. Come, gentlemen, we must be off, or the bloodhounds will be on our scent," concluded Leo Leander, walking off at a brisk pace.

At the same moment the Governor's cab started on at a rapid rate after them.

"No scientific investigation ever puzzled me more than this present affair," said the Governor.

"Nor me, friend Miguey. These disturbers of the law must be placed under arrest before sunset," said Señor Guillermo Gonzales.

"True," replied Julio; "they must be put under arrest, but not until we see what happens at the tomb."

"Order ten policemen to come to the tomb at once. Say for them to come in disguise and quietly," said the Governor.



"You do the proper thing at the proper time always, Miguey. We must get their entire story, then capture them. This bloody war they are trying to raise will be nipped in the bud," concluded Señor Guillermo Gonzales.

"Would it not be well for us to reach the tomb before them, examine it thoroughly, and be on the eve of leaving at their arrival?" asked the Governor, of Julio.

"Our best policy, I believe, is to follow them at a slow pace, and be alighting from the cab as they enter the tomb. The law is on our side, and if we so desire, the arrest can be made inside the historic tomb," replied Julio Murillo.

"We will not be connected outwardly with the arrest. On coming out of the tomb the police must know that the time to make the arrest has arrived," replied the Governor.

"Here is the Mexican Annex, gentlemen," said Julio Murillo, looking out of the window, "and our disguised friends are coming. They are more than a block away yet. We will move a block to the side to avert suspicion, from which point we can see them quite as well."

The cab moved slowly and noiselessly away and soon disappeared amongst a hundred or more.

The great hotel was filled to overflowing, and the big crowd of fashionably-dressed people surged back and forth through the entrances.

Julio's trained eye scanned every face, and now and then he uttered low exclamations of surprise. His two companions asked no questions, but arose from their seat and remained standing by his side, that they too might see what was going on around them.



"Ah, there is J. Ecarg, and Niksab, and Mr. and Mrs. Grange, out on a dress parade. I wonder if they are staying in the Mexican Annex now, or are they just hanging around trying to impress strangers with their importance," said the Governor.

"Partly yes, and partly no," said Julio. "Mrs. Grange has convinced herself by this time that she does not remember, and has met these men by appointment, which of course her husband made with them, not to arouse their suspicions. For had they known that it was Mrs. Grange who wished to see them, to interview them on 'Memory Fluid,' they never would have met."

"See how she tosses her head and smiles at Mr. Niksab. She has probably heard of his good fortune and hopes to be presented with another costly frock," said Señor Guillermo Gonzales. "Strange how susceptible some men are to such women's charms."

"It is the town talk to-day how she enchanted the President. She does not care for peoples' tongues, however. She is, no doubt, out on this dress parade in the hope of seeing the President again and to make a further and more lasting impression on him," said Julio.

"Who is the short, stout man dressed in grey, coming out of the hotel now?" asked the Governor.

"I do not recognize him," said the scientist, Gonzales.

"No, not in his present guise!" exclaimed Julio, with a laugh that shook his entire frame. "No, not in his present guise. If he were to take off the large grey beard and grey wig, the difficulty of identification would be removed."



"Whom would we recognize?" asked the Governor.

"The Plunger from Kansas," quietly replied Julio.

"A day so full of conundrums as this has been, I hope will not fall to my lot again in this life. I am a large, strong man; the greater part of me—the objective part—is human, and I am confident I cannot hold up under another strain as severe as this one which began well on to twenty-four hours ago. The arrest of this man must be made soon, and this great farce being enacted by the terrible señorita and her two associates we have just seen, must be put to an end," said Governor Lehumada.

"The Plunger from Kansas," quietly remarked Julio, "will accompany the trio to whom we have just been listening, to the tomb. Marriet Motuble knows who her two companions are, also the disguise of the 'Plunger.' There is no one's history she will not ferret out, no matter how dark and deep the veil is surrounding them. The step she is now taking is one too far. She is taking herself and her companions into the very hands of the law."

"Sure enough, friend Julio, here is the trio; the cab now coming up to the main entrance is the one they have employed. It is likewise similar to yours, Miguey," said Señor Guillermo Gonzales.

"If upon investigation, I find that that cab is an infringement upon the patent of mine, the manufacturer will suffer to the extent of the law," replied the Governor, very much annoyed. The strain of the day and the previous night was telling on him.

"Something must happen to divert him or a physical



collapse will result," mentally commented Julio, while aloud he said: "Your Honor, 'The Plunger from Kansas' is being invited by the aggressive señorita to accompany them to the tomb."

"I see," said the Governor. "They are now entering. Do not let the cab get from our view, Julio. We must make a sure thing of it this time. We must put a stop to this disgraceful farce."

"Trust me, your Honor. The police will be on hand when we arrive, but in hiding. And when they hear the beautiful song of my mechanical bird, they will rush forth and make the arrest."



## CHAPTER XI.

## ARREST OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

THE cab the four men in disguise were in took a circuitous route to the necropolis.

Julio directed the motorman to keep far enough away to avert suspicion, but not to lose sight of it at any cost. The Governor's cab was not in a place easily to be seen by Marriet Motuble and her assistants in the little farce-comedy they were playing, when they entered their cab, which stood in front of the Mexican Annex, and while it only now and then followed directly back of them, there was one hawk-eye within the cab that saw they were being followed.

Leo Leander was the occupant of the cab who saw they were being followed, and knew intuitively that trouble would result unless some way out of it could be invented quickly.

"Gentlemen," the aggressive señorita in disguise said, "gentlemen, I took the liberty to add another to our party to visit the ancient tomb—a gentleman by birth, a gentleman by education and social environments; a student and writer on anthropology, and a devotee to archæology. Friends, it is he you see, the Rev. Isaac Tombstone, Señor Enrique Arellano, and Don Jose M. Martinez."



It was quite evident from the expression on the faces of the pretenders introduced to Rev. Isaac Tombstone, that they would rather he were not one of their party.

Leo Leander saw this, and very quickly remarked: "Brother Tombstone is better informed than any other man alive on prehistoric Mexico; on the written and unwritten history of Mexico up to the nineteenth century; and from that time on he has been an eye-witness to everything that has taken place upon the soil known as Mexico in the nineteenth century, and he fully sympathizes with the descendants of the Latin race who lost their country, their time-honored customs and religious stronghold. Gentlemen, the Reverend Tombstone is true to principle; rely upon him. He will fight to the finish to help down the present *régime*."

The assertion that the Rev. Isaac Tombstone had lived through two hundred years, and now sat before them a well preserved man, apparently not over sixty years old, in full possession of all his senses, was the only thing in the statements of Leo Leander which seemed incredulous to the listeners. However, they congratulated the Reverend Tombstone on being so hale and hearty at his great age and said they were delighted that he had joined their party, and hoped in the near future that they would become staunch friends. Leo Leander was delighted at the effect his words had created, and smiled serenely to himself as he watched the maneuvers of the Governor's cab.

He was leading them a lively chase. So lively, in fact, that the motorman of the Governor's cab often was undecided just which way to turn.



"We are discovered," said Julio; "the aggressive señorita knows she is being followed, and it will take more than the quick eye of a hawk to keep her from eluding the law."

"Her cab certainly is not capable of swifter movement than ours," said the Governor. "I do not think it possible for them to escape us."

"We will not lose sight of the cab entirely," said Julio, "yet it is likely to lose one of its occupants on the way without our knowledge."

Señor Guillermo Gonzales did not make any comment, but gazed with much interest upon the remarkable panorama before him.

"We certainly are not going directly to the city of the dead," said the Governor.

"In most every other way but the direct road to the necropolis, we are going. The fact is, your Honor, the person in yonder cab disguised as Leo Leander suspects us of following them, and is going to ascertain if such be the fact by this method," concluded Julio.

In the meantime Leo Leander was formulating a plan for escape, while the Rev. Isaac Tombstone discoursed upon various topics with the other two occupants of the cab. He played his part well, to the great delight of Leo Leander, who had no idea that the man had the learning he now displayed.

"Yes," he said, in answer to a question propounded by Señor Enrique Arellano, "I am certainly grateful to the Father Divine who saw fit to let me live throughout two centuries and more, and retain complete use of my senses, and yet am in feeling a gay, healthy young man as well."



"Upon what ground do you base your information concerning prehistoric Mexico?" asked Señor Jose M. Martinez.

"Upon the fact that all light since the beginning of time has come to man from the East. Knowing such to be the case, early in the nineteenth century, then a young man eager for knowledge, I journeyed to Calcutta, and from thence to the remotest of the Himalayas, where I studied with the most learned of the Hindoos. They taught me from charts, maps and sign-writings, that centuries before, a people had gone from Persia and settled along the west and southwest coast-line of Mexico. But this new country was like the 'Vale of Siddim, full of lime-pits,' and the leaders of this tribe fell to fighting amongst themselves, after having founded large cities. Excavating amongst the ruins of their once great and populous cities, I discovered they had made great progress in science, art and literature. Those of the Persian tribe left, fled to the mountains and valleys of the interior, where they show evidence of having united with different races, by whom they were afterwards extinguished. These facts, friends, are of profound interest ethnologically," concluded the learned doctor of divinity.

"To be sure, to be sure," repeated Don Enrique Arelano. "What a wonderful fund of knowledge you have, Reverend Tombstone. Some day not far distant I hope to have you at my house as a guest, when dear Mexico is restored to us again and we are happy."

"And my guest as well, when that good time comes," joined in Señor Martinez; while Reverend Tombstone



mentally added: "Then I will never be your guests, gentlemen. Ah, but this is a great comedy some others besides myself are helping to play. These two men are a puzzle to me, as well as Leo Leander. I was afraid not to accompany him because he pierced my disguise. He said: 'You are "The Plunger from Kansas."' Walk right up, young man, and take your medicine. I need your help in the little farce I am playing, and woe is your name, if you betray me.' Well, I walked up, and here I am taking my medicine. Such seems to be life in this the twenty-first century. I pulled through two other lives without getting behind the bars, and they will have a lively chase if they overtake and arrest me in this life, 'Memory Fluid' or no memory fluid, notwithstanding the great advance there has been since my previous life, in scientific investigations. Well, what is going to happen now? The cab is stopping." Then aloud he asked: "The cab stops; is this the city of the dead?"

"No, your Reverence," said Leo Leander, "this is not the necropolis. However, I will leave you here and join you in a few moments at the Motuble tomb. Here is the key to the tomb, Señor José Martinez. It admits you to the tomb with one turn. If I am not there on your arrival, enter at once—do not wait for me—and gaze upon the placid features of Marriet Motuble seen through the glass on her metallic coffin. Gaze upon her and envy her brave act, but pity those of us left without her benevolent heart and sweet influence. Gaze upon her, friend, and do not wait for me. I may overtake you, however. Good-bye; good-bye for a short time," he concluded, as the cab came to a standstill and Leo Leander stepped from the carriage.



Almost instantly the cab with its three occupants bound for the city of the dead moved rapidly on, and Leo Leander disappeared from sight.

"How unfortunate for us that Mr. Leander felt duty bound to leave us at a time so propitious for seeing the ancient tomb," said Señor Martinez.

"It is unfortunate for us," calmly replied Rev. Isaac Tombstone; "although the bad fortune does not fall upon us alone."

"How is that, friend?" asked Don Enrique Arellano.

"He was in good company, I mean," smiled the preacher; "in very learned company, and with old friends; or I would better say, with those whom I hope some day to be classed as old friends. Heigh-ho, here comes a physician's cab at breakneck speed," concluded Rev. Isaac Tombstone.

"Some one is very ill, no doubt," said Señor Martinez. "I wonder who the patient is, that causes the physician's cab to travel so swiftly. There are three of us, witnesses to the fast travelling through a crowded thoroughfare. See the people falling over each other nearly, to get away from the path of the cab."

"A fair example of the present rule of things," said Don Enrique Arellano.

"But I believe, my friend," said Rev. Isaac Tombstone, "that exceptions to the law are made, in cases of physicians going on missions of mercy."

"How can anyone say that such is the case now?" asked Señor Martinez.

"Not I, for one," replied Don Arellano.

"Nor I," added the preacher.



"One cab is certainly chasing the other now. We must prevent it; such doings are not lawful. We must prevent it. We must prevent it," cried Señor Martinez, rising to his feet and calling loudly to the motor-man. If he heard the cries of "Stop, Stop," he paid no attention. The cab fairly flew through the streets, and before anyone was aware of the fact, they had arrived at the cemetery gate just behind the cab the motor-man had been trying to overtake.

Rev. Isaac Tombstone was not less surprised than his companions to see the other cab stop at the Motuble tomb.

The three men alighted first, however. Mr. Martinez unlocked the tomb and they entered, leaving the door wide open. The tomb was in the form of an octagon at the base, the diameter being twenty feet; from the center of the base to the highest point of dome measured one hundred feet. The interior was of highly polished marble, in which were set large mirrors. The small coffin in which rested the body of Catalina Martinet stood in the center of the tomb on two marble pillars. A silence fell upon the three as they read in bright gold letters on the casket, "Catalina Martinet, age sixteen. Died of a broken heart."

"By the gods, I will have revenge upon the man who caused her illegal birth to be, and her untimely death to come. Marriet Motuble. Her Friend through all eternity."

"She is dead, but lives," solemnly said Reverend Tombstone. "She is dead, but lives."

"Impossible," angrily replied Don Arellano. "Impossible."



Without making any reply the Reverend Tombstone stepped to the large casket recently placed in the tomb, and said, looking in the glass face plate: "The classic features of Marriet Motuble! She whom I knew in a life long since past lies before me."

"Don Arellano," cried Señor Martinez, "we have been deceived. This man is a believer in that accursed 'Memory Fluid.' The sooner we get away, from this tomb, back to the city, the better for us."

They each glanced nervously at the waxen face before them, and without further comment started hastily to leave the tomb.

Rev. Isaac Tombstone made no sign that he heard them, but stood by the head of the metallic coffin, his eyes riveted upon the face he there saw.

As his two companions left the tomb, three men dressed as doctors of medicine entered, and stood with uncovered heads around the coffin. The cab in which the Reverend Tombstone and party had arrived stood in front of the door of the tomb.

At the moment the two men were stepping into it three policemen stepped forward, as the song of a bird rent the air, clapped iron bands around their wrists, and said: "You are prisoners of law. Make no disturbance or you will be roughly dealt with."

Señor Martinez threw his head back haughtily, and asked: "Does the present *régime* permit the arrest of quiet, law-abiding citizens?"

"Certainly not, certainly not," replied the officer. "It is not becoming to your present disguise for you to ask such a question."



Attracted by the noise outside, Rev. Isaac Tombstone walked to the door of the tomb to see the cause of the disturbance.

Julio Murillo followed him and said, addressing the officer of the law: "Bring the prisoners here, into the Motuble tomb."

His orders were instantly obeyed. It was an opportune moment for Rev. Isaac Tombstone, so he thought. He stepped aside to allow the law and its trespassers to pass into the tomb. And as he bowed in a very dignified manner to them, mentally exclaimed: "Now is my time!" and ran to the end of the tomb, jerking off his false wig and beard and his spectacles as he went. He turned his coat inside out, either side made to wear outside, lit a cigar, and before anyone was conscious he had left his place by the door of the tomb, his disguise was completely changed, and at a bound he was in the cab.

At that moment the song of the bird was again heard, and the officers of the law rushed out to make another arrest, but the cab was fairly flying away from them, and they cried: "It is too late; the bird has flown. We must have one more chance at the fellow."

"Were it not necessary to examine the contents of this metallic coffin," said Julio, "which is supposed to contain the remains of one Marriet Motuble, we would pursue this man in the physician's cab."

"One of my men," said the captain of the force present, "can follow on my air cycle, get assistance, and make the arrest in the city."

"That is a splendid idea," said the Governor; "a



splendid idea. This man is too valuable to science to be allowed to escape. His capture and open confession is the only thing necessary for us to have to convince the entire world of the truth of our wonderful discovery, 'Memory Fluid.'"

"What do you, a common physician of the State, know of 'Memory Fluid,' that fake discovery of the Governor's and his scientific friends?" asked Señor Martinez, in a highly sarcastic tone.

To whom Señor Guillermo Gonzales replied: "We are not here to discuss what his Honor knows about 'Memory Fluid,' but to fully examine the corpse in this box. Stand close by, friends. I will make the first incision."

Aghast with horror, the two prisoners and the remaining officers of law stepped back.

With an instrument that seemed to be made especially for the purpose, Julio Murillo removed the glass plate from the coffin.

As he passed his hand over the face of the object before him, he smiled to himself and the two men shivered.

"Now, my friend," he said to Guillermo Gonzales, "now is your time."

Unflinchingly the scientist pressed the sharp edge of the large knife against the waxen-like neck of the object before him with the result he expected. Instead of dissecting a corpse, Julio cut into a wooden model over which was a thin coating of wax.

"See," he said to the Governor, "see; the prophecy of Julio is true. The aggressive señorita is surely not in the Motable tomb."



"Nor for that matter," said the Governor, "in any other tomb. I am fully convinced, and the law must take its course immediately. A model of wax only occupies the Motuble tomb."

Señor Guillermo Gonzales fastened the glass plate securely on; the policemen led their prisoners out of the tomb; the Governor and Señor Guillermo Gonzales followed, and Julio Murillo locked the tomb securely and placed the key in his pocket. As an extra assurance that no one could enter the tomb and carry away the proof of Marriet Motuble's dual action, the Governor ordered two extra policemen, who had arrived in the cab ordered for the prisoners, to guard the tomb, and under no circumstances to let anyone enter.

Strange to say, Señor Jose M. Martinez and Don Enrique Arellano entered the policeman's cab without any protest whatever, and at a rapid rate were taken to the central police court when their disguises were at once removed, and their names were entered as follows: Jesus Marie Hernandez, occupation a priest, alias Don Enrique Arellano; Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir, occupation a gentleman, alias Jose M. Martinez. After the above registration was completed, they were placed in separate cells and left to their own reflections.

The Governor and his two companions were quickly taken to his own private home, where they soon learned that many callers had been there during his absence, and several left, very angry, because he was not to be seen.

The President had sent to the Governor, a few minutes before they arrived, a large envelope which contained many sheets of paper closely written.



The three men took supper together, and over their meal discussed their experiences of the day, and at its close went straight to the Governor's private study to read the President's statement. The Governor handed the envelope to Julio, who opened it carefully and read as follows:

"FRIENDS AND COMRADES: A wonderful change has come over me within the last eight hours. A change so delicious that no one but he who has experienced the same feeling can begin to understand it. It is the knowledge that comes to one of a previous existence.

"To be plain, my friends, I *remember*, thanks to your wonderful 'Memory Fluid.'

"I was in this city one hundred and fifty years ago, in the employ of the United States Secret Service. I arrested, by the assistance of a little girl—Catalina Martinet—a counterfeiter who had evaded the law for years, all the while living in the Republic of Mexico in the guise of a mining man.

"That arrest was a big feather in my cap. I was promoted and my salary raised largely.

"I wish to thank you, my friends, for the great service you have done me by bringing to my notice this wonderful discovery—the *most* wonderful scientific discovery of this or any other age. I could write on and on and on, telling you about what I remember, but it is of no use to burden you with so much reading.

"I will now return to my apartments at the Mexican Annex, at which place I hope to see you privately be-



fore I leave the city, which will be at twelve o'clock to-night.

"Yours fraternally and faithfully,

"JOSEPH MORTINGO."

"He leaves to-night, at twelve. Ah, he returns to the capital; his plans are changed since morning. I will go immediately; you will accompany me, friends, I hope," said the Governor.

"With much pleasure; we will make our toilet at once," said Señor Guillermo Gonzales, speaking for himself and Julio Murillo.

"I will in the meantime," said the Governor, "speak to him. I will say we will be there in half an hour."

In a very short space of time the three scientists were on their way to the Mexican Annex. The hour was ten P.M., yet people seemed to be assembling there from all quarters of the city.

Several times before reaching the hostelry the three scientists heard angry cries as they passed through the streets.

The Governor thought nothing of the matter until he was leaving his cab to enter the hotel, when an angry crowd cried: "There is the traitor! Kill him! Kill him!"

Many blows were aimed at the Governor, but were warded off by the timely arrival of the soldiers and police.

"Come, Miguey, come. Enter by this private entrance. This mad crowd is likely to make an end of all of us if we do not get out of sight," said Señor



Guillermo Gonzales, as he hurried the Governor into the hotel.

"The uprising has begun," said Julio, "and earlier than I expected. You gentlemen go at once to the President's rooms. I will see what news can be learned in the rotunda. It is my opinion that the President should be sent to the station to-night under heavy military guard. He must get out of Chihuahua in disguise, and to-night at that. If I am not mistaken, we have an ugly affair on our hands. This is no place to talk. I will go in search of the latest news." He hurried away amongst the surging crowd, while the Governor and Guillermo Gonzales were shown to the President's rooms.

"This is a terrible state of affairs," said the President, as he greeted them on entering.

"The instigators of the uprising," quietly spoke the Governor, "are behind the bars, and when their sympathizers learn the fact, it will put an end to the unlawful doings of the rabble."

"My life has been threatened three times since my arrival at the hotel. And see, gentlemen, the cipher despatches I have received from the Capital."

Señor Guillermo Gonzales took the despatches from the hands of the President, looked them over curiously, and said: "Has the news of this affair reached Washington?"

"It has more than reached the city. A fearfully large following has not only been raised there, but in the metropolis and capital of every State in the Union. Unless the militia and police force can quell the dis-



turburs in a few days, much trouble will follow," said President Mortingo.

The Governor extinguished the light in the room, and stepping to a window, said: "See the mob in the street! What is it they are crying?"

Above the sounds of the mob, a voice cried: "That is his room; they are all there. Shoot the pretenders down without a word!"

At that moment Julio Murillo entered the room quietly, and going close to the two near the window, said: "His Excellency must be taken from the hotel immediately; there is no time for delay."

"But his life is in danger, if he be seen," said the Governor.

"To be sure," calmly replied Julio; "but not any more than your own."

"They intend to harm every one who is a believer in 'Memory Fluid,'" said Señor Guillermo Gonzales.

"There is no time to be lost, gentlemen," said Julio. "I have disguises here for his Excellency and your Honor. Friend Gonzales and myself will be lost in the crowd."

The two men of national repute disguised themselves with the various articles Julio brought with him, left the room unobserved by anyone but the soldiers guarding the room, and were soon safely quartered with those of the President's party who had not left the city that morning in a palace car ready to be hurried away to Washington.

The Governor and his two scientific friends returned to his residence, but could only get within one block of it in the cab, for the rabble and soldiers.



They left the cab and mingled with the crowd, and soon were safely in the house by a private entrance.

In a sense they were safe; but how long safety would last they could not say. All night the Governor and his two scientific friends in company with many high officials of State, discussed the present state of affairs and laid plans for immediate action should further trouble come.

The President had promised that United States troops would arrive at the shortest notice possible and put an end to the uprising if the State troops were insufficient.



## CHAPTER XII.

## A LIFE SAVED.

THERE never had been such excitement in Chihuahua as that caused by the arrests of Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir, and Father Hernandez.

Not even the execution of Hidalgo, the good priest who sought to free the people of Mexico from the terrible slavery in which the church held them, created the same fervor. The mad rabble and the church fanatics were too ignorant to realize the awfulness of their deed. They believed what they had been told by the church, that whoever advocated freedom of thought must die. And few were the tears shed when, in the year of 1810, the life of the great and noble Father Hidalgo was taken in Chihuahua. At least, it was the few who shed tears.

Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir had been known as a quiet, law-abiding citizen, very wealthy and eccentric. It was generally known that he prided himself upon the fact of his blue Mexican blood, and persisted in signing Falomir, his mother's maiden name, to his own surname, as was the custom in Mexico up to the close of the nineteenth century. Yet no one ever dreamed that he nursed any ill-will against the law of



the land of his birth—against the United States of America.

Everyone seemed to think that he had a right to his peculiarities, and while Chihuahuans smiled when the name Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir was spoken they were always ready to point out this wealthy, aristocratic and eccentric citizen to visitors in Chihuahua and obtain an introduction to him for them, if possible.

It was not strange that the citizens of Chihuahua wondered that their fellow-citizen, thought to be quiet and law-abiding, and the priest, well known in the city for his many charitable deeds, were behind the bars on a charge of treason.

The calm of the early morning, produced by reading the full account of the charges and the arrest of these two well-known citizens, in the great *Chihuahuan*, was now giving way to noisy discussions of them, by small and large crowds of citizens of all classes, assembled on the street corners, and in public and private houses. At nine o'clock the jail in which the two offenders of law were held was almost surrounded by what looked to be the rabble of the entire country.

The great and progressive city of Chihuahua had never had such a large crowd of ungainly and suspicious looking creatures assemble since it became a part of the great Republic of the United States of America. From whence had they come and for what purpose? were the questions propounded on every side by the uninitiated.

At first no particular attention was paid to the miserable looking beings hanging around the jail. But as



their number increased so rapidly, although they seldom spoke and made no disturbance, the number of police usually on beat near the jail was doubled, and a company of one hundred soldiers were stationed close by.

The rabble questioned no one, and no one questioned the rabble.

The police and soldiers kept their eyes riveted upon them, but as they only *looked* suspicious, and did nothing, they were allowed to remain and no arrests were made.

Such were the orders received from the Governor, and no officer cared to disobey them. During the forenoon several priests and friends of Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir came to the jail and begged for admittance. Each person was refused and went away angry. Some of them openly vowed vengeance.

One priest ventured to return, and asked the guard why his friends were confined in jail, and if an early hearing would be granted them. Unable to get any satisfactory answers, he turned away, his white face showing the terrible rage he was in.

The Governor and his scientific coworkers had not been seen on the street during the day, and as night approached and no official word could be had as to the probable fate of the prisoners, the rabble around and near the jail showed signs of great uneasiness, and in bodies of threes and fours wandered away. As each party left it was quietly followed by an officer, who thought himself in a condition impossible to be surprised, no matter how unusual an occurrence which would happen might be.



However, his thoughts in that direction were wholly in error, as what occurred will demonstrate.

As the sun sank behind a tall peak of the Sierra Madre, and a still darkness crept over the beautiful scene, and hid it from admiring eyes, the strange crowd that had wandered off in small numbers from the jail now collected themselves in a large, empty storage room in the southwestern part of the city, a distance of about four miles from the Mexican Annex, and the Governor's residence. Before nine o'clock it was filled to overflowing, and still ragged, dirty creatures full of disease kept on coming from every direction. From the stillness of everyone the meeting and its object evidently was meant to be kept a secret, at least for a season.

When it was seen that not another person could find standing room in the large wareroom, the door was securely fastened; a dim light was turned on, and a tall, raw-boned looking man stepped on top of a high drygoods box, and said:

"Friends and Countrymen: It is with a sad heart I stand upon this platform and look out upon the many hundred faces before me, faces that show the ravages of disease, the pangs of hunger, and the *no-hope* expression of those who have been downtrodden; neglected, mentally, morally and spiritually, on account of peculiar environments. It is with a sad heart I see you thus before me and join you in your silent prayer for deliverance. For deliverance! Does not that word partake of Divinity? Does it not seem to bring you closer to the great Giver of Justice? Does there not



seem to be a start toward the adjustment of all evil? Cannot you who have despaired of hope, see the light of the Divine, the expression that comes from a superior knowledge, upon my face? I am your deliverer. By the help of all influence Divine, I will see that justice is meted out to you. Away back in that life known only to myself when I was a fat, freckled-faced, bare-footed boy of ten, building mud houses and paddling in the rippling streams, I saw strange things and heard strange voices. One day while sitting on a large moss-covered boulder in the clear waters of a placid, cool and shallow stream, I had a vision. I saw the words, 'You must be the deliverer of the oppressed and downtrodden in Chihuahua in this year, the year of our Lord 2049,' written in letters of fire, out over the water. I was frightened, and started to run, when a voice said to me: 'Stop; look and fear not.' I took my seat upon the highest point of the boulder and riveted my eyes upon the spot over the water where I had seen the letters of fire. Very soon I saw a large, magnificently built city. I saw it grow and grow until it became unparalleled, for grandeur, and for the number of advanced-thought people. I saw the glory and power of one rise, while others sank lower and lower into the very depths of poverty, disease and ignorance. I saw a coterie of blue-blooded people, educated and wealthy, arise like guardian angels in the night and go forth to defend the oppressed; to take from his throne of power, the pretender; one of their own royal blood who had betrayed the confidence imposed in him, and now sought by the arts of a magician



to make the people believe that he had made wonderful progress in scientific discoveries. I saw the two noble defenders of the downtrodden thrust into jail! I saw a small army of believers in the two defenders of noble birth, start out confidently to overthrow the government; to try to sever that part of the United States of America once known as the Republic of Mexico, from the Union to which it sent a petition less than one hundred and fifty years ago, asking for annexation, which was in due time granted."

"Yes," piped out the voice of an infirm old man, "we want our Mexico back; we want our priests restored. Them was good old days, and we want them back."

"We will make war against all these high notions of scientists, who, the priests say, are leading the people to hades," ventured another old man, bent with age and infirmities.

"The Church ain't much power, but it still has many followers, and all of us can fight for it," continued the old man.

The revolutionary sentiments expressed began to show effect upon the crowd. They moved about uneasily, and low curses and threats were being voiced on every side.

The speaker again began to talk and the noise subsided somewhat.

"Yes," he said; "I saw ourselves plunged into an internal war. It was carried on between all adherents to the dogmas of the orthodox on one side, and advocates of free thought on the other side. And my



vision ended, with part of this nation fighting the other. The assembly no doubt thinks that thoughts as expressed by some of your would-be learned men are too free." This remark elicited a great applause, and the speaker, after mentally congratulating himself upon the impression he had made, continued: "Everyone knows to whom I refer particularly." A hushed silence followed this remark. "I refer particularly to the Governor of this great State, the man who claims to have discovered a fluid directly from the sun's rays, which will perpetuate memory throughout all time. The main purpose for which this fluid is intended, is to aid officers of law in securing evidence against all who have committed crimes, and to bring such people to justice. Study upon this feature of the case, friends. Imagine yourself being compelled to believe in such stuff. That is what constitutes part of the doctrine of Free Thought. You must be a scientist to advocate free thought as they wish it. It tramples down all the idols which you have bowed to for centuries. The faith of your fathers must be superseded by facts obtained from scientific investigations. You must believe that memory can be restored and preserved through ages; that the annihilation of diseased matter can be accomplished by means of 'Ebony Fluid.' That all miraculous deeds of the Christ of Bible fame can be done to-day, not only by one, but by many; all of whom, however, must be initiated. Well, friends, I have been talking thirty minutes. You have my sentiments; think, think, think! Never act without studying over the past results of just such action you are on



the eve of taking. Remember the condition of the times. You will fight against many odds. It will be ten against one. But do not be discouraged; bear in mind that a handful of men and women who desired to practice their religion according to the dictates of their own conscience severed themselves from England, their mother country, with much bloodshed; with much bloodshed, it is true, yet they gained the object for which they fought—their freedom—and hence the right to serve God as pleased their fancy. I will not suggest what step for you to take, but if you will tell me your plan, I will lead you to success.”

This time the high notes of a voice which showed training in public speaking, arose up from the great crowd, and startled everyone by exclaiming: “I, the Rev. J. T. Note, do this moment declare that there is but one way to adjust matters as they now stand;—to rectify the great injustices done to the followers of the orthodox, to those who believe in and follow the precepts of the inspired works of biblical writers. I say there is but one way to recover our waning power and that is, to fight for right.”

Hurrah after hurrah went up. The crowd grew less and less under self-control.

The minister continued: “Do not delay; make the first strike to-night. Listen,” he cried in hushed tones. “*Listen!* I will assist yon noble speaker to lead you to the front—to face the foe in battle.”

At the conclusion of his speech, and before another word could be spoken by anyone else present, the lights in the room went out and the mad cries of the audience went up in protest.



## 170      Liquid from the Sun's Rays.

A strong breeze, which could only come through an open door or window, swept through the room.

It needed no voice to tell that trouble was at hand, but not the kind they had been talking about trying to create. Quick orders were given by some one in authority, in a low voice, and responded to by others in curses. Everybody tried to get to the door and into the street.

In less than ten minutes after the lights went out, the large room seemed to be empty; but it was not quite empty—there was one person left and he was the speaker of the evening. The night was intensely dark, and the large crowd got as near together as possible, and planned for a night of carnage. Until one o'clock they remained quiet, except for planning.

By some one the Rev. J. T. Note was missed; but no one felt alarmed, for those who missed him thought he was somewhere amongst the crowd, helping to carry out their proposed plan of attack. Now that the hour had arrived that they had agreed upon to attempt to take the life of the Governor and his two scientific friends, a company of three hundred men, led by the old man with the piping voice, cautiously wended their way in that direction. Others started in various directions to carry out their nefarious ideas.

The tall, raw-boned person remained, almost breathless, in his crouched position on the floor back of a big empty box, until thoroughly satisfied that no interloper, or friend, as for that, was in the room. Cautiously walking to the back door, the position of which he must have been well informed, he opened it noise-



lessly and quietly stepped out into the dark night. For five minutes more he strode back and forth, his thumbs securely thrust into the band of his trousers, in deep meditation, now and then chuckling to himself.

"Let me see," he said aloud as he suddenly came to a stop, "let me see. It is now fifteen minutes after one o'clock. Whew! What did Helen Hinckley think when I failed to meet her at the appointed place and time. The result of the meeting just closed was the most unexpected event of my life. It is all day with these would-be revolutionists if the city police and state militia are onto this meeting. It is all up with you, Reverend Note, I am quite sure. Chihuahua's police force took charge of you, I'll bet a copper. You are languishing in a small cell, behind the iron bars, as a nineteenth century romance writer would say, on a charge of treason. It will go hard with these three transgressors of law. It is a strange affair, and I have done my best to help both sides accomplish what they are out for. Ha! ha! It is a great world, and Free Thought, based upon scientific reasoning, is sure to win. As sure as fate. The poor deluded creatures here to-night have my sympathies, and also had my assistance to-night. I did all within my power to make the fire of revenge burn bright within their bosom. Some people may say I am a hypocrite. Well, I am in a way; but when one can make others happy by practising a little deception, the wrong cannot be lasting. And what if it is, what if it is? The beautiful creature who has so completely captivated the bachelor heart of the Governor, was disappointed, no doubt, by



not finding me at my apartment at the Annex, at ten o'clock. But not so disappointed, I fancy, as when she reads in to-morrow morning's *Chihuahuan*, an account of the murder of the Governor, whose love, I imagine, she reciprocates; and of Don Guillermo Gonzales, and of Julio Murillo, the son of Señora Suzzan Carriles, of Colima, as well. 'Memory Fluid' will go over the board, if that wholesale slaughter is effected. Their great test case will be laid over for another incarnation. 'The Plunger from Kansas' will have one more chance for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, without living in mortal fear of being dragged up before the bar of civil justice and politely requested to make amends for a deed done in the body in at least two existences past. Yes, poor fellow, he will have a little rest and peace of mind; for there is no one who will concern himself about presenting to the world proofs of the results obtained by the use of their great discovery. Helen Hinckley will pine away, and the grave will claim her for another victim before the summer is over. Their spirits will voice a desire to enter again into a physical condition immediately, and before twenty years of their new life has passed away, those two hearts that this moment beat as one, soon to be so ruthlessly severed, will be united forever and forever, and as they glide along and form one of the many scenes in life's grand panorama, they will cause, by their subtle philosophy, the 'Plunger from Kansas' to adjust the wrong they are now trying to right. Ha! ha! ha! Really I must move on, and cease my early morning soliloquy. I really believe I am get-



ting to be a prophet. Certainly I have been talking aloud. In the nineteenth century, when one fell into the habit of talking aloud to one's self he was said to be loco; but no such a fear need be entertained now, for this is the age of scientific revelation. No one can accuse the other, for every queer action is attributed to his knowledge of science. And either everyone is a student of science—of course that science which pertains to the soul of man, particularly—or everyone is loco or crazy. Adios, all ye demons of darkness, soon to be superseded by the angels of light, adios. I certainly hope the messages you bring will be such that my sad heart will be avenged. Now, with feet as fleet as the wild goat that once roamed the mountains over, I will reach the Mexican Annex, quietly steal into my apartments, quickly conceal all of my disguise, and tomorrow no one will be any the wiser for my night's escapade. Ha! ha! no doubt, that on in the day while the revolutionists are playing havoc in the great, progressive city, I will be shedding tears, mingling mine with those of the Plunger of Kansas over the biers of our lately departed friends. Only friend Julio will I grieve for the loss of. Poor Señora Suzzan Carriles, of Colima, had no idea when she and Father Hernandez, now languishing in jail, committed the crime of adultery in a former existence that their progeny would rise up nearly two centuries afterwards and make them repent of their folly. Ha! ha! Ye vigils of darknesss, I am gone!"

The person who had just concluded the lengthy soliloquy, passed away, without further delay or comment, in the direction of the Mexican Annex.



Near by stood unseen, Helen Hinckley, who had heard with bated breath every word of the soliloquy. "The person," she cried with smothered voice, "cannot be other than the friend of my other life. The voice I recognize as that of Marriet Motuble. Strange creature! She whom I grieved for as dead, until her note reached me at nine o'clock to-night, and gave satisfactory explanations, is here plotting against the great and noble Governor and his able coworkers. Oh, thou annihilator of evil, bear me witness to the doings of this strange woman. I will warn him for whom I have looked through two lives. He shall be preserved, and when his true state is confessed to me in words, I will unite my life to his, and then what should have come to pass two hundred years ago will take place now. There is no worry in my soul, for the righting of all wrongs is certain to come to pass."

As swift as the wings of a bird could waft itself through space, she glided through the still, cool air of the early morning, at a distance of twelve inches from the ground, to the Governor's home. By means of her own great psychic power she conveyed to him even in his deep sleep the knowledge of her coming, and where to admit her; at a door opening out upon a balcony on the second floor, to the rear of his home.

She was dressed in a close-fitting black dress and hat, so that in the intense darkness of the night she was not observed.

When the Governor first received the mental message stating her intention of visiting him on important business, his body shook with a great emotion, and his



heart beat wildly with joy at the prospect of seeing and talking with the object of his heart's desire.

But when he reached the door she expected to enter, and stood ready to open it for her, he was again a man of reason, and an overwhelming love for the spiritual woman had taken the place of his baser love.

He held the door slightly open, and eagerly gazed into the darkness he could not pierce.

He felt a strange vibrating of the air, and then a presence which glided over the balcony and into the room and sank into a heap at his feet.

He caused the room to be instantly lighted, and stooping, raised the prostrate figure at his feet.

"A little water, if you please," she said. "I could not compute the height, so the flight was a little hard for me."

The Governor handed her a glass of cool water, and said: "I am sorry your solicitude for my safety has cost you such a great physical effort."

"No, no, no; do not mind. It would not have happened could I have seen the house and computed the distance from the ground to this door. Do not be in the least concerned about me, your Honor. The law is apparent, but I had nothing on which I could base my calculations," said Miss Hinckley.

"I do not understand," said the great Governor and great discoverer of "Memory Fluid," "how you came in this door directly from the street without any visible means of ascending to this height?"

"Is it possible, your Honor, that you forget when you and I in that life gone by, hoped we might be able to overcome the law of gravitation so far as our own



bodies were concerned, as well as to discover a means by which we could perpetuate memory?"

"I certainly recall our meditations along those lines, but I have made no investigations along the line of the former," replied the Governor.

"But I have," said his fair listener, "and while you were perfecting your wonderful 'Memory Fluid'—and other liquids obtained from the source of all light, and which may prove to be equally as great scientific revealers to man—I have been delving in the realms of the hidden and praying for light. It came, and oh, glorious was the day when I felt myself lifted up a few inches from the ground and gliding along as easily as a bird on the wing!"

"How astonishing, how wonderful! You must at once become a Fellow in our Royal Academy for Scientific Investigations. Your discovery is the most remarkable in the history of man. You will do me the honor, I hope, to first explain the *modus operandi*. My soul yearns for knowledge of Nature, of God," cried the great man of science, his voice full of emotion.

"My hand, your Honor. Depend upon it, that the limited knowledge I have shall be conveyed to you at the earliest moment possible. The man who is so well in tune with the Great Light, the Source of All, will comprehend the subject in a moment," said Helen Hinckley.

The Governor pressed her firm brown hand between his two, and lifting his eyes to the invisible Ruler of the universe, said: "The blending of two harmonious lives, oh, Thou Great and Everlasting Cause; this seems to me to be the fulfillment of Thy desire."



## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE PEACE OF THE SOUL.

HELEN HINCKLEY raised her beautiful face, shining with a light divine, and said: "It is the fulfillment, your Honor. It is the peace of the soul that 'passeth all understanding.'"

At that moment the Governor dropped her hands; extinguished the light in the room, opened the door a little wider, and strained his ear to catch the unusual sound that came in from the street below.

Helen Hinckley knew at once the meaning of the sound, and said: "I must not delay longer telling you the object of my call."

As these two people (whose souls had sought each other through two other lives and failed utterly to find the other, from the simple fact that their material environments were such that their very souls had no power to break through the terrible prison house in which they seemed to be encased, and fly to the arms of its counterpart) stood in the dark doorway, Helen Hinckley told the Governor all that had happened between herself and Marriet Motuble.

It was the dearest moment of his life when he felt her warm breath upon his cheek. while she whispered the story in his ear.



"A strange creature, that Marriet Motuble; a very strange creature," he whispered in reply.

"She is more daring now than in the other life. She is a woman to be avoided. When one is so constituted that the association with a person harms him, instead of doing him good, the best plan is to keep at a respectable distance, and do the person all the good possible from that distance. But hark! What is that?" she concluded, as she clutched the Governor's arm in her fright.

They stepped out on the small balcony and both listened breathlessly.

The Governor replied: "It was the report of a gun. Ah, there is another, and another. Hark! the police are after them."

"The Executive Mansion is well guarded by the soldiers. I do not believe that they will be able to enter the house. The unguarded moment is the dangerous time, your Honor," said Helen Hinckley, as she stepped into the room and gently led the Governor with her.

"On the subject of guarding my house," replied his Honor, "I gave strict orders that no extras should guard me or be placed around my property. It is my duty, as the official head of this great State, to protect the lives and property of private citizens. The officers of the law will do their duty if there be an uprising, which I can hardly believe will take place. I am not a coward. I will not run and leave my people to face the trouble alone."

"What you have said is quite true, and no one would



expect any less from your Honor," replied Helen Hinckley; "but there is an old law concerning self preservation. Your Honor recalls it, does he not? Yes? Well, then, you may be compelled, in order to carry out the law, to keep out of sight of these fanatics—these would-be revolutionists—until they are taught to remember—until they see the power of the Light Divine."

"Hist! hist!" both the Governor and Helen Hinckley heard the warning which came through a door that led into the room where they stood, from an adjoining room.

In another instant, the clear, piping voice of the old man who had uttered such revolutionary sentiments at the meeting of these disturbers of peace, called out in hushed tones: "Find him, boys; find him. He's not in his bed. I thrust daggers all over it. Then I climbed on it and crushed my heels on every part of it; but he was not there. Our brave leaders are behind the bars, boys, and we are handicapped. Now this imposter and enemy of the church must die! Come, boys. Forward, march!"

Helen Hinckley pulled the Governor's ear close to her mouth, and said: "Your Honor, to stay here means instant death. The physical power of two people against one hundred or more is of no avail. Come; you must leave this room with me through the outside door. You must this moment feel the force of being able to overcome the law of gravitation. Slip your hands under the strap across the back of this small propeller; step on top of the railing on the balcony;



trust me; do what I whisper into your ear, and we will escape. You must come, if not for *your own* sake, for mine," she concluded.

"I will go, my life, for your sake," said the Governor, his voice full of emotion.

At once Helen Hinckley led him onto the balcony. He stepped with her on top of the railing. He put the cap of his long black dressing gown over his head, and with no support except the arm of Helen Hinckley, which she had quietly slipped through his, he walked out with his companion into space.

The leader of the revolutionary party and his many followers, who were seeking his life, at that moment stepped into the room they had just left. The cool breeze of the early morning rushed in through the open door, feeling which, the old man at once exclaimed: "He has escaped; a door is open, if I am not mistaken. A light will soon settle the question."

No sooner was the idea given voice, than several of the men present pressed the end of the miniature torches they carried in their pockets, and instantly the room was ablaze with light. With these small torches in hand they rushed to the open door, with the vain hope that they might catch the runaway.

"We are misled," piped the old man. "No human being could have escaped from this small balcony, without the use of ropes and ladders. And none are here. We are misled! We are misled. Forward—march!" he cried, after military fashion. "We will search every nook and corner of this great mansion, until we find him. We will not be stopped. We are powerful,



and will slay every one in our path who objects to the course we are taking."

The old man was frantic—frantic from the thought that they might fail in taking the life of the Governor.

He stalked into the hall followed by the other marauders, all of whom seemed determined to demolish and otherwise ruin as much of the house furnishings as possible.

After completing the entire circuit of the rooms on that floor, they started toward the wide staircase to descend to the floor below for further search.

At the head of the stairs they suddenly came to a standstill, and all trembled with fright at what they saw.

The brave old man who was only a moment ago so courageously leading his warriors to battle beheld a child in white standing at the head of the stairs, with arms outstretched, and he cried: "Jesus and Mary defend me! This spirit is sent to warn us of death. Oh, oh." He immediately fell upon his knees and buried his face in his hands. His followers stood still and watched the figure before them in breathless fear.

"I am no spirit," said the child, Catalina Martinet—for it was she who stood before them—"but I have been one, and in that other life which ended so strangely for me, I knew you, poor old man. How well I remember seeing you in the yard of the cathedral and watching you and a boy pull the rope which rang the bell in the high tower of the cathedral. At the same time you helped to pull the rope, several boys in the tower beat the big, old bell with sticks."



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"Ah, Jesus and Mary, save me! This is a spirit, I am sure," cried the old man.

"I repeat," said Catalina, "I am not a spirit now, but I was once. Now I live again, again! Old man, I recall how the very sight of you pulling the old rope made me tremble with fear, if I had committed the slightest deed contrary to the priest's teachings and had not confessed. You remember, do you not, old man?"

The only reply vouchsafed was a shake of the head and a groan.

"No?" she continued. "Then you *shall remember*, Señor Antonio Noriega, the time you broke your leg when you were a very, very old man, and you lay in the little dark adobe room back of the cathedral and died for want of attention. Say, Señor Noriega, you need to remember. There needs be an awakening of your soul; now is a good time for the beginning. Arise, sir; leave this house this very moment and cease your evil designs."

The old man stricken with horror, arose and in a trembling voice, said: "It is the voice of a spirit. I am warned. Oh, that my eyes were open, that I might see!"

"Here, old man," cried one of the fellows present, "don't get scared and leave us at this early stage of the game. Remember, we are out for revenge."

"Come," said the clear, sweet voice of the child Catalina. "You must leave the Governor's house this very moment. Arise! Forward—march! Take this bottle, Señor Antonio Noriega, and when you step your



foot on the public street, drink its contents. Then *remember*; you will live again, and you will see things not seen by the eye, and hear things not heard by the ear."

The old man clutched the bottle tightly in his hand, and started down the steps at a lively pace.

Quietly and without a word the men followed. On reaching the door that led into the vestibule, the entire party were surprised on being commanded to surrender.

Antonio Noriega gave up his arms at the first command; but such was not the case with the others. For a few moments a hard fight was waged between the officers of law and the revolutionary party.

In the confusion and darkness, several offenders of law escaped from the house, but were closely pursued by officers. The others were taken in custody by the soldiers and policemen present, and conveyed to jail.

At the moment the old man stepped from the Governor's Mansion onto the public street, Catalina Martinet cried: "Señor Antonio Noriega," and he raised the small bottle to his lips and drained it empty. "*Remember, remember.*"

Different members of the revolutionary party cursed in an undertone, "Memory Fluid," all occult science, its devotees, and the administrators of law in general.

As the last man disappeared from view, Catalina Martinet cried: "I will make them all live. I will get many vials, fill them with 'Memory Fluid,' and when the sun makes the day very bright, I will take them in a small basket, and go out amongst these people,



who are alive, yet do not live, and as I hand a vial to each man who looks vicious, I will say: 'Drink this and live.' And when enough men drink the fluid, the war which is going to be will be stopped. Come, Juan, take me upstairs. I am sleepy and I want a bowl of milk."

Juan had stood close by during the affray, possibly too frightened to move; and now that Catalina spoke to him, he moved forward and cried: "Your Honor, the child is not human. I must leave your service."

Catalina clutched his arm tightly, and in a fit of childish glee, said: "See, Juan; I am Catalina, a big, healthy child. I was a spirit once, but now I am flesh and blood. Come on, Juan, take me upstairs; then get me a bowl of milk. I am hungry. Come on, Juan; I am not a ghost. I am poor Catalina. I am tired and hungry, Juan. Carry me." She raised her arms up to him. Without a word he lifted her in his arms, and hurried with her to the little room adjoining the housekeeper's; which was on her arrival furnished with every article for childish comfort and pleasure that could be found in Chihuahua. Strange to say, the house which only a few moments ago was filled with violators of the law whose intent was murder, was now so still, that a person stepping into the home of the Governor, could hardly imagine that such a state of affairs ever could have existed in such a quiet and magnificently appointed home. Catalina fell asleep in Juan's arms, and the slumber of the healthy child whose breath fell gently on his cheek, was the one demonstrated fact that she was a child of



flesh and blood and very human, notwithstanding she might be a novice in spiritual attainments. He was convinced of the human part, however, and smiled to himself, as he laid her on the bed, at the fright she had given him. Her head had no sooner touched the bed than she opened her eyes, and said: "Juan, bring me a bowl of warm milk, please. I am hungry—hungry—hungry."

Juan replied, at the same moment turning his head to hide a smile: "*Muchacha mia*, Juan will bring you a bowl, *muy grande*, at that, *de leche caliente*."

"Stay, Juan," she cried, as he stepped into the hall. "You are not afraid of me now, are you?"

"No, no, child. You are a very, very lively little girl and no spirit. Of that fact I am fully satisfied. I am going now for the milk. Good-bye, sweet child. Juan is your friend."

"Juan is a strange old fellow," said Catalina, as she cuddled down on her little bed. "He was afraid of me because he thought me a spirit. I wish my dear papa was here. I will go and find him as soon as it is very light. If all these people could only *remember*, there never would be a bloody war. I must find Miss Helen Hinckley and Miss Marriet Motuble. She befriended me in the other life and built a very large, nice tomb for me when I died. She was very, very good to me, but she is queer; silly, I think now. I heard papa and Señor Guillermo Gonzales and Julio Murillo say she pretended to die and be buried in the Motuble tomb, where I was placed, and when they went there to see the body, they found in the coffin—only



a waxen figure. I wonder why she pretended to die and didn't. I wonder if she thought some one would cry—my papa, I suspect—and she would only make believe she was dead, to see who cared or would cry. Papa would cry, I know, if I were dead. I believe I will die and see. I will wait, though, till Juan gets my warm milk; for I am awful hungry. It is thinking about the ugly war and those wicked men who were just here, that made me want my hot milk this early in the morning." At that moment Juan entered the room, bringing a bowl of hot milk and a plate of shredded graham bread, and placed it on a little table by the side of her bed.

She drank part of the milk, and laying her head back on the pillow, said: "Juan, would you cry if I were to die now?"

Juan was startled, and replied: "Now you are going to scare me again. Because you *remember*, and say you lived here once before, it's no sign that if you die now and ever live again, that you will *remember*. You would better hold on as long as you can, now that you are here. You are a little girl, and young; you have no business talking about dying. God did not make you to kill yourself. You drink the rest of the milk before it gets cold, and go to sleep."

"Juan," continued Catalina, "if you would be sorry, then how much more sorry my papa and Miss Hinckley would be."

"I suppose your mamma would be very sorry too; and his Honor would be most distracted if you died so young. He has taken the greatest fancy to you of



anyone since I came into his service; and that was when I was a very young man. You don't know what a good place you have, little girl, and my advice is to stay close to it while you can," concluded Juan, with a bob of his head.

"Listen, Juan," continued the child. "I feel like I must die. I will die at once. Come close to me. Sit in this chair, and you can see how I do it."

Juan took a seat by her little bed, not because he wanted to, but from the fact that he could not resist her influence.

"I mean, Juan, his Honor, the Governor. He is my papa, you know, and would be very sorry if I were to die. The man and woman into whose family I was born are nothing to me now. I never cared much for them, nor they for me; so no one there will cry. Why, Juan I took them a bottle of 'Memory Fluid,' and tried to get them to take it, so they could remember and we all could be happy. I could not be staying with people who only care for this life. Persons who see the things *only* seen by the *eye*."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Juan, rising. "How can anyone see except *with* their eyes? Child, you are talking about things you know nothing of. Drink your milk and go to sleep. I can't stay here much longer a-humoring you. I've got to attend to Señor Murillo," concluded Juan, rising.

"Sit down, Juan, sit down," quietly said Catalina; and Juan obeyed meekly.

"Great One, who lives here and everywhere, who knows all and causes all, speak to me. Advise me.



Will I be interfering with my soul, will light be shut out from me; will I be in the way of anyone seeing things not seen by the eyes, if I leave the matter we call a body, and go to you? The people into whose family I was born are harming me, and I, a little girl, am not strong enough in will or in knowledge of law to make them follow me." Turning to Juan she continued: "I have not been answered yet, Juan, but I feel as if I must go; but I will come back, I will come back, and his Honor, his Honor will be my papa. See, Juan, I am going."

"Oh, don't go yet," cried Juan; "there is the bell. I must answer it."

Catalina sat up in bed, and as Juan left the room, called: "Don't be gone a moment, Juan. I want to go away." Then to herself she continued: "It is not right for me to have been born into a family that do not know me, that do not know the other world, and who do not remember. I cannot be happy. I must live again. Great One above, shall I come?" She leaned her head upon the little pillow encased in a dainty linen slip, and remained perfectly silent. When Juan opened the door a few moments later, and rushed into the room, she sat upright, and before he had time to speak, said: "Juan, I am not going now. I can help his Honor. I can help others. I can give many 'Memory Fluid'; but before the cruel war ends, I will leave and come again."

"I am almost out of breath, I hurried so fast to get back before you could die. I got some terrible news. It came from the President, and as his Honor was not



here, Señor Julio Murillo opened the dispatch and translated the ciphers. He believes there will be trouble all over the States. He says he will telephone him personally in a few hours, and on his arrival in Washington if the revolutionists are gaining in number and giving more trouble, the army will be called out, and peace will soon be restored. His Honor is not in the mansion, and everyone but Señor Julio Murillo fears that some harm has befallen him."

"Oh, no; not everyone," cried Catalina. "I am not afraid he is harmed. He is with Helen Hinckley and safe. She loves him. Señor Julio knows where they are, but I do not; but I can find them. Go on, Juan. I am going to sleep; the warm milk is taking effect. I will sleep, but not die for some time to come; not until I feel that I have done all possible good. Then I will go and come back again, and then you will know me; you will not be dead, but you will *remember*. Go on, Juan; I am going to sleep. Tell his Honor, if you should see him before I do, not to be alarmed, if he does not see me for a few days. I will be very busy while the struggle lasts; at least, while it lasts in Chihuahua. Many are needed to spread 'Memory Fluid.' It will have more effect in spreading truth abroad and quelling the war at hand, than millions of guns. I am needed to keep my eye upon several whom his Honor will pass by, now that the lives of his people are in danger. I will be a detective, Juan, and because I am a child no one will mind me being around. There is 'The Plunger from Kansas,' Mrs. Grange, and Marriet Motuble, who need the eye of the



law upon them, but on account of the trouble caused by Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir, Father Hernandez and Rev. J. T. Note, they will be forgotten. It is my duty to see to them, and I will perform my duty well. Go on, Juan; I am very sleepy."

The little fair head again fell back against the pillows, and in the few moments Juan stood by silently watching, she fell into a sound slumber.

"She is flesh and blood," he soliloquized, standing quietly by her bedside looking upon her plump, childish face. "Yes, she is flesh and blood; but she has a great spirit in her. She is unlike other children. I am afraid of her, yet I know she is only a child. She is a prophet. I will take 'Memory Fluid,' then I can see things not seen by the eyes. Ah, there is the bell again, again, again; something out of the usual is happening." Juan quietly and quickly left the room. In the hall he met Julio Murillo, walking faster than he had ever known him to walk before. On seeing Juan he cried:

"I leave orders not to admit anyone to the house to-day. Under no circumstances will this order be countermanded. I will leave by a private entrance. No one will see me go nor return. Señor Guillermo Gonzales alone will occupy the Governor's private study until my return. Under no circumstances intrude on him. He must not be worried about me, nor by anyone asking questions; and it is your business to keep quiet, and guard the house well, and his Honor's interests in general, until I return."

Juan replied: "Trust me, señor. I have never yet



betrayed his Honor or his interests. The hour is very early; you have not had your morning meal. His Honor would not forgive me if a guest left his home, even if the hour be four, without his customary meal. Recline here, señor, and in a very few minutes I will return with a lunch just fitted to this early hour."

"Your advice is good, Juan. I will accept your hospitality. But be quick; every moment counts now. I have located the three men who were last night confined in jail, on a charge of treason, and who escaped less than an hour ago. While I had no trouble in locating them, there will be much difficulty in getting them again behind the prison bars. You are right, Juan; I will need my morning meal before attempting their arrest. Bring me a bowl of hot milk, a plate of buttered toast, and two soft-boiled eggs, and bring it quickly, Juan. The revolution is inevitable, and we must face it like men and stop it; if possible, without bloodshed. Yes, I will wait, Juan, just fifteen minutes."

As Juan passed from the presence of Señor Julio Murillo, he gave a sharp, low whistle, his only means to express the great surprise he had just received.

"Well, this is a nice state of things. The Governor spirited away, the prisoners escaped, Catalina on the eve of dying, 'The Plunger from Kansas' gone again, a woman arising from the dead, and a war on hand, all at the same time. Yes, a strange world. I don't believe I will know as much as I do now, if I do not stop thinking so much about all of these strange things. I don't believe I will take 'Memory Fluid.' I will have



no time then to do anything but remember everything that happened when I lived before. I really wonder if I have lived before, or more than once. How funny it would be to remember four or five different lives. As soon as I get Señor Julio Murillo's breakfast to him, and he is well out of the house, I will experiment with 'Memory Fluid.' I will be a subject. Oh, I wonder who I was when I lived before? Ha! ha! ha! ha! Wouldn't it be a great joke if I was in my first life a president? Maybe I was George Washington, or the Mexican President, Santa Ana. Yes, that is a great joke. I have my own curiosity up, and will drink a gallon of that 'Memory Fluid,' if it will make me remember."

Juan strode on toward the kitchen hurriedly, to give the order for Señor Julio Murillo's breakfast, and then sat down on a stool and deeply meditated, upon the subject of "Memory Fluid."



## CHAPTER XIV.

## MEETING IN THE ALAMEDA.

SEÑOR JULIO MURILLO reclined on a comfortable couch in the large reception-hall on the second floor of the Governor's stately mansion, to await the return of Juan.

"I see," he mentally commented, "the end of this revolution which has just begun. If those who precipitated the mad act were told now what the final would be, they would have no faith in what was told them being true, and would leave nothing undone to carry out their present intentions. There is no way of dealing with those who have no knowledge outside of physical self, except by physical force. It is a lamentable condition of affairs to those who cannot see the end. To me it is of no concern whatever, except that I hate to see the suffering of humanity. There is always a certain sympathy, which the initiated have with those who do not know the Law. The spread of Free Thought during the last century, caused by scientific investigations, particularly in the spirit realm, has been wonderful. Such a very great decrease in crime has never been known, or at least has never been recorded since the beginning of time, as that shown



during the last fifty years. The wane of the power of the priest and the pastor, and the great diffusion of scientific truths concerning the realm of the hidden is accountable for it. I will not do my duty if I fail to relieve the sufferings of those who do not *know*, of those who can only see the things seen by the eye. Here comes Juan, poor fellow. I wish he could see the hidden. He is on the road and will soon know, however. Is it he? Are my physical eyes failing me? It cannot be; the figure is too large and does not move like a domestic; still, Juan has much spirit. It is Señor Guillermo Gonzales. Ha! ha! what a start he gave me."

He started to rise to greet the person coming toward him whom he thought to be his scientific coworker, when he uttered a startled exclamation and fell quietly back in the deep shadows, amongst the pillows on the couch.

"It approaches with the caution and tread of Macbeth. It is not a spirit. It is of flesh and blood, and is here for no good purpose. To me it will be amusing from this moment on, to watch the many nefarious people who will try to end this physical existence of the good and great Governor. If they knew what I know, they would certainly save themselves the trouble. The light in the early morning is *very* uncertain, yet the outlines of face and figure I cannot discern with the physical eye, is plain through the eye of intuition. And I see the much-disguised figure of Marriet Motuble, the invincible. I must not be discovered here, or half the pleasure of knowing the object of her early call will be lost. From a physical



sense of view, to follow her over the house will be interesting. Ah, where is she going now? She stops. She listens. I wonder what she hears? Can it be that she hears my breathing, or feels the vibrations of my thoughts? I hope not; for if either be the case, this interesting scene will be denied me. She goes toward his Honor's private bedroom. The lay of the rooms are well defined in her mind. What is it she carries in her right hand? Now she raises it. The door is opening. She will not waste a shot, I am quite sure. When she finds the Governor is not in his apartment, she will be disappointed, and hurry out for fear of being discovered, but not by this door; the more private one at the end of the suite will suit her purposes, I fancy, much better. I will have Juan follow and catch her if possible. I will have him fasten all the doors securely and bar the windows. She will lead him a lively chase; but then he will be otherwise occupied than studying and worrying over the absence of his Honor. Here he is now."

Juan placed the breakfast on a table near the couch, and said: "Fifteen minutes is a long time to spend in preparing so simple a meal. I hope, I hope I have not tired your patience."

"It makes no difference; in fact, I am glad I was detained. I have another commission for you," said Señor Julio Murillo. "You know the large, aggressive señorita Marriet Motuble, do you not?"

"I do, sir; I do. She frightened me badly once. I will tell you about it," said Juan.

"At some other time, Juan," replied Señor Julio



Murillo. "We have no time to lose. She is in the house at this moment, intent on no good purpose. See that she does not get out of the house. Tell her you have orders not to open the doors under twenty-four hours. Follow her, Juan. She must not escape."

"But you, sir. I cannot leave you unserved," pleaded Juan, expressing the hope that he might not have to follow Marriet Motuble.

"I need no more service, Juan. In ten minutes I will have completed my breakfast and be gone. You have no time to lose; the house must be securely fastened, for the señorita is as sly as a fox, and will escape if double caution is not quickly secured. It is necessary to detain this woman, from more points of view than one. I have nothing more to say, Juan, except for you to go."

Juan's head fell low, and without a word he walked slowly in the direction Marriet Motuble had disappeared.

Julio Murillo finished his meal quickly, descended the stairs noiselessly, and in an instant had disappeared from the house.

Juan encountered the aggressive señorita sooner than he had calculated. Evidently the many rooms and openings on the floor had confused her, and she had lost her bearings. And now as she was retracing her steps, no doubt in the hope of finding the private stairway which led to a door opening onto the back lawn, she faced Juan before either was aware of the presence of the other.

The invincible señorita was equal to the emergency,



but Juan fell over against a wall, trembling and frightened, and prayed that she would pass him unobserved.

Again he was doomed to disappointment, for instead of passing him unobserved, or if observed, hurrying by him in the hope of escaping without being detected, the very instant she saw him she walked bravely up, and slapping him on the shoulder, said:

"Hello, Juan. You seem to have been on guard all night, or else something unusual has happened to get you up at this early hour. Come, Juan, you are my friend; let me into your secret. I mean, of course, the secret of the household."

"Well," replied Juan, with some spirit, as he pushed her hand off his shoulder and moved away from her, "you seem to know more about this house than I do."

"Ha! ha! Juan," laughed the señorita. "Ha! ha! there are tricks in all trades, and by the time you have lived through five existences and *remember* everything in each life and take advantage of your learning, you will know more about some things than some other people who do not *remember*. Ha! ha! Juan, why don't you drink some of your master's 'Memory Fluid'—a gallon or so, to start on? Ha! ha! That 'Liquid from the Sun's Rays' is wonderful! It could not be otherwise, as his Honor is such a wonderful man. But come, Juan, tell me where he is. In which room? And see, this is for your trouble." She held up a twenty-dollar gold coin, which shone brightly in the dim light of the early morning. "A twenty-dollar gold coin cannot be picked up every moment, Juan. Do you know a good thing when you see it?"



"See me; do you, miss, see me? Well, I will stand here until I starve to death, or am killed, before I would tell you anything about his Honor's affairs, if you offered me ten times that amount of money. I don't need any money. I have plenty to eat and wear. But I haven't time to stand here in his Honor's private bedrooms talking to a lady at this early hour in the morning or at any other hour of the day."

"Well, well, *omigo*, you are a loyal servant. I only wanted to know if his Honor has recovered from the fright I gave him a few days ago. I really do not recall to mind the exact date," persisted Miss Motuble.

To which Juan replied: "The Governor is not so easily frightened as you seem to imagine. *You* never frightened him; you simply overpowered him by means of your superior physical force."

"Whew!" was the surprised beginning of Miss Motuble's reply. "Whew! think of this great logician living all these years in Chihuahua and until this moment undiscovered. I have done humanity a great act of kindness by coming up here, even if my original object in coming was what the physical world calls villainous."

"There has been more than one person here to-night for the same purpose. But the Governor is alive and well, and will so remain until the end of time."

"Juan," tantalizingly replied Miss Motuble, "you are fast becoming a man of science. Association has done it all, Juan—done it all."

At that moment a small figure in white appeared in the room where they stood.



"It is the ghost of Catalina," said Juan.

"It is no ghost. It is Catalina herself. She is a somnambulist. You do not know what that word means, do you, Juan? It means she walks in her sleep. Come; we will follow her," concluded Miss Motuble. Catalina walked quietly to the far end of the room in the direction she was going, then, turning around, she retraced her steps and entered her own room. She was closely followed by Marriet Motuble. Juan took advantage of the occasion to slip away unobserved and to carry out the instructions of Julio Murillo.

Catalina climbed upon her little bed, and to all appearances went to sleep. Marriet Motuble wanted to speak to the child, yet hesitated. Going close to the bed and gazing intently on her upturned face, she said: "She is very much of a child, indeed. I will not speak to her. Juan, show me over the house." Juan made no reply, and turning around, she discovered for the first time that he was not present. "That is a cool way of treating a guest. I will report the actions of this domestic to his Honor the first time I meet him. Think of it. I, Marriet Motuble, in her sixth life, with a full and complete remembrance of each, being left to pilot myself through the grand mansion of the great Governor of Chihuahua. It seems that the manners of domestics, and some people who are not domestics, to-day are as much out of order as they were in the nineteenth century. The nonprogression of some people is not to be accounted for; at least, I shall not occupy my mind trying to figure it out. There are other things of more consequence. For instance, were



the revolutionists successful in killing his Honor, and his coworkers? If so, where are their bodies? If not, where are the revolutionists? There are no signs of any disturbers of peace having been here. I'll make a hasty search through the house, and quietly make my exit."

No sooner had Marriet Motuble passed from the room, than Catalina sprang from her bed, quickly put on a street dress, and in a few minutes was out of the house. She passed on without attracting any attention.

The streets were alive with trades-people hurrying to their respective places of business. In the great bustle, no one noticed the child. Marriet Motuble, too, evaded the guardianship of Juan, and was soon lost in the crowds on the streets. Everywhere there were large numbers of policemen, and now and then small squads of soldiers hurried by, all of whom evidently had a place in view which they were bent on reaching at an early hour.

As she wandered on and on through one crowded street after another, she met here and there a face whom she recognized as a revolutionary sympathizer, many of whom had been amongst the crowd in the store room the evening before, and heard her deliver a sympathetic speech, disguised as a man. Now none of them recognized her. How could they, when no one had any suspicions that the speaker of the previous evening was a woman in disguise. Marriet Motuble's face wore a look of serious disappointment.

Approaching a small group of men she inquired the



hour, and on being told it was five o'clock, she then asked if the morning paper was out and what news there was about the persons intent on disturbing the peace. Several expressed themselves as considering the condition of affairs very alarming; while others who joined the crowd thought the affair would be of no further consequence.

While the small crowd were talking, the cry of: "All about the Revolutionists," "Prisoners accused of Treason against the United States of America," from a hundred or more news-carriers, rang out loud and long.

Every person present bought a paper, the great daily *Chihuahuan*.

Marriet Motuble opened her paper, and as she walked hurriedly toward the Mexican Annex, read to herself:

"Seventy-five of the revolutionary party traced by detectives to the home of Governor Lehumada, where all but a few, who escaped during the trouble which occurred while the arrests were being made, are now lodged behind the prison bars awaiting trial. The object of these fanatics was to take the life of the Governor, which would precipitate the State into a fearful excitement, and aid them in getting a hold upon the ignorant, and in increasing their nefarious deeds. The promoters of the revolutionary sentiments: Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir, Father Hernandez, and the Rev. J. T. Note, who were arrested and placed in jail on a charge of treason against the Government, have escaped."

"Escaped!" exclaimed Marriet Motuble. "Escaped,



and I did not know it till now. Well, I never will tell *The Chihuahuan* where I got the first knowledge of the affair. Ha! ha! I would bet on J. T. Note every time. He was slick in the other life that I knew him. He was a foreign missionary. He came down to this country, which was then a part of the fastly waning Republic of Mexico, to teach the descendants of the Aztecs and the Spanish conquerors the Protestant faith. He represented a large body of proselytes who were jealous of the hold the Catholic Church had on the Mexican Republic. He exhorted and pleaded with the poor, downtrodden people, to believe as the Protestants believed; to renounce their faith in catholicism. He without question wanted the *centavos* the ignorant creatures stole and begged for, and he got them, many of them at that. And he built himself a fine place of worship and clothed himself and family in purple and fine linen, as the Bible expresses it, and lived off the fat of the land from the sale of the *zarapas* which were donated for the use of the poor, ignorant peons whom he had converted. Yes, he is slick. Now he is in the same boat that the priests were in then. The faith in the teachings of the lazy creatures is waning. There should be more corn-fields to plough and ditches to dig, and everyone who subscribes himself priest or pastor should be compelled to dig so many hundred feet every year, even if they missed part of their prayers and confessions. Yes, J. T. Note will wiggle out of this affair somehow, as he has out of jail. It may be, through the instrumentality of the present *régime* he and his associates will be ebonized and put in a



museum, where they will be of much interest to the future generations.

"The treatise on 'Uses of Ebony Fluid,' which I found lying on the Governor's desk in his private office the first day I called there, speaks of using it to preserve the body in its present shape, after the spirit of life has passed out. The use of a few drops of 'Ebony Fluid' turns all such animal matter black as ebony, and preserves it through all eternity. This gives me an idea. The copy of his treatise on 'Mental Fotography,' which I took with me from the room, will enable me to experiment with this lightning process of fotography known only to his Hónor, Messrs. Julio Murillo and Guillermo Gonzales, and to spring a surprise upon them. Well, these meditations will save for another time. What is this: 'The Governor Spirited Away! He has not been seen at the Mansion since eleven-thirty last night. Much fear is entertained that foul play has been done. At this hour no news of his whereabouts can be had. Much rioting and plundering by sympathizers from both the Catholic and Protestant faith in many of the States. Those who are opposed to free thought and the scientific demonstration of spiritualistic advancement constitute a large body of the revolutionists.'"

Folding up *The Chihuahuan*, and placing it in her coat-pocket, after the fashion of business men, she increased her pace.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, as she turned a corner which put her on the street facing the Mexican Annex; "if there is not the child Catalina. Something is taking



place which I cannot ferret. She must not see me. I will hurry to the Annex, disguise myself, and follow this child, who is wiser than her years," concluded the invincible Marriet Motuble, as she hurried on with lightning tread.

Catalina Martinet walked slowly on, now and then glancing around as if she expected some one. On reaching the Alameda she increased her steps and walked up to the magnificent statue of George Washington. After viewing it intently for a moment, she sat down on a rustic seat near by. "I will sit here and watch for her. She must be punished in this life for her misdeeds. She, as well as 'The Plunger from Kansas,' escaped in the other life. She was a peace disturber then, and who can say she is not a peace disturber now? Ah, here comes a person who makes one feel like there is no ill in the world. Her presence has the same effect on me, after seeing Marriet Motuble, that oil does on a deep burn. It heals and cools the fever caused by evil thoughts. I love her; she is my angel of light," concluded Catalina Martinet, as she sprang from her seat in eager excitement, and ran to meet the object of her love.

Helen Hinckley clasped her fondly in her arms, and exclaimed: "It is a very early hour, sweet child, for you to be out and alone. I knew you would be here; that is why I came this way."

"I expected you, Miss Hinckley. You must help me as you did the Governor, if I need help. He is safe, is he not?" said Catalina.

"You expected me, you say? Well, that is a coin-



cidence. Yes, child, the great Governor, author and scientific man is safe and unharmed. He is beyond the pale of the revolutionists. No great harm can attend; the great Divine Influence will protect him from physical destruction, but often his existence physically will be in danger of annihilation. Come, dear, tell me why you are out, and in what way I can serve you. We are both working to accomplish the same result," said the beautiful Helen Hinckley, as she pressed the child's soft white hands to her lips.

"I am out," answered Catalina, "to look after several people; those who should be compelled to repent of their evil ways in this life, that others in a life to come may not be imposed upon by them."

"So far," said Helen Hinckley, "your answer is logical and full of feeling. But who are the people about whom you have reached such a conclusion?"

"The main person is 'The Plunger from Kansas.' He is in hiding and in disguise. He lingers and lingers in this city; yet it is hard to get him to the bar of justice."

"That is true, child; there is a great mental magnet that holds him here in spite of himself. And if by some means he becomes a *subject*, he will walk up by his own free will and acknowledge the debt he owes to me and others, and will proffer the money. The day of reckoning is sure to come. Do not let the Plunger give you one moment of uneasiness, dear," added Miss Hinckley.

"I am not uneasy. I am only anxious to get out of the body again; and I wish to serve his Honor all



that is possible before I go," was the rather serious reply of Catalina.

"You are unhappy, child. Why is it, when you are surrounded by every comfort, and are dearly beloved by his Honor? He could not love a child of his own any more. Do not wish to leave. I will be lonely when you are gone. And his Honor, I cannot say how badly he will feel. I do not like to see a little girl so serious."

Helen Hinckley took the strange child on her lap as she concluded, and pressed her face to her bosom.

Catalina put her arms around her neck and as she kissed her fondly on the cheek, said: "Before I remembered, I was not serious; but I took spells of crying, and without any reason whatever I cried to be called Catalina Lehumada. Then on the day I went to sell flowers and saw the bad, bad man who caused me grief in the life gone by, I remembered. Señor Julio Murillo says he put a small bottle of 'Memory Fluid' near by, so I could not help inhaling the fumes, and that is what made me remember. Then I knew why I felt as I did about not being his little girl. It is enough to make any one serious to be born into a family in which there is no harmony whatever with one's life. When I see the Plunger repentant, and hear Marriet Motuble confess her sins, and the man who made me faint, mend his ways, I will go, and return, I hope, into a sphere of harmony. There comes Marriet Motuble. I must follow her instead of her following me."

"Where is she, child? queer, interesting, lovely,



spiritual darling that you are, tell me, where is Marriet Motuble?" quickly spoke Catalina's companion.

"Do you see that large man dressed in steel-grey clothes, who walks like a lawyer? Yes? That person is not a man. Marriet Motuble is the name of the person. She is out for no good. Less than an hour ago she was in his Honor's mansion."

"Impossible! How did she enter?" cried Miss Hinckley, as she arose to watch Marriet Motuble, the friend of her other life, now parading nervously before the great Mexican Annex.

"Stranger in this life than in the life she lived in the nineteenth century. She is kind-hearted enough and true in a way. Her strange actions are due to her inability to control her violent temper, on the one hand, and to temper her jealousy, on the other."

"It is her love for his Honor, and the assurance she has that he cares not for her, that causes her strange actions in this life. She is looking for you. She believes you know where his Honor is, and if she follows you she will find him. Look, Miss Hinckley, look; a dreadful fight is taking place yonder, I want to go. I may be needed," cried Catalina.

"Quite true, child. We will go. Listen to the reports of the guns. How horrible to send one out of the body in such an uproarious fashion. Why can't they use the noiseless guns? This is simply barbarism."

"I want to go," impatiently cried Catalina. "I must go. Miss Hinckley, come with me. I am impatient to finish my work here and go. I cannot longer



endure the family relations into which I was born. It is a living death to me. Look at the crowd! His Honor may be there and in danger. His work has only begun; he must not be retarded in it."

Helen Hinckley took the strange child, strange to the uninitiated, by the hand, looked intently into her sweet up-turned face, which she kissed fondly, and without a word they started briskly toward the street where the fight was taking place.

"Oh, I wish I were there," impatiently cried Catalina. "If I had wings I would fly."

"Stop, dear; put your right palm on my left palm and slip your left hand under this strap. That is correct. We cannot fly like birds in the sky, but we can sail along at a slow, steady rate, much faster than we can walk; and if necessary, we can rise above the crowd and escape."

"How splendid!" cried Catalina, as she felt herself rising from the ground. "How splendid! Miss Hinckley, you are my angel. You will carry me safely. His Honor cannot live much longer in this life unless you are with him. My dear papa! I love him, oh, so much! He *will be* my papa some day, when I return."

"He loves you now, as if you were his child, and so do I," whispered Helen Hinckley to Catalina.

"I will be *your* child, too. *Yours* and his *Honor's*," answered the child, happy in the thought that she would have in a life to come harmonious environments.

The crowd grew greater, and by the time Miss Hinckley and her little companion reached the place



where the trouble was occurring, ten thousand people had collected themselves together, and from the threats and cries against the Governor and his scientific co-workers, many amongst them evidently were of the revolutionary party.

Miss Hinckley and Catalina quietly pushed themselves into the thickest of the crowd, and had it not been for the fact that they could hold themselves above the crowd, both would have suffered for the want of pure, wholesome air.

At first no one paid any attention to them, but when Miss Hinckley saw men fall back dying, she cried: "Stand back, gentlemen!" and everyone looked at her in surprise.



## CHAPTER XV.

## THE CONSPIRATORS DISPERSED.

"It is only a woman!" exclaimed one man. "Finish the job, boys. She cannot prevent us. Finish your slaughter, boys; then we will triumph. Do not mind the voice of a woman. One of the makers of 'Memory Fluid' lies dead now, and the others will be laid in the grave at the same time, if they can be found."

At that moment the entire crowd was surrounded by police and soldiers, and the voice of a general rang out: "Revolutionists, surrender or die!"

Still, curses, threats and shots from the disturbers of peace rang out. The soldiers were drawing nearer and on the point of rushing into the revolutionists, determined to quell the uprising with their noiseless guns and poisoned bayonets, when Helen Hinckley arose far above the heads of all, with Catalina by the hand, and cried: "Colonel, no blood must be shed. The principles of truth must not be established by bloodshed. People cannot be forced to see the inner life. It can only come through an awakening of self. Orthodoxy has been carried into every country with the *sword* in one hand, and the *cross* in the other. No lasting good has resulted. A knowledge of things not seen by the eye cannot be



forced on man. Come forward; the disturbers will give up their arms. Take them prisoners, and if they will be subjects, if they will take 'Memory Fluid' freely and without force, the evil in them will be overcome. They will remember and when they remember they will *see the things not seen by the eye.*"

To the initiated the sight of Helen Hinckley and Catalina Martinet suspended in the air wholly without any visible support, in consequence of overcoming the law of gravitation, was the cause of much rejoicing. On the other hand, the great mass of people present whose knowledge of the great law of God was limited, or more often wanting, stood back in awe. Some of the revolutionists cried: "Save us, save us! The wrath of God is upon us. The end of the world is near."

The captain of one of the regular companies stood near by, and seeing the effect of Helen Hinckley's words and the sight of her and Catalina now moving slowly from one part of the crowd to another, suspended in space, concluded to take advantage of the occasion, and quietly and without bloodshed make prisoners of the worst of the leaders of the trouble. At the most opportune moment possible for him to be assisted in carrying out his intentions, Helen Hinckley cried: "Lay down your arms, you disturbers of law! Surrender before it is too late." The soldiers rushed in and with very little trouble disarmed those who had uttered the revolutionary sentiments, those who were considered the most dangerous, and the leaders of the party.

With the assistance of the police, several hundred



men were marshalled away from the crowded street, some imprisoned and others put under strict surveillance, where they would be kept until peace was finally assured in the city, and the rebellion in general had been quelled.

While the throng was dispersing, Helen Hinckley and Catalina sought the wounded, and had them removed to the great hospital, while the dead were taken to the morgue to await identification and be prepared for burial.

Julio Murillo was discovered, when they were leaving to follow the wounded to the hospital, jammed up against a large stone, several bullet holes through him and one leg broken. A litter was soon at hand by Miss Hinckley's order, and the great man of science was carried hurriedly to the Governor's Mansion, where every attention known to science was given him.

Not for several hours after his leg had been set, the bullets removed and the poison counteracted by means of "Liquid from the Sun's Rays," did he return to consciousness.

Señor Guillermo Gonzales, assisted by Helen Hinckley, performed the entire operation, and sat quietly by his side discussing in subdued tones the present state of affairs. When he again had control of his mental faculties, he addressed himself first to Helen Hinckley.

"You saved me from many long days of suffering by discovering my condition when you did, and attending to my wounds so promptly. And I thank you very much."



"I was out to do my duty, friend Julio; there is no occasion for thanks. Many believed that you had left us; but I was determined not to take any chances. It seemed impossible that you would pass away at the very moment your services are the most needed. Now that you are with us again, and I am assured of the fact, I will go to the hospital, where my hands may be needed to care for the wounded and dying."

At that moment, Juan quietly entered the room, bringing a card which he handed to Señor Guillermo Gonzales.

He scanned the card closely and read: "'William Jones, Physician and Surgeon.' A very plain, in-offensive name. I will receive Doctor Jones; he may be able to render some assistance at the hospital. Show him up to the reception-room, Juan. Hold a minute," he said, turning the card over; "here is a message written on the back."

"Your Honor," it began, "I wish to offer my professional services. Let me help care for the wounded and dying. Call me. I am your servant."

"Those are noble sentiments. I will receive him immediately. Miss Hinckley, remain with friend Julio until I return," concluded Guillermo Gonzales, as he arose to leave the room. Julio Murillo detained him by saying: "Doctor Jones has no doubt made this call partly to find out my condition. I will consider it a favor if you let him come to this room, and I insist that Miss Hinckley remain."

"As you like, friend Julio. You know your condition better than anyone else. If you do not fear any



## 214      Liquid from the Sun's Rays.

evil results from having this stranger present, Juan may show the visitor here, to this room," concluded Guillermo Gonzales.

No sooner had Juan disappeared from the room, than a light tap was heard on the door. Helen Hinckley opened it quietly and his Honor stepped into the room.

He clasped her hand warmly, and said in tones only heard by herself: "My soul, my life, my preserver! I must speak to you alone. *When* and where? I want to know now."

"When the interview at hand is over, I will take you to our retreat, found this morning. Hark! they are coming," concluded Miss Hinckley, going slowly with the Governor to the bed on which lay the wounded scientist.

Señor Guillermo Gonzales greeted the Governor cordially, and explained the condition of Julio.

The Governor sympathized heartily with the sufferer, and assured him that the mere fact of his escape from death, or rather of his being wounded in the affray, would serve as proof of the real intentions of the rebels, and be a means of helping to bring the trouble to an early end.

"I have for the last two hours been closeted with the officers of war, and constantly in receipt of messages from Washington. The Government is determined to put down these small cliques of rebels. The condition of affairs in some of the States east of the Mississippi River is worse than in our own city. The President will arrive in the national capital to-morrow night, and a council of war will be held immediately. Instantly



the result will be made known to us. There is much, much to be talked about; but the condition of our friend Julio must be the first consideration. Ah! here comes some one. Who can be intruding on the wounded one?" concluded the Governor.

Señor Guillermo Gonzales handed him the card of the prospective visitor, and said: "A physician, who wishes to assist in caring for the wounded and dying. It is at the request of Julio that he comes here."

At that moment the door opened at the order of Señor Guillermo Gonzales, and Juan ushered in William Jones, M. D., but not alone. He was accompanied by a much smaller and younger looking man, whom he introduced to Señor Guillermo Gonzales as "my secretary, Francis Maynard."

William Jones, M. D., bowed very stiffly when presented to the Governor and Helen Hinckley, but was very profuse in his expressions of sympathy when he was presented to the wounded scientist.

"Ah, friend Julio, I could not resist coming to see you, after hearing of your terrible accident. Gentlemen, I recognize in this unfortunate man a friend of my youth. I beg of you to let me attend him. I have no business at present, and your duties are many."

Questioning glances passed between Helen Hinckley, Guillermo Gonzales and the Governor. Even Juan felt that something was radically wrong, and as he looked from one to the other with a hopeful expression in his face, he turned away, and as his eyes fell upon the face of Doctor Jones, he shook his head, which confirmed all that his suspicions had been aroused, and he



evidently believed Doctor Jones to be the suspicious person. The two strangers did not accept the chairs offered them, and all in the room remained standing.

Doctor Jones, seemingly unconscious of the suspicions his presence had aroused, continued: "If my medical skill avails anything, the son of Señora Suzzan Carriles, of Colima, shall not leave this existence until the great work he is trying to accomplish is a success. Until 'Memory Fluid,' and the wonderful results obtained by the use of it, are heralded from one end of the universe to the other. It is a great and noble cause for which you are working,—to see that justice is meted to all. 'The Plunger from Kansas' is not the only one to whom justice will be meted out. The ample proof at hand that he committed the great cattle theft in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, and was then the cause of suffering and poverty of many whom fortune favored in the way of helping on retribution, by causing many whom he wronged, to live another life at the same time the Plunger lived, that this very thing for which you are working might come to pass. Gentlemen, let me congratulate you, one and all." With that the enthusiastic doctor shook hands with the three scientists and Miss Hinckley. Everyone present except himself seemed to be very much constrained.

He rubbed his hands in evident satisfaction, and as he sat down by Julio's bedside he continued: "You will do me a very great favor not to linger here any longer. Others need your services badly. It will give me much pain to leave the son of Señora Suzzan Carriles, of



Colima. Sit down, Francis, sit down. I may need you. Gentlemen, consider yourselves at liberty to go now."

Great astonishment was written on the faces of the Governor, Señor Guillermo Gonzales, Miss Hinckley and Juan. They were too much surprised at the audacity of Doctor Jones to speak. Even Francis Maynard showed great uneasiness as he took a seat near the chair of Doctor Jones.

Governor Lehumada offered Miss Hinckley his arm, and without a word they left the room, followed by Señor Guillermo Gonzales, who tarried a moment to give a few directions to Juan, and speak a moment with his coworker, Julio Murillo.

When the three were safely in the Governor's private study, and the door securely locked, the Governor motioned all to be seated. Standing in front of them he laughed merrily, as he said: "It was well for my reputation that no stranger was present when *Doctor Jones* invited us to leave our own apartments, and we quietly obeyed without any comments whatever."

Both Señor Guillermo Gonzales and Helen Hinckley saw the humorous side of the occurrence and they joined the Governor in his laugh.

"The audacious señorita," continued the Governor, "is irresponsible for her actions."

Miss Hinckley and Señor Guillermo Gonzales exclaimed in a breath: "Señorita?"

"Certainly; Marriet Motuble. I do not believe it is possible for her to effect a disguise I could not penetrate."



"Governor," said Miss Hinckley, "you have confirmed my suspicions."

"And mine," added Guillermo Gonzales.

"The young fellow with her I cannot quite make out," continued the Governor, with a puzzled look in his face.

"The fellow," said Helen Hinckley, "is, I believe, 'The Plunger from Kansas.'"

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed both the Governor and Guillermo Gonzales.

"Then we must not let him get away until we have his full confession in writing, and a check for the full amount of his obligations," said the Governor.

"You are quite right, Miguey," said the Governor's scientific friend, and friend of his other life, "quite right. Possibly if we had been able to present to the public a month or so ago all the necessary proofs of what we claim for 'Memory Fluid,' the present trouble,—the uprising, I mean—might have been prevented. It is a horrible thing. Fifty persons now lie dead in the morgue."

"It is a serious condition of affairs," replied the Governor, "for the uninitiated, particularly, to be sent out of this existence during such an unfortunate affair, and without any insight whatever into the unseen. Think of the misery they will unknowingly cause the future generation. If it were not the law that each must see the things not seen by the eye, before they are fitted for the Realm on High, it would be fortunate for those who will come in contact with them if their reappearance here could be prevented."



"I hope the poor creatures at the hospital who were wounded and are in agony with physical pain, will recover, that they may have a chance to know. If your Honor and Señor Guillermo Gonzales will pardon me, I will hurry to the hospital and tender my services," concluded Helen Hinckley, as she arose to leave the room.

"One moment, one moment, Miss Hinckley," said Governor Lehumada. "I will inquire how the wounded are, and if your services are needed."

The Governor stepped into the chamber adjoining, built especially to condense thought waves, which were made audible by holding a small cone-shaped instrument to the ear which was connected at the smaller end by means of a fine wire to the thought-condensing board. In a few moments he returned to his study with a very much pleased expression on his face. He dropped into a chair, and throwing his handsome head far back and his arms out and forward in a suppliant manner, cried: "Great Cause, thou everlasting Ruler, the Promoter of Harmony, and the Distributor of Justice, I am happier this moment than at any other period of my existence to my recollection."

Helen Hinckley and Guillermo Gonzales looked quietly on, but neither spoke.

After his exclamation was completed he looked at his friends smilingly, and continued: "Miss Hinckley, and friend Guillermo, this is a victorious day for us. I have this moment heard from the head physician at the hospital, William J. Matling. He says that only two of the fifty wounded will pass away. He further states



that their blasphemous cries and threats against myself and my able coworkers which filled the air with horror for an hour or more, have subsided, and they are either in a state which resembles a trance, or are relating strange stories, and now and then one shouts: 'I am happy. I know what it is to live. I see the things not seen by the eye and hear things not heard by the ear.' He further says that a strange child, who declares she is his Honor's Catalina, has been going from one ward to another, and to no one has she failed to talk a moment. He requested the head nurse to have the child taken away from the hospital; but every man protested, and he allowed her to remain."

"Catalina, the blessed one," said Miss Hinckley; "she is determined on doing her duty in this life."

"The physician asked me to use my influence in removing the child from the hospital. He said he firmly believes she has bewitched the men, and when they come out from under her spell they will be beyond his control," said the Governor.

"Doctor Matling is certainly one of the uninitiated. Catalina should give him a whiff of 'Memory Fluid,' and he would understand the spell he thinks she has cast over those men," said Señor Guillermo Gonzales.

"I remember," added Miss Hinckley. "She had a small basket on her arm this morning, in which were several dozen small vials. She said they were full of 'Memory Fluid' and she was going to give part of the contents to each of the most vicious of the disturbers of peace she could find."

"The dear, blessed darling!" exclaimed the Governor,



rising. "We discoverers of 'Memory Fluid' certainly owe that dear child an eternal debt of gratitude. Miss Hinckley, I wish you to remain here for a few days; your services are not needed at the hospital or on the street. You can render me and the cause for which we all are working, more direct good by staying here. The trial of the unfortunate creatures who attempted to rid this existence of my presence physically, I hope to have take place in the near future. The capture of the three instigators of this uprising is looked for at any moment. The condition of the revolt outside of the city is getting more serious."

"And in the North and East, friend Miguey, does not the President report the condition alarming?" asked Guillermo Gonzales.

"He does," replied the Governor. "And the main body of rebels comes from those who see the waning of dogmatic teachings, on the one side, and the increase of scientific investigations in the realm of spirit, on the other. One cannot be forced to see the hidden. The desire must be born within. And when the desire is given birth, it needs strict adherence to right, a continual reaching out for Truth, or little good is accomplished."

"These priests and pastors and the fanatics who follow them are on the whole responsible for the condition at present; but, Miguey, the final is the great victory of the spirit; of the diffusion of knowledge of the law of the unseen," said Guillermo Gonzales.

"The petition pending in the legislature of the United States," said Helen Hinckley, "for a law to be passed to



the effect that all persons who claim to be 'called' to preach what they call the religion of 'Jesus Christ,' must either show that they have sufficient means to support themselves, independent of the church, or can procure employment in connection with their gospel teachings, that they may not be such a burden upon the community, as well as objects of especial charity upon their particular church, is a great move in the right direction. Also, that both priest and pastor be compelled to dress while on the street in ordinary business clothes; that the confessionals in the Catholic church be done away with, and that all the priests, bishops, cardinals and even the Pope, be granted the privilege of marrying; likewise, all the women belonging to the various orders of the church be granted the same privilege. This will be, in my opinion, the beginning of raising the standard of morals and the creating of a desire for spirit knowledge," concluded Miss Hinckley.

"I believe you were the originator of that petition, were you not, Miguey?" asked Guillermo Gonzales, in a voice which showed the great pride he had in his friend the Governor.

"Yes, I framed the petition," replied the Governor, "and I met with much opposition when I took it to Washington and presented it privately to several of the most unprejudiced senators and representatives."

"Why were they opposed?" asked Miss Hinckley.

"They no doubt thought that such a law would interfere with the religious beliefs of the people, and hence be directly opposed to the Constitution of the United States of America. Am I not correct, Miguey?" asked Guillermo Gonzales.



"Quite true, quite true," replied the Governor. "That was the first objection that was broached; but I soon convinced them that such a law would in nowise interfere with freedom of religious views. When I told them that none but Mexican blood had coursed through my veins since time out of mind, and how distinctly I recalled the practices of the priests in my other existences, in Mexico, how they used the confessional as a means to frighten the people into submission and extort money from them, and how they held themselves up as shining lights of purity and virtue, when those whose eyes were opened knew that their very thoughts were seething masses of immorality, they promised to investigate the truth of my statements before formally presenting the petition."

"And they have done so!" exclaimed Helen Hinckley; "they have done so, and the President who gave it no ear at the start, is in favor of its becoming a law. The full account of it is in the great daily *Chihuahuan*."

"Is that true?" exclaimed the Governor.

"It is, Miguey, and President Mortingo has, no doubt, reached his present state of thought since becoming a subject," said Guillermo Gonzales.

"If the petition becomes a law," said Helen Hinckley, "it will no doubt be attributed to the effect of 'Memory Fluid' upon the President and the knowledge your wonderful discovery is continually producing upon mankind. The discovery of 'Memory Fluid' is the wonder of this wonderful age of scientific investigations, particularly in the spirit realm," concluded Miss Hinckley, as she glanced admiringly at the great Governor of Chihuahua.



"I thank you very much, Miss Hinckley, and so does my friend here," said the Governor, going up to her and taking both of her hands in his; "but the truth is, Guillermo, Miss Hinckley's modesty keeps her from letting even her most intimate friends know of her own great knowledge of Law. It was through her knowledge of Law that my life was spared only this morning."

"Can it be possible!" exclaimed Guillermo Gonzales. "This is the first intimation I have had of your life being in danger."

"Julio forbade anyone disturbing you while you were receiving the messages from President Mortingo," said Helen Hinckley.

"The facts are as follows, friend Guillermo. A large crowd entered the mansion unknown to Juan or anyone else on watch, intent on taking my life. A few moments before they arrived, Miss Hinckley risked her life by coming here to warn me. And while she was telling me of the intentions of the rebels, the leader entered my room where we stood. Without a moment's hesitation, Miss Hinckley whispered in my ear: 'Come; we will escape,' and following her instructions I stepped upon the railing around the small balcony at the south door of my apartments, and in an instant we were out of reach of the bandits, moving through space without a support, wholly and solely by means of her knowledge of Law."

"I congratulate you, Miss Hinckley; you must become a member of the Royal Academy. Yours is a great discovery. A knowledge of how to overcome the law of gravitation has been sought for by the lettered and the



unlettered, lo, these many years. How happy I am that you were destined to become the revealer!" exclaimed Guillermo Gonzales.

"I attribute the greatest part of my ability to see the law," replied Helen Hinckley, "to the use I have made of your 'Memory Fluid.'"



## CHAPTER XVI.

## A WRITTEN CONFESSION.

"A MODEST way of putting it, my dear young lady, but we will not claim the credit in the least part of aiding you to discover how to overcome the law of gravitation. When we are once more able to resume in our former quiet way, our scientific researches, I want a full account of how this knowledge came to you and how you accomplish the movement," said Guillermo Gonzales.

"With very great pleasure, Señor Gonzales, I will tell you all I know concerning my ability to overcome the law of gravitation. There is so much to be done for the afflicted before this uprising can be quelled, that I, no doubt like yourself, feel that our first duty is to them," concluded Miss Hinckley.

"Upon that very idea I have thought much, and now wish to speak to you, my friends. Ah, but excuse me one moment; a messenger is awaiting me in the thought-condensing chamber," said Governor Lehumada, and at once left the room.

"It is from Juan," said Helen Hinckley, "that the message comes. He is no longer with Miss Marriet Motuble."

"How strange, and yet it is not strange, that you should have the power to procure that knowledge," re-



plied Señor Guillermo Gonzales. "That power has always been denied me."

Helen Hinckley made no answer to his remark, but said: "His Honor and Juan will be here in an instant. His Honor wishes us to know all that has happened."

Almost at that moment Governor Lehumada entered the room, and a light knock at the door leading into the hall, announced the arrival of some one else. Señor Guillermo Gonzales opened the door, and as prophesied by Miss Hinckley, Juan entered.

His face was ashen, and he trembled so violently that he was placed in a chair by Señor Guillermo Gonzales.

"What is it, Juan?" asked the Governor, as he led Miss Hinckley close to his chair. "What has frightened you?"

"Tell me," said Juan, gasping for breath, "tell me, do you know that the person who calls himself Doctor Jones, is not a man?"

"Who is she?" asked the Governor, with a smile.

"The big woman who has given me so many frights—I mean Señorita Marriet Motuble," said Juan.

"It is a fact," replied Guillermo Gonzales.

"Do Señor Julio Murillo and Miss Motuble speak any language but English?" asked Juan.

"Julio speaks the Spanish fluently. He is, you know, of purely Mexican origin, like myself," said Governor Lehumada. "But while I have never studied it in my present existence, a complete knowledge of it came to me after I used 'Memory Fluid.' Also, Julio had a similar experience. Tell us, man, what caused your great fright," concluded the Governor.



"You had no sooner left the room, your Honor, than Doctor Jones turned to me and asked if I understood Spanish. I said no. Doctor Jones seemed pleased that I did not, and said: 'You are behind the times, Juan. You are a full-blooded Mexican. Take "Memory Fluid," that great "Liquid from the Sun's Rays," discovered by one of your own countrymen, a blue-blooded Mexican, and you will remember how to speak the language of your ancient forefathers.' I had a small bottle of 'Memory Fluid' in my pocket—your Honor will pardon me for taking it without asking your permission—I wished to become a subject without the knowledge of anyone."

The Governor replied: "You were justified, Juan, in taking the fluid. Your desire to become a subject is sufficient excuse. Continue."

"Doctor Jones immediately began talking Spanish to Señor Julio. I put the vial containing 'Memory Fluid' to my lips, and while I was hesitating about taking it, I inhaled it freely, and before I was hardly aware of my act I drank the liquid. Almost instantly I felt as though I were someone else. Then a voice seemed to say: 'It is yourself and you remember.' Then I heard Doctor Jones say in Spanish to Señor Julio: 'It is no use in trying to fool you, friend Julio; no use in the least. Ha! ha! That is a good joke on me.' To which Señor Julio replied: 'I knew when your card was brought in, that you were disguised as Doctor Jones. Also this fellow whom you introduced as Francis Maynard, is in disguise. He is the "Plunger from Kansas." Ah, Señorita Motuble, your little tricks are



known not only to myself, but to Governor Lehumada and Señor Guillermo Gonzales.' The 'Plunger from Kansas' jumped from his seat, grabbed for his hat, and cried: 'Señorita, I must make tracks out of here.' Señorita Motuble laughingly cried: 'The cat is out of the bag, my friend, so we will face the music!' Señor Julio looked at the Plunger, and said: 'Be seated, sir. No harm can be done you. You are beyond the pale of civil law. There is no law, civil law, I mean, in the United States of America, that can cause a man to be arrested and punished for crimes committed in a life gone by. There will be a law some day to that effect, and you, my friend, will be the main instrument in making the law.' Marriet Motuble arose, walked the floor, her thumbs thrust into a pocket on either side of her mannish jacket, and fairly screamed with laughter: 'Friend Julio, I knew I would be the means of making the Plunger as famous in this life as he was one hundred and fifty years ago, by stealing; or, to be more in line with the popular phraseology of the time, as he was by manipulating successfully the sale of cattle, which he had mortgaged as many as six times without lifting any one of the mortgages. This is a great world, and to use the slang of the nineteenth century, I will add that the Plunger always gets there, even if it is on "the home stretch." ' The Plunger smiled, and said: 'I am uneasy. Your words do not give me the assurance I would like to have. The mental torture I have undergone for three existences is enough punishment, without the clutches of the law being thrust upon me. I desire to make a written confession of my misdeeds,



refund the money I took from my credulous friends, and call it quits.' 'It will be a glorious day when that comes to pass, for the scientists who discovered how to extract liquid from the sun's rays will prove to the world the use to which their "Memory Fluid" can be put,' said Señor Julio. Señorita Motuble patted the Plunger on the shoulder, and said: 'That is correct, sonny. Go up to the mourner's bench and confess your sins. Friend Julio, let me go after Rev. J. T. Note. Pleading with sinners at the mourner's bench when they are on the eve of being converted, is not in your line. And the reverend gentleman is in his glory when making a convert.' "

"Ah, but she is an audacious woman," said the Governor.

"Considering that she 'remembers,' " joined in Señor Guillermo Gonzales, "makes the question of what disposition to make of her a serious consideration."

"My friends," said Helen Hinckley, "do not give her one moment's thought. She will dispose of herself."

"We will take your advice, Miss Hinckley. We will give our attention to other matters, and hope that the aggressive señorita will dispose of herself to our satisfaction very promptly," said the Governor. "Is there anything more, Juan, which you wish to relate?"

"Nothing more, your Honor, except that the Plunger is in an adjoining room writing his confessions, and the señorita has left Señor Julio's apartments."

"In that event," said Señor Guillermo Gonzales, "I will attend to friend Julio."



At that moment a despatch was announced by a servant, and before it could be opened a service messenger delivered a large, bulky envelope, which looked to contain page after page of legal documents.

Juan left the room with the messenger and the household servant, and hurried to Julio Murillo's room.

The Governor handed the despatch to Guillermo Gonzales. He tore it open and read:

“WASHINGTON, D. C.

“In every State where there is an uprising, the militia will be called out to-morrow. If the rebels join forces and organize a large army, the United States troops will be mustered out, and in a fortnight the rebels will be subdued. And in ten days longer, peace and quiet will reign supreme ‘over the land of the free and the home of the brave.’ Dear Governor,” the message continued, “the effect of your ‘Memory Fluid’ on me has been the most wonderful and delightful experience of my life. A great wave from the spirit world has swept over the entire universe, since your wonderful discovery was made known. People are thinking, as they never have thought before, to my knowledge. I congratulate you upon the result you have obtained in your scientific investigations, and I will aid you in every way possible. I have seen the things not seen by the eye and am convinced.

“Command me. I am your obedient servant,

“JAMES HENRY MORTINGO.”

“From more points of view than one,” said Governor Lehumada, “I am happy to get that message.”



"And I," said Helen Hinckley. "One needs sympathy in the spiritualistic world more than on the physical plane. The former is lasting, the latter is transient."

"The results from our researches are being made apparent sooner than I had hoped," commented Señor Guillermo Gonzales.

"We have much for which to be thankful," replied the Governor, then added: "This voluminous document would better be opened now. Friend Guillermo, am I not correct?"

"Certainly, Miguey. I will attend to it this moment;" and Señor Guillermo Gonzales took the envelope and without further delay opened it. "Be seated, friends; there is much length to this document, and it will be tiresome to stand through the reading of it."

Governor Lehumada and Helen Hinckley sat down on a small cane settee. Señor Gonzales seated himself in a large armchair close by, and began reading the document at hand.

"HIS HONOR, MR. MIGUEL LEHUMADA,

"GOVERNOR OF THE GREAT STATE OF CHIHUAHUA,

"UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

"SIR:—After having read the article in the great daily *Chihuahuan*, of to-day's issue, your petition in the House of Representatives, which you are praying to become a law; and after long and grave meditation upon the same, I have reached the conclusion which you will shortly know.

"Realizing for the first time in my life how fruitless it is for me to dash my head against a stone wall, thereby



losing my own self-respect, and being the cause of keeping hundreds in ignorance and want that I may live in the lap of voluptuous luxury, and increase the number of converts to our faith, and the number of *centavos* with which the exchequer of the church already groans, I herewith write you this confession. For some time I have seen the inevitable end of all teachings which conflict with free thought scientifically demonstrated; but I have followed the teachings of the church, and have held on with the bulldog tenacity characteristic of the faith,—that same tenacity which led the few teachers to the New Spain, which they held in their iron clasp for more than four hundred years.

“But light dawned upon them, and our power began to wane. It is useless to fight for a lost cause, particularly when you know that that cause cannot ever bring good to the people.

“My great friend, Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir, and myself wish to hereby confess that we are guilty of treason against our great government, and are fully resigned to accept without a murmur the full punishment of the law. It was a bitter struggle for us, for two people who were taught, since remembrance began, to worship the religion and customs of our long-lost Mexico, to hate our adopted mother and all her fair sons and daughters, because of their Anglo-Saxon blood.

“Great and noble Governor, we are repenting to-day in ‘sackcloth and ashes.’ Do not judge us too severely, for we are not wholly to blame.

“There are many things which weigh heavily upon my mind—things for which I cannot account, or rather,



## 234      Liquid from the Sun's Rays.

impressions of things which have occurred at some time in my life which do not seem definite to me.

"Since I began writing this confession, a beautiful little girl has come into the room, and on entering exclaimed: 'Ah! I have found you leaders of this riot; I have found you.' (We are in a vacant house at the foot of Calle de Hidalgo, in hiding.) 'And now that I have caught up with you, I have not the heart to let the police know, for they will imprison your bodies as your souls are now imprisoned. Imprisoned on account of your own stubbornness and ignorance. Gentlemen,' continued the pretty child, 'why do you stand in the way of your own development? It makes me weep to see you caring only for physical enjoyment. Why did you bring on this rebellion? Why did you want to take my papa away from this existence? His work is not done.'

"I interrupted her by asking her name; she replied modestly: 'I am called Catalina Martinet, but his Honor, Governor Miguel Lehumada, should be my papa, and he will be some day, and that day I wish were here now.' Rev. J. T. Note, sitting close by, said: 'That's a corker! This child must have taken some of that accursed stuff that the three citizens of Chihuahua, who claim to be scientists, call "Memory Fluid." Say, little Catalina, the freak who wishes she had been born the child of the great and wonderful Governor of Chihuahua, tell me, how can you prove that you are not his child? And come, darling, sit upon my knee, and let me hear thy musical voice tell about the other lives you have lived. For if you are a disciple of the famous Governor, you claim to have lived many, many times.'



Then chuckling her under the chin, he continued: 'Come, pet, tell the Rev. J. T. Note all about it. Of course he believes every word you say.'

"Catalina surprised us all by saying: 'No, Reverend Hypocrite, I will not talk about things you cannot understand. Excuse me, I can only say I am sorry for you from the bottom of my heart. Should you ever be inclined, take a few drops of the contents of this vial; then you will see things not seen by the eye.'

"Handing his reverence, myself, and my friend, Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir, a similar vial, she left the room. Our brother of Protestant faith made the air reverberate with exclamations not complimentary to the child, yourself, or your coworkers, Mr. Guillermo Gonzales and Julio Murillo. Without his knowledge the cork came out of the vial he held in his hand, and unconsciously he inhaled the liquid. In about one hour he fell forward in a senseless state. We were afraid he was dead, and with the assistance of Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir, I laid him on a bench near by. We were soon relieved of our anxiety. In fifteen minutes he arose, and after looking at us for a moment in a dazed manner, said: 'I cannot face the world again, gentlemen, for I feel too heavily the force of the long life of sin I have led, not only in this existence, but in the life gone by. Gentlemen, the truth is, I *remember*. My spirit is crushed and bleeding. Oh, thou Everlasting God! Take me to Thy bosom, that I may soon return and live the life, the example for which You set for us in the beginning. Help me to the bench again, gentlemen, help me. A great force has taken possession of me which I cannot resist.'



"We assisted him to the bench, upon which he stretched himself full length. His face shone with a smile surpassingly beautiful, and in a moment his soul had left its house of clay.

"My hand trembles, your Honor; I fear I cannot continue. Both Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir and myself will in one second take 'Memory Fluid' from the little vial given us by the strange child, Catalina. One moment more, your Honor, before taking 'Memory Fluid.' A strange, large, fair-haired woman came in unannounced this very moment. On seeing Rev. J. T. Note lying silent, she said, making much noise with her loud talking and laughing: 'Brother Note has passed over. The grand panorama, full of sights of his sinful life, which passed before his vision after taking "Memory Fluid," staggered him so completely, on seeing a picture of the multiplicity of his sins, that he knew he could hardly rally, and he asked to pass away, that he might come again. And he will come; there is no getting rid of *him*, but I will wager a picayune he will not be a missionary a third time. He has sinned and he has repented; now he *sees*. Gentlemen, the object of my call is to present you with a vial of ebony fluid. It is an easy way to preserve your figure after you *will* to pass over the river Styx. Good-bye. If my friend and lover, the great Governor of Chihuahua, asks for me, tell him I am at the hospital, but will soon be taken to the morgue.'

"She is gone. We have drunk 'Memory Fluid.' My pen drops away. I see. Thank God, I see!

"FATHER HERNANDEZ."



After the reading of the strange confession was completed, the two scientists and Miss Hinckley remained completely absorbed in their own thought for some time.

Señor Guillermo Gonzales walked the room, back and forth, rapidly, many times. The shadows of the early evening were fast crowding over the room, intensifying the somberness of the scene.

"The reading of the document has simply overwhelmed me with joy," said Governor Lehumada, as he wiped visible moisture from his eyes.

"It is sufficient cause, dear Miguey, if it be true," said Señor Guillermo Gonzales.

"If it be true!" exclaimed Miss Hinckley; "if it be true! The authenticity of it cannot be doubted."

"Oh, I thank you, Miss Hinckley," exclaimed the Governor, "I thank you very much! You relieve me of the terrible fear with which friend Guillermo's words seized me."

"I have not the power to see the world of thought, as Miss Hinckley has. Forget not, my friends, the short length of time I have had the power, my age at present, and the grossness of my body, caused by a long life of voluptuous living, and judge me accordingly."

"There is no grim judge, Guillermo, in the physical world, who has the power to judge of the unseen. And the Great Cause is not grim, but is the embodiment of justice and kindness," replied the Governor.

"What you have always shown me, dear Miguey. I sometimes shudder at the thought of what my future existence would have been had I not *remembered* in this life. I owe all of it to you, dear friend of my other life," said Señor Guillermo Gonzales.



"Do not let *fear* enter your thoughts, Señor Gonzales. The Supreme is the completion of Love. To those who are wholly in touch with the Hidden *fear* is a word unknown," said Miss Hinckley.

"We do not know Law as you do, Miss Hinckley. The privileges long accorded man and denied women, have made our beings less easy to be in tune with the spirit world. A good woman, a pure woman—pure in thought and action—one who reaches out daily for knowledge of life—the life of Love and harmony—is the highest type of creation the world can produce. To me, friend Guillermo, Miss Hinckley is that type; she is the other life I have longed to meet on earth. She is the one for whom I sought in two lives gone by, and on account of the grossness of my nature I was unable to find her. Yet the knowledge of her existence possessed me constantly, and I searched in vain."

"You were not wholly living upon the physical realm, my own," said Miss Hinckley, with much feeling. "You were then endeavoring to discover a means to perpetuate memory. You told me through the thought-world of your desire. I hoped for you, I lived for you. I worked to perfect my life, so when you could *see* me, I would be worthy of your great love."

Don Guillermo Gonzales reached forth his hand and clasping the Governor's hand, warmly said: "My Miguey! My beloved friend of my other boyhood and manhood, this approaches the completion of earthly happiness! She is the other self. She alone can satiate the longing of your soul. Without her, your life is incomplete."



Taking Miss Hinckley by the hands, which he kissed fondly, he placed them in the large, strong ones of his friend, the Governor of Chihuahua, and said: "Miguey, a parting must never be. She is the power behind the throne, that has kept you from evil and led you in the path of purity. To her is due the success."

"No, no," cried Helen Hinckley, through her tears. "Señor Gonzales, do not, do not overestimate my knowledge of the law of God. I am only a creature of the earth, who lives not the highest law of God, but the highest she knows. Do not attribute to me qualities I do not possess. Your Honor, I entreat you to see things only as they are."

Señor Guillermo Gonzales stepped nearer to Miss Hinckley, and addressing the Governor, said: "With your permission, Miguey, I will bestow a kiss upon the brow of your future wife."

The Governor did not answer him in words, but gave his consent by a nod of the head, and said: "My Helen, he is my brother, the one I love next to you. His life, next to thy own, is more in tune with mine than that of any other being upon earth. He has kept me from falling by the wayside, when my physical life was too rank to feel thy beautiful influence, before my eyes were opened." He gently wiped the tears from her eyes, his hand trembling with emotion.

Señor Guillermo Gonzales embraced her after the fashion of a devoted father, and bestowed a kiss of respect and admiration upon her brow. Then, turning to the Governor, he embraced him after the fashion of the men long, long ago in Mexico, before it became a part of the great United States of America.



## 240      Liquid from the Sun's Rays.

Governor Lehumada clasped the bride of his past, his present, and his future physical and spiritual life, in his arms, and whispered in her ear:

*"Thou art my other life I have longed to meet,  
Without which life my own is incomplete.  
Oh, dearer, sweeter self! Like me thou wert astray!  
Straying, like me, to find the breast  
On which alone can weary heart find rest."*



## CHAPTER XVII.

## VIEWING THE EBONIZED BODIES.

ABOUT noon the next day Governor Lehumada, in company with Helen Hinckley and Guillermo Gonzales, was returning from a professional and scientific call upon the head physicians and surgeons of the public hospital, when his vehicle of transport was called to a halt.

Señor Guillermo Gonzales opened the door as a civil messenger appeared at the side of the vehicle.

The messenger handed him an envelope and said: "His Honor's presence is desired at once."

Helen Hinckley asked: "At what place is the Governor wanted?"

"At the morgue. Anything further, Miss?" asked the messenger.

"Nothing further; we will go at once."

The messenger disappeared. Guillermo Gonzales requested the motorman to move the vehicle near the pavement, out from the crowd of the street, while he examined the contents of the envelope.

He tore it open quickly. He drew out first a bulky letter, written on black paper. He turned it over, and read: "Marriet Motuble."

"From the aggressive señorita," said the Governor.



"Here is another letter. It is signed 'Señor'—no, there is a line drawn through it and through the word 'Father,' under it," said Guillermo Gonzales.

"It must be from both Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir and Father Hernandez, then," smiled Miss Hinckley.

"Your surmise is correct, Miss Hinckley; see, it is signed: 'Francisco R. Cantu, a citizen of the United States of America; Alberto Hernandez, an American citizen.'"

A smile was visible on the faces of the three occupants of the cab. Miss Hinckley said: "They have become metamorphosed since taking 'Memory Fluid.'"

"I will read what they have to say," continued Guillermo Gonzales; "there are only a few pages."

"Do; then we will hurry to the morgue," said Governor Lehumada.

"Marriet Motuble, or her body, will most likely be found at the morgue," Helen Hinckley added with a smile.

The scientist Gonzales unfolded the written sheet, and read:

"YOUR HONOR, THE GREAT AND NOBLE GOVERNOR OF CHIHUAHUA:—I greet you! When you receive this I will be in the other great and only real world, sent hence by the use of your disintegrator, the power of which is known to none better than yourself and your able scientific coworkers, Mr. Guillermo Gonzales and Julio Murillo. Early this morning we went to the public house for the dead, to which place we had sent the Rev.



J. T. Note, yesterday, to see if that strange and erst-while aggressive and very large, blonde woman—Marriet Motuble—was there as a spectator or herself a spectacle. In the latter condition we found, and greatly to our surprise, the ‘invincible señorita,’ as we often spoke of her.

“Hers is now a massive body of ebony, and as hard as a rock called flint. On seeing her thus, so serene and placid—the physical preserved, aye, for all time—the soul which had its abiding-place in her, gone—winging its way through space, frolicking here and there like a happy schoolboy dismissed from his tasks, we envied her; for we had begun to *remember!* I knew her—much the same as she was yesterday, and to-day in looks and actions—in a life gone by.

“Do not blame her for her strange doings, for back of all of them was a kind and generous heart. Her position on earth throughout two existences was the result of a misconception of sex. Her spirit was in the wrong house. It should have been in a house of the masculine gender.

“Poor creature! The note enclosed, which she sent to me, speaks of her knowledge of the mistake. Her letter I trust you will read at your leisure, fully and carefully.

“One thing more I wish to say to you, then myself and my friend Francisco R. Cantu, who at this moment is writing his will, and a confession to be sent to his family, will desire physical oblivion, and our souls will be set free.

“Your able coworker and friend, Julio Murillo, is the son of Señora Suzzan Carriles, of Colima, and myself



in another existence. She was a great worker in the church and a frequenter of the confessional. She was a true, pure woman, who looked up to me next to her God. I took advantage of her credulity. I asked her to grant the desire of my heart, which I told her I did not consider sinful, and if she felt any remorse of conscience, I would absolve her from all sin. I will make no further statement than that she believed me. What is the use of my telling you more about this matter. You were the then Governor of Chihuahua and brought me before the bar of justice, on evidence furnished by Marriet Motuble. I was condemned. Rather than face the decree of the State, I departed that life by means of my own hand. I was what they called in that day a suicide. Could I have been made to remember in that life, look at the misery I would have escaped in this life! And the shame and degradation I have subjected myself and followers to, is a nightmare to me. When you have finished this, I pray you, my friend, thou who hast left the gates ajar that I might see the beauties of the soul; of the spirit life, that I might remember, and save the world the misery from the unholy teachings I have been drilling into my stupid followers—stupid because I made them so by keeping them in submission and the knowledge of all light away from them, I pray you to use our bodies, soon to be a mass of ebonized flesh, as a specimen in your Natural History department of the Museum, to demonstrate the use to which your Ebony Fluid can be put. The great wrong we have done you and our dearly beloved America by stirring up these revolutionary sentiments, only ourselves can appreciate.



In a way good will result. The wonderful results obtained by the use of 'Memory Fluid' will be more fully and quickly made known to the world. Our testimony as herein stated will be made known to the world tomorrow through the great daily *Chihuahuan*, with which, and the personal and written testimony of the 'Plunger from Kansas,' your evidence will be complete, and the petition which you are now hoping to present to the State of Chihuahua soon, asking for it to become a law, will meet with hearty approval. Then a great day of reckoning will be at hand; for all now living who committed crimes in lives gone by, will be called to the bar of justice. I predict the demand for 'Liquid from the Sun's Rays,' to be so great, that laboratories for the extraction of this liquid will be established all over this world. Ah, while I have been writing, my friend, having his will and confession completed, has taken 'time by the forelock'—willed his soul hence. The vial of Ebony Fluid is empty and is tightly clutched in his hand; his soul has winged its flight, his body will soon be a form of ebony, and I am alone.

"Come, dear friend, to the morgue at your first leisure, for at this moment the vial containing Ebony Fluid is being emptied into my mouth, and I am willing my soul away, and with the soul of my friend I will be soon.

"Good-bye, and much luck! I will see you again in another life. Good-bye.

"FRANCISCO R. CANTU, a citizen of the United States of America.

"ALBERTO HERNANDEZ, an American citizen.

"P. S.—I requested my friend in the beginning to



sign this confession with me, as we had talked over what we thought the strongest points to make in the document. For me it is exceedingly fortunate that I secured his name to this sheet which served for the last page, before I began the recital, or he would at this hour have been beyond the power of mortal, to pen a line.

“A. H.”

“The righting of wrongs could not have been so satisfactorily settled by the civil law. It is the influence of the Great Unseen that has brought this about,” said the Governor, as their vehicle sped rapidly toward the morgue.

All morning, before starting to the hospital, the Governor had been in constant communication with the Federal authorities at Washington. Reports to the effect that the rebels were increasing in power in many States, and that the depredations being committed upon the property of public officers in particular, and many inoffensive private citizens in general, were now almost hourly occurrences, had been the cause of many small affrays between the rebels and the State militia, in which many lost their lives and others were wounded, on both sides. It was believed by the authorities in Chihuahua that when the sad end of the instigators of the trouble had become known, that an early abating of the hostilities would occur, which would result in terms of peace being effected. The manipulators of the presidential campaign and the lobbyists out for booty, prayed for a continuation of hostilities; for they believed the hold they had lost, when James Henry Mortingo became Pres-



ident—when “parties” lost their hold—“when the plum was taken by a stray”—(as those who felt sore from the result of the election expressed themselves)—would be made strong again, from the very fact of the rebellion that had arisen, and the part the President played in it. Many claimed that they did not believe any rational beings would be in favor of electing a man to the Presidency of the United States of America, who publicly confessed having been a “Subject” on whom “Memory Fluid” was used, or one who believed in it and thought it to be the greatest discovery the world had ever known, and that through its use the world would be taught about and brought to see and to experience the highest laws of God.

The fame of Julio Murillo had gone abroad. His name, at the head of long columns in almost every newspaper in the land, was printed in flaming red letters. He was spoken of as more of a prophet than any recorded in the Bible or any other religious book.

Helen Hinckley and Catalina Martinet both received their share of criticism, of ridicule, of praise.

Catalina was caricatured in various ways, and in each she was in a different way giving “Memory Fluid” to humanity, who were grovelling at her feet and beseeching for it.

Helen Hinckley was represented in one paper as a beautiful, fair-haired, young woman, suspended high in the air, and looking down with scorn upon the awe-stricken people.

In another she was gliding, with Governor Lehumada, out of a door that led onto a balcony, from the second



floor of the Governor's Mansion, into space. All of these things were commented upon by the Governor, Miss Hinckley and Guillermo Gonzales as they hurried to the morgue.

Hundreds of people were on the outside, eager to see the four suicides, all of whom had been guilty of treason against the United States of America.

As the Governor and his party alighted from the strange, circular cab, the throng drew near, and it would take volumes to hold the remarks passed by them about the vehicle, the Governor as a public officer, as a scientist, and strange to say, as a lover.

Equally eager were they to catch a glimpse of Helen Hinckley, and numerous were the criticisms passed upon her—upon the woman who, if reports were true, would soon be the Governor's wife; upon the woman who, so far as they knew, was the sole possessor of the knowledge of how to overcome the law of gravitation. It was quite evident that everybody considered the Governor, his prospective bride, and his two scientific coworkers, a queer lot.

Amongst the large crowd of ultra-fashionable people who held tickets which would admit them to the public temporary carnal-house, when the examination by the law had been concluded, was Mrs. Grange, with her enamoring graces. She was giving some fashionably dressed men near by, the benefit of her first impression of the Governor and Miss Hinckley. At the same time she was coquetting with her eyes, in the hope, no doubt, of getting another promise from someone to help get her husband a higher salary.



The Governor's party heard the remark, "It is a shame, Mrs. Grange, that a woman so surpassingly beautiful as yourself, is not the wife of a millionaire. I believe," continued her flatterer, "that you have been a *subject*, and without any jesting whatever, I know your engaging manners could induce the Governor to teach you how to extract liquid from the sun's rays. And having been a *subject*, you could teach from your own experience, and your husband could run the business. Your names would go down to posterity then as renowned scientists."

"How lovely," smiled Mrs. Grange. "How kind of you to think of it."

"Not at all, Mrs. Grange," continued her admirer; "not at all. It would be much easier for you to tell of its wonders and your own experiences, than to spend so much sweetness canvassing for your husband. It is too bad his voice failed. That is what I heard you say in the year of eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, in El Paso, Texas."

Mrs. Grange's countenance fell, and she only gave him a glance now and then from under her brow.

Not in the least abashed, the gentleman continued: "It was at the time that he was connected with some road, less than one hundred miles long, that extended from the Pass City, which was then, if you remember your own expression, 'nothing more than a rough border-town, absolutely without any dramatic talent or voice culture.' Oh, well, that is all past and gone, Mrs. Grange; even the remembrance of the little dramatic performance in which you displayed your enamoring graces, is known only to the initiated."



"Then *you remember!*" exclaimed Mrs. Grange, looking at him with a frightened look in her face. "Great God! if others and others continue taking 'Memory Fluid,' and they look upon me with the scorn that you do, and speak to me with the satire you do, I will be tempted to take Ebony Fluid, after I learn to will my soul away, that I may preserve the physical shape of this life. I want to close the present life and have an opportunity to come again, and then I will live the life of a rational being. A thousand times or more my heart has almost consumed itself with shame, since I have *remembered*, at the thoughts of my actions in the Pass City, and in this life also. Then I flaunted myself before the public, flirted with men, drank beer, wine, anything that would make me more lively—danced and otherwise dissipated, until my life was wrecked and my reputation gone. In this life I have done much the same things, and added to them the accomplishment of *doing men* for all they were worth, under the pretence of soliciting for my husband. Unfortunately for me, I have the same one I had in the other life. He has gone through much the same experiences, losing his voice and all. Great God! I hope I may be spared in another existence, the same family relations I have in this life and the desire to be a professional beauty and a hypocrite in general."

"You are saved, Mrs. Grange. The desire you have this moment voiced, will be the means of your salvation, if you at once change your mode of action to one that accords with Law, and continue, to the best of your instruction, to live in touch with the Unseen. I have often



thought that you were destined to be mine," said the gallant, rich and lettered man by her side.

Mrs. Grange gave one long gasp as she exclaimed: "Since taking 'Memory Fluid' I have known it to be a fact. In another life it will come to pass," and fell back amongst the crowd in a dead faint. A cab was hailed and she was immediately taken to her home, and a physician, who had knowledge of "Memory Fluid," sent to attend her; her gallant friend accompanied her.

Governor Lehumada, Señor Guillermo Gonzales and Miss Helen Hinckley entered the room where lay the physical transformation of the once invincible Señorita Marriet Motuble, and the two instigators of the rebellion.

Prominent physicians from the city and neighboring towns and States, who had flocked to the great capital of Chihuahua since hearing of the wonderful discovery of the scientists, were allowed to enter the room with the Governor's party.

The scientist, Guillermo Gonzales, examined the bodies first. The Governor, with Helen Hinckley on his arm, passed from one to the other and viewed them in perfect silence.

Nearly one hundred physicians and investigating scientists looked in turn with amazement upon the ebonized forms of the three bodies before them. The Rev. J. T. Note, cold and stiff in the hands of death, lay at the far end of the long death chamber quite alone, and forgotten by everyone present, except the Governor's party. When the last person had surveyed the ebonized bodies, Guillermo Gonzales addressed them and said:



"Your Honor, Miss Hinckley, and friends, yonder lies the dead body of Rev. J. T. Note, an aider and abettor of the rebels. He is not dead by means of Ebony Fluid, it does not cause the state called death, but from remorse of conscience, the result of taking 'Memory Fluid.' He is, therefore, a fit subject upon whom I can demonstrate to you the magic action of Ebony Fluid. It is a knowledge of science we are working for, and the sooner the power of this wonderful fluid is made known to humanity, the sooner the present microbic condition of matter will be extinguished. I will have the body moved to the center of the room, and I will immediately transform this seething mass of microbes into a harmless body of ebony flint."

Two attendants of the morgue entered at the request of Guillermo Gonzales, and moved the corpse of Rev. J. T. Note to the center of the room, and immediately made their exit on being informed that their services were no longer needed. Everyone stood as near the body as possible, to watch the effect of Ebony Fluid upon the corpse.

Guillermo Gonzales removed the sheet from the corpse. Mortification had set in, and the odor escaping from the body was, to express it mildly, exceedingly disagreeable to the lookers-on. The scientist sprayed the body with a powerful deodorizer, and immediately the offensive odor was gone. Then, inserting a small tube into the month of the corpse, he pressed a bulb to which it was connected, and emptied the Ebony Fluid which was in the bulb, into the body. The body jerked and writhed, the face became contorted, and in all, was a very grewsome object.



The most stoic of the scientists and physicians present, turned their faces away to shut out from view the terrible sight before them. It sprang into a sitting posture, then fell back against the hard board with a thud, the limbs rigid and straight. The physicians and scientists looked inquiringly at Guillermo Gonzales and Governor Lehumada.

"Explain, friend Guillermo," said the Governor; "explain the action of Ebony Fluid upon animal matter."

The scientist poured a small quantity of the fluid into a thin glass, and holding it high in his hand, said: "The black fluid you see before you we call Ebony Fluid, because of its color. The great struggle the corpse underwent after the injection of this fluid into it, was due to the struggle of the microbes trying to resist the influence of the fluid. The battle was bravely fought, but the microbes were conquered at last. Nothing in life can resist its influence. See this body, only a few moments ago repulsive to the sight and emitting an odor so offensive to the smell, and rank with poison, that if it were allowed to remain in a room for five minutes, every occupant of the room who remained for that length of time in the atmosphere of the poison, would inhale enough bacteria to fill them with disease which would eventually end their lives very shortly. The action of Ebony Fluid after the death of the bacteria, hardens, then petrifies the entire body. "Assist me, doctor," continued the scientist, speaking to the physician next to him, "to lift the body of Rev. J. T. Note, and we will stand it in the corner."

It required much effort for the two men to lift the



body and carry it to the wall. There they stood it erect, and held it in place by means of a stout cord across the shoulders, each end of which was fastened to a large screw in the wall.

"Nothing better illustrates the magical power of Ebony Fluid than that figure," concluded the scientist.

"All day to-morrow, and next day, the morgue will be open for the public to inspect these bodies," said the Governor. "While these gentlemen are present, do you not think it is wise, Miss Hinckley, and friend Guilermo, to read the confession of Marriet Motuble, that creature whom we all considered so strange, so unlike other women?"

Miss Hinckley replied: "Your Honor, it would be just to them to hear the statements of Miss Motuble read, after having viewed her ebonized body, and after seeing the effect of the fluid upon Reverend Note. There is no wanting of testimony in favor of the use to which these fluids can be put; however, I am sure it would be well for these men of science to hear the statements of this señorita, which I am sure will be interesting."

"Miss Hinckley has spoken wisely, Miguey. I will read the document without further delay. Be seated, gentlemen, and I will begin."

When he had placed three comfortable chairs near together, on which he invited the Governor and Miss Hinckley to be seated, he seated himself upon a high stool, and began reading the confession. The densely black paper and clear white letters made a curious looking paper and was in itself exceedingly characteristic of the author.



"Reverend Father Hernandez and Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir! Ha! ha! I laugh even in this last stage of the game, at the thought of the title 'Reverend' and 'Father' attached to the name Hernandez, and louder and longer do I laugh at the title 'Don' preceding Cantu, and the 'y' and Falomir following the name. Say, gentlemen, there is no use in further pretensions upon your part; they have a dead cinch upon you, so you might as well walk up to the mourner's bench and take your medicine like men. What kick have you against Uncle Sam's government? He didn't take you under his wing because he wanted an addition to his family. He took you because he was sorry for you, and the most intelligent people of your race wanted to be adopted.

"Now my purpose in writing this note is not to rake up a bone for contention, nor do I write this to you because I love you with all my heart and soul and strength; for there are others whom I love more. Whom I love so much that my heart is sore, and I cannot pen him a line; but knowing this will reach him through you, I rest content.

"To the point: In my present and a former existence, the ego of my life entered a habitation unwittingly of the wrong sex. In other words, I should have been born of the masculine gender. Such not being the case, is why I have not been able in this life to find my counterpart. In my first incarnation I wed a man according to the civil law. I became the mother of six children who grew up to be thorns in my side.

"In this life I did not wed, because I thought the



great and noble Governor was destined for me, until I became a *subject*; then my eyes were opened. Then I knew I must live again in the castle of a man, before I would meet the one who would be my counterpart physically and in the realm of spirit."

"How strange, how strange!" exclaimed one of the physicians present.

"It is an entirely new thought to me and not wholly without reason," said another.

"She often told me, when I met her in Chihuahua in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-eight," said Helen Hinckley, "that she felt a great injustice had been done her by not being born a man. It seemed to be the regret of her life."

"Poor creature," said Governor Lehumada; "poor creature! I sympathize with her from the bottom of my heart. Continue, continue, friend Guillermo; I am anxious to hear the last of this strange letter."

"On leaving you I went straight to the morgue. I had heard that Rev. J. T. Note had passed over, and I felt humanity was blessed. I viewed the remains over and over. Afterwards I found a bench unoccupied; I sat down. Near by was a young woman who had suicided because her lover was false. Her soul was sent forth to grope through the dark night in despair. My heart ached for her; so I said I will go now, send my soul forth and search for her. And as I gazed upon her sweet, pure face, I knew she was intended for my bride, had I been a man; and my soul cried out:



'Great and everlasting Cause, guide me to her! Let me find her and whisper the sweet story into her ear!' Presently I heard a sweet, clear voice cry out in glad surprise: 'I hear you, Miguel. I hear you. Come; I am by the fountain in the great public garden at the outskirts of the city. Come; I now know it was you for whom I sought. It was you upon whom my affections were bestowed, and in my ignorance of law I thought it someone else.'

"When no attendant was in sight, I stretched myself upon a bench, and after willing my soul away, placed the Ebony Fluid to my lips (for I wished my body to be preserved). In one instant I will have swallowed it, and my soul, now winging itself free, will seek its counterpart. We both will be born again and together we will meet you.

"I am Marriet Motuble in this life. In the next life I will be *Miguel*. You will know me when I speak."



## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE FLIGHT OF CATALINA'S SOUL.

THREE weeks have passed since the city of Chihuanua was shaken to its foundation by the suicide (the masses knew no other term by which to call the act which had caused their soul's flight) of three people whose names had grown to be household words.

And while their ebonized bodies were thought to be grewsome by many, a greater part of the town had become exceedingly scientific in thought, and they looked upon them as the natural result of taking Ebony Fluid.

The revolutionists who had attempted the life of the Governor were yet confined behind the bars. No conclusion had been reached as to what disposition should be made of them. The government of the State of Chihuahua was strictly opposed to capital punishment, as well as very reluctant in imposing a life sentence upon anyone, no matter of what great crime he had been convicted. The small revolutionary faction had grown into a large army of rebellion and was now, according to the best authority, marching onto the National capital.

The leaders of the dogmatic teachings of the churches and their followers were determined, if bloodshed could do it, to put a stop to the heretical teachings of the great scientists.



They had opened up the battle; no free-thought person, or scientific investigator had expressed himself against the great army of parasites, except in words of the greatest sympathy.

Julio Murillo was now able to be around in an easy-chair, which was propelled by an automaton.

The President of the United States made no move, without first consulting him, the great seer of Chihuahua, as he was now called.

A presidential campaign was another theme for discussion, and was the cause of many sleepless nights for the regular "pullers" of the two main political parties.

The Governor of Chihuahua, and his friend, were the least concerned, perhaps, of any men in the United States holding high offices, about the result of the presidential campaign. They were more interested in the cause of humanity at large; in developing in the heart of each a desire to come in touch with Nature, with God.

At an early stage of the presidential campaign, the party who ran in the "stray horse," as President Moringo was called by the two great political parties, were so delighted with his *régime*, in which there had been but little intriguing; a rule which had become known throughout the universe for its aid in extending, financially and legislatively, scientific investigations, particularly those which he believed would assist man in freeing himself from the heavy chains which held him to his physical environments, and they were determined to re-elect him, if no man of superior ability could be found.

Since the fame of the great Governor of Chihuahua



had traveled throughout the continent of America, and hundreds rose up to give testimony to the effect of "Memory Fluid" upon them and the power it had of bringing man in touch with God, the party which had caused the election of President Mortingo, turned its eyes upon Governor Lehumada as its choice for the next President of the United States. During the last few days he had been solicited by the new party which, as if by magic, had grown to be of great power, for his consent to allow his name to be used as a candidate for the presidency of the United States of America. After several hours of consultation with Julio Murillo, Miss Hinckley, Guillermo Gonzales and the state officers, he left the matter entirely in the hands of Julio Murillo, at the suggestion of his dearly beloved *fiancée*, Helen Hinckley.

Señor Julio sent word to the party which had done the Governor of Chihuahua the greatest honor they could offer, from a worldly point of view, that he wished to wait thirty days, that the fulfillment of his prophecies could be manifested, before making a decision for or against the Governor's name being used in the present presidential campaign as a candidate for the office.

The public fumed and growled at the delay; yet it was the inevitable, and there was but one thing to do; to wait. The party who wished his nomination knew there was some good reason why the delay was thought necessary, and were satisfied, believing the answer would be in favor of their cause, and at the end of the campaign their candidate would bear the laurels.

In one of the revolutionary speeches made by the late



Don Francisco R. Cantu y Falomir, as he styled himself with pride, he laid special stress upon the statement that not since Mexico became a part of the great United States of America, had a man of purely Mexican origin been at the head of the nation. He claimed that the prejudices the Anglo-Saxon race had against the Latin races—particularly those of Spanish and Indian origin—were the cause of their great men being kept in the background. He even claimed that many of the best people of Anglo-Saxon origin objected strongly to the mixing of the blood by marriage. If such had ever been the state of feeling, the fact that a strongly Anglo-Saxon faction now wished to elect Señor Don Miguel Lehumada, the present Governor of the great and famous State of Chihuahua, a man through whose veins none but Latin blood had ever flowed, to the presidency of the United States of America, would forever stamp out the erroneous idea that any prejudices existed.

Also a further proof of the fact was the marriage soon to take place between Governor Lehumada and Helen Hinckley, whose family had since time out of mind prided itself upon its royal Anglo-Saxon blood.

What can more closely unite two nations than a marriage for love between them? The eyes of the whole world were centered upon these two people. Helen Hinckley was called the great heroine of the age, and the press never tired of lauding her bravery in saving the life of the great Governor of Chihuahua, even at the peril of her own life. That while she understood how to overcome the law of gravitation, so far as her own ability to propel herself through space was



concerned, it was a noble deed for her to risk her own life in the way she did to save another.

The rebels seemed to have flown from the town which was their starting point.

The fate of their leaders, no doubt had a great effect in cooling the ardor of their revolutionary intentions. Chihuahua was possibly, so far as the rebellion was concerned, the most quiet capital in the Union.

In many other respects it was the liveliest, and it certainly was the center of attraction of the scientific world, and the great Mecca to which all great thinkers were flocking, for whom it was possible to leave their business and homes.

The great test case of "Memory Fluid," which would be decided at the trial of the "Plunger from Kansas," was causing an influx of legal talent as well as scientists, free-thinkers, and students of the occult.

The fact that the Plunger had given himself into the hands of the law for the settlement of the crimes he committed in another life, when there was no civil law covering the case, was considered within itself sufficient proof of the value of "Memory Fluid" to science. The fear and trembling that took hold of some of the uninitiated when they thought that they might have been guilty of a crime in the past of which they now had no knowledge and for which they would be brought to the bar of justice, was certainly sufficient reason for their greatly disturbed minds.

The large hotels in Chihuahua were fairly groaning under the burden of caring for such a great number of people which increased in number each day, all of whom



were flocking to the city with the same object in view: That of hearing the trial of the most famous case in the annals of man. To see the man who confessed to the crime of which he was accused; to hear his testimony of having lived through at least three lives; to hear him confess to having known in lives gone by the very people who bore witness against him; to see the child, Catalina Martinet, who was conscious of having lived another life and the tomb where she was buried; the wonderful woman who had won the heart of the Governor—the woman who could suspend the law of gravitation at will; the men who had discovered “Liquid from the Sun’s Rays,” and to see the ebonized figures in the Museum, was certainly enough to draw the crowd that was gathering in the great city.

The morning on which the trial would begin, dawned clear and cool. Long before nine o’clock, the hour for opening the court, the halls and rooms adjoining the great court-room were filled to overflowing.

The statues of the States of Chihuahua did not over the hearing of such a case as the one about to be heard, but a recent special legislation did. Many of the legal fraternity were wondering if the case of “The Plunger from Kansas” would be the means of establishing a precedent which would make the special and temporary legislation, a general and permanent act of Congress in the near future.

Judge Ulloa, of the Supreme bench of the State, was one of the most advanced thinkers of the age. His success as a lawyer had been nothing short of marvelous; at least that was the opinion of the public, but *he* knew



that his success was due to his knowledge of the "great powers that be."

The case in hand was to him a supreme moment, for by special legislation it came under his jurisdiction. It was generally known that President Mortingo believed implicitly in the scientific revelation of Governor Lehuma and his able coworkers.

Arrangements had been perfected whereby the President of the United States, the cabinet, and many great legal minds, who were not able to be in attendance at the trial, could hear the testimony as it would be given in the Chihuahua court-room, by means of the sound-condenser, in their own private offices in Washington, New York, or whatever city in which they lived.

When the great throng rushed into the court-room at the hour of opening, the accused and the prosecutors (the Governor, Miss Hinckley, Guillermo Gonzales and Julio Murillo), with their respective attorneys, were seated conspicuously near the judge, and all eyes were immediately centered upon them.

For the benefit of the public, the great daily *Chihuahua* contained a plan of procedure which the court would follow in the case of the "Plunger from Kansas," in that morning's issue, and now officers distributed programs, which explained every step to be taken.

It was a new order of things, but so far, it was exceedingly satisfactory to all concerned, and the public at large.

The statement of the case was first called. The attorney representing the scientists from one point of view, and Miss Hinckley, who claimed to be one of



the injured in the great cattle robbery which occurred nearly two centuries ago, from another point of view, arose and said:

"Your Honors: The case for the hearing of which we have assembled to-day is one, as you know, of unusual occurrence, and is composed of such intricate features that the gross or impure element of humanity will look upon the testimony as out of the reason of man. But when all *understand*, the full force of the argument will be to them the most rational thing on earth.

"There is a divine law which proceeds from the 'powers that be,' which says that there must be an adjustment of all evil; if not in the life in which the sin was committed, then it will be repaired in another one of the lives which each person will live, until all evil he has committed will be punished through self conviction.

"In the case at hand, had it not been for the great discovery of 'Memory Fluid' by the three renowned scientists of our city, the 'Plunger from Kansas,' yonder, who committed the great cattle robbery in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, would have escaped repairing the mischief he did then until another existence in the body. But when *memory* was restored, and our renowned townsmen brought the influences of the 'powers that be,' which cannot be seen by the physical eye nor heard by the physical ear, to bear upon the Plunger, he first became uneasy, then a knowledge of his other lives dawned upon him.

"At the first realization there was naturally a great shock experienced. Then came a desire to escape the



ordeal which seemed to be first overtaking him, and the 'Plunger from Kansas' flitted hither and thither, trying to find a place where he would be contented. He came to Chihuahua, the very city to which he fled at the time in his previous life after he had committed the crime.

"His presence here was an assistance in awakening memory.

"After hearing the statements of various witnesses, we hope to close the case with a glorious victory in favor of the great spiritual life each could live, if he only *knew*," concluded the prosecution.

Catalina Martinet arose, when called to the stand, and when asked to tell all she knew about the "Plunger from Kansas," said:

"In that life gone by, of which you speak, I had the misfortune to be born not according to law. Ignorant of the cause of my birth, I lived the life of a happy child up to the age of tender girlhood, when I learned I was a child out of the pale of civil law; then my great pride was crushed, my heart was broken, and I passed away. I came again, however, and while I had the misfortune to be born into a family inharmonious, I am not an illegal child. I will leave again soon, and when I return I will be in the most harmonious condition for spiritual development."

"The child seems to wander in her thoughts," said the judge to the Governor.

"With your permission, I will speak to her," said the Governor.

The judge replied by an inclination of his head, and



the Governor said: "Catalina, it is the story of the 'Plunger from Kansas' the court wishes to hear."

Catalina looked at the court dazed for a moment, then going to the Governor, placed her arms around him and said: "My papa, I was unhappy a moment ago; that is why I was telling of my misfortune. I will now tell all I know about the 'Plunger from Kansas.'"

Exclamations of surprise, disgust and pleasure were heard on every side, but when Catalina began to speak, everything was severely quiet again.

In answer to the question from Miss Hinckley's attorney: "Did you know the accused in a life gone by?" Catalina replied: "I did, your Honor."

"Then tell us all you know about him," said the counsel.

"One cold, rainy night, a cab drove up to our house. I heard it, and childlike I was anxious to know why such an unusual occurrence was happening. My mother opened the door, and Mr. J. Ecarg stepped into the room. He often came to our house, and when he did not have too much pulque he was pleasant. This night he had had much, and told my mother there were two men in the cab outside, and she must let them have the only room we had with a bed in it. My mother said she did not want them, and he told her not to be a fool; that they would stay anyway, and she would be well paid. They came. He did not give their names, but the fellow who was trembling and crying, he afterwards told my mother, was the 'Plunger from Kansas'—that he was hiding from people in the United States, because he had stolen cattle from these people and sold



them. Mr. Ecarg threatened my mother in various ways, if she ever told about the men being at her house, what she saw them do, or heard them say. They often had a Mexican lawyer and an interpreter; this lawyer knew everything and gave them advice. I was often in the room when he was there, playing with my dolls, and I heard all they said. The Plunger gave me *centavos* often, and said he liked little girls. And he gave me these pictures; this one is of him; this his wife, and this his baby," concluded Catalina, handing the pictures out to the attorney, and seating herself beside the Governor.

From one to another of the legal profession on the rostrum the photographs were passed.

The accused was then asked to take his place, and the attorney began a series of interrogations.

"What is your name?"

"I am called the 'Plunger from Kansas.'"

"Have you any knowledge of a previous life on earth?"

"I have, your Honor."

"Did you ever see this picture before?"

"It is myself, long ago, though not unlike me now."

"And this, and this?" continued the lawyer.

"This," exclaimed the Plunger, "is a splendid photograph of my wife of long ago! Poor woman, how she stayed by me during my trouble, until death claimed her as his own. Ah; and this is the child we loved and who never came again."

"Did you know the witness just on the stand?" asked the lawyer.



"I did, she is Catalina Martinet, and the image of herself in the life gone by. J. Ecarg said, when he took me to her mother's, the night she spoke of, that the child was his, and he helped to support the mother."

Mr. Niksab was the next witness called. He testified to his knowledge of the Plunger's doings, his acquaintance with Catalina and her mother, and verified the statements previously made.

J. Ecarg next took the stand. He said he was repenting in sackcloth and ashes for the many sins he committed in that life gone by. He said the good Governor would give testimony to the truth of his unholy conduct in that life long since passed, of his relations to Catalina's mother, and his connection with the "Plunger from Kansas." He said his time here was short, but in a future life on earth, he would live on a higher plane, because he *remembered*, and in consequence he would profit by his past varied and unhappy experiences.

At the moment J. Ecarg took his seat, a messenger handed the Governor a note. After reading it, he passed it to the judge, and in turn it was passed to the lawyers on either side.

After a brief consultation was held between the judge, the attorneys and the Governor, the lawyer for prosecution said:

"Francisco de Urdiñola will now take the stand."

A tall, well built, dark-complexioned man, of commanding presence and delightful manners, took the stand.

"Your name?" asked the court.



"I am, your honor, Francisco de Urdiñola."

"What is your occupation, and where is your place of residence?" the court questioned.

"I have the honor of being president of the school 'For Hidden Thought,' and my place of residence is Saltillo, the city in which this school is situated," quietly replied the distinguished man.

"Do you know the accused?" asked the court.

"The 'Plunger from Kansas,' to whom you refer, I have no acquaintance with now."

"Did you in a life gone by; if so, tell the full circumstances."

The stately man bowed and said: "The court will grant me a few moments to explain my position in a life previous to knowing the 'Plunger from Kansas.' In the year of fifteen hundred and fifty, I commanded an expedition against a tribe of Indians called the Chimecas, who inhabited all of Northern Mexico. I came north as far as the beautiful valley of what afterwards was known as Saltillo, at which place I founded a city in the year of fifteen hundred and fifty-nine. There I left twenty Spanish families, and as many of the conquered Indian tribe. Going further north I founded many other cities. Two years later I passed out of life, but my entity guided the life of my son, whom I aided in subduing the Indians in every way possible; also in bringing sixty Spanish families to the beautiful valley of Saltillo, and formally laying the foundation of the city in fifteen hundred and seventy-five. My son remained there for a quarter of a century, tyrannizing over the conquered Indians, then



passed away. A craving for experience, no doubt, led me to be born into my next existence in the United States of America, although of Spanish parentage. They belonged to the conquered of Mexico, and fled to the United States in preference to returning to Spain. Now comes the important part of my story. I inherited from my father large tracts of land in the State of Kansas. I engaged in the cattle business, and was a heavy lender to dealers. The daring young man known as the 'Plunger from Kansas,' was one of my heaviest borrowers. I trusted him, for I thought he had too much self pride to prove false to me, being his main stay. He was, like Julius Cæsar, too ambitious, and he fell—and by his fall ruined many families, amongst whom was my own. I was no longer a young man, and seeing nearly all swept from me without a moment's warning, I felt that I could not face poverty, and without further ado I gave up the ghost. Still in quest of knowledge, my spirit, now free, roamed the world over in the hope of finding the open sesame. Up to this time I had no knowledge of a previous life, but I was conscious of having had experiences for which I could not account. In the year of two thousand I again became identified with physical life. And as my experiences in spirit, although I was not cognizant of them, fitted me to live on a high spiritual plane in the physical, I became, at the age of fifteen, a student of the occult, with the result you know. When I saw the first accounts of the discoveries of your great Governor, and that by means of 'Memory Fluid,' he was trying to find the 'Plunger from Kansas,' and bring him to justice



by means of remorse of conscience, I knew that in some way I was connected with him. For days I felt as if my senses were leaving me, conscious that something must be done, and done quickly. My silent appeal to the Great Cause was answered, and I received a spiritual impression from his honor, Professor Julio Murillo, which said: 'Take "Memory Fluid." It will arrive by the next express.' From that moment I was calm and contented. Fifteen minutes after taking that wonderful fluid, I lived in memory all my past existences, part of which I have just related to you. Yonder sits the 'Plunger from Kansas,' and it is due to myself, Miss Helen Hinckley, the orphan daughter of my bosom friend in that time long since passed, and many others who, no doubt, will speak for themselves, that he refunds the amount of his obligations to us and its accumulations for one hundred and fifty years. I have nothing further to say, your honor."

The great Governor of Chihuahua was the next witness.

He was not questioned, but was simply requested to state what he knew about the "Plunger from Kansas." Much that has been related was repeated by him, to which he added many spicy instances connected with the life of the Plunger while he was a refugee from justice in Chihuahua.

"Shortly after arriving in the city," said the Governor, "he sent me, by a private and confidential carrier, his card, which was accompanied by two thousand dollars in gold, which was equivalent then to nearly five thousand dollars in Mexican money. I had no dis-



position to accept a bribe, nor to help shield him from the law. He fled from this city after several months, and from accounts at the time he was lost at sea or by pestilence; but by his own confession he was a suicide. If his means is not sufficient to pay the debts he owes, I hope the law will take all he has, and part of all he earns, for employment he must get at once, until every cent he stole from those who befriended him, is paid."

Helen Hinckley told all she knew of the Plunger, when she was a child, and he a frequent visitor at her father's house in Kansas City. She said that she was left an orphan after he had robbed her father, and her struggles for a livelihood, alone and unprotected, were, even yet, when she thought of them, a horrible nightmare to her.

No further witnesses were called, nor did others present themselves.

Judge Ulloa announced that the testimony had been heard, and the jury could absent itself and weigh it very carefully.

During its absence a message was handed the Governor. After looking it over, he arose and said: "The message in hand concerns everybody as much as myself. It is from the War Department, and reads: 'The army of the rebellion engaged in a battle with the United State troops in West Virginia, at an early hour this morning. The loss was heavy on either side, but the victory is ours.'"

For a few moments there was wild disorder in court, and shouts of: "Truth will triumph," came from every side; for those who had been sympathizers with



the rebels before the trial began, were now thoroughly convinced of their error, and strongly favored supporting the Union and stimulating scientific investigations.

At the height of their rejoicing, the jury entered, and the foreman announced that the vote was unanimous in favor of conviction.

The Plunger was asked if he had any statement to make. He arose and said: "To escape the torture of mind, soul and body to which I have been subjected through this, the third existence, I will gladly give up every cent, and work to pay the rest. I herewith hand your honor checks to meet my full obligations to Miss Hinckley and President Francisco de Urdiñola, and part pay to others I robbed; the balance I owe them will be paid as I earn it."

A murmur of approval was heard throughout the court-room. The judge dismissed the case.

When the crowd was on the eve of rising to leave, Catalina Martinet arose, and throwing her arms out, cried in a voice which startled everyone and made them turn around: "Great and Everlasting Cause, and all the powers that be, my work in this existence, where my home environments are so inharmonious, is done. I pray you, let me depart, and come again. Now that I *remember*, my next life in the physical will be of the greatest contentment possible on earth; for I will be his Honor's child, and my mother will be Helen Hinckley. Adieu, all whom I love and who are beloved by me; adieu. I am gone but I will come again." She fell back, her spirit having fled, and the Governor caught her in his arms.



## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE GOVERNOR MARRIED.

JULIO MURILLO had become such a well-known seer by name, and also well known through the press, from the fact that upon him alone fell the responsibility of deciding whether the Governor would become a candidate for the presidency of the United States of America or not.

Now that the thirty days' time he had requested to be given him, in which he could study the matter over, was on the eve of elapsing, the public was in a state of great excitement, in expectation of what the answer would be.

The Governor and Helen Hinckley had been recluses since the day of the trial of the "Plunger from Kansas" was concluded, and the child, Catalina Martinet, passed away. She had grown to be very dear to them, as well as a favorite with a great many people, particularly those persons who were interested in scientific investigations. By all she was missed. Had it not been for the knowledge that she was with them in spirit, and would come again in the physical life, her separation from the Governor would be almost unbearable to him. Helen Hinckley had remained at the Governor's Man-



sion since the day after she saved him from the clutches of the rebels. She had no home since the trouble in the family of Francisco R. Cantu, and he wished to give her his protection.

She was now seated in her pretty parlor connected with the suite of rooms she occupied in her future permanent home, and was reading aloud to the Governor's housekeeper, a dear old lady of whom she had grown to be very fond, the newspaper accounts of the war.

"It is only a question of a few more weeks until the uprising will be subdued, and hundreds more will understand the law," replied Miss Hinckley, in answer to a question propounded by her companion.

"The paper says," continued Miss Hinckley, "that if Señor Julio Murillo decides to-morrow that the Governor's name shall be entered as a candidate for nomination to the presidency of the United States of America, that the rebels will know their chances for severing the Union will be smaller than at present, and they will gradually disperse, themselves."

"Is the question of whether he will or will not allow his name to be used as a candidate for nomination to the presidency, to be decided to-morrow?" asked the housekeeper.

"That is my understanding," replied Miss Hinckley, "and while I have not spoken to the scientist, Julio Murillo, in regard to the matter, a knowledge comes to me from within that he will report favorably, and when the election takes place, his Honor will be the next President of the United States of America. From



a material point of view, it is a great honor; but from a spiritualistic point of view it is no honor."

"Do you not believe," replied her companion, "that the election of Governor Lehumada will be the means of promulgating spiritual researches?"

"His election is the only means now known that will bring about that end. It is the inevitable, and his election will take place," replied Miss Hinckley.

At that moment a light knock was heard at the door. At Miss Hinckley's request it was opened, and Juan entered. He handed Miss Hinckley two cards, one bearing the name of Julio Murillo, the other of Guillermo Gonzales. On the latter was written: "We are requested by his Honor, to see you upon a matter of much importance."

"Show them in, Juan; show the gentlemen here at once," replied Miss Hinckley. "But what is the matter? You seem to be terribly distressed," she concluded, as Juan was leaving.

"Oh, miss," he cried; "there is enough the matter. I have taken more 'Memory Fluid.'"

"Is that all?" asked the housekeeper.

"That is enough, quite enough; for I now *remember* too much," replied Juan.

"Then you are one of us, Juan," said Miss Hinckley. "When the scientists leave, Juan, come and tell us what you remember. I will not now keep you waiting longer."

Juan passed out, and the housekeeper arose to leave the room. "Do not go!" exclaimed Miss Hinckley. "I wish you to be present. The interview concerns the



marriage of myself and his Honor. He has been in the most serious meditations since the flight of dear little Catalina's soul. I have not seen him since the memorable day, but I have constantly heard from him. He says it is the physical over which he yet has not perfect control, and that makes him mourn for dear little Catalina. She has been with him in spirit since the moment of her departure. And while he realizes that her passing away will result in our mutual happiness, he still grieves for her."

A rap at the door interrupted her further comments upon the subject. The two scientists entered, and after a cordial greeting, Guillermo Gonzales said: "Miss Hinckley, his Honor deputized friend Julio Murillo and myself to ascertain from you the earliest date you would consent to your marriage (already taken place spiritually, with him) to be celebrated publicly, and by the civil law."

Miss Hinckley smiled and said: "The civil law must be respected, yet I feel so little interest in it, I will leave the matter entirely in the hands of our friend, Julio Murillo. The seer of the age is hereby appointed master of ceremonies. Is that not a wise conclusion, Señor Gonzales?" concluded Miss Hinckley.

"His Honor, the Governor, will be greatly pleased, Miss Hinckley, for as you know, the Governor trusts him with all the affairs of the Government, and he is the greatest seer of the age," replied Guillermo Gonzales.

Without any embarrassment whatever, at the great knowledge attributed to him, Julio said: "The day set to nominate candidates for the office of the presidency



of the United States of America, will take place on the twenty-third day of this month. Governor Lehumada will be nominated at ten o'clock in the morning. At twelve o'clock the state marriage ceremony will take place in the parlors of the gubernatorial Mansion, and will be performed by Judge Ulloa, of the Supreme bench. After the civil ceremony I will make the formal announcement of your spiritual marriage, which took place some time ago; after which, a reception will take place, and many renowned people will be present, some of whom will be from the spirit world," quietly concluded the great seer.

"From a human point of view I am delighted, and from a sense of the fitness of the eternal, my soul is contented, and cries out in great joy at the harmony of my life. Tell his Honor I am conscious of his presence always, and of his great love for me. It is to me the 'peace of the soul that passeth all understanding'; the understanding, of course, of the *uninitiated*," said the Governor's *fiancée*.

"To-morrow," said Guillermo Gonzales, "will be announced publicly his Honor's intentions of becoming a candidate for the office of President of the United States of America."

"At the same time," continued Julio Murillo, "the public announcement of the date of your and his Honor's marriage will be made."

"I am content to leave everything to your judgment, friend Julio," said Miss Hinckley, extending her hand to them as they arose to leave.

"Then you and his Honor will have nothing to re-



gret," said Guillermo Gonzales, as they passed from the room.

The Governor's good housekeeper clasped Helen Hinckley in her arms, and as she pressed her lips to her brow, said, with tears streaming down her cheeks: "I am an old woman; three-score years have passed over my head, yet I have not the knowledge of which you speak. Tell me, my child, tell me from whom can I learn of the inner life?"

"It can only come, my good woman, from an awakening which must proceed from within, out. It is the subjective life that must make itself felt. The great Cause which lies back of the 'powers that be,' must be felt, and that can only be done when one's life is in tune with the great Cause."

"But how am I to tune my life with the Great Cause?" was the next question.

"By making the physical life subservient to the spiritual is the first step," immediately replied Helen Hinckley.

"Then the taking of 'Memory Fluid' will do much toward the desired end, I suppose," said the housekeeper, evidently much interested in how to become spiritual. "Tell me about that wonderful fluid, Miss Hinckley. How did it affect you, and after what length of time?"

"Juan is coming, my dear woman. He no doubt will be able to explain to you, better than I, the workings of 'Memory Fluid,'" said Helen Hinckley, as she drew her companion onto the sofa by her side.

As prophesied by Miss Hinckley, Juan's steps were heard at the door, and on being asked to come in, he



entered, timidly, and dropped into the nearest chair without any invitation. Miss Hinckley smiled to herself as she looked at him.

The housekeeper looked worried and said: "And you have taken more 'Memory Fluid,' Juan? Is that why you are so sad?"

"Yes, madam, that is the reason," replied Juan.

"Then you regret having taken it," was her next comment.

"Not in the least," replied Juan. "I would rather be sad for a season and *know*, than be ignorant and happy. For the happiness of the ignorant is not lasting. And when one recovers from the shock, which first makes them sad, of having learned the lesson, I fancy that no worldly affairs can mar his happiness. I understand now what dear little Catalina meant by *things not seen by the eye or heard by the ear*."

"Tell us, Juan, of your other lives, if you have the remembrance of any. Mrs. Serrano is interested in 'Memory Fluid,'" said Miss Hinckley.

"That is what I came to tell you; but I do not feel so sad about what I know as I did a while ago. First I took two tablespoonfuls of 'Memory Fluid.' In three minutes afterwards I was astonished to see myself a little boy, walking down the street in South America, holding the hand of the 'Plunger from Kansas.' I nearly fainted at the shock it gave me. I heard him say: 'Poor lad; his mother is gone. They are hot on my tracks, after five years of dodging here, and were it not for the lad I would end my existence now. What would you do, son, if you had no papa to care for you?' he



asked, turning to me. I swelled up in great fashion, and replied: 'I would join the circus and be the clown.' He was shocked, of course; no doubt, he wished me to be a *plunger* like himself. Imagine my feelings, Miss Hinckley, when I was forced to realize that *I* was born into my first existence the son of the 'Plunger from Kansas.' "

"You were not to blame, Juan, and now that you *remember*, see that in your next physical existence you do not enter an inharmonious physical dwelling," replied Helen Hinckley.

"How interesting," added Mrs. Serrano. "Tell us, Señor Juan, did you join the circus and become a clown?"

Helen Hinckley smiled at her inquisitiveness, and continued: "Certainly, friend Juan, tell us all about yourself in other lives."

"I did, madam, and lived the life of a clown up to a ripe old age. I broke my neck my turning a double somersault, and died without the least pain," said Juan.

"And did you live again before now?" eagerly asked Mrs. Serrano.

"Yes," replied Juan, as he heaved a great sigh; "that calamity happened to me."

"Why do you call it a calamity?" asked Mrs. Serrano.

"Because I presented myself into a family who were intent upon opening up missionary schools—that was in Chicago—and if they couldn't make the children believe as they did, by giving them a sweet cake now and then, they used a club, and the children said they believed as they did whether they did or not. When I



was ten years old I heard my father say that he had raked in five thousand dollars that year, over and above expenses. When I told him he had committed a great sin, he gave me a lick with a great club, over the back. In about an hour my soul fled, and just before I passed over, I remember I thought how glad I would be to get rid of such a life. You can hardly imagine how conceited I was about my past, before taking 'Memory Fluid.' I thought if I had lived at all, I certainly had been a man of very great note. I even imagined myself in one life Julius Cæsar; in another George Washington; and yet another, the great, though not very beloved, Santa Ana. *That* was the cause of my sad face when I first learned the truth. It was a great fall for my feathers. I have knowledge now, and I do not care for the vanities of life," concluded Juan, as he rose to leave the room.

"You feel better, Juan," said Miss Hinckley, "because you have had a feast of the soul. You have been in an harmonious circle for the last thirty minutes, and it is the first time since your awakening. Many people with good intentions are made demons, because of inharmonious surroundings. As you grow strong in the Light, we will enjoy many an hour together, Juan."

Juan left the room with a bow and a "thank you," and Mrs. Serrano arose and walking the floor back and forth in intense excitement, said: "My dear child, that story is divine to me. Show me the way. I must know if I had a past existence."

"I can do nothing more, Mrs. Serrano, than to get you a little of 'Liquid from the Sun's Rays,' known as



'Memory Fluid.' If you take it, I feel quite sure that you will not be disappointed in the result," replied Helen Hinckley.

"Get it, child; get it, and I will take it in honor of yourself and the good Governor."

While Helen Hinckley knew the good housekeeper would take it mainly to satisfy her curiosity, she cheerfully gave her a vial of the liquid, and said: "Have no fears, Mrs. Serrano; no harm can result from it. When your memory is restored, I will gladly take you with me on a trip through space."

"How charming, to be the envy of all eyes," said the worldly Mrs. Serrano.

Helen Hinckley made no reply, but laughed heartily as the two separated for the night (so Mrs. Serrano thought); but Helen Hinckley knew they would not meet again until her wedding day. She knew how keenly Mrs. Serrano would feel the disappointment in not being able to tell her to-morrow what she remembered, and take a trip through space, yet she knew it was for her good, and she caused the delay.

Time in the Governor's Mansion went very quickly, and Helen Hinckley was as happy as a mortal can be. Now that the day had arrived which would be celebrated in her and the Governor's honor with so much grandeur, she could hardly realize that she was the same Helen Hinckley who came to the great city of Chihuahua only a short time ago, homeless, friendless and almost penniless, searching in an ill-defined way for her other self, and for the one who had caused her to be an orphan in a life gone by, and who was instrumental



in causing her grief and sorrow in her present life—the loss of parents, home and money.

She attributed all of her good fortune to the high life she had always aimed to live; to her delving with things pertaining to the occult, and the taking of "Memory Fluid." She was happy and knew the cause, so nothing could mar her pleasure. Before she left her room, which was at an early hour, numerous congratulatory messages were brought to her from President Mortingo and others of note, as well as from many others, from various parts of the world, wholly unknown to herself and to the public.

When she was through reading the first lot of messages received, she dressed herself in a close-fitting black gown, from the bottom of which only her feet extended, and took a trip through space. When she reached the very outskirts of the city, she sat down near the top of one of the Sierra Madre mountains.

The sun was just rising, and she thought she had never seen such a beautiful sight. Out from the rays of the sun there seemed to glide a figure of some person. When it came closer and became more distinct, she recognized Catalina.

The child smiled, and said: "We will be at your wedding, dear Helen."

"I do not see anyone but you, sweet child," said Miss Hinckley.

"I mean," continued Catalina, "Marriet Motuble and I. She will not come, though, unless his Honor is willing."

"There he comes," said Miss Hinckley, rising to meet the Governor; "ask him."



"You were expecting me, dear life. I can hardly realize that this is the day to which I have so long looked forward, the day on which all the world may know that we have conformed to the civil law and are thereby man and wife according to human customs," said the great Governor, as he folded her in his arms.

"I am sure, my other self, there will be nothing to mar our happiness, since we both remember and are conscious of having sought for each other throughout two existences, and knew no peace until we were found," replied the woman whom he loved.

"Some one must be hiding close by, dear heart; in fact, I feel the presence of many besides you," said the Governor, glancing nervously around.

"My other life, my dear heart, I was so rejoiced at seeing you, that I neglected to tell you that we have company. Come; there are Catalina and Marriet Motuble sitting by that big rock." She led him by the hand to the rock.

"I do not see them," cried his Honor.

"You are too much engrossed with physical pleasures, my other life, to see the spiritual form of the dear child you love so well, and of the erstwhile aggressive señorita, as you were wont to call Marriet Motuble. She wishes to get your consent to attend our marriage," said Miss Hinckley.

"You have spoken wisely, dear Helen. I am a little out of tune this morning. I have allowed my vanity to be flattered by the assurance from Julio that I am to be the next President of the great United States of America. Yes, say to Marriet Motuble, dear Helen,



that we will be pleased to have her at our wedding assembly," concluded the Governor.

The Governor and Helen Hinckley bade their spirit friends adieu, and hand in hand they glided through the air, and discussed the possibilities of the future in regard to scientific discoveries and the growth of spiritual knowledge.

So contented were they away from the bustle of life, that they did not realize how swiftly time was flying, and when they returned to the Governor's Mansion, the hour was nearly eleven-thirty. A message awaited the Governor, announcing his nomination. Only one half-hour remained for them to prepare for their wedding. Guests had already arrived in large numbers. Judge Ulloa and many of the legal fraternity and scientists clamored for the Governor, to offer their congratulations for the great victory he had achieved.

Mrs. Grange was there, and persisted in being allowed to be the first to congratulate the Governor.

Poor woman! She was very much cast down. Her husband had died recently, as a result of not being able to recover from the disgrace of losing his position through joining the rebel party and of having a wife who had been a *subject*. Mrs. Grange was a changed woman. She endeavored to live a higher and better life, but having the physical developed more than the spiritual, it was difficult for her to be in this life much different in her actions, after remembering, than her long life of dissipation, intriguing and deceit had made her.

At Miss Hinckley's suggestion the Governor had given



her a place in the State Library as one of the under clerks, that she might earn her daily bread. She was still a coquette, and not much hopes were felt for her in her present existence. It was common talk at the library that she was laying siege to the heart of the scientist, Guillermo Gonzales; but what impression she had been able to make no one knew but the scientist.

Promptly at eleven-thirty the bridal party entered the large parlors, which were beautifully decorated.

Helen Hinckley was on the arm of Guillermo Gonzales, and Governor Lehumada had for his best man the renowned seer, Julio Murillo.

Guillermo Gonzales handed Miss Hinckley to her betrothed, and Judge Ulloa pronounced the words which, according to the civil law of the land made these two people recognized as man and wife.

When the Governor and his bride faced the audience, the entire room seemed suddenly to be filled with thousands of invisible musicians. Such delightful strains of melody had never been heard by man before! The Governor and his bride stopped, and with faces beaming with happiness looked up, and listened intently to the divine music that seemed to come from above.

One by one the people arose and assumed the same listening attitude.

The melodious sounds ceased for a moment, and Mrs. Grange ran forward, clutched the arm of the Governor and cried: "Your Honor, forgive me; but I must know from whence all of this music comes, or I will go wild. I feel as if I would fall dumb with terror!" She threw her head around, rolled her eyes from one side



to the other, and looked the very picture of one insane from fright.

"Dear Mrs. Grange," said the Governor, "the music comes from my spirit friends; they are celebrating the union of two lives between which there is perfect harmony."

"Catalina leads the band. You know her, do you not, Mrs. Grange?" asked the Governor's bride.

"I did know her," replied Mrs. Grange, "but I do not care to know her now. "Oh, God, if to remember makes one undergo such torture as this, I pray you to let me pass into oblivion."

"That is how I felt," said Juan, coming close by, "when remembrance first came to me. You certainly would not blame me for wishing to die and never know again, when I became conscious that my first existence upon the physical plane was as the son of the 'Plunger from Kansas.'"

A murmur of surprise was heard from every side. The Plunger was there, and when asked by the Governor if he remembered Juan in a life gone by, he exclaimed: "Yes! and great God! I was not sorry I committed suicide, for to have seen my son a clown in a circus, when we had such great aspirations for him, would have finished me."

"The wrongs committed and the evil done others consciously and unconsciously, will be obliterated in another life. This is a great school and, friends, we all are learning. Our musical friends wish to give us one more grand serenade before departing," said the Governor.



Julio Murillo arose, and addressing the Governor, said: "With your Honor's permission, I will deliver a message to Mrs. Grange from her husband."

"My permission is granted, if Mrs. Grange wishes to hear it delivered," replied the Governor.

Mrs. Grange was hanging onto the arm of the scientist, Guillermo Gonzales, and with one of her most bewitching smiles looked up into his face and said: "Would it be wise to hear it, Señor Gonzales?"

The great scientist smiled, in spite of his efforts to control it, at the conspicuous and humorous position he occupied, and said: "Dear Mrs. Grange, it is due science that you hear his message, as well as to show the proper respect to your once dearly beloved husband."

In a low voice, full of emotion, she said: "Tell Señor Julio to deliver it."

Julio Murillo, the great seer, was the object of greatest interest to all present, and in their eyes he was a connoisseur.

He approached near the place where the Governor and his bride had seated themselves, and with hands outstretched, asked the Great Cause and the powers that be, to make the great assembly of mortals present see the spiritual serenaders; to let them surround the bridal party, and when he had delivered the message from Mrs. Grange's husband to her, they could end the marriage celebration with their music.

Mrs. Grange leaned heavier and heavier upon the arm of Guillermo Gonzales, and gazed upon the face of the Governor and this bride with eyes that seemed charmed, and her face shone with rage and jealousy.



The eyes of everyone were riveted upon the Governor and his bride and the scientist.

Julio Murillo stood a moment, eyes lowered as if in silent prayer, then raising his head and stepping aside, said: "They are here."

The exclamations of "Oh's," and "Oh, dear," "I see," "I see," "That is Catalina," and "Marriet Motuble," were frequently heard.

Julio said: "Mrs. Grange, this is what your husband says: 'Beware, Inez; do not make so many pitfalls as you have in the past, or you will never have an harmonious life.'" Mrs. Grange's head fell forward when the message was finished. Señor Guillermo Gonzales laid her on a lounge near by. Her soul had fled.

The spirit band at that moment sent forth delicious strains of melody. Catalina played the harp and Marriet Motuble towered above the rest at their backs and blew a large horn; the vibrations which made the music were so large that they could be seen by everyone.

When they had ceased, the Governor and his bride arose to leave, after thanking those present for the honor they had paid them. As they glided through the air out of the room, to the amazement of all, the spiritual band followed them, playing Milton's "Allegro."



## CHAPTER XX.

## THE CELEBRATION.

PRESIDENT MIGUEL LEHUMADA was entering upon the third year of his second term as President of the United States of America.

All of the prophecies of the seer, Julio Murillo, had been fulfilled to the letter. The nation clamored for him to be placed at the head of the "National School for Scientific Development," but he preferred to remain in the home of President Lehumada and carry on his scientific investigations quietly and alone, save for the companionship of a few whom he knew to be earnest in their investigations and of an harmonious temperament to him.

The President and his wife were of the greatest assistance to him, and while the President was ever busy with the affairs of the nation, and his wife with her social and domestic duties, they both found time to attend to the development of their spiritual life, and they never wearied practicing their beliefs, and thereby showing others the beauties a knowledge of the only *real life* gave them. Señor Julio lectured once a month to the school, and the President and his wife never failed to be present.

The petition presented by President Lehumada,



when he was Governor of Chihuahua, to the United States Congress, asking that all priests and female members of different orders of the Church be granted the privilege of marrying without the consent of the Pope, and that both priests and pastors become less like parasites upon the community, had become a law, and the effect of it was already felt by the people.

And many men too lazy to earn an honest living, and who claimed to have been called to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, turned their attention to something else, when they learned that if they had no means they would be compelled to engage in some honorable work to help support themselves, while trying to convert people to a religion which they claim to be called to preach, and help those whom they sought to teach, instead of being a burden upon them.

Since the petition became a law, quite six years ago, it was shown by statistics that the number of fine buildings called churches, which had been built every year previous to the passage of the law, had diminished more than one-half, and on the other hand, the number of homes built and well furnished by the poor, had been on the increase each year since that time.

There seemed to be less immorality than formerly; for each person who had no visible means of support was given employment, if he were able to work; if not, such persons were cared for by the State. However, there were very few people who were disabled for work by chronic diseases. "Memory Fluid" had become a powerful germ killer, and wherever it had been used, the person using it had completely recovered from the disease which had disabled him.



The use of it was, however, not compulsory; and a great many people objected to taking it, preferring to suffer than to know of a past existence, if they had any.

In cases other than these, no one was incapacitated for labor unless he was severely crippled.

Many of the formerly so-called mysteries of life, were no longer mysteries to the great body of thinking people, to those who had been *subjects*, and delvers in spiritual philosophy at the "School for Hidden Thought," at Saltillo, since their awakening.

Many students at the "National School for Scientific Development" knew the law, and continued to live their lives upon the highest plane possible, and their efforts were rewarded.

Juan, the former trusty servant of Governor Lehumada, and the worldly Mrs. Serrano, both had become valuable assistants in the diffusion of the spiritual philosophy. Juan occupied the same position in the private laboratory of the Governor of Chihuahua, Guillermo Gonzales, as Julio Murillo, the great seer and constant associate and adviser of President Lehumada, did when he first entered the employment of the then Governor, Miguel Lehumada, of Chihuahua.

Mrs. Serrano occupied the position she formerly did, that of housekeeper, with the exception that she had added to her name, the name of Degatau; in other words, she had become the wife of Juan Degatau. They were happy in their new life, yet both realized that many existences on earth would have to be experienced by them before they could have the harmonious condi-



tions necessary for the highest knowledge of Law. They did their duty from day to day, as they understood it, and grew stronger in the knowledge of truth by so doing. Strict surveillance was for a long time kept over the revolutionists, after they abandoned their evil designs upon the government to all outward appearances. At the same time, from the day they surrendered, which was on the first inaugural day of President Lehumada, they were permitted to return to their homes and continue their usual avocation unmolested. Of the large number who had no employment and no means of support, the government gave them work for which they were well paid; at the same time, the government saw that the work was well done, at the proper time. No one realized better than the famous author of "Liquid from the Sun's Rays," and the great seer, Julio Murillo, that "an idle brain is the devil's worship"—to use the language frequently heard on all sides in the nineteenth century—and suitable employment was given to everybody who could not procure it themselves.

There were very few people, even amongst the uninitiated, who were given to shrugging their shoulders at people whose calling on earth was very lowly, and had not sufficient money to live in the same style that they did. For they never knew who of them had taken "Memory Fluid," or belonged to the great society of the initiated.

The O'Sullivans and O'Rileys, who now sped around in their gilded vehicles, were the descendants of Pat and Tim, who run the joints around the corner in an early



day; and of Mary McPherson and Susan O'Hallihan, both of whom did the scrubbing at the big folks' houses. These people, before the discovery of "Memory Fluid," boasted of their social position and inherited wealth; for they never dreamed that anyone knew or would ever know that Pat and Tim killed a man for his money in their "joint," one night. Since the trial of the "Plunger from Kansas," they had changed so much that strangers even noticed it.

One's social position is rated by the knowledge he has of the Great Cause and his desire to learn spiritual truths.

Money no one scorns, but it is only considered as the medium by which commerce is carried on; the means by which the necessities of life can be obtained the most independently. The sustaining of self in the highest manner possible is the doctrine the teachers of the occult inculcate. To be true to self, and never a burden on anyone else, was the first great lesson. A lesson which none but the initiated could understand.

"The beauties which emanate from the Great Cause are so numerous, and so plainly demonstrate the great 'World without end,' that physical man, in his present state of grossness, would not be able to get more than a peep into the real life during the present existence," Julio Murillo, the great seer, often said to those seeking admittance into the "National School for Scientific Development," when they wished to be placed in touch with the Hidden immediately, "Take 'Memory Fluid.'"

All such persons were first advised to take "Memory Fluid," after which there would be some hopes for them.



Preparations were begun for the celebration of the discovery of "Liquid from the Sun's Rays," and the entire nation had been invited to take part, by the promulgators of the "Schools for the Study of the Occult," and others devoted to scientific researches in general. It was to be a great event, and every one looked forward to it with great pleasure.

Not since the marriage day of the President, now seven years past, had the public ever been treated to a serenade like the one given that day by the spirit friends of the Governor of Chihuahua, and his bride. And many hoped the same music would come again; yet the possibility of hearing it was not held out as an inducement to secure a large attendance.

The great auditorium, connected with the grand Museum at Washington, built under the supervision of President Lehumada, his wife, and the well-known seer, Julio Murillo, had a seating capacity of fifty thousand people, with acoustics, heating, lighting, cooling and ventilating facilities unsurpassed.

While there were more people from a distance, in Washington, who had come to attend the celebration, it was hoped that everyone who desired would have the opportunity of being present at one or more of the lectures, to be delivered during the three days of celebration.

Francisco de Urdiñola, president of the "School for Hidden Thought," of Saltillo; Guillermo Gonzales, Governor of Chihuahua; Juan and his wife; and "The Plunger from Kansas," were conspicuous figures at the national capital. The Plunger was as young in appearance as ever, but he had less money than formerly,



to spend on such occasions as the present one, where it had been his delight to make everyone wonder at the freedom with which he spent large sums of money.

He wore the first new suit of clothes he had bought since the conclusion of his famous trial. Yet the money he had taken by stealth in the life long since passed, was not paid in full. He was working to fulfill his promise to lift that burden he had helped to place upon himself in his present existence, for he well knew that if he failed to pay the debt now, he would be compelled to do so in a life to come.

One of his objects in coming to Washington was to try to secure employment at higher wages than he was able to get in Chihuahua.

"What do you wish to do?" asked a newspaper correspondent, who was interviewing the Plunger on the street.

"Oh, it does not matter what I do; but it is the price I get, about which I am concerned. I mean, of course, it does not matter what I do, so long as I am engaged in an honest business," replied the Plunger.

"Then you do not care to make another 'plunge' on someone's else money, in order to make a stake?" asked the reporter, with a meaning smile.

"Well, hardly; the taste I had of that in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, as the makers of the chronicle said then, has not left me yet. No son, no more plunging for me. Remorse of conscience is the greatest punishment one can have. Take the advice of a man who *remembers*, son, and never engage in dishonest transactions. There will come a day,



as sure as fate, when you will have to repair the wrongs you have committed, if you do," was the fatherly advice of the Plunger.

The reporter stood quietly by for a few moments, no doubt revolving in his mind the many exaggerated stories he had written about different people, and wondering if he would in a life to come, be compelled to retract all he had said.

The Plunger noticed his thoughtful attitude, and said: "When you take 'Memory Fluid,' you will ponder more seriously than you do now. Come, help a fellow if you can. I want to get this burden of debt off my shoulders."

"It was on that subject I was studying, my friend. I know a man who wants a head gardener; wages, one hundred dollars a month and board," replied the reporter.

"I hope I can get the job," said the Plunger, as the two walked on arm in arm.

"We will see about it at once, then go to the auditorium to hear the discourses upon the great scientific subjects. Ah, and I must have you in the description of this great celebration. What a lucky fellow I am to have fallen in with you this morning. I will be promoted to city editor on account of getting the first interview with you," said the reporter, delighted over the prospects.

"If I get the job you mention," replied the Plunger, "no one else can have an interview with me."

On seeing a man coming toward them, the reporter became very excited, and exclaimed: "There is Judge



Barrow now! I am in luck again. He is the man who wants a gardener."

At that moment Judge Barrow met them. He seemed to be very much in a hurry and when the reporter spoke to him, he said, hurriedly: "No interview this morning, Tom. Nothing new."

"But, Judge, one moment. You want a gardener, do you not?" exclaimed the reporter, hurrying after him.

"Yes," said the judge, turning around.

"Well, I have just the man here for you," said the reporter, delighted at his success so far.

"What experience has the man had?" asked the judge.

"Oh, he has had none; he is the 'Plunger from Kansas'!"

"The what? The 'Plunger from Kansas'!" exclaimed Judge Barrow, eying him closely.

"That's my title, Judge. I have had no experience; for since I made the memorable plunge, I have lived the life of a gentleman through the biggest part of three existences, but since I had to whack up, I have been dead-broke, and am still in debt. I will get out of debt in this life, if I am given a chance."

"Ah, you are a noble young fellow. You can have the job, at one hundred and fifty dollars a month, and board. Show up in the morning, young man. It is a great thing for me to have such a noted person for my gardener," concluded the judge, as he left the two men spellbound.

"After all, I am not having such a bad time. It is not so bad to repent, after all," said the Plunger.



"Nor to have been a *subject*," added the reporter. "Who are the people coming toward us; they seem to recognize you. Are they some of your friends in a life gone by?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, and no," seriously said the Plunger. "The man, however queer it may sound to you, was once my son. In this life, no; and the woman upon whose arm he is clinging is his wife."

"How strange! The man is much older than you. This is an age of marvels, and when I stop to consider, I am at sea without a pilot, or in a wilderness without a guide," commented the reporter.

At that moment Mr. and Mrs. Degatau came up, smiling, no doubt, at seeing on the street of a big, strange city, a familiar face.

Juan Degatau held his hand out to the Plunger, and said: "Papa, I am glad to see you. This celebration could have not have been much of a success, had you stayed away."

"That I had no thought of doing. I have a twofold purpose in being here, however," replied the Plunger.

"Yes?" said Mrs. Degatau, without further question.

"Ah, what a crowd of distinguished looking people. I must get out amongst them and see if I cannot get items for to-morrow's paper, which *The Hidden* does not contain," said the reporter, moving away uneasily.

"That you cannot do," said Juan; "for if the seer sees fit to report to *The Hidden*, the most powerful daily paper in the world, the trivial affairs you are collecting this morning, your paper will fall short of being anything but second-class."



"Now, son," said the Plunger, his tone betraying the satire he evidently tried to conceal, "don't be so hard on Tom. He is doing the best he knows how. What were your thoughts before you *remembered*? Tom has done for me this morning, more than my son (and he has been a *subject*) ever offered to do for me."

"The reporter, no doubt, was born to a higher plane in his first existence, than your son," curtly replied Juan, "and that accounts for his natural kindness of heart. The curse of having to live through three existences in punishment, on account of the house in which one lived his first existence being so full of sin, did not fall to his lot. Good morning, gentlemen, good morning; my wife and I are going to the auditorium. If we tarry longer, we will not get in. I wish you and Tom, Papa, much luck." Juan bowed very low, and together with his wife, walked very rapidly toward the auditorium.

The third and last evening of the great celebration, in honor of the seventh anniversary of the marriage of the President of the United States, Miguel Lehumada, and Helen Hinckley, was at hand.

Sharply at eight o'clock, the house already filled to its utmost for an hour or more, arose at a signal given by the master of ceremonies, to witness the arrival of the President, his wife, and their beautiful twins, a boy and a girl six years old, moving through the air. When they took the seats assigned for them on the rostrum, the audience sat down. After the President's address of welcome, there was an eloquent discourse by the great seer, Julio Murillo, upon the "Divine in Man," in which



he spoke of the discovery of "Memory Fluid," the great destroyer of germs, without any but good effects upon the physical, making man in his physical state cognizant of all his past, and creating in him a desire for a knowledge of the Great Cause.

At the close of his remarkable address, he spoke of the strange effect of Ebony Fluid upon animal matter, after the spirit had taken its flight. A screen was removed from the side of the rostrum, which disclosed to view the ebonized bodies of Francisco R. Cantu, Father Hernandez, Rev. J. T. Note, Marriet Motuble, and last, of the little child, Catalina Martinet.

These bodies had been in the National Museum for some months, but had never been unveiled for inspection. The history of all the persons, whose bodies, black as midnight and as hard as flint, stood before them, was familiar to everybody, and were objects of very great interest in consequence.

The two children of the President ran from one ebonized body to the other, while Julio Murillo explained which had been occupied respectively by the five persons who had made many pages of history teem with interest.

The little girl was a beautiful brown-eyed child, retiring and quiet and a very striking likeness of the President.

The boy, much taller than the girl, was aggressive, and quite the contrast of his sister Helen. His hair was light brown and curly, and his eyes were blue. *Little Miguey*, as he was called, after his famous father, was strikingly unlike either of his parents.



His great talent for music had been cultivated by the best masters, and at the tender age of six years he could handle skillfully any musical instrument; but his fondness for the horn was shown by the masterly way in which he played upon it.

The committee in charge of the music for the celebration secured the consent of the President and his wife to allow their talented son to play the horn in the last musical number on the program, for the last evening of the celebration. It would be his first appearance in public, yet the fact gave him no concern.

The large horn used by the child hung on a rack on the rostrum, and was an object of much interest, as well as the ebony figures.

Julio Murillo concluded his talk upon the subject of ebony bodies, by saying: "The souls which once occupied these bodies, are here in spirit, and with others whom we knew in a life gone by, will now appear before us, and we will have music from the spirit choir."

The stillness in the room was appalling to those who did not know, to the uninitiated, until the music began.

At first the Spirit Choir was invisible; but as the music grew in power, first one, then another could be seen surrounding the President's family, until all who were taking part were seen. After the conclusion of their music, Mrs. Lehumada arose to thank them, and when she had expressed her thanks for their music and for the pleasure she had at seeing them, she concluded: "There is but one thing concerning this celebration which makes me sad, and that is, dear spirit friends, that you did not bring a little child I once loved dearly,



Catalina Martinet; and another, a lady whom I grew to wish for after she passed to spirit land—she of whom I speak was called Marriet Motuble. And her music on the horn in spirit was only to be heard once, to be wished for again.”

“Dear Mamma,” cried little Helen, “do you not know that it is I, who was Catalina whom you loved? I came back to you and my dear papa—that is Catalina’s ebonized body. I live again.”

The President clasped the child in his arms, and the audience went wild with delight.

Little Miguey took his big horn from off the rack, and stepping to the front, said: “And it was I, dear Mamma, who was Marriet Motuble—and you shall hear my music.”

The crowd arose in amazement, and while the strange child played divinely upon the big horn, the spirit band disappeared.

And when the child laid his horn up, his mother arose, and clasping him in her arms, said: “After all, there are, even to the initiated, many things which cannot be explained.”

And there was heard throughout the great auditorium the musical murmur of “Amen.”

*Saltillo, Mexico, Wednesday, September 12, 1899,  
12 o'clock A. M.*

THE END.