

## THE TELEPATHIC BULLET.

AN EXPERIENCE OF A PSYCHIC RESEARCHER.

BY P. C.

WHEN I was young and vigorous the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" weighed heavily upon my soul, but since I have grown old and have experienced life and become acquainted with many of the terrors which fate, blindly as it often seems, doles out to mortals, I have become reconciled to the thought of death and have come to the conclusion that, whatever may be the truth regarding personal immortality, the final discontinuance of life should be regarded as a blessing. However it takes a deeper wisdom than youth possesses to understand this; and so in my youth, while lacking insight into the beauty of existence and into the depth of the law of compensation according to which life is balanced by death, I was anxious to have the question answered, "What is our destiny hereafter?" Before the tribunal of science there is no evidence in favor of a continuance of life beyond the grave, but is there not a realm of mystery inaccessible to science?

In those days the Society for Psychical Research was founded. The object of this society seemed to me a worthy one, so I joined the movement and devoted much of my time to the study of its problems. But I saw at once that there were many other questions connected with the main problem of my concern, and that the problem whether the soul of man lived on was only a side issue in the greater problem of spirit life. Are the manifestations of mysterious powers genuine, such as telepathy and other occult phenomena? Is there any veritable *actio in distans*? How far is the soul influenced by the body, and does it have an independent existence?

For years I had searched and investigated with the members of the Society for Psychical Research, but still remained unsatisfied, when one day the postman brought me a letter from the home of my father in the wooded mountains of central Germany, telling me of strange phenomena that had occurred through the agency of a mysterious forester. They were veritable marvels. Some people positively thought that the man was in league with the devil and had sold his soul to his Satanic Majesty in exchange for the

art of making magic bullets. I had never even heard of magic bullets before, but now I learned that they look very much like other bullets but that they never miss their aim, no matter what direction the man who handles the rifle may turn it. The superstitious say that a bullet must be blessed by the devil in order to become a magic bullet, but others declare that apparently the devil has nothing to do with it, and that the power that guides the magic bullet in its course is simply a spiritual mystery which may be good or evil according to the use to which it is put.

Here was a case worthy of investigation, and although my fortune amounted to but a few thousand dollars and I had to earn my own livelihood, I resolved to go to Germany and endeavor to find out at all costs the truth of the matter and submit the facts to the Society for Psychological Research. Accordingly I took leave of absence for a year and set out at once for the Fatherland.

Scarcely a fortnight had elapsed when I arrived in a little town in central Germany where tourists used to come in summertime to enjoy the beautiful scenery of the mountains and the ruined medieval castles. One of these castles, "Hohenstein," was situated near the village, and close by the castle stood the home of the mysterious forester. Our forester bore the appropriate name of Schütz, and the people used to call him *Der Freischütz* after the hero of Weber's famous opera of the hunter who procured magic bullets with the help of the Evil One.

The mysterious forester was said to be an excellent man. He was described as a friend of the poor and was universally beloved in the district where he lived. But there was something uncanny about him; he could do things which no one else could accomplish. It had been the passion of my life to find out the truth about spirit phenomena, and here at last I had a case which was represented to me by my relatives as truly genuine.

The landlord of the inn where I first established my headquarters said to me: "If you can stay with the Schütz family you will have the time of your life. He is the most popular man in these parts, but I give you fair warning that the old castle near by is haunted." I smiled and answered: "There aren't any ghosts these days." The innkeeper became serious. "I am not superstitious," he said, "but things happen in Hohenstein which are strange and difficult to explain unless you believe in ghosts. Once I had two guests from Berlin who sat on the very sofa where you are sitting now. They were absolute infidels. You know these metropolitan scoffers, frivolous and flippant, with cocksure bravado. We here

have no use for Berliners; to them everything in Berlin is great and famous, and they have a contempt for everything outside of their city. I told them they could find things here that they didn't have in Berlin, especially the beauty of the forests, the pleasant mountains and the romantic castle with its medieval traditions. They laughed and one of them replied: 'Yes, these wooded mountains are not in Berlin, but if they were they would be more wonderful.' But these young dudes found something here they had never met before.

"Well, the next day they strolled up to the castle, but they soon came down in a hurry, pale and with their clothes all torn. They would have been glad to conceal their plight but they had been through brambles and thorns and were very much excited. One of them was sick and I had to send for a physician. He said that the young fellow had a high fever and must have experienced a dreadful fright. By and by the facts leaked out. They had gone to visit Castle Hohenstein and had rambled through the ruins. On coming to a cave leading down to a mysterious door under the foundations of the keep they entered it, and one of them—the one whose bluster had been the loudest on the previous day—pushed open the door and called out to the knight who had inhabited the castle in former days: 'Sir Knight,' he shouted, 'I challenge you to combat with straight steel swords'; whereupon a deep bass voice was heard to speak from the depths of the underground recesses: 'Come, my good page, hand me helmet, shield and sword, and I will teach these modern fools better manners.' The hearts of the two swaggerers leaped into their throats. They were terribly frightened and tried to sneak out of the cave, but still the voice followed them. It shouted in the same *basso profundo*: 'It is damnable to disturb a ghost's rest. Stand, fellows, and fight!' But our Berlin travelers ran, and while breaking through the underbrush and the thorns of the thicket a loud ghostly laughter from the castle pursued them as if in mockery at their cowardice."

The landlord of the inn thus concluded his story: "Now, sir, you may believe in ghosts or not, but what I have said is positively true. These two lads from Berlin stayed here several days. I have their addresses and you can look into the matter. Every word of the story is true. The fellows were sick for several days and swore they would never again scoff at ghosts."

"Well," said I, "it is very difficult to believe that such things happen; but I understand that the forester, Herr Schütz, is a very mysterious personage. Can you tell me anything about him?"

"Yes indeed," replied the innkeeper, "he is a mysterious man, but if you meet him you will scarcely see anything remarkable in him except that he is a jolly good fellow, very good-natured and of fine appearance with his long grizzled beard. And though he is actually known to use magic bullets no one here believes that he is in league with the devil."

"Why do you say that he actually uses magic bullets?" I asked. "I suppose the explanation is simply that he is a good shot."

"Yes," nodded the innkeeper in reply, "of course he is a good shot—he is easily the best shot in the country; but there is no denying that he uses magic bullets. Listen! I will tell you of an event in his life that is known all over the country, for it led up to his marriage with the old forester's daughter.

"Herr Schütz came here to be the assistant of old Herr Möller, his predecessor, a fine old gentleman." The innkeeper sat silent for a little. "Yes," he mused, as if living again in the scenes of the past, "I see young Schütz still before me—a fine youth, but a little wild and always on the lookout for some adventure. He was full of pranks, and the girls—well, the girls were all in love with him. Herr Möller liked him too, but when the young man asked him for the hand of his daughter the old man objected. He liked the boy well enough but he was too wild to suit him and he bluntly refused. 'Marry anybody else,' he said, 'but not my daughter.' This was a great disappointment to the young forester, but he knew that Anna Möller secretly loved him.

"One Friday night rain was falling heavily and a very severe thunderstorm came up. Old Herr Möller was sitting in the lodge, his daughter Anna was reading aloud to him and young Schütz was there listening to the story when a messenger came from his Royal Highness, the Duke, saying that for the following Sunday, the next day but one, fresh venison was wanted for supper because his Royal Highness was expecting to entertain royalty, indeed no less than members of the family of the King of Prussia, and the Duke wished to serve the best that his dukedom could afford. 'That is impossible,' said old Möller, 'does he think I can go out hunting in this infernal storm? Go tell his Highness that I cannot shoot a stag in time. I cannot go out to-night, and probably not to-morrow either.'

"At this young Schütz jumped up and exclaimed: 'Herr Oberförster, I will go and bring you a stag for the Duke's table. I will have one here within two or three hours.'

"The old forester turned toward him with a smile of incredulity, and said sarcastically, 'Do not make yourself ridiculous.'

"Then the messenger of the Duke urged, 'His Royal Highness is in earnest. He wants a stag for Sunday night, and if you do not furnish it you risk his personal displeasure. You know the Duke.' With these words he left the forester's lodge.

"Herr Möller became serious, and young Schütz repeated, 'Let me go.'

"'Oh, no!' interrupted Anna, 'please don't go. You would risk your life in this terrible weather, and you cannot hunt, for the stags won't come out.'

"'Well,' said young Schütz, 'I won't go out of the house if you don't want me to, but I'll shoot the stag anyhow.'

"With these words Schütz took a rifle from the rifle cabinet, loaded it before the eyes of the old forester and his daughter and went out into the kitchen. The whole family, who had watched him with intense curiosity, followed, and the servants in the kitchen also wondered what was going to happen. There the young assistant stood, looking up into the chimney above the hearth. He waited a moment, then raised his rifle, muttering: 'There he comes! A fine stag, with at least eight branches to his antlers. Oh, if I could get him!'—and bang! off went the gun.

"'Now, Herr Oberförster,' he said, 'that's all. Will you send Hans to bring in the quarry? It would not be good for the stag to lie out so long in this rain. Hans can take my raincoat, but he must take the cart along for he couldn't carry such a large animal so far.'

"Then said Oberförster Möller, who had been watching his assistant in silence: 'What kind of a theatrical performance is this? What is your fooling all about?'

"The young assistant answered: 'There is no fooling about it. Send Hans to bring in the stag and you will find that I am not fooling.'

"Schütz then called Hans, the boy who ran errands for the lodge, chopped wood and tended the garden, and young Schütz explained to him where the stag lay. 'You must leave the highroad to Ratenhausen at the mileage stone, turn to the right, and walk across the meadow till you reach the brook. Along the brook runs a footpath; follow this to the right and you will see before you a small thicket. Search it carefully. When I hit the stag I saw him crawl into the thicket, and there he fell and breathed his last. You cannot miss him.'

"The forester said to the boy, 'Hans, don't go, Herr Schütz is fooling us.'

"Schütz looked earnestly at his superior and answered: 'Herr Oberförster, as truly as I stand here, and as truly as I love your daughter, and as truly as I mean to marry her, the stag lies there and I know that Hans will find him. With my own eyes I saw him fall!' And turning to Hans he added: 'If I am deceiving you you may proclaim me publicly as a humbug. Go, Hans, and trust me; you will not come home empty-handed.'

"The boy went off with his cart, and in three hours—it was a little after midnight—he came back bringing the stag—a real stag—and the Duke had venison for his Sunday banquet where the royal guests feasted on the stag that was shot with a magic bullet."

"Is that all true?" I gasped in astonishment as the innkeeper finished his story. "What more can you tell me about it?"

"Well," said the innkeeper, "ask Herr Oberförster Schütz; he is the man who did it. Later he married Fräulein Anna Möller, and a merry wedding it was. Soon afterward he was appointed forester over a neighboring district. It was a neglected place, but he did his duty well and the territory improved greatly; and when Herr Möller grew old he asked the Duke to have his son-in-law appointed Oberförster in his place. This was granted, and a few years later the old man died.

"You look incredulous," continued the innkeeper, "you probably suspect me of telling you untruths."

"Indeed," said I, "I do find it difficult to believe you. I have heard of telepathic communication between sensitives, and also between the living and the dead, but I have never heard of telepathic bullets. If the German Kaiser knew of it he would certainly have some member of the Society for Psychical Research invent telepathic artillery to bombard any armies that might dare to invade the Fatherland."

"I shouldn't wonder," replied the innkeeper, "if some such invention has been made before this and is now preserved among the secrets of the War Office."

I wish I could cut this story short and end it here, but I have a streak of honesty in me and must tell the whole truth; for an opportunity now presented itself to look farther into the matter, and what I found was really astonishing.

The landlord had given me Herr Schütz's address soon after my arrival, and I had written to him asking him whether and on what terms I could take up my abode for a few weeks in his home. The next morning after my discussion with the innkeeper I received a letter from the forester bidding me welcome to his home

in the solitude of the forest. I cannot describe the joy I felt at meeting this wonderful man, and I had indeed the most delightful time of my life. He was the most congenial man I ever met. No suspicion of a pact with the devil ever entered my mind; he was too good, too honest and too kind-hearted. I did my best to gain his confidence and he soon took a fancy to me. People in the Fatherland like to hear about America, and I told him as much as I thought would please him about the great west, the Rocky Mountains, the National Park and the bears that came up to the hotel there to be fed by the travelers; and he enjoyed my descriptions greatly. He took me out hunting with him, and soon we became fast friends.

One evening after the forester's wife had retired I told him of the stories I had heard about him, and he chuckled. I looked at him, hoping to interpret his laugh, but in vain; and then he said: "I will tell you, but you must promise not to repeat it to anybody until forty years have elapsed, for in all probability no one concerned in the story will then be alive. And if you ever write the story down do not give the real name of our village or of the duchy where it happened; people might find out, and if I were still alive I should be an object of ridicule. I hold a prominent position here at court, and you understand that I do not wish to lose it."

I gave Herr Schütz a solemn promise to fulfil the condition under which alone I might divulge what he was about to tell, and he told his story.

"I had always been a wild boy and liked nothing better than poaching. While still attending the gymnasium I had a rifle of my own and often roamed with it through the woods, from time to time bringing home rabbits or a deer for the kitchen. Later I decided to become a forester and went to the forestry academy in Eberswalde. When I began here as assistant forester I loved to roam the woods and always carried my rifle with me as my faithful companion. But first let me tell you what happened to me one day in the beer-cellar of my late father-in-law. It was a queer circumstance!

"The day was hot. I felt thirsty and longed for a drink. The cellar lies over there below the rock in a cave under the keep of the old castle. I went into it, sat down on a stone, emptied a bottle of beer and leaned back to cool off. I was so comfortable after the oppressive heat of outdoors that I fell asleep. Now listen to what happened. The cellar-door was suddenly flung open and I could see two figures against the light that shone in. I was sitting in the

shadow and was invisible. The intruders were strangers, and one of them shouted into the cellar, addressing the ghost whom he assumed to be haunting the old castle. 'Sir Knight,' he shouted, 'I challenge you to combat!' or some words to that effect. He added some comments of boastful self-praise, contemptuously saying that he was not afraid of ghosts and would dare a legion of them and all the devils too. I recognized from his dialect that he was a Berlin dude, and on the spur of the moment I took up the challenge. I imagined myself the ghost of the dead lord of the castle, accompanied by an armor-bearing page. I spoke in a hollow voice, pretending to ask my page to bring me my sword, helmet and shield; and then I rose to my feet. I do not know whether the intruders saw me, or whether my voice frightened them; I only saw them turn and make away as hastily as they could. I burst into loud laughter, and even then they did not stop but ran down into the valley. Yes, they did run, and their adventure became known in town. The result was that a rumor started that the castle was haunted.

"I have never before told my side of the story, but in forty years you may tell the truth and say that I was the ghost who haunted Hohenstein Castle.

"Well, you understand that that was one of my jokes, but the story of the telepathic bullet was an important incident in my life, for it made such an impression on the old forester that he consented to my marriage with his daughter Anna whom I loved devotedly, although it was difficult for me to convince the old gentleman that in spite of my wild pranks I would be sufficiently tame to make a good husband.

"It happened this way. One Thursday I had been out in Ratenhausen, a city on Prussian territory, to call for my rifle which I was having repaired. On my return through the forest I came upon the track of a stag and decided to follow the game. It took me hours to get a clear range. The wind was not favorable and I had to break through the thicket in a roundabout way. To my chagrin the stag ran onto Prussian ground, and in following up my chance I had to trespass on foreign land; but I could not resist the temptation. Finally by good luck I gained a clear range. When I pulled the trigger the stag happened to be right on the Prussian line. I saw him jump and run a few steps to a thick clump of bushes as if he wanted to seek refuge there, and then he fell. I felt like shouting, when suddenly I heard some one else give the hunter's halloo. I was perplexed for I was a few steps within the Prussian



territory and therefore on forbidden ground and liable to be convicted of poaching. Moreover Prussian foresters are very punctilious in their duties; if necessary they would surrender even their best friend to justice. And if the stag had been found the evidence against me would have been complete. So I hastened away from the spot into the Duke's preserve where I belonged, and then shouted my own halloo in reply. It was answered by repeated calls, and the voice drew nearer and nearer until we finally met, and of course at quite a little distance from foreign ground, in those portions of the forest where I had a perfect right to shoot. My plan succeeded better than I had hoped, although the danger was as great as it could possibly have been. The man who had been greeting, or rather challenging, me was the the most inopportune person I could have met at this critical moment—my Prussian colleague. But when we met it was not on Prussian ground, and happily he had no suspicion whatsoever of me. He was very curious as to who had fired a gun in the forest, but when I at once confessed that I had my rifle repaired that very day in Ratenhausen, that I was looking over its mechanism and that it had gone off by accident he took everything for granted, especially as I had the bill of repairs in my possession. He made no further ado, being satisfied that he had not come on the track of poachers. He walked home with me and I treated him at the first inn we came to.

"I had now but one problem to solve, and that was how to secure the booty. This did not seem an easy matter.

"On the following day a thunderstorm broke and I could not go out, but by a happy chance the Duke sent a special messenger that very evening to demand a stag for the Sunday banquet to feast some guests of the royal family of Prussia. I am sure they never knew that the venison was a Prussian stag poached by a Thuringian forester. Now you know all. But remember; don't reveal my secret for forty years—when I expect I shall have departed to the happy hunting grounds where poaching is not forbidden."

I had seriously contemplated sending the story told me by the friendly innkeeper to the publication of the Society for Psychical Research, but it had now lost all value for them in view of the explanation. When Herr Schütz told me his side of the story I was at first greatly disappointed, but after all, reflection on the incidents related only served to bring into clearer light the nature of spirit and the reality of the truth that the soul is the purpose-endowed center of a living being and thus becomes the guiding principle in the world of reality. I had formerly believed in a

peculiar distinct soul-being that could flit about and exercise a miraculous activity by telepathic means; but through physiological inquiry and philosophical study I lost that belief, and a great disillusionment it was when the beautiful dream dissolved. But gradually I have recovered from the shock I then suffered.

And now that the forty years have elapsed the story has acquired a new interest. And while I no longer believe in spirits, I believe in spirit more than ever before, and in telepathy which means the action of mind at a distance. And I find that, after all, the main truth remains unshaken, namely, the supremacy of mind and its sovereignty in the universe of our experience.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE EGYPTIAN ACCOUNT OF THE CREATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

The story of the origin of the world begins among the Egyptians as among the Babylonians with the existence of a watery abyss from which, according to the lore of the Heliopolis priests, came forth Nu and Nut. These deities are the male and female attributes of the inert primeval mass, in contrast to Khepera and Ra, the active principle, who like the spirit of Elohim hovers over the waters. The essential feature of this world, however, is the sun, and we see in the Egyptian presentation reproduced as our frontispiece the god Nu with outstretched arms lifting up the boat of the sun-god. The beetle Khepera (the dung beetle) emblem of spontaneous generation, rolls before him the sun, an oblong red disk which is received by a little figure representing the goddess Nut, who (in our picture inverted) stands upon the head of Osiris.

The body of Osiris is bent around in such a way that his toes touch his occiput thus forming a kind of circle which surrounds the realm of the Tuat, the domain of the dead. The Tuat is not limited to the human dead, but comprises also the place for gods where they retire from active work. Chief among them is Ra, the sun-god; he is swallowed up by the mouth of the goddess of Heaven, passes through her body and is born again the next morning. The entrance is pictured as the mouth of a lion and the exit of Ra's resurrection is another lion's mouth, the former being called "To-day," the other "To-morrow."

If we consider the significance of the abode of the dead we shall not be surprised to find Tuat an essential part of the world in a picture representing the Egyptian cosmology whose center is Ra, the sun, with his daily migration over the earth and his return through Tuat.

There is an ancient Egyptian book entitled the "Book of Knowing the Evolutions of Ra and of Overthrowing Apepi." It is frequently found in Egyptian tombs in two distinct versions, and Prof. E. A. Wallis Budge makes the following comment on it (*Gods of the Egyptians*, I, 294-5):