



SCENE IN THE MOUNTAINS, CALIFORNIA.

# The Carrier Dove.

"BEHOLD! I BRING YOU GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY!"

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## The Platform.

THE FACT WE CELEBRATE;  
and  
Its Relation to Nineteenth Century  
Civilization.

Anniversary Address by Mrs. E. L. Watson, delivered at  
Metropolitan Temple, Sunday Evening, April 1, 1888.

(Reported for the CARRIER DOVE by G. H. Hawes.)

The electric rap of unseen intelligences that resounded throughout the world forty years ago, struck the key-note to the sweetest harmony that ever thrilled the heart of man. From time immemorial men had sought to unravel the riddle of that scowling Sphinx whose feet were buried deep in the desert sands of speculative thought; from the first kiss which Death imprinted on the lips of love, sealing them to eternal silence, unto the present hour, the soul of man has yearned toward the Soul of Nature, asking why this pain, why this Shadow that struck across the path of all humanity? And while it is true that now and then some grand, solitary soul out upon the hills of inspired thought, caught glimpses of a dawn that foretold of a life beyond the tomb, the great masses of humanity toiled and struggled in spiritual darkness, and the few glimpses that were occasionally caught of the unseen and mysterious Beyond, seemed only to involve the mind of man in deeper darkness; for partial revelation, working upon the imagination, produced a thousand superstitions that have for ages weighed like an incubus upon the heart of man.

It is true that Moses and the prophets believed that they talked with disembodied spirits, and God's "angels;" and that the Apostolic times gave brief fore-gleams of what to-day the world just begins to realize. But even as the shower of manna that fell from heaven, as we are told, to feed the starving Israelites, is too stale to supply the necessities of the hungry people of London and New York to-day, so the so-called miracles are too old and far removed for the hungry heart of our present day humanity. And as starving millions in the great Metropolis demand bread to-day, so spiritually, men are crying for fresh spiritual manna upon which to nourish their inner and religious lives. And Modern Spiritualism, the scientific fact of the survival of the soul after the

change called death, has come to meet this want.

Look backward even for forty years, and give a cursory glance only, if you please, to the religious and spiritual condition of our race. A cold and dreary winter of materialism was fast freezing all forms of spiritual thought into an abhorrent rigidity; it was claimed by our spiritual teachers that God's revelations had come to an end, and let our hunger be what it might, we must feed upon the manna that fell in the wilderness four thousand years ago! But even as material science advanced, and the eyes of men long fixed upon the shining heavens, were beginning to discern their meaning, even as man was beginning to contemplate with clearer intelligence the natural phenomena of his physical environment, so there was a quickening of the spiritual powers.

And when that tiny rap at Hydesville, responded intelligently to queries put by mortals, it was the entering wedge in the great, icy doubt that had encumbered the world; it was the drop of balm upon breaking hearts; it was, as I have said, the key-note to a grand, inspiring symphony of Hope! It was the beginning of a series of earnest scientific investigations that has brought us at this hour to the certainty that, though a man die, he shall live again.

"Well," you ask, "*what of it?*" "How is this fact of man's immortality demonstrated, to affect us in our social, political, and religious relations?"

Do you not know that false religious conceptions have caused the greatest suffering the world has ever experienced? Spiritual blindness has giving rise to the greatest national bitterness, to the blackest and bloodiest warfare that has ever been waged upon the planet; and spiritual slavery is the vilest form of bondage that man has ever known. Men never grow to be better physically and socially until they are enlightened spiritually. We saw a poor creature but two hours ago—a woman in form, doubtless with womanly virtues, too,—writhing, prone upon your pavement, with a crowd of idlers standing around, contemplating the awful spectacle with calm and unsympathetic visages,—that poor creature cannot be saved until you have sent into her soul a ray of spiritual hope, and fired her heart with divine flame of pure love! You may bathe her in waters crystal pure you may clothe her in velvet and fine linen; you may take her to your drawing-room,

and comfort her in all ways physically, but so sure as you do not touch her heart, her soul, her intellect, her inner life, she is a lawless woman still!

And so I answer your query with another: what has been the effect of false religious dogmas upon the soul and body of this world? Go to any of the old countries ruled by a wrong faith, and what do you find? Humanity creeping and crawling where there should be upright souls looking confidently forward to nobler times. And so, when you ask me how much better is the faith inspired by this tiny rap, and this scientific fact of the soul's immortality, and a knowledge of the condition of the soul after death, has planted in the heart of man, than the faith which we formerly adhered to and lived by, I answer, it is as much better as eternal progress is better than total depravity; as much better as eternal opportunity for being and doing good, than endless damnation for the vast majority. It is as much better than the old faith than a belief in one true and just God, who is impartial to his creatures, whose will is expressed in the immutable laws of nature, than servile subjection to a fiend who creates beings but to damn them. It is as much better as light of hope than darkness of despair. As much better as living love, than love dead and lost forever!

The great fact that every disembodied soul shall find himself or herself in the eternities just where he or she left off here, must have an influence upon our daily life and avocations, and upon every department of our nature; not a moment of our lives but is going to be made the better and the sweeter for this knowledge.

I need not recall to your mind the faith of the old time, the doctrines that are to-day persistently promulgated by great ecclesiastical orders; the battles that have been fought to maintain total depravity in this world; the great amount of blood that has been shed, and treasure expended for the support of the Devil. I need not remind you of the millions of souls consigned by orthodox teachers to eternal pain. These doctrines, in many quarters, retain much of their pristine vitality, and much talent is expended from Sunday to Sunday in the delightful pastime of convincing mankind that they are objects of detestation on the part of the Almighty.

To effect this, let us examine into the facts Modern Spiritualism has brought to light. You may dispute the claim that spirit return

is a scientifically demonstrated fact; many of you will say, perhaps, that you have never seen a spirit, never received a message from a spirit, and that if Spiritualism was true your dead friends would come to you individually with their loving messages. You might as well disbelieve that Jupiter has moons, or that this earth is only one of a vast family of worlds, which may or may not be inhabited by intelligent beings, because you have never looked through a telescope. But you accept these things on the testimony of a few investigators; you make no experiments; do not trouble yourself to visit observatories, but admit that human testimony is worth something. But on the score of Modern Spiritualism, every one is determined to own a psycho-telescope of their own; no matter at what cost, they will have all these psychological facts at first hand! But though these lines of communication between the mundane and supersensual worlds are not always to be commanded, you have the testimony of as many scientists on this fact of spirit communion, after long and patient investigation, as you have concerning any fact of astronomy. In fact, if we go back in history, we will find that this unseen world just like the beauty of the stars, has been urging itself upon mankind continually; the Buddhas, Socrates, Plato, Appolonius, St. Paul, Jesus, John, Peter, James, and the Fathers of the Christian Church, believed in the spiritual world and possible communion with its peopling intelligences.

"Ah yes," you answer, "but they never interpreted it as you now interpret it." It was not until the last one hundred years that astronomy has been interpreted as it is now interpreted. It was not until the last fifty years that you have had the faintest idea of the Motor confined in the electrical storm-cloud; but just what that undirected force was to Franklin's thunder-bolt in the service of humanity to-day, so were these spiritual powers, previously to our scientific investigation. And just what this directed thunder-bolt is now to your commercial interests, to the blending of national and fraternal feeling throughout the world, so this mighty force of spiritual intelligence as now comprehended, is to your spiritual and religious interest. There was the electricity in everything you touched, but what did you know about it? You knew that sometimes it severed the oak in twain; that sometimes it hurled men unto death; you knew it was a *force*. But you gradually began to discover that you could now and then alter its course, until at last it became your most willing servant, your winged messenger, and you have not yet half fathomed its possibilities.

And so it is with this power of the spirit world by which you are always surrounded, and which flashed in the thunder-bolts of Socrates, as when, before the judges he cried, "In as much as the Demon did not deter me from coming here, I know that it is good

which has befallen me." So it was with the light of the Spirit-world that flamed in the sermons on the Mount. And the fact which all Christendom celebrates to-day, of the resurrection of the one being who called himself the Son of Man, is spiritually accentuated by the evidences of Modern Spiritualism, and we as Spiritualists unite with Christians this glad day in the celebration of the resurrection of a so-called dead human being. But we celebrate not the resurrection of one only, but rather the inevitable resurrection of all humanity! We are rejoicing, not in the sweet sympathies of the man Christ Jesus only, whom the churches believe attend upon their prayers, made glad with them, by the growing strength of truth in the world, but we are rejoicing in the real presence and the sweet communion of those whom we know. We believe, with our Christian friends, that the old prophets were raised from the dead; that they talked with John on the island of Patmos as he claimed they did; but after all, we are more interested in Mary and Susan, William and Henry than we are in the grandest and most ancient of prophets—they have been gone so long, and have so little to do with us and our daily needs, while those who slipped from our embrace but yesterday, what a power for good they may have if only they can reach us with their divine encouragement, and the sweet messages of love and hope which are ever burning on their lips!

Now what is the paramount purpose of Spiritualism? The world has been right in its conjecture that if a man die he may live again. But the church has distorted Nature's facts relating to her Heaven and Hell—or compensatory law. It has stopped short of many facts, and been afraid of God; men have taken mere glimpses of the Unseen, and faint signals that have come from over the dark disappointments of death and sorrow, and woven out of them a false theology, affirming that God has a "chosen" people; God got into trouble in the very beginning of creation, and had a long and hard struggle to discover a way out of it; they say He was so disgusted at his own creations that, though this is a wide and beautiful universe, He can afford but a little, narrow space, for a few white saints, while endless regions are filled with screaming, writhing, burning human souls, for whom there is not one ray of hope. It is an awful doctrine, and I wonder that every church in this community and all over Christendom has not been turned into a lunatic asylum long before this. They would have been, had men and women actually *known to be true* what they professed to *believe*. But thank God! they only thought they believed it, and Nature continually forces upon our consciousness her eternal truths. Just as grand old Galileo, after submitting to the inquisitorial tortures, rose from his knees where he had recanted his doctrine of the movement of the earth, muttering between his teeth, "And yet, the

world does move," so the smiling laymen in their comfortable church-pews, while apparently assenting to the pulpit's assurances of God's eternal wrath have said, over their left shoulder, "After all, I believe there is a chance to escape hell." And thus they retain a degree of sanity.

Now what is to be the effect of Spiritualistic facts upon our civilization? We know that the doctrine of God's hatred towards His creatures, justifies man's hatred of his brother man; and we know, on the contrary, that the doctrine that God loves the least and most miserable of his creatures would make us ashamed to hate anybody. We know that if we want to crush out every particle of humanity from the heart, we need but to convince people that they are accursed and have not a grain of goodness in them; when a person is condemned of their own heart, they do not need any deeper hell. But let one feel in their soul—as these whisperings from the unseen world cause them to feel—that they are to have another chance, that God loves them, that their yearning toward good is a sign that God's love is still laboring with them; convince them that the pure beings who went out into the shadow of death have never forsaken those who loved them, and though environed and oppressed by a thousand unfortunate circumstances, if they will only struggle heroically the time will surely come when life's burdens will be lifted; and that no matter how deeply hidden, the better energies of man are seen by God, they are noted by the angels; that he makes his own heaven or hell; that there is no being in God's universe who can pack his load of sin into eternal oblivion for him, but he must bury them himself under a pile of noble deeds; teach him he is weaving for himself the garments in which he must appear before the eyes of the loved ones gone on before; these facts developed into a conviction will ravel out the tangles of the moral web and woof of existence, and give the lowest and meanest creature on earth a new hope and a new incentive to noble work. What it will do for one it will do for all; the citizen is only the nation in miniature, and one nation is but the type of all humanity. Teach man that all the gold he can carry does not count anything in the scale of spiritual justice; convince him that good is eternal, and that all evil is only temporary, and a new life of happiness begins.

And, my dear friends, we are created to be happy. Go down to the bottom of your hearts to-night; there is not one in this large audience who has not lost a friend, and felt at times as though for one fact from that vast Unseen they would give all their earthly possessions. You are tired, you have struggled long and earnestly to make for yourself a noble place in this world, but you are discouraged; you feel that after all it is in vain that you strive; life is so short and opportunities so few, and the more you know, the

more you see you do not know, and the more you achieve the less you seem to possess in reality, and all the way seems to be crammed full of discouragement.

But there comes this beam of light across your way, just across from the other side of the grave, into which your heart's dearest treasures seemed to have gone down to everlasting silence, there comes this whispered message proving that the earth does not span existence. Life is eternal, and your earth-experience is but an incident in that life eternal. "Be strong, God is on the side of truth and justice, and every struggle that you make this side the grave only means something better for you by and by; you seem to fall in the sight of men, but it is only that the soul is never satisfied; go on a little way further, and with one step you shall have passed this shadowy portal, and then you will find arms outstretched, and new opportunities, and this narrow sphere of life will open out endlessly, and the light shall deepen and heighten until all that seems dark now becomes luminous and clear."

You have been frozen between two blocks of ice, materialism and cruel theological dogma, both gloomy in their nature, not knowing which would give away first, to let you out into nothingness. Think what it would be to you to-night to lay your cheek against the soft bosom of a real soul-life, pulsing with perpetual love! Think what it would be to you of desolated homes, to know that daily and hourly across that threshold came the tender feet of your beloved, divided from you only by your gross senses, while they could see and understand all your love and struggle! Think what it was to our brother to whom this beautiful floral piece is dedicated to-night, our brave and noble and earnest Dr. Terrel, who was so well known in this community; think what it was to him when his soul was stamped out of physical existence by that dreadful and loathsome disease, as into that noisome place came the fragrant thought-flowers of this pure and blessed faith; when over the blind eyes there broke an ineffable vision of beauty! Think what it was to him, when, with festering lips he said, "Tell my friends I am satisfied and ready to go; the grave has no dread for me; I know that I am immortal and shall meet my friends." And think what it is to him to-night, to be in our midst, clothed in a beautified humanity; think what it is to him at this moment, to know that every person in this audience who knew him, gladly welcomes him to this place. Put yourself in our brother's place, and then ask no more how Spiritualism can be to humanity above all other faiths! It shall help to civilize us; and I declare unto you, we are semi-barbarians still. For no truly civilized man or woman could be really happy so long as they knew there were millions in their midst going down to terrible degradation. And the day will come when faith in and

love for humanity, born of this blessed and beautiful fact of eternal life with eternal opportunities, will revivify all that is best in the human soul. The time will come when our statesmen will not only be interested for themselves and their own emoluments, but they will sit in their high places because of their faithfulness. The time will come when the old superstitions and dogmas that have blinded us to the sublime truths of nature, will melt away, and with a new Earth and a new Heaven, we shall bear the burdens of life with greater ease, because more nobly, and become better husbands, better wives, better citizens, recognizing our eternal interdependencies; calm amid Nature's wildest perturbations; pure amid strongest temptations to evil, and when brought face to face with death, undaunted, confident, full of hope and joy, we shall re clasp the hands of our darlings on life's angel side, and press on to heights unattained on earth, on and up forever more.

O, Truth sublime! all space and time  
Are pulsing with thy power supernal;  
Our one pure joy, without alloy,  
The very Soul of things eternal!

Thy faintest beams dispel false dreams,  
And wake us to a fairer Real;  
Beneath thy glow all things below  
Reflect the Future's grand Ideal.

Within thy light the bitter night  
Of greed and lust is swiftly fleeing,  
And man at last, from errors past,  
Is rising to a nobler being.

The clank of chain and cry of pain,  
With Priests and Despots days are numbered,  
While wisdom's school and love's sweet rule  
Shall quicken virtues that have slumbered.

For countless years of griefs and fears  
The world has waited at Death's portal,  
For some fond sign that Love Divine  
Had crown'd the human soul immortal.

But still the tomb was filled with gloom,  
False creeds beclouded earth and heaven;  
When reason seemed a mocking fiend  
For all mankind's delusion given,

Until there came this tongue of flame  
From troubled depths of Superstition,  
That doth proclaim in Nature's name  
"There is no death nor dark perdition."

God understood, *is boundless good*,  
The Sovereign Will, and Law and Power  
Of all the worlds where life unfurls  
Its multi-colored, fadeless flower.

Let Man be free to hear and see,  
To think and feel time's revelation,  
Believe or doubt, and search things out,  
His life to truth a consecration.

Then strife shall cease, and holy Peace  
Shall gently brood our our blood-stained planet,  
And God appear in all things clear,  
From burning star to block of granite!

And death shall be no mystery.  
Nor yawning gulf of God's rejection,  
Nor hand of Fate to separate  
The purest ties of fond affection.

But just a door to *more* and *more*  
Of all that's pure and sweet and tender;  
A star-lit way from night to day,  
Where latent powers leap to splendor.

A law of God; a pathway trod  
By all the great, and good, and loving,  
Who may return where sad hearts yearn  
With counsels wise and kind reproving.

O, Star of Hope! on souls that grope  
In Creedal night or narrow Ism,  
Pour forth thy rays! Illume our ways,  
And grant to all a fresh baptism!

May those who grieve look up, believe,  
And strengthened be for right endeavor,  
Until at last, Earth's sorrows past,  
We grow in truth and joy forever!

## Literary Department.

### CROOKED PATHS;

OR,  
THE WAGES OF SIN.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER,  
AUTHOR OF "AFTER MANY DAYS." ETC.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

FATHER AND CHILD.

It was the morning following the day when in the twilight hour Monsieur Henri, the supposed Frenchman had repeated the story of his life to the Sister of Mercy, who sat beside his bed. A close carriage stood before the hospital awaiting the return of its occupants, Mlle Marie Alicia, the favorite prima donna and her agent, to whom she had confided enough of her history to secure his interest and promise of assistance. During the preceding evening she had seemed to sing her very soul out in the strains of melody floating from her lips, and time after time she had been recalled before the footlights by the delighted assembly that could not be satisfied, before she was allowed to retire from the stage. Weary and exhausted she had sought her couch but not to sleep, and morning found the singer with open eyes and an active brain.

At an early hour she requested an interview with her agent, which resulted in the pair being driven to the hospital, where Monsieur Henri languished away the weary hours.

In the private office of the superintendent of the institution, the beautiful singer repeated the story of her father's disappearance, and of her discovery of him in the person of the supposed Frenchman; requesting his release from the hospital, that she might take him in charge.

She did not think it necessary to speak of his former embezzlement to either the authorities of the house nor to her agent, feeling that as he had atoned for his sin, the matter was one with which the world had nothing to do, and one that rested alone between the repentant father and his God.

"My engagements lead me southward" she said, "and I shall soon depart for Washington, Baltimore and on to New Orleans. I think if I can take my father with me, the

change of scene and the milder atmosphere we shall find may be beneficial. Do you think he is in a condition to travel?"

The head physician who had listened attentively to the musician's story, replied:

"I think so. His malady is one more of the mental system than of the physical. He is a victim to complete nervous prostration. It may be as you suggest, that travel and change of thought will do for him what the highest medical skill cannot accomplish."

"I should like to see him alone, and break to him the story of our relationship. He almost recognized me when I came before, but he has not seen me for fifteen years."

"I will have him dressed and borne into my private office; he is unusually bright this morning, for he rested well during the night. The removal will not injure him." And with a bow, Mr. Cosgrove arose and passed from the apartment, leaving the visitors to continue their conversation with the superintendent.

It was nearly an hour before Mlle. Marie was summoned to the little private parlor that served Dr. Cosgrove as an office, where she found the invalid, freshly shaven and dressed, propped up in a large easy chair in the sunshine of the window. He looked unusually bright and animated this morning, and as the girl greeted him, he smiled and said:

"It is kind of you, lady, to come again. I have thought of your sweet voice so often since you sang to me. If you would but let me hear it once again."

She threw off her wrappings and sitting down by his side commenced in low and thrilling tones:

"The dearest spot on earth to me,  
Is home, sweet home;  
The fairy land I long to see  
Is home, sweet home."

He listened with the tears streaming from his closed eyes down over his wan features, and when she paused tremulously, for she who had stood unruffled before thousands, was strangely agitated in the presence of this one forlorn man, he gasped:

"It takes me back, oh, it takes me back to the scenes of the past. She used to sing those words to me in something of the same tone and voice."

"Will you not tell me of her; I should so much like to hear?" and the singer gently touched his hand as she spoke.

"She was fair and good and an angel, and I lost her."

"Are you all alone in the world?"

"All alone; I have a baby somewhere, but I know not where she is," and the voice sank into a most pathetic whisper. "I have not seen my darling for years, for many years."

The girl slipped her hand into her bosom and drew out a shining locket which she detached from its chain, and at her touch a part of the back flew open, disclosing a

chubby, laughing face, shaded by a mass of ringlets.

"Did your baby look like this?" she asked in trembling tones, sliding the trinkets into his wasted hand.

Opening his eyes he glanced at the pictured face. The effect was electrical; he started with a bound from his seat, his eyes staring at the thing in his hand, as though it had been a ghost.

"Where did you get this?" he demanded hoarsely. "Where did you get my baby, my sweet Mayblossom. It is she, as I saw her last!"

The voice sank into a moan, and gently forcing him into his seat the girl answered, as she knelt before him, "Be calm, be calm, I pray you. You will exhaust yourself. Oh, be calm; I have always worn it. Look at me and see if you cannot trace a resemblance in my features to the little face in the locket?"

He gazed long and intently upon the fair, young face upturned to his. He devoured her with his beseeching look. Could it be? he dared not speak the hope he felt, the recognition he made. His lip trembled, but would essay no sound.

"It is all true," she said, a joyous light breaking through the tear-drops in her eyes. "I am your very own, little Mayblossom; come back to you again. See, there is mamma and papa as I have always known them! And she touched the locket he still grasped, causing the lids to fly apart and to disclose the features of her loved parents.

His gaze sought first those of the dear, young wife he had lost; how they flashed out upon him now after a lapse of years. Beautiful, beautiful face that had haunted his thoughts day and night, save for the little time when memory had been suspended. He pressed the unconscious bit of metal and ivory to his lips, raining kisses upon it, then glanced at the opposite face with a strange feeling as though he wondered if he ever could have looked like that.

The girl watched him silently until he turned to her and brokenly whispered, "I recognize the locket and its contents. We were all together when the pictures were painted, and I purchased the locket to hold them. Can it be that you are my little girl?"

"Your very own; come to love you and to nurse you back to health. You are to go away with me at once."

"Oh! no, oh! no; I cannot go to you and your friends. You do not dream what I am. I am an outcast; you do not know."

"I know everything, and I am happier since I learned it all than I was before. I understand and love you."

He looked at the eager face wonderingly. "You would not caress me thus," for she was now pressing her fresh young lips upon his wasted hand, "if you knew. I have been a felon, hiding from justice and scorned by the world for my deeds."

"But you have repented and atoned. You

have labored and saved to repay the debt; its full amount has been discharged. That makes me so happy. No disgrace hangs over us now. Listen and I will tell you how I know of this. "On my first visit to you, something in the words that fell from your lips, something in the expression of your eyes, and the mould of your face led me to suspect that you might be the father whom I missed and longed to find. Late in the afternoon of the following day, a woman in the garb of a sister of mercy sought your side. The hour was propitious. What she had hoped for was accomplished. How by her expression of sympathy, and feeling the need of a friend who could understand and not misjudge, you opened your heart to this woman, and told her the tale she longed to hear. That woman was no sister of mercy in the sense you understood. She belonged to no sisterhood; she had taken no outward vows, but she had pledged her heart to judge mercifully and tenderly all earth's sorrowing, sinning creatures. "That woman was one who stands nightly upon the stage as 'Mlle. Marie Alicia,' the prima donna in grand opera. Possessing in the wardrobe of one of her characters, the garments of a sister of the order of nuns, she clad herself in those habiliments and sought you here. That woman is your own loving, little child. Your Mayblossom, Mary Alicia Lyman."

He listened, a great light breaking over his face, and yielding to the impulse of his heart, clasped her to his breast. He held her long in that embrace, then whispered, "I do not understand it all yet; there is much about your life for me to learn; but I can wait; it is enough that I have found my child, and to know that she does not utterly condemn and dispise her father."

The tender assurances of forgiveness, of love, and above all of respect, that the girl bestowed were like balm to the lonely man. The interview was a long one, broken at length by the entrance of the physician, who feared the effect of so much excitement upon his patient.

The medical man would not consent to his leaving the hospital that day, but on the one following, Henri Lyman, restored to his name and to his daughter, was supported to a waiting carriage and home to the hotel of his child; there to find the utmost comforts that could be provided him by loving solicitude and care.

Something of their story crept into the papers, and during the remainder of her stay in the city, Mlle. Alicia was stared at and applauded, and had she permitted it, would have been feted more than ever.

"It was so singular," society said, "that the mysterious French teacher, who had appeared so suddenly, winning the hearts of his patrons, only to be accused wrongfully and convicted as a thief, should turn out to be the parent of so illustrious a personage as the glorious prima donna. So wonderful

that he should have wandered to New York in a fit of sickness, to find his memory gone and himself unable to tell aught of his home or friends. Quite like a romance indeed."

A few days later witnessed the departure of the prima donna and her company for other scenes of conquest. Her invalid father had quite brightened up under the new life that had come to him, and it was thought he would bear the fatigue of travel in the special car provided for him and his daughter, very well. His hungry breast had been devoid of love so long, that the affection showered upon him by his gifted child, seemed like heavenly manna to him. He worshiped her as some bright star whose light had come to illuminate his life, until she laughingly declared he "would spoil her altogether." In the quiet hours when excused from the duties pertaining to her profession, she could sit in her favorite attitude at his feet, she had told him the story of her mother's life and death and of her own subsequent career. The finding of the packet, its revelation to her and her consequent flight, were related, and she placed the letter written by her mother in his hands.

Over and over again he read the words which the faltering fingers of his beloved wife had traced for her daughter's eyes. "Of your father let your memories and thoughts be pure and tender. Send up for him the most loving and earnest prayers of your soul. Some day you may meet and bless his life. Tell him that your mother lived and trusted and watched for him always. She had faith in his redeeming qualities to the end. Tell him her dying benediction was for him and her child. Tell him she will wait for him in a better world."

The words engraved themselves on his heart. They were like a message from the dead to him. Involuntarily they brought back to his mind that vision he had seen in his room at New Orleans, when the face of his wife seemed to dawn upon him out of the twilight, and the words, "I wait for you," sank into his soul.

The letter was a sacred thing to him; he carried it in his bosom and wept and prayed over it when alone. "God help me to be pure and good, worthy her companionship among the angels," was his daily prayer; a prayer for strength and guidance that must have brought its own response.

The opera company traveled first to Washington, fulfilling there an engagement of three weeks, then on to Baltimore for a fortnight's labor. At every place the prima donna won the encomiums of the crowd, and only confirmed the good impression she had made upon the public. Her invalid father spent much of his time in perusing the journalistic criticisms and accounts of her appearances and the impressions they made, and in culling them into a large and handsome book, for this was a task that he chose for himself, because of the pleasure he found in it.

While at Baltimore, Henri Lyman bethought him of Kate Wells, the woman he had rescued from a life of shame, and that she had taken up her residence with her aunt in this city. He desired to see the woman and learn of her welfare, also to tell her of the death of her old pursuer, Bart Vantor. Mayblossom, to whom he mentioned his wish, advised him to dispatch a note in the name of "Monsieur Henri," requesting Miss Wells to call upon him.

This was accordingly done, and in response, a tall, finely-formed, handsome woman, in a neat costume of black silk appeared and sent up her card, bearing the name of "Kate Wells," to the private parlor of the invalid. The meeting between the pair was an affecting one. Overwhelmed at the sight of her preserver, Miss Wells could not at first do more than hold his hands and gaze down upon him, but soon she was induced to seat herself and tell him of her life. The story was a simple one. Under the protection of her aunt, and amid the new associations she had formed, life had grown peaceful and pleasant to her. The business she had entered had proved profitable; she had now a large establishment with workwomen in her employ. Her patrons were among the first families of the city, and she enjoyed the reputation of being the finest designer of ladies' costumes in the whole state. In answer to his question if she still corresponded with her New Orleans friends, she replied:

"Oh, yes, Monsieur; Gracie Wayne and I write regularly to each other. She is still with good Madame Lacoste, who has taken a larger house and admitted a few boarders.

Two of your proteges are among the gentlemen who sit at her table. Benjamin Johnson and Frank Harmon; Gracie has written me about them. They happened to discover in conversation that you were a mutual acquaintance, and then it all came out. Frank is engaged to Grace and there will be a wedding in the spring. I hear the young man has saved money and is doing well. Grace was afraid at first he would cast her off because of her past, but like a brave girl she told him her story. Frank is a noble fellow, he said his own life has not been free from mistakes, but they had both repented, and would live pure lives henceforth. So they are to be married. They miss their benefactor very much and long to learn of his whereabouts."

Henry was delighted with the news of his New Orleans friends, and listened with a good deal of interest. But his voice sank as he said, "And how is it with you, have you formed any new ties, or is your heart bound up in the fate of the man from whom you fled?"

She looked at him clearly and steadily. "I am heart whole. I find my happiness in my work and in my efforts to live an

honest life. But I have no lingering affection for the man who is dead to me."

"Then you can also bear to hear that he is also dead to the world?"

The crimson cheek of the handsome woman paled, but she calmly replied, "I can bear it."

And then the man briefly related to her the story of his life after leaving New Orleans; of his sickness and loss of memory. Of his experience as a teacher of languages; of his arrest and conviction; of his imprisonment; of the death of Bart Vantor and his dying confession; of his own release; his life in the hospital; the return of his memory; the visit of his daughter and their mutual recognition.

The woman listened, betraying sympathy with the narration by her countenance. When the ex-gambler was mentioned she shivered, and as the tidings of his evil doings and death were related she seemed greatly agitated, but as the narrative closed she sank into a state of wonderment at the strangeness of the tale.

"And so my name is Henry Lyman, and I am the father of the great singer, Mlle. "Marie Alicia" or Mary Alicia Lyman; ah, here she comes; you must know my child."

There was a soft rustle of silken robes, and Marie, in a tasteful street costume of chocolate silk, stood before them. She had just come from a rehearsal, and looked as blooming as a rose. The cordial recognition of her introduction, the charming ease of manner on the part of the charming prima donna relieved the visitor of the embarrassment she felt, and when her hostess insisted on her remaining to lunch with her father and herself in their private room, she could not refuse but accepted the invitation with all the grace of manner that particularly distinguished her.

(To be continued.)

#### What She Was Thinking About.

A little girl had two aunts, one married, with a whole lot of children, and lots of worry and bother, and the other single and having quite a comfortable time teaching school. The child had contrasted the different situations, but was not old enough to understand the difference in the position of the relatives. One day she threw her doll aside and assumed an attitude of profound thought, which was interrupted by the question:

"Well, Julia, what are you thinking about?"

The child let loose a ten acre lot full of crude philosophy by answering.

"I was finkin' whewver, when I growed up, I'd teach stool or have a baby."

Woman is the Sunday of man; not his repose only, but his joy, the salt of his life.—*Michalet.*

Woman is born for love, and it is imposing to turn her from seeking it.—*Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

## Original Contributions.

### Dead.

BY EMMA TRAIN.

Speak not of them as dead,  
That bright, angelic throng,  
But learn to sing instead  
The truer, sweeter song.  
Dead, when their tones we hear?  
Dead, when their forms we see?  
And feel forever near  
Their tender sympathy.

Dead, when they touch our brow  
And still the throbbing pain?  
Dead, when they o'er us bow  
To break each weary chain?  
Dead, when great truths divine  
They bring us every hour?  
Dead, when the wreaths they twine,  
Form our most sacred bower?

Dead, when from sin and strife  
They've passed the golden door;  
When glad, eternal life  
Crowns them for evermore?  
Dead, when they read our thought,  
And know our silent prayer;  
When lessons by them taught  
Have made our lives so fair?

Dead, when in church and state,  
Their guiding power is felt,  
And error meets its fate  
And dies from blows they've dealt?  
Say rather, we are dead  
Who stands beneath the cloud,  
Full oft by falsehood led  
And bound by falsehood's shroud.

Ours is the narrow tomb,  
The charnel house of earth,  
And theirs the joy and bloom  
Of pure, immortal birth.  
Ours is the sombre night,  
The dim, mysterious vale,  
And theirs the mountain height  
Whose glory cannot fail.

Ours is the mystic fob,  
And theirs the sacred real;  
Ours is the painter's daub,  
And theirs the grand ideal.  
Then say not they are dead,  
That vast, angelic throng,  
But learn to sing instead  
Life's truer, sweeter song.

### Articulation and Lip Reading for the Deaf.

BY JONATHAN WHIPPLE.

(Continued from March 31st.)

Willie remained with us ten years, always going home for a two months' vacation each year. After our first year we began to have more and more applications from those having deaf children, and it also began to appear that the most of these unfortunate children were of poor parents, and unless assistance could be rendered them there would be no alternative left but to send their children to the State institutions, where signs were the only methods of teaching. We accordingly made application to the Legislature of the State of Connecticut, and after a hard struggle we succeeded in obtaining an appropriation of about one-half enough to educate the

poor that wished to receive an education with us. We therefore might either receive them at one-half our regular terms, or not take them at all.

Finally, as our school became more known we had applications from different parts of the country, from men of means to educate their children, and so we gave up the Connecticut children almost altogether. The State of New Jersey had no school for the education of their deaf, and on hearing of our success, passed an act in their Legislature granting a sum sufficient to defray the expenses at our school for all who wished to be educated by us. For several years most of our pupils came from that State, but finally I received a letter from the Governor stating that they had decided to organize a school for their deaf at home. This was sad news for me, for I had grown much attached to the dear children, and regretted to part with them.

After the withdrawal of the New Jersey children, I kept the school right along, receiving whatever the parents could afford to pay, and often giving public exhibitions in some church or hall of my method of teaching, and the progress made by the children, at which collections would be taken which aided me in carrying on the work.

During the eighteen years that I was connected with the school, children from twenty-five of the States of the Union came to be taught; and were it not for extending this sketch to an unreasonable length, I would like to mention a few incidents which were rather amusing, as deaf children have very crude ideas of things before they have received instructions. One little boy, after learning the names of his thumbs and fingers, and before learning the names of his toes, happened one day to burn his big toe, and he said: "Oh, I have burned my foot thumb." Another little fellow was sent to look for the cow, the bars into the pasture happening to be down, it was supposed that she had got out; but the little fellow came running to the house, and said he had found the cow, "She was near the fence sitting down." A little girl said to my daughter, "Does the horse talk?" "No, nothing but people talk." The little girl said, "Yes, the cat talks; I saw her talk. My daughter said, "What did she say? She said, "I saw her say m e a t." She saw the cat mew, and it looked to her as if she said meat. For several years we published a small magazine in the interests of peace and arbitration, and we taught several of our pupils type setting. One little girl that had got some insight into the art, was one day at a neighbor's house where she saw a paper lying on the table, and glancing over it her eye caught an article by Josh Billings; she looked at it a moment, then asked of some one present, "Who set that type? it is very poor;" referring to the bad spelling. During these eighteen years I was called to part with my eldest daughter and both of my

sons, all of whom were helpers in the school. Yet I struggled on alone as best I could for several years with the help of my son-in-law. Finally about three years ago a letter came from the institution for the deaf at Berkeley, Cal., asking if we could send them a competent teacher to teach articulation and lip-reading. My son-in-law, Mr. N. F. Whipple, replied to the letter, and after a correspondence of several months, he decided to go to California and try his fortune there. He accordingly left his home in November, 1889, and on his arrival at Berkeley, commenced work as an oral teacher for the deaf. He had not been many weeks in California before his mind was fully made up never to go back to old Connecticut, preferring to make his permanent home in Oakland. His wife felt willing to make the change, provided her mother and I would consent to go with her. As she was the only one of our seven children left us, we decided to leave our old home and all of its life-long associations, and with our daughter and family cross the continent to find a new home in our declining years. Our school was left in the hands of a brother and sister of my wife, and we learn from time to time that they are succeeding nicely with it. We arrived in Oakland on the 10th of May last, and soon after purchased a home at 2223 Andover street. We have at the present time three deaf children that are making their homes with us. They go to the institute mornings with Mr. Whipple, and return and receive lessons in the afternoon at the house. They are progressing rapidly in their speech.

### Mr. Andrew J. King on the Influence of Evil Spirits Upon Humanity.

*In re* the question of the actuality of the malefic influence of wicked and depraved spirits upon the inhabitants of earth, the affirmative of which postulate has been maintained by several writers in the CARRIER DOVE of late, I invite attention to the appended remarks thereupon recently published in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* by Mr. Andrew J. King, of Hanamonton, New Jersey. Mr. King is one of our soundest and most sensible Spiritualists. He is, as a rule, level-headed; and I must heartily endorse his eminently sensible remarks hereto appended. His concluding statement, that the doctrine of the perfect freedom of spirits, good and bad, to come to earth and influence, possess, and obsess mankind, is "the greatest bane of Spiritualism," voices a great truth. Until Spiritualists adopt sensible, rational views on this subject, its influence for good will ever be weakened and retarded.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

MR. KING'S REMARKS.

Is it true that a wicked man as a spirit is more dangerous to human society than when in the flesh, because of increased capacity for evil? I think all will concede that the spiritual state is higher than the material, and that when man loses his spiritual materiality, he doubtless loses much that obstructs clear vision of truth, and many in-

## Selected Articles.

### Police Matrons.

[An address delivered before the International Council of Women, held at Washington, D. C. by Mrs. Susan H. Barney, of Rhode Island, National Superintendent of the Prison, Jail, Police, and Almshouse Work of the W. C. T. U.]

It wasn't strange that the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union should go to the prisons and almshouses, and the places where we find those who wander out from us. You know our work at the very first was reform work, and we stood for two or three years upon the edge of the precipice and tried to pull those back who were on the edge and keep them from going over, and we missed them after awhile. They have been worsted and they have been carried out of the police station, they have been carried to the house of correction, and so we followed them. Then naturally our hearts turn to these unfortunate women who were there, the great bond of sisterhood stretched out over these classes, and we came to realize that there was a serious gap between the work of prevention and the work of reformation, and as we investigated we found at the police station that women were arrested either on suspicion, or for slight misdemeanor or for crime, and were taken to the police station, searched if need be—and there are various reasons that lead to this searching, such as stolen goods, or suspicion, or weapons, or liquor—and they were searched by men, locked up in a cell—perhaps underground—and shut up there until the morning, until the policeman comes to them and takes them before the justice.

What we ask, friends, is that in every city there shall be at some central station, or at more stations if it is a large city, some woman with full police authority, into whose hands every woman arrested shall be given and cared for; that care to extend to the court, the matron to go into the courts and sit by them and protect them until they are sentenced or released.

A little experience that came to me in this work showed me what the presence of a good woman would mean in the police court. I went there with one in whom I was interested, and found her with five other girls who had never been in court before. As I was there a note from the judge asked me to withdraw. He said there would be things take place that would not be pleasant for me to hear. I said: "May I take these young girls with me?" He said: "Oh, no; they are of no account; you step out, and we will call you when this is over." But I did not step out; I stayed there, and at the close of the court my friend said: "Well, it wasn't very bad, after all, it wasn't what it would have been if you hadn't stayed here." "Wasn't all the questions asked that there was any

need of asking?" "Oh, yes; but, then, naturally, you know, we have a little fun in such cases." "Poor place for fun," I said. Of course we are met at once with the word that no woman is wanted in such places, and that no woman would take the place; and yet we have never failed, when we have obtained permission to put a woman there, to have a policeman have a friend whom he wanted to put there, although we had been told over again that no decent woman could be found who would go there.

Of course we are told that no woman could manage those women, but it would seem that some one ought to be called to the assistance of them, and it would be well, it would be in the interests of good morals, to give such women the protection of a good woman's presence, and it would be a protection for the police themselves from the foul charges often made. A pure woman there with her hand upon these women could have an influence which would mean more than these men realize.

I remember very well, in working this out for a city, they said to us, "Well, if you could see one woman that comes in here three or four times a year, 'Old Sal'"—they told me it always took four policemen to bring her into the cell, and usually they got faces scratched. One morning these policemen stood there radiant, and they said, "We have got her here this morning, and we would like to see you bring her in; if you can do that we will not oppose you any more." The chief said he would send two men to take care of me. I said, "I don't want you." So they let me go. As I came to the cell door I rapped, and with the key opened the door, and there in the long, dark narrow cell crouched the woman, looking more like a wild beast than like a woman. She was just ready to spring, as she was expecting the policeman, and she cried out, "Who are you?" "I am your friend." "No, you are not; I haven't got any friends." "I am," I said. "I thought something was queer when somebody rapped at the door; I never had that done in all the times I have been here before." "Who are you anyway, a policeman?" "No, I am a policewoman." "Oh, I didn't know they had any such things." As I stood there beside her I dropped my hands down upon her shoulders. Friends, I believe in the laying on of hands in more than a theological sense. I looked down into her eyes and called her by her last name with Mrs. before it. "Who told you that; I have not heard it before for forty years." I said: "You know you have got to go into a court in a minute and you are not fit to go." And I began to fix her hair; I took a pin out of my own hair; she hadn't a button or a pin or a fastening of any kind to her clothes; she sat there tugging and holding them together, and as I tried to fix her she said: "Tell me what you're up to, tell me what you mean?" Bye and bye, looking into her eyes I said:

continues to evil doing. The law of progressive development in nature, is now well established as a scientific fact, and is one of the fundamental principles of Spiritualism as applied to the hereafter. Everything in the higher life may justly be supposed to conspire to lead the mind of the evil disposed out of its darkness and misery to the light of virtue and happiness. But it may be said in reply, such change takes time, and as he wakes up in the spirit from the gallows, he thinks of nothing but vengeance on those who have been instrumental in prematurely sending him there, and there is no power there to prevent his doing so, nor from impressing his evil and pernicious doctrines upon the minds of men. I admit, it no doubt takes time to radically change his mental state, but he is an infant in spirit life on going there, and it also takes time for him to attain manhood in the spirit. He is introduced to new and curious scenes, and surrounded with new societary conditions, new environments in every respect, and we may well believe his mind is diverted to pleasanter contemplations in the world he inhabits, than engaging in enterprises of revenge on those in another world.

Again, he has to learn how to return to earth, and how to impress his thoughts upon men. How long this may take under the most favorable circumstances we don't know; but it depends, no doubt, much upon their strength, mental activity, and will power, as well as upon competent instruction. While this power to influence man in the flesh is being acquired by the law of progressive development, he is outgrowing his disposition to do evil and learning to do well. His guardians will have pointed out to him his errors, and convinced him it is not right to impress them upon the minds of men; that vengeance, revenge, or evil in any form, could do him no good, but certainly bring unhappiness on himself.

But suppose the spirit still wickedly disposed towards men, after attaining his strength and knowledge and power to impress his thoughts on men, we must believe that society there would exert its power to restrain such and protect their fellow-men in the flesh. We establish governments to protect the innocent from the guiltily disposed. Can we suppose in spirit life they do less? We cannot see the mind, and are compelled generally to wait for an overt act of crime before we can know the necessity of restraint. They can read the "intent and purpose of the heart," and bring their restraining power into effective use before the overt act is completed upon the intended victim. How can this be done? By psychology. We all know how perfectly powerless a medium is in the hands of his spirit control. Mediumship, possessed in a degree by all, is *developed susceptibility* to spiritual psychology. It is fair to presume that spirits are far more susceptible to this spiritual power than any in the flesh. Then they have a ready and effectual means of control of the evil disposed, whether against fellow spirits or men in the flesh.

Reason tells us that the higher ought to control the lower; science points to this principle as a fact every where in nature. Justice requires it. Man must be powerless against the wiles of a secret, unseen and unknown enemy standing in a superior position of being to him, with power over his thoughts, his conduct, his health and his life. Justice, therefore, demands that he be protected from such influence by those on that higher plane, if they can. That they can, must be admitted by all who admit the fact of psychology and the law of progress in the Spirit-world. The evil, sooner or later, learn to be good, and therefore, *there must be millions of the good to one of evil there.* Therefore, we conclude, that man is protected from such influences.

If not, and we are indeed subject to the unrestrained influence of evil spirits, then eternal justice demands that a "bottomless pit," or one with a bottom in it, be immediately constructed to securely hold and keep the little devils as well as the big one. If there was no better way to restrain them, it would have been made when man as a spirit first showed the necessity of restraint. Better believe in the orthodox hell, than the unrestrained freedom of evil spirits to afflict and morally drag down the children of men. Let us take care of our evil disposed ones, and protect the innocent and good the best we can, and feel perfectly assured that the spirit-world will effectually take care of those they have. The doctrine of the perfect freedom of spirits, good and bad, to come to earth and influence, possess, and obsess mankind, is the greatest bane of Spiritualism.



"Do you remember the first time you were ever in a police station?" "Oh God, don't I remember it." "How old were you?" "I wasn't sixteen." "How old are you now?" "I am more than sixty." "How many times have you been in these places?" "Oh, I don't know; I guess God don't know, it is so often." "Look here, Sally, if I had been there that first morning—do you remember how you felt?" "Ah, I was almost scared to death, I cried all night." "Sallie, if I had been there then and had taken my hand and wiped the tears off your face, if I had put your hair up and put my hand on your shoulders as I have now, what would it have meant to you?" "Oh, I would never have got back again, but nobody ever cared." "Now let me tell you, I want you to do something for me; I want to get a woman to go in these places to care for the women in the way I want to care for you; wouldn't you like to do it to help me?" "I would do anything I could to help you," she said. "Now, the policemen say I can't bring you into court this morning." "They don't know what you can do." "Will you go quietly with me?" "I will do anything you say to me." Then after a minute I said to her, "Sallie, do you remember your mother?" "Oh, God, don't talk about it, she's dead long ago. I suppose she died before I was seven years old." "Was she a good mother to you, Sallie?" "The best that a child ever had." "Did she ever pray with you, Sallie?" "Oh don't, you will kill me, if you talk about it." "Sallie, I am going to pray with you," and with my hands upon the poor head, stroking down the poor face, I lifted up my voice to Him who is not willing that any should perish. Oh, how pleasant she seemed to us that morning; it seemed to me that instead of my hands upon her tempted, tired head there were hands that had the nail prints in them. She said, "I feel like another woman." "They are calling us now. We must go." "You will remember now what you have promised?" "I will remember." I said to her, "Shall you take my arm or shall I take yours?" She looked me over and said, "Well, I am about three times as large as you, I guess you'd better take mine." So we went into court; they said they would have cheered us if it had been proper. A policeman swore a round oath and said I had bewitched Sallie, but some one keener than the policeman said, "She's got the touch of the Master."

Women who are in the police stations are not always bad by any means. Sometimes they are arrested on suspicion or left alone in the city by night, having perhaps missed a train and having been left penniless, and some girls come in the city and are given liquor and perhaps drugged, or a woman faints and falls in the street, and there is nothing about her by which she can be identified. These and many other reasons bring women to the police station, the only shelter

that is offered in the great city for such emergencies. It may be your sister; it may be mine, and what we ask for our own we will ask for others.

Friends of this International Council, we represent the busiest women in the world, but would like to lay a little part of this burden upon every woman's heart. This movement has passed beyond experiment, it was commenced in 1877 in Portland, Maine, and it has moved on until in ten cities we have inaugurated the movement. In Massachusetts is our greatest success, where a bill has passed for the appointment of one or more matrons in all the larger cities. This includes nine cities. New York has a bill before the Legislature which we are hopeful of having passed because it has been received with favor.

Chicago inaugurated the movement by the Women's Christian Temperance Union placing matrons at the police station and donating the salary to the city, because the city couldn't afford it. The first quarter a woman placed by the Women's Christian Temperance Union at the Harrison street police station had fifteen hundred girls under her care; the next year the city of Chicago adopted the movement, and now they have ten police matrons alternating day and night between five stations, and they have had eleven thousand women and girls under their care. While we were working it out in Philadelphia there were two births in two months in the police station, and only men present in the hour of woman's direst need. Such things have not been uncommon. Philadelphia has just made appropriations for two more matrons, and has reported nine thousand under their care, reaching all the way from three years of age upwards.

The English *Woman's Review*, printed in London, gives a very interesting article, and presses this movement upon the people. The press receives it with favor everywhere. It is in the interest of decency and humanity, and I hope every woman here, by her advocacy of it, will help to bring about the time when these women, some of whom are more sinned against than sinning, may be saved or a door opened to them, and these poor wrecks of humanity may be gathered up and brought to the touch of the Master's hand.—*Woman's Tribune*.

#### Enquiries Concerning the Future Life.

On the evening of March 15th a very interesting paper was read before the usual conversazione of the London (Eng.) Spiritual Alliance, in St. James's Hall, London. The author of the paper was Alderman S. B. Barkas, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and he is one of the most pains-taking of the students of our philosophy that England has produced. Mr. Barkas' experiences have extended over

some thirty-five years, during which he has written numerous excellent articles and essays in support of our facts. The paper in question was entitled "Verbatim Records of Remarkable Conversations with an Alleged Inhabitant of the Spirit World, Respecting the Conditions of the Future Life for Mankind," and was published in our English contemporary *Light* from whose pages the following abstract has been taken. Mr. Barkas says in the opening of his paper:

Amid the excitements of every-day life it is pleasant quietly to assemble for the purpose of reflecting upon the relations which exist between this busy, bustling, self-seeking world which we now reside in and that great spiritual commonwealth to which, without a solitary exception, we are all rapidly hastening.

We now stand upon the margin between two worlds. Our nearness to the line which divides the two conditions is to us an unknown quantity. It may be, probably is, very narrow with some of us; with others it may be more distant; but near or distant, it is certain, and in view of the biological changes that have taken place on earth, it is relatively near to all. Seventy years of earth-life is a short period; to those of us who are aged and look backward, our childhood is as yesterday. But it is consolatory to know that with reference to those who have lived, or are living, in conformity with the great moral laws of the universe, distance from, or nearness to, the future life is a matter of no moment whatever. If we have lived up to our intellectual, moral and spiritual privileges, the change commonly called death is but a life-step in advance.

I have, on previous occasions, placed before you replies to abstruse scientific questions, given in writing through the hand of a comparatively uneducated young woman; replies of a kind that could only be given by a person, or by persons, very conversant with the various topics under consideration, and certainly could not normally be given by any ordinarily-educated person under the conditions observed. The answers to the scientific questions satisfied me that they were not given by any knowledge or act of volition on the part of the lady medium; and, having assured myself of that fact, I, on a few occasions, asked and received answers to questions on the conditions of the future life. The scientific questions and answers could be subjected to scientific scientific criticism, based on our present knowledge of science, but the answers to the questions on the conditions of the future life are to us problematical and inferential, rather than experimental; and those received might have been given by any person well trained in ethics, philosophy and literature, but are certainly not such as could have been given normally by any unlettered man or woman.

Both the thoughts and the composition of the replies are far in advance of the capacity of any inexperienced or uneducated person, inasmuch as the various and difficult questions which were asked by myself were unknown to any other person, and were replied to instantly, rapidly, and unhesitatingly in writing by the young lady, without any opportunity of her knowing beforehand what the questions were, and without any means of obtaining aid by reference to books, or otherwise, prior to the answers being written.

Here follows selections from the questions and answers referred to:

QUESTION.—Have spiritual bodies in your sphere forms similar to material bodies in our sphere?

ANSWER.—Yes.

Q.—Are your mountains, valleys, and landscapes as impervious to you as ours are to us?

A.—Yes, and, with the exception of our having to travel, as it were, by the exercise of will power or volition, would present the same obstacles to our progress.

Q.—Please describe some of the laws that regulate spiritual substances. Have you spiritual physics, as we have material physics?

A.—It is very difficult to give you a definite explanation of the laws which govern us, and then, when you consider that what to you seem intangible substances are to us ponderable realities, and *vice versa*, you can easily understand that the whole laws which govern the realities of our life and associations are absolutely reversed, or it would seem so to you, until you are able to study and examine for yourself. It seems to me that it is almost a waste of time to try to explain that which I am so little fitted to do. I only mistify you instead of making things clear, yet indeed, it seems such a simple state of matters to us, till we try to explain; then we are at a standstill for words to give you the ideas we want to convey.

Q.—Is there anything in your world equivalent to speech and singing in our world?

A.—Imagine yourself deprived of every organ of sense, such as seeing, hearing, speaking, etc., and yet having all sense, or one embodiment of all the senses; that you can understand without hearing, see without seeing, speak without speaking. Can you imagine such a state of acute perception, such an intuitive faculty? If you can, then I can give you no better idea of the manner in which we see, hear, speak, and understand; though I am not now speaking of those poor miserable beings who come among us without these senses or sense developed, as many do, and who are for a time virtually blind, deaf, dumb, and devoid of understanding, and only by slow, painful degree obtain the gift of each of these senses, till in time they become merged into one.

Q.—Have you books and collections of records in your sphere as we have in ours?

A.—Yes. Not the smallest trifle escapes record; there are histories of those who inhabited this sphere before us, and who have gone on. Not the smallest detail is lost among us.

Q.—Is your writing alphabetic, and if so, is it phonetic?

A.—Perhaps the Chinese writing resembles ours more nearly than anything else I could give you as an example. Each symbol is a thought, an idea, and the reader is able to interpret not the symbol he sees, but the thought expressed by the writer, and according to the reader's development of sense, or senses, so much does the writing convey. For example, a comparatively undeveloped being reading a sentence would understand just as much as his development gives him power to understand, while one more advanced would read much more than the other. This is also difficult to explain.

Q.—Do the inhabitants of your sphere accumulate property in a manner somewhat resembling that adopted by the inhabitants of this sphere?

A.—No; in a commonwealth such as ours it is impossible. Here every one works as much for his neighbor as himself. A man cannot rise unless he does so because he has helped others to rise, and gains only riches because he has helped others to do the same. He only gains to bestow it upon others, and the more he bestows upon others the richer he becomes.

Q.—Can you give us any idea of the knowledge you acquire in your sphere, and in what respect it differs from what we acquire here?

A.—I can only tell you how I gain or acquire knowledge. When you or others wish me to tell you something respecting your laws of physics, I can, by studying the laws of those in our sphere, and repeat them to you, interpreted, of course, into language suitable to the times in which you live. The physical sciences which you are so much interested in in your world have their counterparts in ours, and a skillful interpreter can easily make the reading of one do for the other, bearing in mind the difference of each development, etc., which has been attained by our friends to whom we communicate. We may not advance theories which are in your province to discover and treat as facts; you would not believe us if we did. We can only go with the times. We hear of your discoveries and they amaze us with wonder; what would be the result of the communications we could make to you, if we were allowed to do so?

Q.—Have you training schools, colleges, professorships, and modes of instruction similar to these we have here, and if not similar to ours, what are their peculiar characters?

A.—If I say we have schools for training the unopened minds of our young and comparatively undeveloped, you must not under-

stand that we educate our uninstructed after the same manner as you do. We have methods and methods. The greatest among us is the best teacher, and he who is the best teacher and instructor claims the highest position among us. There have been teacher-students, professors among you, who have come to us ignorant and uneducated in the necessary rudiments of a spiritual education, if you call it so, as the most ignorant child, and their progress has been slower. There are different grades of professors, teachers, among us as there are different classes of scholars; the wisest is the richest, and a man's riches consist in the amount of wisdom he possesses.

Q.—What are your ordinary avocations? Please to describe an ordinary day's work in your sphere.

A.—This I cannot do perfectly. I am a teacher, as, indeed, most of us are; I am also a scholar—all of us here are both teachers and scholars. We have recreations and amusements; this is mine. We work hard, or otherwise, according to our desire to progress, or get rich; the most ardent inquirer after learning gets rich first, only to be able to give others the benefit of his acquisitions. If I am amused by doing this I am also learning a great amount, and so the time I spend in communicating with you through this or any medium is improving my knowledge of the sciences, and is not a great waste of time. My whole time is taken up with the work I have in hand, not an idle minute is spent. Our amusements are instructive, and our work is a pleasure.

A.—Are there various grades and social states in your sphere? Are there those, for example, who follow manual labor, and those who follow intellectual pursuits?

A.—I suppose you would call it intellectual pursuits, but to us it is what we consider manual labor. To the spirit intellectual avocations are as the manual occupations of the body. There are grades and stations, barriers of caste, even as among you. Not the caste as you understand by the term, yet as impervious to the outsiders as in your mercenary and aristocratic society. These barriers are only to be broken by the one who bears in his hands and face such recommendations as the wholeness of mind, purity of purpose, and philanthropic greatness, such as are the distinguishing features of the society of those he wishes to enter. In our societies there are none who are not considered equally worthy, not one in whom any lurking taint of his sometime associations is to be found. Caste is not to be broken through here by the outside show of some plebeian, whose only credentials are a seeming wealth, but the stamp of goodness and worth is to be plainly seen before they will be received.

Q.—How many spirits are in special attendance upon any given person, assuming that person's are attended by spirits? For exam-

ple, how many, if any, ordinarily attend Mr. —?

A.—I cannot say. Those by whom he on earth may have been regarded by affectionate ties, they are usually to be found near him, or, I should say so, speaking for myself from personal knowledge. I like to be beside those for whom I have the greatest affection. In some cases a person will be always surrounded by friends; others, perhaps, one solitary kindred spirit. It is quite impossible to give any number. I have known scores of spirits near one who had some particular attraction for them; and again, I have known others whose loneliness has been pitiable. Just according to the loveable qualities of the person, just so many will he attract.

Q.—Have you anything in your sphere equivalent to our struggle for existence here; that is, must you work in order to live?

A.—It is impossible to die, always remember that. To die is but to be born again—to resume the everlasting work of creation. To die would be a great blessing to many who are too idle to work; yet on they must go, and a man even on earth can understand that to be idle is to be a miserable, groveling creature, to abject to raise himself without assistance from others. It is the same here. There are many who would rather die than work, but as this is impossible, are content to eke out a miserable existence upon the scantiest proceeds of such work as he is of necessity compelled to perform.

In closing his paper Mr. Barkas states:

There can be little doubt that the sentiments contained in the answers to many questions I submitted to an intelligent citizen in one of the many spheres into which the spiritual state is divided beyond the grave, are directly contrary to the opinions commonly held by what are termed orthodox religionists. The conditions of the future life, according to Anglo-Saxon orthodox theology, are simply a division into two states, viz., Heaven and hell; Heaven being the abode of orthodox believers, and hell being the condition of unbelievers and wicked persons. This sharp division of the reputedly good from the bad, the regenerate from the unregenerate, and the believing from the unbelieving, forms the leading characteristic in the teaching of what are termed Evangelical or orthodox theologians. The teachings contained in the replies to the various questions I submitted in reference to the future life are in direct opposition to those commonly held, although it must, in fairness to the theological progress of the age, be said that the views of thoughtful Evangelicals are rapidly tending in that direction. Old-fashioned orthodox notions, viz., those of fifty years ago, are rarely heard from our Evangelical pulpits in the present day, and even Evangelical literature is broader and more catholic and rational than formerly. The views that have been expressed by our intelligent other-world friend are in accordance with those commonly expressed by the

vast majority, if not by all, of the intelligences who communicate to us from the spiritual world, through mundane mediums.

### SPIRITS OFTEN FORETELL DEATH,

By Words, Signs, and Otherwise.

SELECTED BY DR. J. SIMMS, DURING AN HOUR'S LEISURE.

In the life and history of Swedenborg we read that he mentioned the exact day and the hour that he would die, and expired as he had predicted. He was a spirit medium.

Bayard Taylor, while delivering a lecture in the city of New York, said that Alexander von Humboldt, a long time before he passed away, foretold the very day on which at last he crossed the Stygian ferry.

Ferdinand IV., of Spain, in a fit of anger caused two noblemen to be thrown from a high rock; just before undergoing their fate they predicted to the king that he would die before thirty hours elapsed, which came to pass; hence he was called the Summoned (See "Beeton's Biography.")

Richard Argentine (c. 18, *De Proestigiis Depocmonum*) mentions instances where good angels have predicted the death of persons by signs and by words.

In Strozzius Cicogna (lib. 3, mag. cap. 5), we find mention made of several deaths that were foretold by knockings, groans, etc. M. Carew, in his "Survey of Cornwall," England, (lib. 2, folio 140), says that an oak in Lanthadran Park, in Cornwall, foreshows by distinct signs, death to the master of the family.

Plutarch states that a little before Tully's death the crows made a mighty noise about him, and pulled the pillow from under his head. Robert Gaguinus, in history of France, gives a similar account of signs at the death of John de Monteforti, a French lord, in 1345. He says: "A multitude of crows alighted on the house of the dying man, such as no one imagined existed in France."

"Marshall de Soubise related, in the presence of Louis XIV., that as he was one day conversing in his cabinet with an English lady, he all at once heard the lady utter a shriek, and saw her rise to go away, and fall unconscious at his feet; this without any external cause. Filled with surprise and concern, the Duke de Soubise rang the bell. The servants ran in and attended on the fainting lady, who soon came to herself. 'Do not detain me,' she said to the Marshall, excitedly. 'I shall scarcely have time to put my affairs in order before I die.'

"She then told M. de Soubise that both sides of her family had the gift of divination; every member of it had been able to name the very hour of their death a month beforehand. She added that in the midst of the conversation she had held with M. de Soubise, her own double had appeared to her in the mirror before her. She saw herself

wrapped in a shroud over which was a black cloth sprinkled with white tears; at her feet was an open coffin.

A month after this occurrence, M. de Soubise received a letter informing him that this mysterious premonition had been proved true by the event." *Hereditiy*, by T. H. Ribot, London, 1875, pp. 128-9.

### How Europe Suppressed Her Best Minds and Propagated the Worst During the Middle Ages.

By martyrdom and imprisonment the Spanish nation was drained of free-thinkers at the rate of 1,000 persons annually, for three centuries between 1481 and 1781; an average of 100 persons having been executed, and 900 imprisoned every year during that period. The actual data during those 300 years were 32,000 burnt, 17,000 persons burnt in effigy (I presume they mostly died in prison or escaped from Spain), and 291,000 condemned to various terms of imprisonment and other penalties. It is impossible that any nation could stand a policy like this without paying a heavy penalty in the deterioration of its breed, as has notably been the result in the superstitious, unintelligent Spanish race of the present day.

The long period of the dark ages under which Europe has lain is due, I believe, in a very considerable degree, to the celibacy enjoined by religious orders on their votaries. Whenever a man or woman was possessed of a gentle nature, that fitted him or her to deeds of charity, to meditation, to literature, or to art, the social condition of the time was such that no refuge was possible elsewhere than in the bosom of the Church. But the Church chose to preach and exact celibacy; the consequence was, these gentle natures had no continuance; and thus by a policy so singularly unwise and suicidal that I am hardly able to speak of it without impatience, the Church brutalized the creed of our forefathers. She acted precisely as if she had aimed at selecting the rudest portion of the community to be alone the parents of future generations. She practised the arts which breeders would use who aimed at creating ferocious, churlish and stupid natures.

No wonder that club law prevailed for centuries over Europe; the wonder rather is, that enough good remained in the veins of Europeans to enable their race to rise to its present very moderate level of natural morality.—*Francis Galton in Hereditary Genius*, page 257, London, 1864

Be cautious in thy way through the fields of life; learn to know the poisonous plants and to find the useful and the good.

Every season of the year, every period of life, has its own peculiar and matchless charms; one can never decide which should be preferred.

## The Reviewer.

Forty Years on the Spiritual Rostrum, by Warren Chase. Colby and Rich, publishers, Boston, Mass. Price \$1.00.

The author of this book is one of the historic workers in the ranks of Modern Spiritualism, and while his book is, necessarily, largely autobiographical, it, nevertheless, possesses a large amount of general interest as a contribution to the earlier history of the progress of the cause.

Mr. Chase tells us that for several years prior to the advent of Modern Spiritualism he had experienced the workings of advancing thoughts in his mind, and that the influence of phrenological and mesmeric studies, in conjunction with an appreciation of the ideas Fourier had all tended to prepare him for our gospel. He was, at this time, and those who have heard him speak, or who have read his writings know him still to be, a staunch Freethinker in all religious matters, and his present book evidences that his mental attitude is unchanged. Indeed the keynote of Mr. Chase's Spiritualism is, a scientific philosophy, as altogether opposed to accepted theology. The opening chapter tells how its writer struggled amid poverty and trial, which pressed him on to discover some solution to the industrial, commercial and social ills prevailing. The result arrived at was the establishing, in 1884, of the "Wisconsin Phalanx," in Fond du Lac county, Wis., the enterprise being named "Ceresco," and existing for some six years. During those six years experiments in mesmerism were made, by which the future advocate was prepared to accept the spiritual philosophy a few years later.

In the year 1847, the first book of A. J. Davis, "Nature's Divine Revelations," was given to the world, and Mr. Chase's name was first on the list calling for copies of that widely celebrated production. Mr. Chase perused the book with eagerness and profit, and soon was championing its teachings. In "the latter part of 1847, or early winter of 1848 (the exact date being lost)," Mr. Chase held a discussion in the school house at Ceresco, with Rev. H. H. Vanamringe, on the origin and merits of "Nature's Divine Revelations," which was his first public speech in defense of the philosophy of spirit life and intercourse, and which the pioneer on lecture behalf of the harmonial philosophy of A. J. Davis, and the general principles of Modern Spiritualism. Mr. Chase refers regretfully to the fact that Mrs. Hardinge-Britten omits all mention of his work, as the first lecturer in our ranks, from her "History of Modern American Spiritualism," but the missing link is thus supplied in the chapter under notice. Mr. Chase, however, pays several deserved tributes to the ability and

zeal of Mrs. Britten in this country, and in her own.

The bulk of the book is made up of records of work and travel, in nearly all parts of the Union. Work that was full of toil and discomfort, involving long journeys, and many up-hill struggles. Work that was poorly remunerated in this world's goods, however valuable its results, in the form of experience and education have been. For a certain time Mr. Chase acted as manager of the New York Agency of Messrs. Colby and Rich, receiving from them, he says, "the highest and best pay I ever had." Subsequent to the closing of the above agency Mr. Chase removed to St. Louis, and reopened business for himself, dealing in "Liberal and Spiritual Literature," but it was a failure by which he "came out as poor as a mouse."

Mr. Chase's forty years of public service have not been exclusively devoted to Spiritualism, for he has sat in "legislative halls," as the chosen of the people; he, too, has been quite an ardent political reformer, as well as an earnest champion of numerous commercial, financial and industrial reforms, as various pages in his book bear frequent testimony.

Aside from historical facts, and the recognition, by name, given to various early workers, the portion of the book that will be best appreciated is that included in Chapter VII, headed "What I have learned from forty years intercourse with denizens of the next sphere." The chapter in question is "meaty and full of good things," tersely and ably expressed; the nature of Spirit-life, the subject of "re-incarnation," the character of the spirit land, sex in spirits, are all touched upon, while Mr. Chase's "creed," on pages 165-8, contains a concise summary of the author's convictions.

As one of the oldest workers, in fact the oldest in our ranks, one who has literally, "gone the length and breadth of the land;" as one, who, undaunted by all obstacles, has gone on in his appointed way with patience and persistence, Mr. Chase is eminently fitted to write the book before us. It is valuable, as throwing light upon persons and incidents pertaining to our early days, as well as for giving us a faithful resume of the career of our oldest itinerant platform worker. Mr. Chase will no., in the nature of things, remain many more years in the form, and if this should be his last work, it will remain, even as it is, the valuable testimony of a long, busy and useful career.

The book contains a good likeness of Mr. Chase, and closes with poetical selections from various sources and authors, among whom are Mrs. Laverna Matthews, Mrs. Sarah A. Harris, and George C. Irvin, names well known to Spiritualists in this state, and city. The work is well printed, and nicely bound in cloth, gilt lettered, and will undoubtedly, meet a large sale, as indeed it deserves.

J. J. MORSE.

VISIONS, by "M. A. (OXON.);" LONDON, ENG., office of *Light*, 16 Craven street.

The above entitled work is the record of three days' experiences, in the form of visions, of the well known English author, medium and editor of *Light*, who is publicly known as "M. A. (Oxon.);" In introducing the Visions to his readers, "M. A." says: "I had had visions before this. I do not know, but I suspect, that they were visions, and not, as I used to think, an actual visiting of scenes by me in spirit. Be this as it may, the scenes, at any rate, were as clear as any I have ever seen with the natural eye. \* \* \* I ought to say, further, that the accounts were written on the spot as soon as I returned to my normal consciousness, and pretend to be no more than a plain record of my own impressions." The actual visions are extremely interesting, one detailing a visit to the "Valley of Rest," another describing a "Visit to the Spheres of Desolation;" while others describe the conditions of those spoken of as "vain ones," as well as such as are superficial in their spiritual development, as well as those merely developed in the sense of order, but not harmony and unity in their true meanings. A variety of spiritual advice is scattered through this little book, and an atmosphere of spiritual sincerity pervades every page. It is just the work to put into the hands of those, who religiously inclined, are yet intuitive enough to feel the truths expressed. It is therefore eminently suited to those enquirers who are hovering on the boundary line between the church and our philosophy.

J. J. MORSE.

### Women in the Knights of Labor

It is said the woman who created the most enthusiasm at the Women's International Council in this city, was Mrs. Leonora M. Barry, a delegate from the Knights of Labor. She is described as a tall, handsome lady, with the air of a woman of affairs. She was frequently interrupted by applause. No address from the opening of the council has been so well received. Of herself she said: "Left a widow with three children to support, she went into a factory to earn her living. There she had labored for four years, and became interested in the work of the organization of women for the improvement of their condition. 'We are building a wall around the honor and virtue of our working girls,' she said. 'We do not demand revolution but reform, at the hand of the law-making bodies of the land; and I predict that before many years there will be a statute making it a criminal offence for a man to employ a woman at less wages than he pays to men for same work. The workmen, the tin-pail brigade, have been among the first to recognize women's rights. Ladies, I ask you while you are looking to the top of the ladder and providing for the entrance of women into the professions, do not forget your humbler sisters who are toiling in the factories.'"

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SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 21, 1888.

## THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

The recent International Council of Women, which assembled in Washington, D. C., was the most important convention of women ever held in this or any other country. It comprised representatives from every important organization composed of women in this country and Europe. England, Denmark, France, India, Scotland, Norway, Ireland, Canada and Finland, sent delegates to this great Council of the mothers of the nations. The Council opened March 25th and continued eight days, closing April 2nd. The brightest, most intellectual women, the most earnest reformers, the bravest, staunchest advocates of woman suffrage, the philanthropists and leaders in all measures calculated to elevate, educate and bless womankind stood side by side upon that broad and liberal platform and intelligently, earnestly and fraternally discussed the gravest and most serious question that is agitating the minds of the men and women of to-day. Among the number was that grand and noble pioneer champion of human rights, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and her dauntless co-worker and friend, Susan B. Anthony. Around these cluster other names—familiar household words—wherever reform and progress are known.

Of the foreign delegates not so much is known in this country, but they are leaders at home, as our own beloved Cady Stanton is with us. Among them may be mentioned Alexandria Gripenberg, delegate of Finnish association; Ada N. Fredricksen, dele-

gate of Danish Women's Association; Isabelle Bogelot, directress of Prison Reform Work, Paris; Punditi Ramabai Sarasvati, of India; Alice Scatcherd delegate of Edinburgh National Society for Woman's Suffrage; Dr. Ruth M. Wood, of Norway; Bessie Starr Keefer, Toronto; Mrs. Margaret Dilke, delegate of the Liberal League of Newcastle, England. It would be impossible to give the long list of names of prominent speakers, but from the complete reports furnished by the *Woman's Tribune*, many interesting extracts from their speeches will be made from time to time, for the benefit of our readers who may not have read them. Mrs. Stanton's address at the opening of our Council, and also before the Senate Committee on Woman's Suffrage, will be given in full at some future time in this journal, as it is one of the most complete and comprehensive expositions of the woman question we have ever read. We would advise our readers to carefully consider the address upon "Police Matrons" in this issue, and then decide if it is not time for San Francisco to act in this important matter, especially when such outrages are perpetrated upon female prisoners, as that recorded in the daily press of last week, as occurring in the city of Los Angeles. Wherever women are compelled to go as criminals there, they should be accompanied by their purer sisters, who may save and help them into better ways.

## THE LIBRARY BENEFIT.

The social and dance given by the Progressive Spiritualists last Monday evening, in behalf of their Free Library, was a pronounced success. The attendance was much larger than was anticipated, and a royal good time was had by everybody. The musical and literary part of the programme was excellent. Mr. Fred Emerson Brooks convulsed the large audience with his original recitation, "The California Flea," and for an encore gave "The Wasp at Camp Meeting," another of Mr. Brooks' humorous productions which are unexcelled for their mirth-producing qualities. Miss Cooper gave "The Stage-Struck Girl," in a most creditable manner, receiving repeated applauses during its rendition, and a hearty encore at the close. The Misses Maud and Stella Suits were particularly appreciated as they appeared in attractive costume in song and dance, and were recalled a number of times. Miss Mabel Morel, Mrs. Rutter, Miss Avis Morris, Miss Florence Morse; and Mr. J. J. Morse, all contributed to the evening's entertainment in delightful songs and pleasing recitations, Mr. Morse giving a reading from Mark Twain's "Roughing It," which was so thoroughly enjoyed by the audience that Mr. Morse was obliged to appear a second time when he gave the same humorous author's "Receipts for Curing a Cold." At the conclusion of this reading the floor was cleared for dancing, which was participated in by a large number of the gay company.

A bountiful repast was spread in the dining room above which was generously patronized. Many words of praise were heard of Mr. Ryder's excellent ice cream. Many prominent Spiritualists were present, representing the different spiritual societies in the city, and all united in the one laudable effort to make the occasion a grand social as well as financial success. The Temple Society was well represented by its President, Wm. Emmette Coleman, and business manager, Mr. M. B. Dodge; and family; its speaker, Mr. J. J. Morse and family; its sweet singer, Miss E. Beresford Jewell and many others. Mrs. J. J. Wilson, President of the Union Spiritual Society; Mr. Wilkins, business manager of same society, and many others were also present. Of the goodly delegation from Oakland we recall Mr. Goodrich, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Peck, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Worden, Mr. and Miss Clark. To all those who contributed to the success of the evening, in whatever capacity, the society returns its sincere thanks. To Mr. Ryder and the ladies who so faithfully served in the dining room, is especial credit due. Among these were Mrs. F. A. Robinson and Mrs. Michener, the indefatigable Lyceum workers.

At this writing we are unable to give the net proceeds, but anticipate extremely favorable returns. That Spiritualist's can "all pull together" irrespective of individual opinions was demonstrated at this social gathering, and should continue the order of things on all such occasions.

## THOUGHT OF THE TIMES.

We are in receipt of numbers one and two of a new monthly publication entitled *Thought of the Times*. It is devoted to the "stirring topics of to-day," and is edited by S. H. Preston, at 1398 Broadway, New York. Price \$1.00 yearly.

In the first issue the editor says: "It is the thinkers, those who think great brain-born thoughts or their own, and waft them out about the world upon the wings of free-spoken spontaneous words, who have raised the race from savagery to civilization, who have dethroned despots and founded free governments, and who have supplanted human sinew with steam and steel in the treadmill of toil. They have subdued the elements, and assured man's supremacy over the unfriendly forces of nature.

The man who would manacle his mind to code or creed, who would turn his thoughts into the rut of respected belief, can be counted as a cipher in the census of individualized humanity. The one purpose of this magazine is to reflect the best thought abroad upon stirring topics of the times. It has no hobby, is hand-cuffed to no proclamation of principles. It stands for the largest liberty of thought and speech not subversive of the established order of society. It will be practical, plain spoken, and will deal with problems that most pressingly demand the attention of the thinkers of to-day."

Number two contains an interesting article

by Sara B. Chase, M. D. upon the Sinaloa Colony, also "Words of Wisdom for Wives," and number one of "The Population Problem." There are also many bright, radical thoughts in its pages upon various subjects.

#### ANGELS WITHOUT WINGS.

"Every issue of THE CARRIER DOVE, the Spiritualist paper, bears upon its cover a picture of a band of presumed angels preceded by a dove, bringing "tidings of great joy." The angels differ from the Sunday-school angel in having no wings, but we believe this is scriptural. Is there any Bible authority for putting wings on angels?"—*Freethought*.

Our esteemed *Freethought* contemporary is evidently not aware that the "presumed angels" he refers to are simply human beings who have laid aside the garments of materiality,—swallow-tail coats, dude pants, bustles, corsets, trains, tight boots, and diseased or worn out bodies, and return as *natural, sensible people*. The "wing" business belongs to a past age when gods, goddesses and angels were the embodiments of the crude ideas of ignorant people and were pictured in all manner of fantastic shapes, half human, half animal, etc., the wings supplying the only conception of supramundane locomotion.

## Ships.

The members of the New York City Woman Suffrage League were addressed March 1st by Rev. Rabbi Gottheil, who stands for the enfranchisement of women.

A SECOND SOLOMON.—A Chicago woman sued for a divorce and alimony from a worthless, drunken husband. The man swore in the trial that he could not afford to pay alimony, but admitted on cross examination that his whisky cost him a dollar a day. The Judge immediately fixed the amount of alimony at that sum.

The famous Gate City (national) bank of Atlanta, Ga., owes its sound, conservative policy and conduct, and its unequalled success in gathering wealth mainly to the management and keen intelligence and forethought of a woman, who is its largest stockholder and most active member of its Board of Directors. No transaction of any moment is ever made by the Gate City bank that Mrs. Ida Hill Carey is not consulted. Her bank is the Government depository of Georgia, and it will become, within a brief period, if no ill-fortune betide, the richest banking institution, certainly, in the South. Its wealth in United States bonds and in Atlanta property is already enormous.

The following complimentary notice of the Dove is taken from our English contemporary *The Two Worlds*, which is ably edited by Emma Hardinge-Britten and Mr. E. W. Wallis,

whose portraits and sketches have each appeared in the DOVE:

"THE CARRIER DOVE (San Francisco) has given the best notices of the work of Mr. J. J. Morse in that city, including several reports of his lectures; and has also given kindly notices of *The Two Worlds*. The number for March 3d is a very full and exceedingly interesting one. The editor announces that 'to-day we own our own type, printing materials and presses,' (Would that *The Two Worlds* could say the same!) and further proclaims the taking of central offices, where the Society of Progressive Spiritualists have agreed to remove their library and open a free reading-room, open week-days and Sundays. This is excellent work in the right direction. We congratulate the DOVE on its success, and its able editor (who like the editor of *The Two Worlds*, is a woman. God speed the women!) and the sensible progressive society. May their work be increasingly prosperous, and in the true humanitarian spirit. Mr. Kersey and Mr. Wallis are agents for the DOVE.—*The Two Worlds*.

MR. GEORGE HILL IN CALIFORNIA.—The many warm friends of Mr. Hill and family, including the Manchester Spiritualists and *The Two Worlds* Board of Directors, will be delighted to hear that they have arrived in San Francisco, after a pleasant passage across the Atlantic, and a long and weary three thousand miles of land journey from New York. Mr. Hill, in a letter to the editor, speaks in enthusiastic terms of San Francisco; the charms of its mild climate, balmy air, and above all, of the abundance of spiritual power and mediumship by which he is surrounded. Writing of Mrs. Ada Foye, one of the best and most reliable public test mediums that has ever appeared in this century, Mr. Hill says: "After going to Mrs. Foye's meeting one Sunday evening, I, myself, must confess I know nothing of Spiritualism as yet. The rappings, tests, and clear, unhesitating descriptions, including names, dates, and answering—but asking no questions—was most marvellous. The hall was full. She is, indeed, a most wonderful medium; and if you could get her to Manchester, she would startle the whole city." . . . Mr. Hill adds, "I wish our people could see the splendid halls they have to lecture in, and all the meetings well-supported." . . . We are quite sure many of our readers will join with us in wishing that the career of Mr. Hill and family, so auspiciously commenced, may continue one of undimmed success and brightness.—*The Two Worlds*.

No man either live piously or die righteously without a wife.—*Richter*.

There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.—*Lamartine*.

To a gentleman, every woman is a lady in right of her sex.—*Bulwer*.

What is a woman? Only one of nature's agreeable blunders.—*Cowley*.

## Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO,  
WASHINGTON HALL.

The usual meeting of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists was held in this hall on Sunday, afternoon, April 16h. The newly-elected President, Hon. John A. Collins, presided. The subject for consideration was "The Value of Spiritual Literature; The Platform and Phenomena."

The President made the opening address and was followed by Mr. Davis, Dr. Aspinwall, Mrs. Hendee, Mr. Mills, Mr. Bouton, Mrs. Brewster, Mrs. Miller and S. B. Clark. The meeting was one of interest and good feeling. Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Rutter furnished excellent music. A new feature will be introduced in these meetings at an early date, which will greatly add to their general interest and influence for good in the community. Mr. Collins is deeply in earnest and determined to command the respectful attention of the thinkers in our midst, who are laboring to encourage and promote the individuality and self-culture of each person; and feels assured that the society will soon be noted for what its name indicates it is, a body of wide-awake, *progressive* people.

We trust that a general and cordial co-operation of all the members will be extended our worthy President in his laudable undertaking.

MRS. ADA FOYE'S MEETING.

Mrs. Foye held another interesting seance at Washington Hall on Sunday evening last, before a large and delighted audience. Not having a reporter present, we cannot give a detailed account of the manifestations, which were as usual given with clearness and precision. To skeptics these meetings are convincing and of great interest, owing to the variety of tests given at each seance. Mrs. Foye always has crowded houses.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

The usual regular meetings were held at Metropolitan Temple on Sunday last. A variety of questions were considered at the morning session, the control of Mr. Morse aptly replying to the various matters presented.

In the evening an excellent company assembled to listen to the lecture upon "The Devils of Earth Life," which Mr. Morse's control handled in his usual felicitous and able manner, the audience frequently applauding the sound arguments and progressive sentiments advanced in support of the speaker's propositions.

Miss E. B. Joy sang two fine solos, "Shadow Land," and "Lost on the Prairies," also giving as an encore, "Far Away." Two very fine donations of flowers to the speaker and his family, from Mrs. Nowell of this city, and Mr. Judson of Oakland adorned the rostrum.

Services at usual times on Sunday next. Subject at night, "Is God a Fallure?"

### Directors' Meeting.

The newly elected Board of Directors of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists met at the residence of Dr. Schlesinger, 32 Ellis street, on Thursday evening, April 12th. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Hon. John A. Collins, President; Dr. E. J. Bailey, Vice-President; Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, Treasurer and Librarian; Mr. Thompson, Cor. Sec.; Mrs. J. Schlesinger, assistant Librarian. A Finance Committee of three was appointed to examine all accounts and report to the Board at next meeting.

## Correspondence.

### Dr. W. E. Reid, Test Medium.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Dr. W. E. Reid a most wonderful test medium and magnetic healer who has lately become a resident of Grand Rapids and who has been giving free half-hour tests in slate writing, independent writing and clairaudience, by answering sealed letters in the pockets of persons in the audience at the Sunday evening meetings of the Spiritualists held in Royal Arcanum hall, celebrated the fortieth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, by giving a public seance in Powers' Opera House, on Thursday evening, March 29th. The Hon. L. V. Moulton, spoke for an hour, giving an outline of the advancement of Spiritualism from the knocking at Hydesville to the present time when it is being celebrated now by anniversary celebrations over the entire civilized world.

He then showed the difference between slate writing done by so-called expositors of Spiritualism and the genuine manifestations of spirit power. Dr. Ross sang solos before and after the lecture, and was warmly applauded. Dr. Reid then answered a few questions by independent writing, but as one after another arose and acknowledged that the answers given were apropos to questions in their possession, a feeling of restlessness was observed among those who had come expecting to prove the impossibility of writing between slates riveted together and the seams filled with mucilage, to keep, as they thought, the spirits from getting in there. When Dr. Reid called for slates, at least half of the audience arose and started for the stage. There was no cabinet and no darkness, but each person held their own slate right on the front of the stage in full view of the audience, with electric lights above and the foot lights below. I do not know of a single professed Spiritualist who received any writing on their slates, but at least fifteen skeptics, and they were among the prominent citizens of the city, and one

communication from the Rev. John Morgan Smith who was for years the leading congregationalist minister here, was recognized by several as being a fac-simile of his peculiar hand writing. As from sixty to seventy communications were written and nearly all recognized. We look upon it as a great success. Notices of the meeting appeared in all of the daily papers. I copy from the *Democrat*, the following.

The passionate desire to ascertain if indeed these be mysteries of life, when what we call life has left the form which we inhabit, was strikingly illustrated in Powers' Opera House last evening, when the "medium" phenomena, so stamped with the impress of verity, as to preclude the idea that they were the product of collusion or clever legerdemain. The audience was not large, perhaps five or six hundred, and was notable rather for the absence than the presence of the fanatics. It was an audience in which a goodly element of the solid appeared. A jocose skepticism was prevalent, but duly curbed by decorum. The knowing man, always to be found on such occasions, with his slates firmly riveted together, stepped on to the stage and listened with clearly indicated surprise as the audible sounds of a pencil, where none existed, traced characters which proclaimed, "Go learn the tenor of the proclamation, said Ajax to Thersites. Was it all a farce in which deft trickery invoked the solemn and the tragical to minister to greed? Was it a proclamation that when the ghost has laid aside the clay by which it is shrouded, it can answer affirmatively the conundrum of Hamlet?"

CHARLES M. POTTER, Secretary,  
Michigan State Spiritualist's Association,  
15 Spring St., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

### Asks for Common Sense Spiritualism.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Enclosed please find postal note for one years subscription to CARRIER DOVE. There seems no more appropriate date to begin than March 31st, so oblige me by beginning my subscription with that date.

We have been drenched with metaphysics of late and would like to warm ourselves in the atmosphere of a little common sense spiritualism hence the subscription to your magazine.

Many a number of the DOVE contains a single article worth the price of a year's subscription. Knowing the pleasure in store we shall wait impatiently for the first number, for we feel sure the anniversary number will be particularly good. Hoping you may long continue to supply the want you are supplying at present and be prospered in your undertaking. I am very truly yours,

MRS. E. B. CROSSETTE.

A handsome woman is a jewel: a good woman is a treasure.—*Saadi*.

## Miscellaneous.

### Beds and Bedsteads of Olden Times.

It is said that in the time of Queen Elizabeth and reigns just preceding, the beds were made of straw or leaves, simply stuffed into bags and placed upon tables or benches, sometimes in a recess before which curtains were hung. A writer in the *S. S. Classmate* says of the bedsteads of that time:—

"The 'four-poster,' or great standing bed was common, although very different from that in use to-day. The idea is supposed to have come from Austria, but its direct importation was probably from France, where sumptuous carved oak bedsteads were already well known. These were commonly paneled down to the floor, and contained drawers, chests, and presses, over which the sleeper virtually held guard.

"Richard III. possessed one of this kind, of which the following story is told: 'On the twenty-first of August, 1485, he arrived at Leicester, some of his retinue having preceded him with the running wardrobe, which included a ponderous four-post bedstead with a double bottom of boards, including a military chest. All this was erected in a chamber of the Boar's Head. Richard slept on it that night his last on earth, for next day he was defeated and slain on Bosworth Field. The bed was stripped of its hangings and finery, but the bedstead was left with mine host, and became a kind of show at the Blue Boar. In the reign of Elizabeth the house was kept by a man named Clark, whose wife, one day while shaking or making the bed, saw a gold coin roll on to the floor. This led to an investigation, when it was found that the double bottom concealed a very large sum of gold, partly coined by Richard, and partly of an earlier date. It was, in fact, Richard's treasury, and at the pass to which he had then come, might be said to be the very last of it. The amount is not named.'

"There were two forms of bedsteads in use in those days,—the standing bed and truckle bed, which latter was a low-framed bedstead, plain to the last degree, mounted on casters, and capable of being put under the former; indeed, it was not merely often put away there, but sometimes occupied by an inferior. My lady's maid not unfrequently slept on the floor beside the bedstead of her mistress. An old ballad speaks of the chaplain who had to

lie upon the truckle bed  
Whilst his young master lieth o'er his head.

The posts, head-boards, and canopies of the Elizabethan bedstead were curiously wrought, and carved in oak and other woods, gilt and painted. They were often adorned with mottoes.

The bed-hangings were of the most sumptuous.

tuous kind; bedsteads with their fittings were enumerated specially in bequests. Thus the 'Fair Maid of Kent' left her will in the following terms: 'To my dear son, the king (Richard II.), my new bed of red velvet, embroidered with ostrich feathers of silver, and heads of leopards of gold, with boughs issuing out of their mouths; to my dear son, Thomas, Earl of Kent, my bed of red camak, padded with red, and rays of gold.' Satins, silks, furs, and tapestry were largely employed. Stow speaks of a counterpane worth 1,000 marks, and yet it may have covered a straw sack or mattress."

**Julia Ward Howe.**

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was a distinctive character in the Women's Council that attracted general attention. Already famous the applause she received on her appearance was unbounded. The subject of her speech was "Organization." She said: "An organization is something more than an organism. It represents, besides the mechanical power of combination found in animal communities, the designing power of the human intellect. It is important for us to ascertain what organization can and what it cannot do. It can affect general and particular unifications of feelings and interest.

"But as it works with human materials, it cannot escape the doom and danger of things human. One of its problems is the reconciliation of the far and near, the regulation of relations between the particular and the general. In order to maintain these in integrity, the central principle must be genuine. Organization must found itself upon a universal and availing interest. But as names are often made to serve merely personal ends, there must be much detail of observation and suggestion between the central power and its distant representations." Mrs. Howe recognizes three elements of society, of which account must be made in any large plan of organization. First, she instances the class of leaders, small in number, powerful in its correspondence with certain needs of the body politic. Secondly, the class of the led, strong in numbers, and in the magnetic multiplication of sympathy.

Between the two there is a class, moderate in extent, which neither aspires to lead nor asks to be led. This is a deliberative class, whose function is very important, intervening with deliberation between the ambition of the few and the passion of the many.

**Mrs. Frank Leslie in Sympathy With Suffragists.**

A recent letter from Mrs. Frank Leslie to Susan B. Anthony, adds another to the list of distinguished ladies who favor the suffrage movement. In response to Miss Anthony she says: "I am quite in sympathy with your efforts for the improvement of woman's position in the State, the Church, and the Home, and in educational and industrial life." Mrs.

Leslie is one of the most remarkable business women in this country. And to this she joins a rare versatility, which men often lack—the ability to entertain charmingly, dress well, and write and talk delightfully.

**Special Notices.**

**NEW BOOK! JUST ISSUED!  
PRACTICAL OCCULTISM.**

This work, 16 mo. of 159 pages, contains all the lectures delivered by the control of Mr. J. J. Morse at the late Advanced Class of spiritual students, which met in this city during September and October of last year, verbatim reports of which were taken by Mr. G. H. Hawes. The topics are deeply interesting and most instructive, making many points perfectly clear and intelligible that are often obscure to students of spiritual matters. The work contains seven lectures, upon the following topics, with an Appendix containing the Questions and Answers arising from the students.

PREFACE—By William Emmette Coleman.

LECTURE NUMBER ONE.—The Trance, as the Doorway to the Occult. Dealing with the Trance in its Magnetic, Natural and Spiritual forms of induction.

LECTURE NUMBER TWO—Mediumship: its Physiological, Mental and Spiritual results.

LECTURE NUMBER THREE.—Mediumship: its Foundation, Development, Dangers and Advantages.

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LECTURE NUMBER FIVE.—The Material, Spiritual and Celestial planes of Second State.

LECTURE NUMBER SIX.—The Soul World—its Hells, Heavens and Evolutions.

LECTURE NUMBER SEVEN.—Life, Development and Death in Spirit-Land.

APPENDIX.—This consists of answers to Questions.

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**SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.**

San Francisco.

J. J. MORSE, THE CELEBRATED ENGLISH Trance Speaker, lectures for the Golden Gate Society, Metropolitan Temple, Fifth street, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Answers to questions in the morning, a lecture in the evening. Miss E. Beresford Joy, soloist, Senor S. Arrillaga, organist. Admission free to each meeting. All are invited.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meets every Sunday at 1 P. M., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. All are invited.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111 Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission free.

THE SOCIETY FOR THEOSOPHICAL RESEARCH meets every Saturday, at 7:30 P. M. in rooms 106 McAllister street. Interesting and instructive papers and essays are read by the members, and no subjects are excluded from discussion. Free Library, and free admission.

Chicago, Ill.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROGRESSIVE Society of Chicago, meets in Avenue Hall, Wabash Avenue and 22d St., Sunday evenings at 7:45.

Cleveland, Ohio.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM No. 1 meets at G. A. R. Hall, 176 Superior St., every Sunday, 10:45 A. M. The public invited. E. W. Gaylord, Conductor.

**It Beats the Doctors.**

DR. PIERCE AND SON—Gentlemen: I take great pleasure in writing you that the Electric Belt, which I bought at your office last fall for my son, has cured him of a severe attack of neuralgia, which the doctors could not cure. They examined him and said he had the "hip disease," or something of the same kind, and that it would cost me from \$400 to \$500 to have him cured; but one of your \$16 belts cured him and he is now a strong, healthy boy, with no sign of "hip disease" or anything else the matter with him. Electricity is the remedy for me and the rest of my family. You will probably remember that one of your Electro-Magnetic Trusses cured me of rupture after I had suffered with that complaint for several years. I consider Dr. Pierce's Electric Belts and Trusses to be the best ever manufactured, and will heartily recommend them to all sufferers.

Yours truly, CHARLES S. COLLINS.

The afflicted should read Dr. Pierce & Son's advertisement in another column of the CARRIER DOVE.

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Mrs. Jennie R. Warren has sold volume 1st of "New Revelation," and has about two hundred copies of the second volume, and she hopes that the Spiritualists of California will buy the second, as the time is drawing near to print the third. The third will be printed as soon as the second is sold. Address J. R. Warren, C st., between Seventh & Eighth, San Bernardino, California.



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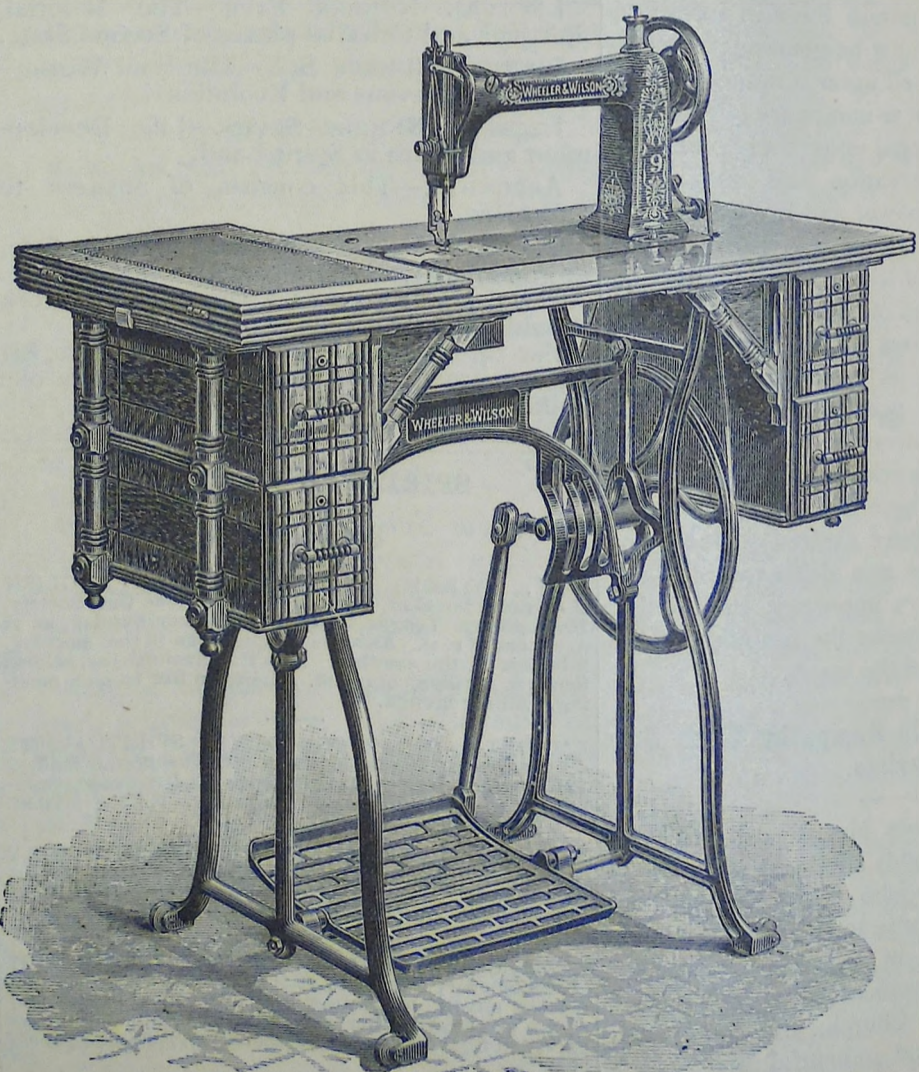
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