

As Seen in a Vision

NO! I am not a soothsayer; neither am I a prophet! To me the black arts are mysteries, while the science of necromancy is as a closed book.

But, withal, I am possessed of a faculty peculiar to myself—a power which has been the source of wonder from those who have witnessed its action, and which has, as yet, never been satisfactorily explained! While not mystical, yet it is beyond my ken!

Well do I remember the first time I became conscious of it! The class was assembled in Hall B. The dean was engrossed in a disquisition on pericementitis. I was all interest! Suddenly I became conscious of a peculiar tingling in my fingers and toes. It spread and grew in force until my whole frame quivered. A feeling of numbness overcame me, and then—they tell me I swooned! I don't know! All I remember is that I seemed transposed into another world—different scenes, different faces, everything different! Little did I then realize that I was looking twenty years into the future! Nor could I at that time comprehend the meaning of it all! I do not, as yet, enjoy a complete understanding of this mysterious influence, but experience has shown me that the accuracy of my visions is beyond dispute.

It is not within my province to tell you what this power is, or why it obtains—but my fingers are a-tingle! I feel numb! My eyes are heavy! Yes, I am going, going!

A desert isle is spread before my vision! The verdure is tropical—the scenery beautiful! Numerous human beings run to and fro, all clad in the conventional garb of the Pacific Islander. A dignified, erect figure attracts my attention, chiefly on account of a noticeable baldness. I look closer. Can it be? Yes; it must be! Who would have thought it? Elias, our President, our *bon vivante*! To think that he, of all the class, should seek such a place to practice! But I read his story in his features. A tale of disappointed affection, a paen of unreasonable State Boards, a lyric of self-renunciation, a story of a mis-spent life.

But not quite so! For behind him I see the figure of a woman. The figure, I say, for the face is Smiley's. Kind, gallant, loyal Smiley! Rather than see Elias deserted he renounces all kin, and follows him! As the figure approaches it taps Osborne on the shoulder, and, in a familiar voice, says: "Wake up, you old nut! Lizzie is waiting for you in the kitchen!" A glow more than human lights up Elias' features, and, with awakened memories of an almost forgotten past, he turns and walks from my vision.