

# The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME V.

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## California Scenery.

### The Newly Discovered Eden.

The Following, The Newly Discovered Eden, is Taken from the "Pacific Rural Press," as is also the Concluding Poem.

"Southern California, the land of contrasts and surprises, is an enchanted world to the lover of nature. The pure air of its hills, its brilliant sunshine, its varied scenery, are all exhilarating to the imagination, give buoyancy to the spirits, and a sensation as if somehow the world has been made new for our enjoyment.

The perfect loveliness of the early morning gives one a feeling that it is a sin against nature to remain within doors, and a ramble or a ride is the only proper way of spending the hours of the forenoon.

The roads are as hard as pavement, and though hilly and sometimes rough, the never-ending panorama of beauty which rewards the climb to the rugged summit is a more than sufficient recompense for the labor expended.

The blue-green of the sage interspersed with moss-covered rocks, the warmer-tinted greens of the waving grain, and the rich dark coloring of the live-oak in the valleys make up a landscape perfect in its shading whose beauty leaves a memory to be enjoyed forever; for to the soul who is able to appreciate the loftier moods of a nature, there comes a sense of possession, complete ownership unknown to the millionaire, who has invested so many dollars and cents in a rare painting, and counts its value only in proportion to the amount of money expended in its purchase.

Emerson says no land proprietor owns the landscape. "There is a property in the horizon which no man has but he whose eye can integrate all the parts—that is the poet. This is the best part of these men's farms, yet to this their warranty deeds give no title."

This property, however, is not the *sine qua non* which the rushing, eager throng of strangers is seeking in our land at present, not the

valuable commodity which has given impetus to the unprecedented boom, though no one can weigh the amount of enthusiasm wrought in some soul by the unconscious influence of a lovely landscape, and which in turn has found another mind with the idea of untold value contained in sun-kissed val-

leys and rolling hills, and so on, ad infinitum.

A refuge from the dreary cold of the Eastern winter, a picture of vine-covered hills, orange groves, laden with the rare golden fruit, sunny days of repose, and last, but not least, the one paramount idea of the Yankee nation—a chance to make a fortune in speculating, the sudden haste to be rich, the insane greed of the gambler, the desire to receive something for nothing; all these mixed motives have sent a multitude to spy out the land and build homes in this corner of the world, which was once considered barren and worthless.

Many who have with simple faith given credence to the too highly drawn pictures, so freely furnished, are disappointed in the reality, and return to their former home disgusted. Their ideal would be as impossible of realization as was the victim of the fountain of immortal youth.

There is no occult power in the atmosphere here which will furnish new lungs, ready made, exorcise rheumatism in a few days' time, or give perfect contentment to a restless mind.

Poor human nature is a long way from perfection yet in every line, and there really seems to be a greater lack of harmony between the brilliant, cloudless days which make up our climate, and the shortcomings of mankind, than is felt elsewhere.

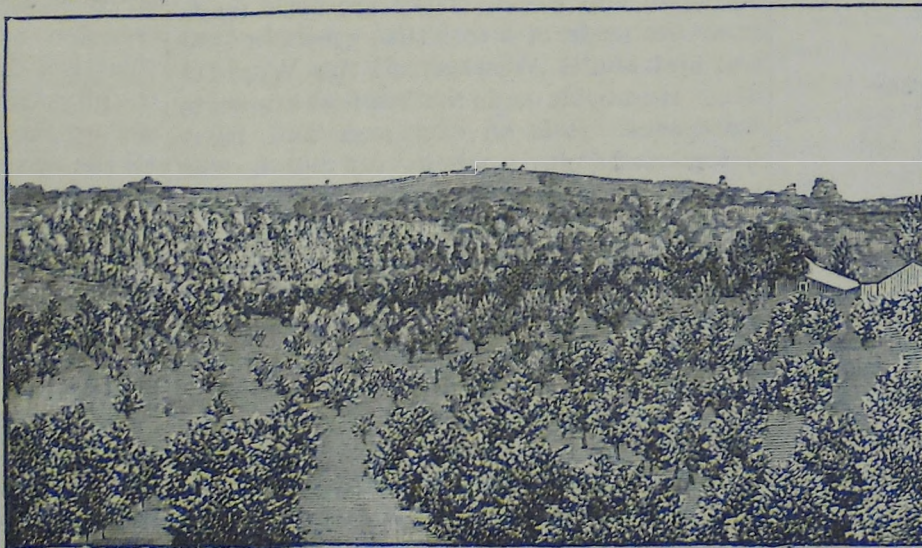
When Nature is gaily ringing the higher notes of the scale, if man must take up the refrain in a lower key, the result must be a jangling discord, a lack of correspondence with the environment which is often pithily described as "a fish out of water" feeling.

It is not easy, either, after one's ideas have been raised to an expectation of entering a Garden of Eden, highly improved according to the latest horticultural rules, with luscious fruit of all kinds just ready to fall into the watering mouth of the weary traveler; at least, it is something of a jump downward to commonly developed imaginations, to take up the prosaic, matter-of-fact view of things which must be accepted sooner or later.

If mankind in the innocence of the early childhood



ORANGE THREE, OPHIR.



OLIVE AND PEACH ORCHARD, AUBURN.

of the race abused the privilege of a paradise given him for enjoyment without effort of his own, and was sent out to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, as a step upward in the scale of being, a necessary adjunct to his increase of knowledge, the many inventions he has sought out, his wider range of thought, his restless ambition, have not given him a right to expect reward without labor; he still needs the brakes put on, the discipline of toil and endeavor.

To those who are willing to accept the inconveniences attending a state of transition, who enjoy watching the first beginnings of all parts of the social state, those who can safely bear transplanting—for there are natures which can no more be torn from old associations with security to happiness than some choice plants whose fibrous roots will not accept new conditions—to those who have vitality and depth of character enough to expand in the strange environment, the climate of Southern California offers a renewed lease of life—a widening of the mental horizon, a quickening of the pulse of happiness which well compensates for luxuries and conventionalities left behind. A. M. R.

Land of plenty, hope and gladness,  
Flower and fruit, and wine and oil;  
Here no winter's maniac madness  
Comes to mock the laborer's toil!

Here no frenzied storms, cyclonic,  
Here no storm king's bitter breath  
With its fury, wild, demonic,  
Comes to scourge with woe and death.

Zephyrs, from the soft seas drifting,  
Lull the soul to dreams of bliss,  
O'er the lands sweet perfume wafting,  
Like some tender maiden's kiss.

Of thy future and thy story,  
Of thy budding promise high,  
Of thy grandeur and thy glory,  
Who shall dare to prophesy?

Fain while yet the Present lingers,  
Would we read the fairy tale,  
Lo! with reverent, trembling fingers  
Let us lift Time's mystic veil!

Lo! we see a dim procession  
Fleeing from the Northern blast,  
Marching forth to take possession  
Onward, westward, pressing fast!

From the far-off Eastern regions,  
Where the bitter frost assails,  
Comes the tramp of murmuring legions  
Hastening to thy flowery vales.

Where the brave old padres foun led  
Empire mid the lonely space,  
In a holy faith unbounded,  
Other empire takes its place.

Empire fairer, nobler, grander,  
Than hath sprung from fire and sword,  
Than the mighty Alexander  
Conquered with his ruthless horde.

Where Castilia's dark-eyed daughters  
Watched the sunset's dying gleam,  
Dreaming by thy crystal waters,  
Other maidens sigh and dream.

Like the clouds of twittering swallows  
Hastening to their nests in spring,  
Crowd on crowd impatient follows,  
In thy sweet vales clustering.

In thy bowers of beauty blended,  
Here they rest at life's decline,  
When the heat of day is ended,  
Each beneath his fig and vine.

Neath the olive's glistening burden,  
Or when noontide spreads its calm  
Dream within the rose-wreathed garden,  
'Neath the trembling, waving palm.

Every slope with grapes shall redden,  
Every olive-shadowed height,  
Every glen in verdure hidden  
Gleam a vision of delight.

Fairest flowers and fields elysian,  
Golden groves and blooming bowers,  
Greet the weary wanderer's vision,  
Soothing life's fast fleeting hours.

Softest tints o'er vale and mountain,  
Softest zephyrs on the shore;  
Sea and sky, and fruit and fountain—  
What hath earth to offer more?

Here beneath thy towering mountains,  
Gazing o'er thy wave-washed strands,  
Resting by thy crystal fountains,  
Who would roam in alien lands?

Let old Europe's peasant grovel,  
Slaves to kingly power and lust,  
Like the beasts in pen and hovel,  
Prone in wretchedness and dust!

Let the East her idols cherish  
'Neath old Asia's hopeless sky,  
Like the brutes that grope and perish—  
Let them toil and sweat and die!

Tell me not of sleepy Naples,  
Where corruption taints the breeze;  
Here are freer, happier peoples,  
Here are brighter, softer seas.

Here no lazy lazzaroni,  
Through the livelong, tender day,  
Dreaming but of macaroni,  
Dozes life's sweet gifts away!

All thy subjects, true and loyal,  
Yield submission to thy claims;  
All thy families are royal,  
Nobler far than Europe's name.

Where thy roses shed their luster,  
Blest with plenty, hope and peace,  
Here thy countless homes shall cluster,  
Rich in all of earth's increase.

Here the sails shall gleam and thicken,  
Gliding o'er thy placid sea,  
And a million heart-throbs quicken  
In thy future days to be.

A. B. K.

There is not much difference between chocolate and cocoa. They are both made from the seeds of a tree that grows in Central and South America and the West Indies. Humboldt made the tree first known to Europeans. It is an evergreen and bears flowers and fruit the whole year round. The fruit is a long pod containing about twenty or thirty beans in a rose-colored sweet pulp. Twice a year, in June and December, the fruit is gathered, and the beans are separated and dried in the sun. The manufacturer roasts these beans about as coffee is roasted, and they go through several processes of crushing, grinding, &c., to remove the acrid oils and the grit, and finally the pulverized mass is mixed with sugar, if any kind of sweet chocolate is to be made. Cocoa is the name given to the bean in its native country, and also to the powdered forms of it in the market.

## Original Contributions.

### Alcohol and All Intoxicating Beverages.

ALCOHOL AT THE BAR OF JUSTICE.

BY DR. JOSEPH SIMMS.

The indictment that can here be served is a truly terrible one. Were its action immediate only, and the consequences finite within a moderate degree of time measurement, alcohol might be treated as a commonplace criminal; but the "dead drunk" state at midnight, and the police charge in the morning, are concomitants altogether trifling as compared with the lasting horrors which follow leisurely, and sometimes at long intervals, in the train of the drinking usages of the age. The black hereditament of idiocy and imbecility is one of the resulting horrors, although the outcrop of it may be reserved to the second, or even to the third generation, and visited there of course, on the head of the innocently doomed. Direct insanity also is too often the culmination; in this case visited upon the head of the worker of woe himself, and the drink indulgence may be either causative or contributive in its action as tendency thereon. The drinker handicaps himself in all directions. He cannot face the cold of winter as his non-drinking brother can. Drink momentarily accelerates the action of the heart and warms the body, but reaction ensues in a few minutes, and the system is left in a needlessly lowered condition. A drink of alcoholic liquor to a man, is like the cut of a whip to a horse, provoking an excess of action at the expense of reserve of energy; with this difference that the wise horse detests its stimulant and kicks at it while the foolish man rolls *his* like a sweet morsel under the tongue. The law of reaction is inexorable, and it rules alike in the economy of mankind, and in animals and mechanics. Drinking weakens the fibres, muscles and entire tissues of the body; the bones lose the cohesion of parts and become brittle. But there is a shrinking of the moral as well as the physical forces. The beginnings of drinking are the beginnings of madness which is all the more accelerated if the drink be doctored stuff, as for the most part it is. Continued drinking qualifies some for murder, and murders uncountable have thus been brought about. The vilest impulses of man's imperfect nature are by drink forced into hideous prominence. Crimes of violence are on the increase in Britain and America, a result which is directly traceable to the increased consumption of liquor of an utterly atrocious and vilely flagitious quality; for so demoralizing is the traffic that dealers, not content with the natural and inherent properties for evil, which characterises their wares, mix them with devilish stuffs of

greater bulk and lower cost—all for the sake of a truly fiendish gain. "Less drink means less crime; that is certain for both have diminished together; but once let the drink bill rise and the calendar of crime will increase in a like ratio" is the registered dictum of a great authority, namely the criminal statistics of London Metropolitan district. And as regards the life chances of those directly engaged in the liquor traffic, what has the Registr General for England to say? "*The mortality of men who are directly concerned in the liquor trade is appalling; that this terrible mortality is attributable to drink might be safely assumed a priori, but the figures in Table I. (cause of death) render it incontestable.*" Here is the table (it applies to men between the ages of twenty-five and sixty-five)—and shows the rate and number of deaths in each occupation.

Farmers and Graziers .....	681
Laborers in agricultural Counties .....	701
Males in selected healthy districts.....	801
Carpenters and joiners.....	820
Coal miners.....	891
Masons and bricklayers.....	969
Plumbers, painters and glaziers.....	1202
Brewers.....	1361
Inn-keepers, publicans and beer-dealers.....	1521
Hotel and public-house servants.....	2205

This is not the only source whence a crowd of statistical indictment may be drawn. Earl Shaftsbury, before a Parliamentary committee in 1859 proved that fifty per cent of the lunacy cases received in English asylums were primarily due to drink. Dr. Carpenter in his great work, "Mental Physiology" has the following remarks:

"We have a far larger experience of the results of habitual alcoholic excess than we have in regard to any other nervine stimulant."

Dr. Howe, in his report on the Statistics of Idiocy in Massachusetts, states that the habits of 300 idiots having been learned, 145, or nearly one-half, were found to be habitual drunkards. In one instance, in which both parents were drunkards, seven idiotic children were born to them.

Dr. Down, whose experience of idiocy is great, has said that he does not consider Dr. Howe's statement at all exaggerated.

Dr. W. A. F. Browne, the First Medical Lunacy Commissioner for Scotland, thus wrote, when in charge of a large asylum:—"The drunkard not only injures and enfeebles his own nervous system, but entails mental disease upon his family. His daughters are nervous and hysterical; his sons are weak, wayward, eccentric, and sink under the pressure of excitement of some unforeseen exigency, or the ordinary calls of duty."

The amount of drink sold in any locality unquestionably determines the amount of custom there provided for prisons and criminal procedure courts. Within the Metropolitan Police District of London, England, in 1884 there were in operation 14,230 licenses for the sale of strong drink, and in that year 25,137 disorderly drunks were arrested as a tribute to the sowing of red-mouthed damnation thereby carried on, and that without touching the thousands who drank to debase-ment, but just escaped arrest. In Massachusetts, U. S., in 1881 analysis of the returns showed that sixty per cent of the crimes committed during the twenty years foregoing were traceable solely to intoxicating liquor,

that is to say, out of 576,458 sentences, 340,514 were for offences committed while drunk or because of mental effects directly due to drink. Of 3,048 defaulters in the Anglo-Indian army (1885-6) the whole except 134 were drinkers, and the 95 deaths for the same period were proportionately monopolized by the same class, only eleven of the deceased soldiers having been abstainers. Individual witnesses of weight and eminence are abundant, and their testimony is crushing. Dr. W. W. Ireland of world-wide celebrity, lays it down that the lowering of constitution due to intoxication is the foundation on which neurotic diseases obtain a footing, with idiocy in their train and further that "after several generations of dissipated or weakly and scrofulous persons, the line ends in sterility, imbecility and idiocy."

Dr. J. C. Prichard, physician to the Bristol Infirmary, says: "Among physical causes of madness one of the most frequent is the immoderate use of intoxicating liquors."

Ludwig Dahl, a Norwegian writer of standing, holds that the excessive consumption of brandy by married people in Norway is a chief cause of the prevalency of idiocy cases in that country; while Dr. Langdon Down holds that intoxication on the part of the father at the time of conception is a potent influence in the causation of idiocy.

Dr. C. H. Hughes, of the "*Alienist and Neurologist*," declares the families of intemperate parents to be the recruiting grounds for asylums; that the children, if not idiots or epileptics, are liable to grow up of querulous, explosive tempers, and of feeble, self-guiding powers, weak in temptation, unstable, self-indulgent, vicious and hysterical.

Dr. E. C. Mann ("*Alienist and Neurologist*," Jan. 1887) affirms that alcohol is a source of terrible moral and physical deterioration and that the disease of inebriety is transmitted hereditarily, causing insanity, epilepsy, idiocy and a proclivity to crime.

Prof. F. W. Newman, historian, scientist and scholar says in his "Miscellanies:"

"Intoxicating drink was the greatest factor of crime, pauperism, orphanhood, prostitution, insanity, and disease!"

but indeed the roll of condemnatory authority is almost an endless one and might be drawn upon at any length.

The case is proved to the hilt, and has been so proved over and over again, but it still remains for effectual sentence to be pronounced, and it is strange that the reformatory engine hangs fire so long at this stage. Liquor shops and the liquor traffic as the recognized recruiting agencies of hell and the grave ought to be suppressed entirely and forever. They have been rendered nugatory in an isolated and experimental fashion, with the most brilliant individual results, but universal suppression is the grand and only panacea. Let us examine one or two of these individual cases.

M. Chevreul, a chemist of eminence in Paris, is 101 years old, yet he is vigorous

and still occasionally delivers science lectures at the *Jardin des Plantes*. He has never used intoxicating liquor or tobacco in any form.

Michael Smith, of Larkhall, Lannarkshire, Scotland, is 111 years of age and of good health which he nourishes on a diet chiefly of porridge, milk and potatoes. All his life temperate, for the last forty years he has touched nothing alcoholic. Further, and still from the European side of the Atlantic, may be gathered such names as Richard Cobden, Father Matthew, John Bright, Sir Wilfred Lawson and Sir Henry Thompson, all men of mark and all abstainers. Governor Hill of New York, Russell Sage, Henry Clews, Chauncy M. Depew, Cyrus W. Field and Jay Gould are worthy celebrities on the other side who habitually had nothing to do with drink or tobacco.

"At the age of ninety-three, General Riley, of Rochester, U. S., is still busy in the Temperance cause. He has administered the pledge to 6,000 drunkards."

Turning to individual communities we find some in America, where alcohol is sold only under the usual restrictions elsewhere, guarding the sale of other poisons. Maine is an old example; Kansas followed in 1880, and last year the Governor reported a prosperity hitherto unexampled.

It is reported from Iowa that prohibition has largely decreased crime in the State. The *Sac Sun* advertises the jail of that county for rent, saying that it is empty and likely to remain so long as prohibition lasts.

Other states surely tend in the same direction; the movement progresses like a rising wave, and soon not a glass of intoxicating liquor will be on untrammelled sale from end to end of the United States.

"God bless the man who closed the grog-shops" is the cry from Canada, from the thankful throats of women, whose husbands used to be drunkards, but are now sober men and the heads of happy homes. Since the passing of the prohibition act, crime in Canada has decreased sixty per cent, and so conscious are the people of the Dominion of the benefit conferred, that a motion for repeal was defeated by one hundred and forty-five votes to thirty-eight.

Mr. Caine, a member of the English Parliament and a practical actuary declares that the statistics of his Assurance company show six years more of life at the credit of the abstainer, as compared with his less circum-spect brother. Dr. C. K. Drysdale, senior physician to Metropolitan Hospital, London, says:

"The Blue Ribbon Life Assurance operates among the working classes, among whom the deaths caused by the use of alcohol are far more clearly seen, in my experience than they are among the more educated, and, therefore more self-restraining classes; and, doubtless, when these are available, we shall find that, among the poorer classes teetotalism adds about ten years or more to the average length of life. For something similar to that is the experience of the Sons of the Phoenix and the Foresters Societies, the former consisting of teetotallers, the latter of non-teetotallers."

He further says:

"There is a society, for instance—the Sons of Temperance—which, in 1886, contained 100,000 adult members.

The annual mortality of these was extremely low, only 7.5 per 1,000 annually; and only 5½ days of sickness were recorded per person, per annum. A comparison between this society and the respectable, but non-teetotal societies of the Manchester Union of Oddfellows and the Foresters shows that, whilst the amount of sickness at all ages in the Sons of Temperance members is represented by 7.48, the Manchester Oddfellows have a figure of 26.20, and the Foresters 27.66—a fact which surely tells well for total abstinence from alcohol."

"There is another excellent society, the Independent Order of Rechabites, which has 52,000 adult members in its ranks. Dr. Thornby, in a report on the society, mentions that at Blackburn, Bolton and Manchester there were 3,400 members of this society with an annual death-rate of 13.5; whereas in Blackburn there were 3,500 Oddfellows, non-teetotallers, with a death-rate of 21 per 1,000 also that the figures of annual sickness is 16 among the Rechabites, against twenty among the Oddfellows. In 1873, the average sick pay to the Rechabites was 4s. 9½d., against 10s. 10d. to the Oddfellows. Mr. Eardly mentions that many of the Foresters are teetotallers; and that, in 1869 the sum of £97 was paid to the sick in a certain lodge, of which 22 teetotallers should have drawn £17 5s. 8d.; but so healthy had they been, that they only drew £2 5s."

It has also been pointed out with force that during strikes in thickly populated industrial regions when men were poorly fed and there was hardly anything to squander in the public house, the lunacy cases decreased in number, only however to resume the normal volume after work was again resumed and the public houses again got into full swing. Abstinence even under circumstances of trying food privation fails not to leave a mark of the good it is ever ready to do.

The Governor of a poorhouse in the north of Scotland stated the other day that he had never known a total abstainer apply for admission during his eighteen years of office.

Intemperance is no doubt much too prevalent in America, but it is the immigrant element which contributes most largely to this. In the city of New York there are 34,000 licensed shops, but the patronage which keeps these in life comes for the most part from what may be called the foreigners of the community. Then unlike London and the cities of the European Continent, New York shuts its liquor shops during the whole of Sunday, an example which Scotland long since followed to manifest advantage, and which Ireland also, has lately had in trial.

The United States is indeed the cradle of the new and better age. Here on Feb. 13th, 1826, was founded the first temperance society, supplying an impetus which has been a cumulative power ever since.

A Scotch society was formed in 1829; in the following year a modified but promising branch of the movement arose in the north of England, and now spread over the latter country there are upwards of 4,000 district societies in connection with the native church alone, and without counting others. In 1851 (Oneida County, New York) appeared the first Good Templar Lodge. By 1868 there were in being twenty-two grand, and upwards of 6,000 ordinary lodges, mustering half a million of members; whereas, now they have so multiplied as to have become, not only a moral but a political power in the

state. In addition, throughout the United States there is the Independent Order of Good Templars doing excellent work by the agency of its lodges, while taking in the whole world, and classing the two orders together, there are found in operation no less than 13,603, all working heartily to the common end.

But high time is it in reality that not an army of lodges only, but an army of nations should arise resolute for the extermination of the monster which has so long sucked the vitals of society. Nations proudly call themselves "civilized" but the title is in most cases but lamely made out. Great Britain has 225,899 shops for the sale of intoxicants under Imperial sanction, with the result, as admitted by that country's own home-made statistics, that 120,000 persons are annually hurried into eternity thereby, while a huge force of 600,000 neophytes are kept continually in training for a like doom. Upon more than three millions of human beings, this state of things entails wretchedness and misery unspeakable, and alas, this enormous mass of suffering humanity is for the most part made up of helpless women and children. From this truly ghoulish manufactory there are turned out every year 100,000 brand new criminals, who, but for the drink would have emerged as good citizens, useful and respected. The drink bill mounts to one billion of dollars a year, and all for what?—in order that the pocket may be robbed, the senses stolen, morals ruined, manhood and womanhood despoiled, innocence and virtue trampled in the dust, and babes unborn foredoomed to a (happily brief) life-span of hopeless idiocy. Little wonder that the women of the great anglo-saxon nations become loud and louder in their demand for a franchise which their brethren have, in one vital section at least used to so little purpose. But the time is coming. Poets have the gift of prophecy on occasions. What saith John G. Whittier?

"Take courage, Temperance workers!  
You shall not suffer wreck,  
While up to God the people's prayers  
Are rising from your deck.  
Wait cheerily, Temperance workers,  
For daylight and for land;  
The breath of God is in your sails,  
Your rudder in His hand."

"Sail on! sail on! deep freighted  
With blessings and with hopes:  
The good of old, with shadowy hands,  
Are pulling at your ropes.  
Behind you holy martyrs  
Uplift the palm and crown;  
Before you, unborn ages send  
Their benedictions down."

Courage! your work is holy;  
God's errands never fail!  
Sweep on through storm and darkness,  
The thunder and the hail!  
Work on! sail on! the morning comes,  
The port you yet shall win;  
And all the bells of God shall ring  
The ship of Temperance in."

And truly do we live in hope of the great time of fruition, when prisons shall become

schools, and reformatories shall no longer have cause of being, when each household gains the wholesome fruits of the new unforced reformation, and the glad song of the social enemy vanquished at last. Then shall even the dumb animals rejoice, for the abolition of the human scourge will lighten the breast of the humblest, and cradles to animals will be known no more. As yet, however, we are in the time of striving only. Let us deal drastically with the evil. Alcohol, unchained is the greatest of earth's curses by far, and productive of more dire some results than all other terrestrial evils combined. Hasten the time of a glad release, to be worked out by dint of a manful fight continued to victorious end, and then to be followed by the perennial joys of a haven of safety, the secure blessedness of which we cannot now do more than vaguely dream of, or hypothetically fancy. The future hope of humanity everywhere, lies in the absolute prohibition, whether as regards manufacture or sale, of all intoxicants, no matter what the shape or quality they attain.

(The End.)

#### FACTS FOR THINKERS.

#### Inter-dependence Is What We Need Not Independence.

BY ALBERT KIMSEY OWEN.

#### PART II.

In the United States, city management is deplorable. One-half of the people of New York City, live in tenement houses. These tenements number 30,000; and 2,000 are classed as "very bad." In 3,300 tenements classed only "bad," in 1880, there were 12,000 deaths, or one to ten, of all those who dwelt in them. History holds up its hands in horror at the mention of The Black Hole of Calcutta. Well! that was bad; but think of there being in New York City, to-day, a tenement house so foul, as to have killed, within nine years, fifty-nine out of the seventy-six who have tried to live in it. This house is in Monroe street. In Mulberry Bend it is reported that as many as forty-five persons sleep, eat, wash, smoke and sit in the same room. A man in a cave during the stone age, had a palace in comparison with this. "In London," says Dr. Roger S. Tracey, Registrar of Vital Statistics, "the annual deaths are twenty to 1,000; in New York twenty-six to 1,000. In London, there are but 7.8 persons, on an average, to a dwelling; in New York there are 16.37."

Prof. Adler is right when he says: "It is the squalid homes of the old world and the squalid homes of the new, that make the squalid people who live in them."

Erastus Wyman, states that: "The chance of a home for the average worker in New York city is hopeless. No man, unless he has an income of at least ten dollars a day, can expect to enjoy a home of his own in the

metropolis of free America. Of the \$300,000,000 at present on deposit in the Savings Banks of New York, it is safe to say that \$250,000,000 belong to the people who want homes. Yet, for fear of the foreclosure clause in the mortgage (which is the main bulwark for the safety of these savings), few people in middle circumstances have the temerity to undertake the erection of a home." It is well enough for Americans to sympathize with those who are evicted in Ireland, by cruel landlords; but it is well for them to know that in New York City, alone, there were ten times more persons evicted for non-payment of rents, in 1887, than there were in all Ireland. The figures are, in New York, 22,804; in Ireland, 2,208. In New York City, 36,000 families have been fed by charity during the past winter; and the Children's Aid Society, since its organization, has taken from the streets and slums of New York City, 70,000 waifs and sent them to Western farms. It has been calculated that if the rumshops, the houses of prostitution and the houses filled with those who live upon charity, in New York City, were placed alongside and in front of one another, that they would make a street twenty-two miles long. Another one figures that a person looking from Trinity Church spire, has, within the range of his vision, 16,000 rumshops. Withal, New York City has increased its debt, within the past fourteen years, \$60,000,000 and it takes about \$34 to \$36 tax upon every beggar and millionaire, woman and child each year to pay its interests, its police and their henchmen, etc. It is not surprising when we bear these facts in mind that the *New York World* should come out in an editorial, March 25th, 1888, and use the following language:

"In this great city, with all its humane people and its organized charities, a poor distressed woman yesterday poisoned her three children because she feared that they would be again taken from her and sent to asylums. There will be no end of sympathy for poor Mrs. Lebkuchener, now that her misery has resulted in an insane act, but why is it that such cases do not reach the public ear in time for the prevention of these tragedies? It is possible that we have in New York to-day a thousand wretched parents ready to commit crime because poverty has driven them into a state of irresponsibility. What an amazing field for the charitable and the philanthropic!"

The debt of Philadelphia is \$58,000,000. This is \$58 for every man, woman and child in the city—if we take the population to be one million. Their water is notoriously bad and their streets are open sewers, so thick are they with mud and filth. The boast once made, that the laboring men of Philadelphia generally owned their own homes, can no longer be made. This crisis of 1873-8, threw them out of work, forced them to put mortgages upon their houses and before they

could recover, foreclosures swept them, for the most part, into the hands of the many renters.

San Francisco taxes its 300,000 citizens, about \$23 per year; and it has neither good streets, good schools nor good drainage; and yet \$7,000,000 well spent, annually, should make a paradise for those who contribute to it.

In Chicago, there are said to be 10,000 children living in the streets. They have no school, no place to stay, day or night, and depend upon slops and refuse matters for food and upon theft and charity for their clothes. During the past fifteen years there have been 110,351 marriages in Chicago and 8,312 divorces. That's about one divorce to every thirteen marriages. During the last seven nights in January, 1888, there were six safes blown open, 237 stores and houses robbed and seven men sand-bagged. And during one day in March, nine suicides in Chicago were reported. This even beats the record of Santa Monica, the gambling hell of Europe, where the suicides for last month amounted to fifty.

The cities of Elizabeth, New Jersey, Antiochia, Pennsylvania, and Memphis, Tennessee, became so muddled, a year or so ago, with their taxes, interests and payments, that had they been individuals, they would have been sold out by the sheriff; and in last Sunday's papers the following appeared to add to the general and deplorable mismanagement which characterizes every community run by political management:

"MONTREAL, April 7th, 1888.—A sensation was created here to-day by the announcement the *Star* was having a pick and shovel brigade of five hundred men and two hundred carts to clean the streets, which became so impassible that traffic is practically suspended. The *Star* is having a mandamus taken out against the City Council, which body refuses to act because the specific appropriation has been exhausted. On Monday there will be witnessed the unheard of spectacle of the cleaning of the streets of a great city at private expense."

Now, a few minutes with associated life and its advantages. Suppose that ten persons have incorporated to purchase, lay out, improve and occupy a tract or tracts of land, to employ all members of the company to manufacture, exchange, transport, construct, farm, preserve, raise stock, cure fish, etc., etc. Again suppose that this company has 5,000 men, women and children ready to settle upon its town site and farms; and to be guided by its by-laws, in occupying, educating and enjoying themselves. Five thousand persons permanently settled upon a town-site, would give a value to that site of \$5,000,000. Five thousand people represent say 1,000 families. If each family occupied on the average a house 50x100 feet and had a yard 50x50, and there were street and park areas equal to the lot areas, these 5,000 people would occupy less than 350 acres. Say that

the company paid \$4 for each lot, with the street and park areas thrown in, and that it sold the right to occupy the said lots, to its members for \$20; then the company would pay \$4,000 and sell for \$20,000, and put \$16,000 in its treasury to improve the streets, plant the parks and make the surroundings pleasant and convenient for the members.

In the case of The Credit Foncier Company the Directors have secured the control of 50,000 lots, as large as those above mentioned, for which they have agreed to pay \$200,000 in easy installments, and which they sell the use of to members, in series, at fixed prices, for nearly \$20,000,000. This plan of securing the building site for those who are going to occupy it, not only gives to the members home sites for a little over cost price, but all the profits, over and above the cost, go into the common fund for improving the streets, bringing in water, putting in electric light, heat, motors, etc. Now 50,000 lots (50x150 feet), will house in magnificent splendor 250,000 people; and at the average real estate value of city property, this population would give a value to Pacific City site, of \$250,000,000 or \$230,000,000 more than those who occupy it are to give to the company. The company guarantees title, makes out all papers, files, protects and records them; and no land agent, lawyer or middleman is seen or seen or spoken with in the transaction. The prices for lot uses being fixed, and sold in series *and only to members*, he or she may select any lot, in the entire city area, but will generally take that next to the houses already built. Therefore, the tendency will be to build the city, from the center outward, in a compact and solid way; for the lots next to improvements are considered preferable.

When a town site is in the hands of speculators, the more buildings the greater the price, and the lot next to houses built are held at such enhanced prices that the tendency is to scatter. This makes a heterogeneous settlement with every one trying to be independent to every one else, and no common unity in anything but to plunder each other; and hence, for years, the streets remain mudsloughs and are, at their best, unsightly, unwholesome and disagreeable. When building is done by a central management, the streets in each block can be put in thorough order as soon as the buildings are up, and from the first, refined and well-regulated life can begin; and the saving in cost of fixing a few streets in perfect order, will be much less than trying to keep miles of thoroughfares in order to accommodate a sparsely-built up town site.

"Building cities in division is very expensive, wasteful and senseless. We may pay millions for taxes and interest on speculative real estate, which is of no benefit whatever to the people. In a well organized and improved city the population of Minneapolis would occupy only six square miles of land, costing \$2,000,000

per square mile or \$12,000,000. Real estate gambling forces the extent of the city to thirty-six square miles, and the people pay interest and taxes on \$72,000,000 real estate. Waterworks, services and street improvements are abnormally extended, and the people must pay the cost, repairs, interests and the increased value of the land."

Now, Pacific City (Topolobampo) site occupied about twenty-nine square miles, costs the company but \$200,000, puts \$20,000,000, in the city treasury, which relieves the property from all taxation, improves the streets, puts in water, introduces gas, and operates street cars; and the revenues from the common properties, which are held in trust, for the benefit of all, keep adding to the common funds, and, in this way gives the company the ability to buy other well selected lands, to put up factories, to build and sail ships, to construct and operate railroads, to open and manage mines, etc., etc., in keeping with the wishes and interests of its stockholders.

"Six years ago, Mr. Pullman, with others in company, bought fifteen miles south of Chicago, 3,000 acres of land for about \$100 per acre. He built car-shops and settled 2,000 working people with their families upon the land. To-day, are six years time, the land sells for \$3,000 to \$5,000 per acre. The 10,000 working people increased the value of the land \$14,000,000. Farm land around Pullman City, was raised \$10 per acre, farmers were benefitted \$5,000,000 to \$8,000,000. Workingmen's houses and lots which cost only \$499 bring \$168 rent annually.

"The settling of the land by the working people, created \$20,000,000 real estate wealth. *But the working people and storekeepers received only high rents and higher prices for farm produce.* Fellow workingmen and capitalists, learn a lesson from these facts to your own advantage.

"The living of the people is taxed to create real estate and rents in cities, and high prices on farm lands around cities."

On our land in Sinaloa we have timber, clay, limestone and sand. The company proposes to set up its own saw mill, brick yard and lime kiln. With timber brought from the mountains within a hundred miles, upon our own railroad, we can cut and saw lumber at \$4 per thousand. In cities the price is from \$20 to \$30, or say 600 per cent. more.

The actual cost of brick is, probably, \$3 per thousand; in cities we pay \$6 to \$8. With cheap fuel at our kilns we can burn limestone for eight cents a bushel. The price is thirty cents in Eastern cities. Producing building materials on a large scale saves transportation; useless handling, profits to manufacturers, dealers and contractors. None of these can exist in a well-ordered community; hence, all which they would gain goes to the company treasury. By co-operative living, wholesale buying of life substance for workmen, we can build houses for \$200, which would cost probably a \$1,000 in cities as now

run. Working people \$8 to \$14 per month rent or \$100 to \$170 annually; paying seven per cent. interest on capital and twelve per cent for taxes, wear and tear. At Topolobampo, a man or woman who buys in the first series of \$2,000 lot—interests, secures an area of 50x150 feet, anywhere within an area of twenty-nine miles for \$20, and the company builds him or her a house after his or her own design, and he or she pays for the same in services, and from first to last is free from tax, rent and mortgage.

"The 100,000 families of Chicago require for domestic purposes 600,000 tons of coal annually. They pay over \$6 per ton, \$3,600. The actual cost of coal is seventy-five cents per ton to the miner, seventy-five cents mining expenses, transportation to Chicago, by train-loads, is less than \$1 per ton, the total is \$2.50; for coal in Chicago, only \$1,500,000. Co-operation would save the people of Chicago \$2,000,000 annually, on coal alone." In Topolobampo coal will be unnecessary. The water-power of the Fuerte River will be used; and our light, power, and heat will be electricity. The necessary plant and expense to furnish electric light, power and heat to a metropolis is but trifling when compared with any means heretofore used, when there is water power within easy distance.

Food is the first and greatest need of man. Under present systems for raising, preparing and serving it one-half of the world's labor is consumed. A cultivated people must have good food in great variety, thoroughly cooked and well served. This can only be accomplished through associated efforts. There have been many calculations made to show the cheapness of foods under associated management when compared with the expensiveness of running each family, farm, garden, larder and kitchen, independent of others; but, I do not think that the circumstances have, at any time, been sufficiently favorable to associated life, to show the correct figures; for all associated efforts in this line have as yet been too small and too circumscribed in their dealings to make a test case. But even with these disadvantages, it has been calculated that we pay four cents a pound for foods, which, in associated life will not cost us one cent per pound to raise, cook and serve. It has been well said that "no business is more mismanaged than agriculture." Intelligent co-operation in the production of food will prove most successful." There are intelligent men who nurse the opinion that small farms are better socially and financially. I consider it nonsense to carry freight across the continent by two-horse concerns; a thousand-horse power locomotive is demanded in our times. The same applies to the production of food. When the small farmer works for fifty cents a day, and the large farmer pays \$1.50 in wages, the small farms may pay; but when both pay the same wages, the small farm costs over 100 per cent. more work. \* \* \* Mismanage-

ment of farms, useless transportation, handling and profits amount to five-sixths of the cost of production."

(Concluded next week.)

### Public Defenders of Criminals.

BY JOHN A. COLLINS.

Man, like the universe of which he is an inseparable part, and to the laws of which he is subject, is ever aspiring for higher conditions, as the local history of our planet, written by the hand of time, upon the rocks, scientifically demonstrate. While the principle of human rights are unalterable, yet by his increased intelligence, society has the power to so alter and adjust the conditions, as will be required to secure the needed protection.

The complaint is becoming very general, owing to the largely augmented intelligence of the people, that gilded crime can and does successfully defy the law and insolently snaps its fingers in the face of restraining authority, while crime, penniless and friendless, is swiftly overtaken, promptly tried and duly broken the wheel of justice. Yearly, the popular conviction is strengthening that our system of criminal jurisprudence, if not fundamentally defective, has had its machinery so arranged by unscrupulous tricksters, through corrupt legislators, executives and judges, that criminal law is practically a cheat and justice a sham, specially designed to overcome and punish the poor and afford immunity to high-grade criminals. It is notorious that of the many homicides in this city during and since the year 1849, only the most impecunious and friendless of the red-handed multitude have suffered the penalties which the laws awarded. It is further notorious that fraudulent schemes, many of them of colossal proportions, vaulting not only to tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars, but up into the millions, have been organized and often successfully executed, but their proprietors and chief manipulators have been, and now are, strangers to punishment. Our penal schools, lock-ups, and jails, however, are crowded with petty offenders, and our penitentiaries are over-populated, mostly with low-grade criminals. Strongly impressed with the idea that the laws and courts are unequal to the conviction and punishment of rich and influential criminals, or those having wealthy and powerful friends, a large class illogically deny the efficiency of the laws, and often wrongfully charge the courts with corruption. But may not most of the evils complained of, be the product of an erroneous system,—which by general consent without statutory authority, has been incorporated into Court practice and has become as sacred and binding as though formulated and crystalized into a statute by legislative rather than by venal legislator or corrupt judges?

Theoretically, as to personal and class

functions, our system of criminal jurisprudence is essentially faultless. Criminal laws are enacted in the interest of no privileged person or class. For petit or grand larceny, fraud, arson, burglary, assault or murder, the laws prescribe the same penalty, be the offender a millionaire or mendicant. Each accused party is tried before a common tribunal, having jurisdiction, which is governed by established rules of pleading, of evidence, of interpretation and authority. The laws regulating the manner of finding indictments, and of selecting trial jurors, with the right of the indicted to challenge peremptory and for cause, have no respect for persons. The judge and jury, the clerk and public prosecutor, the sheriff and his posse, are each sworn sacredly to perform his duty with rigid impartiality, and all machinery of the court, with its almost unlimited authority and power, is solemnly pledged to procure alike for each defendant, witnesses for his defense, without money and without price, and to guard and protect him, in his legal rights, from the time of his arrest, to that of his conviction or acquittal.

The law establishes as a necessary wheel in the machinery of a criminal court the office of public prosecutor, whose duty it is to press the claims of the people for justice, alike against all, irrespective of condition, creed or country. The law further provides that the court shall assign counsel to protect the legal rights of the impecunious during the progress of his trial. Thus far—if we except the custom of bailing and pecuniary fines—which imparts to our criminal system somewhat of a commercial aspect—the theory of our judicial system, for securing equal and exact justice alike to all, it is essentially one and the same, for each and every person, of each and every class.

Custom, however, allows the defendant to manage his own case before the court, and to retain as many legal advisers for his defense as his sense of danger, fortune, or inclination may dictate.

There are in the law, as in other professions and callings, those whose extraordinary aptitudes for certain departments, coupled with protracted application therein, enable them to excel in certain specialties, to wit:

First, one class, having large brains, well balanced minds, extraordinary memories, equal to retaining fresh in their minds all the facts obtained from careful and extensive reading of statute law, of common law and judicial rulings, and decisions in criminal cases, far back in the remote past, and when necessary, can more or less and often do so confuse and bewilder the mind of the court as to misdirect its most important rulings in the case.

Second, those of another class whose subtle methods of examining a witness, can so excite, bewilder, and stupify him as to render his testimony valueless, or comparatively harmless.

Third, those whose keen penetration of character enables them to determine with considerable accuracy the sense of each juror; as to the guilt or innocence of the accused upon the evidence submitted; and also of their indifference to, sympathy for, or prejudice against him, and by their varied skill and powerful eloquence, can more or less successfully quicken the first, strengthen the second, and remove or weaken the latter.

Fourth, those of another, can determine the kind and the quality of lacking evidence necessary to assure an acquittal, or a divided jury, with the skill requisite to obtain the same.

Wealthy criminals or those having rich sympathizing friends, can purchase the services of one or more attorneys of one or all of the above named classes.

The baneful results of this system is everywhere glaringly apparent. The records of the criminal courts in every part of the Federal Union afford abundant and unmistakable evidence of the extraordinary influence, which skilled attorneys, who make a specialty of criminal practice, exercise, not only over judges, jurors, and witness, but also over all who may be within the circle of their subtle influence.

Here is allowed to enter a disturbing element, which practically deranges the equilibrium of forces and destroys the condition as to the equality of the rich and poor before the courts, and does not rightfully belong to our system of criminal practice. Here is a force that virtually destroys, or at least, divides the sovereignty of the judges, and on important occasions makes the court the passive instrument of its imperious will. By numerous acts it practically establishes two criminal tribunals; one for the trial of the rich and powerful, and the other, for the poor, helpless and friendless. Defeating the demands of justice, it sets at liberty hordes of dangerous criminals, to prey upon the public. This one disturbing cause is doing much to destroy all confidence of the people in the efficiency, impartiality and justice of our criminal system, and to lessen their respect for the forms, institutions and officers of justice. It practically invites scheming and unscrupulous parties to combine for the prosecution of criminal enterprises, in the assurance that in the event of discovery and arrest of any of their criminal associates they can, through the aid of feed counsel purchase immunity in the courts presided over by honest judges. This system often stimulates counsel on the opposite side with an ambition to be victorious, rather than right. It makes the court-room, too frequently, the arena of boisterous and unbecoming conflicts. It tends to stimulate members of the Bar with a sordid spirit of greed, and encourages them to exact exorbitant fees, which often beggars the client. It offers golden temptations to counsel for defending well-to-do and wealthy criminals. Justification for large

fees is sought in invoking the laws's delay, by unnecessarily interposing demurrers, exceptions, motions, appeals, and laborious resort to every admissible strategy, musty rulings, and obsolete precedents, honestly made, doubtless, to further the ends of justice at some period in the past history of civilization, but under other and essentially dissimilar conditions from those of the present. It virtually incorporates into our criminal practice an outside agency or power, whose forces can be readily massed in the special interest of wrong, which under the sacred forms of law can defeat the claims of justice.

It is evident, therefore, that the remedy for these alarming evils is to eliminate the moving and disturbing cause. This intimates that the doors of our criminal tribunals should be barred against this demoralizing system of miscellaneous defense of specially paid attorneys, so that all the appliances of justice should be in substance as in theory—alike free to all: that the rich criminal, or one having wealthy and powerful friends, cannot legally possess or enjoy any advantage, in his trial, over the most poor and friendless. This would demand the creation by the legislation of a new court officer, who should be the complement of the prosecuting attorney whose duties should be clearly defined by law. The number of these in each judicial district, county or city as in the case of the judges, should be graduated by the necessary amount of labor to be performed. This officer should have the entire management under the supervision of the presiding judge, of the defense of the case of every accused party, and should protect him in his legal rights, be he rich or poor, through every stage of his trial, as earnestly and faithfully as he would to do, were he personally retained and liberally feed by the prisoner himself.

### We Must Discriminate.

Remarks Delivered at the Social of J. J. Morse, Thursday, Evening, March 15th, 1888.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Those of you who may have seen the Kiralfy version of the play, "Around the World in Eighty Days," may remember that among the characters therein, a Hindu magistrate seems very desirous of impressing upon the minds of all with whom he comes in contact the primary importance of practicing a certain virtue. "We must discriminate," he constantly re-iterates, "We must discriminate!" Agreeing as I do most heartily with our Hindu brother, in this regard, I have selected as the basis of my remarks to-night, as my text, as it were, these words, "We must discriminate."

The importance of wise and just discrimination in all the affairs of life can scarcely be over-estimated. Failure to exercise it often entails direful consequences, as we all know. Yet this, as is the case with all other virtues, may be carried to an extreme. There is such

a thing as being too cautious or over-careful sometimes; so we must be discriminating even in our discrimination. Rational, prudent, sensible discrimination is what is demanded at all times and under all circumstances.

We should ever strive to discriminate between fact and fiction, between truth and fancy, between sober common sense and wild extravagance, between logic and sophistry, between the genuine and the fraudulent. Especially should we discriminate in matters pertaining to our affectional and emotional natures. Strong feelings are prone to mislead us, and require the guidance of a wise discrimination. We should discriminate in our friendships and in our loves. How oft are our affections bestowed upon unworthy objects, upon those who play upon us and trifle with us for base, unhallowed ends and purposes. How careful, how discriminative, then, should we be upon whom we lavish our friendship and confidence, our love and regard. More particularly is discrimination requisite in the selection of life-partners of the opposite sex. How often have untold misery, and woe unutterable, been the consequences of the lack of a little discrimination in conjugal selection and mating. The world needs education sadly in this respect. Headlong, precipitate unions are consummated daily, resulting, in many cases, in sorrow and repentance for the failure to exercise proper discrimination.

Justice is the highest virtue, but even here rational discrimination is required. We should be careful that that which we think to be justice is in reality true justice. Much that passes current for justice is far removed therefrom. It is vengeance, spite, retaliation, vindictiveness, rather than justice. Let us all, then, be wisely discriminative in our conceptions and practice of justice.

True charity is a noble virtue, yet here rare discrimination is often essentially demanded. The benevolent and the charitable-minded are often imposed upon, and alms-giving, indiscriminately bestowed, as it sometimes is, is prejudicial rather than beneficial to the recipients thereof, as well as to society at large. Similar discrimination is imperatively called for in the exercise of our charity towards the erring and the evil-disposed among our brethren and sisters in this world. That charity to the wrong-doer which tends to strengthen and encourage him or her in the indulgence of vicious or criminal practices, which aids and abets those persistently and systematically guilty of the vilest and most despicable offenses,—that charity which thinks only of the wrong-doer and ignores those that are wronged,—is degrading and demoralizing, and it ought to be sternly and strongly denounced and discouraged by every philanthropic and discriminative mind. Such pseudo-charity as this savors more of the infernalism of the fabled bottomless pit than of the justice, mercy, and love of the heavenly spheres.

Probably among no class of people is the exercise of discrimination more requisite than with the Spiritualists. In the investigation of the phenomena claiming to be of a spiritual character, the utmost caution and circumspection should be exercised. First, we should discriminate between genuine and fraudulent phenomena; and in many cases this is no easy task, owing to the ingenious devices to deceive the investigator, and to prevent detection, that are in use among the pretended mediums. Secondly, where the phenomena have been reasonably determined to be genuine, we should discriminate between those that may be rationally accounted for without the intervention of direct spirit-agency, and those that present evidence of the action of disembodied spirits so-called. Many genuine psychic phenomena are due to the exercise of the spiritual powers of those still tenanted the physical organism, as manifested in mesmerism, clairvoyance, psychometry, mind-reading, thought-transference, telepathy, etc., etc. We should be careful not to attribute to "spirits" that which results from the manifestation of any or all of the psychic faculties above referred to, as, I regret to say, many Spiritualists do.

Discrimination is also demanded in our judgment of the conflicting doctrines, theories, and dogmas, promulgated in the name of Spiritualism. All manner of nonsense, absurdity, and extravagances are given as purporting to emanate from the spirit-world, scarcely any of which, in my opinion, having really any connection with that world. Upon all subjects and hypotheses claiming a post-mortem origin, we should bring to bear our highest judgment, our most unclouded reason; and nothing of a so-called spiritual nature should be received, no matter whence it purports to come, that does not comport with reason, nature, and common sense.

What the world needs is a plain, practical, rational, unmythical, matter-of-fact, common sense Spiritualism, freed from the moonshine and mysticism with which, in the minds of some Spiritualists, it is associated. We want discrimination in these matters badly. Sound discretion and wisdom is essentially requisite in the investigation and consideration of the philosophical side of Spiritualism, as well as of its phenomenal phases.

To sum up all that I have said this evening, each one of us, the speaker included, needs to cultivate more than he or she has done heretofore the practice of wise and careful discrimination in all matters personal, social, affectional, religious, philosophical, spiritual. Upon all occasions let us be prudent and cautious, and thereby advance the interests of truth, true justice, pure charity, genuine Spiritualism, and the happiness and well-being of ourselves and of mankind generally. In the words of the Hindu magistrate, "We must discriminate; we must discriminate."

## Literary Department.

### CROOKED PATHS;

OR,  
THE WAGES OF SIN.

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

#### CHAPTER XXII.

MOSSBANK.

The days passed swiftly bringing the release of the prima donna. Her season had been a magnificent success, and her agent wished to enter into an engagement with her at once for another starring tour; but Mlle. Alicia was firm in her resolution to abandon the stage for a season at least. Her father's health was such as to preclude the possibility of his traveling with her, and she would not leave him. The hope that change of scene and association would benefit the invalid had at first seemed promising, but latterly his vital powers had sunk to a low ebb and it was clear to himself as well as to sympathetic eyes who gazed upon him, if not admitted by his devoted daughter, that his days on earth might be numbered by months instead of years.

The season closed with grand eclat. Never had Mlle. Alicia during her brief but brilliant career received greater homage, not once had the enthusiasm of her audiences risen to a higher pitch than on the occasion of her last appearance. The stage was literally covered with elegant floral tributes from her admirers, and her feet and the lower folds of her shimmering costume were entirely hidden from view by these testimonials to her power and worth.

But we will not dwell upon the closing scenes, nor on the expressions of regret manifested on every side when her retirement became known. As for herself, she was glad to pass from the scenes of gaiety and excitement for a little quiet rest at dear, old Mossbank.

During the week of their stay in Boston, the Blunts had initiated the girl into the privacy of their select spiritual sittings. They had told her of their knowledge of Spiritualism and of the comfort it had brought to them. Then she learned it was through this marvelous source they had been told of her father's existence.

The girl listened in amazement and half-fear, but when holding the slate herself, with only her foster mother's hand resting lightly upon hers she received a long and loving message, full of good thoughts, and tender approvals, signed "Alice Blake Lyman, thy spirit mother," all her terror vanished and she accepted the revelation with a thrill of joy.

Henry Lyman too, when the communication



tion was brought to him, read and was satisfied, gradually he was nearing the confines of the happier life, and as his physical powers declined, his spiritual faculties seemed to gain the ascendancy. Night after night, while his daughter occupied with the duties of her profession was absent from him, he had caught glimpses of a radiant face bending above him, and had received upon the tablet of his brain, such sweet, hopeful and tender words as he believed none but his sainted wife could inspire. Therefore he was ready now to accept the truth coming to him through the mediumship of Mrs. Blunt, and to believe in the reality of spirit communion.

The second day following her last appearance on the stage witnessed the departure of our heroine and her friends for Mossbank. The Thorntons, who had also passed the preceding week in Boston, were of the party, but the latter, with the exception of the lawyer son, resisted the cordial invitation of their neighbors to spend the day with them, passed directly on to their own mansion.

It was a delightful home coming, and May, leaning from the carriage thought the world had never been so beautiful as now.

The tender green, the delicate perfumed blossoms, the soft, balmy air of the sunny month of May were all around her; in a week she would be twenty years old; she had traveled over Europe, had passed through stretches of country and grand cities in our own fair land, but never had earth seemed so lovely and enchanting to her eyes as at this hour, when the wayside flowers and blooming branches seemed to wave a welcome to her as she passed each old, familiar spot.

The dear, old house, had been garnished and festooned in honor of her return. The housekeeper having received private instructions by mail from her mistress had pressed each one of the under servants into her service, and now the beauty of the entrance, halls and apartments, attested to the fidelity with which her orders had been obeyed; for not one of the domestics, from little Pete, the hostess's son up, but had loved their young lady, and were overjoyed at the prospect of her return.

And now they were at home, what could exceed the content of the traveler that came to her within these walls. As for her father, he felt the peaceful influence of the place at once and knew that here he should find his rest.

At early twilight of the day they arrived at Mossbank, Frank Thornton and May strolled out of doors to visit certain well-loved and remembered haunts that had been favorite nooks to the girl. The beauty of the evening, the delicate balm of the atmosphere were too tempting to be resisted and they lingered long. Perhaps it was this that brought a soft flush to the cheek of the fair girl and an unwonted sparkle to her eye, or perhaps it was the words whispered in her

ear by the voice of the manly form at her side. It may have been the latter, for at parting with his friends that night we distinctly heard him say in a low tone that no one else might hear, "You have made me very happy, love. I shall speak to my parents to-night, and will call upon yours in the morning;" and it was to none of the elder members of the family that this was uttered.

Early the following morning Lawyer Thornton reappeared, requesting a private interview with Mr. and Mrs. Blunt. The invalid guest of the house had not yet arisen, but he would be seen later, and at present the caller wished to talk with his host and hostess alone. The man went at his errand in true manly fashion. He had come to ask the consent of his friends to his marriage to their foster daughter. He had found the young lady not averse to him. He had that morning won the consent of his own beloved parents, and now he desired that of these dear friends.

His prayer was not denied. The Thorntons belonged to a high and influential family. The old judge was a man of large wealth which would descend to his only son and who was himself a rising lawyer with a reputation and a career, and of no mean fortune. Above all this, however, the Thorntons were possessed of character; culture and integrity. They were the dear friends of the inhabitants at Mossbank. How then could these latter refuse the hand of their adopted child, who they had determined should come into a large inheritance by and bye, to such a worthy suitor. They could not, nor did they, and it was with a gleam of satisfaction in his eagle eye that the lawyer turned from them to seek the side of the girl he loved.

An hour later, May and her lover knelt before the invalid father whose blessing they craved. It was not withheld, but sweetly and solemnly the simple words of parental love and benediction fell upon their hearts.

A month of preparation passed ere the formal announcement of the engagement brought out the congratulations of these old neighbors and friends who had been glad to welcome their former favorite back to their society. It had at first seemed best to our heroine as to her foster parents to defer the wedding until late in the fall or following winter, and the impatient lover had been almost forced to this decision, when Henry Lyman came to his rescue. The invalid felt his hold on earthly life loosening rapidly. He knew his days were drawing to a close. Gently he communicated this truth to his weeping daughter and requested that ere he passed away, she would give him the privilege of seeing her united to the man of her choice.

At first she would not accept the fact. This "Mayblossom" of his hung her bright head and drooped at the suggestion that her beloved parent must die. She shrank from the thought, but only too soon was forced to accept it. The invisibles rapping around the

house or penciling their thoughts upon the slate only confirmed the truth; his spirit home was ready and he must go.

One beautiful day in June, the loveliness of the atmosphere caused May to induce her father to drive with her. As she turned the horses heads from the grounds she asked in those persuasive tones that we use in speaking to invalids and to delicate children. "Where would you like to go, papa, darling?"

"First to the cottage where your mother died, and then to the grave," he answered wistfully.

She touched the reins and the carriage rolled along, pausing not until they reached the pretty, little vine-covered house that the girl so well remembered. "I would like to go in," her father said, and she alighted and rapped at the door. A pleasant-looking woman appeared, to whom May softly announced her errand. "My father is an invalid, she said, "he would like to enter your home a moment. My mother died here while he was unavoidably absent from her, and he feels that he must visit the spot hallowed by her latest breath."

The good woman cheerfully bade the comers welcome, and assisting him from the vehicle, May supported the steps of her parent as they passed through the sitting-room on to the little bed-room beyond, where Alice Lyman had breathed her last. With a groan he gazed around the apartment and for a moment seemed overcome by the thoughts it awakened within him.

But in a moment he rallied, and with a bow and word of thanks to the landlady he passed out. "Had you not better defer the other drive till another day, Papa?" anxiously questioned his daughter.

But, no, he must see the last resting place of the form he so tenderly loved, and so they drove to the quiet churchyard, where beneath a low mound, green with the tendrils of young myrtle that covered it, lay what little mortal remnants there were of the beautiful wife and mother of these pilgrims. A simple slab of purest marble rose at the head of the grave, upon it was carved a lyre with one string broken, and the words, "Mother, she sings a song in heaven." This had been raised by the Blunts, in behalf of their foster child, in the days when her early grief at a mother's loss had been inconsolable.

The invalid insisted on getting out of the carriage and seating himself at the grave. For many minutes he bowed over that lowly mound in silent prayer, then signified his desire to be taken home, first plucking a sprig of the myrtle and placing it in his bosom.

During the slow drive, Henry Lyman exacted a promise from his daughter, to see his remains placed beside her mother when he passed away. He was weak and faint and obliged to retire at once on his arrival at Mossbank, nor did he appear again that day.

but at evening sent for his friends, where in their presence he implored his child to hasten her wedding preparations that he might see her made a wife at once.

Overcome by the sight of his weakening frame and pallid face, the girl promised all her father required, and thus it happened to the joy of Frank Thornton, the content of his parents, and the peace of the invalid father, that the last day of June witnessed a quiet wedding ceremony in the drawing-room at Mossbank.

Only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties and the family of the officiating clergymen were present. The bride attired in a spotless robe of white satin and lace, was given away by her father, who had been brought down in the arms of a stalwart man servant, for already he was too weak to support himself. The groom, handsome and manly and grand, seemed never so noble and worthy of his fate as at this most auspicious moment of his life.

The ceremony was performed by—whom do you think? None other than the Rev. George Ferguson of Cloverdale. Some days before this wedding morn, the Reverend gentleman with his wife and daughter had arrived at Mossbank to pay a farewell visit to the friend of his youth.

On their first arrival at Massachusetts, Henry Lyman had requested his daughter to write a long letter for him to his old friend, telling of his continued existence and of the restoration of his child. In answer to this there had come a quick, glad response, full of hope and congratulation and cheer, together with a cordial invitation to the invalid to come to Cloverdale and make it his home. This, of course, could not be accepted, but it established a line of communication between the long-parted school friends that nothing could interrupt.

When he found his days declining, Henry Lyman expressed a wish to once more meet his old friend, and accordingly, with the sanction of her foster parents, May dispatched a letter to Mr. Ferguson, informing him of the precarious state of her father's health and imploring the clergyman to hasten to his side. "He would like very much to have your wife and daughter come too," she wrote. "Father remembers them so well and wishes me to meet them. He tells me Mrs. Ferguson was the early intimate friend of my dear mother, and it would give me great happiness to welcome her to my home."

A few days later the Reverend gentleman and his ladies arrived, meeting with a warm reception from the inmates of Mossbank.

The minister had grown grayer and stouter than in former years, but the kindly beaming of eyes had not changed. Mrs. Nellie, too, had aged somewhat, but the beauty of her smile and the vivaciousness of her manner had not departed, while their daughter appeared now in looks and mien precisely as

her mother had done twenty years before.

The meeting between the old classmates was an affecting one; each had changed, each had much to tell. The story of the erring and repentant one was given in all its details to his friend who judged mercifully and kindly. That of the minister was more simple.

He had grown, that was the best he could say." He had read good and progressive works, visited cities where the best thought is spoken, to listen to the ripening convictions of more profound minds. He had long since parted with his old ideas of the God-head, of heaven and hell, and though he still preached in an orthodox pulpit his sermons were such as the most liberal Unitarian might accept as a part of his creed.

As his views broadened and gained expression Mr. Ferguson had noticed a disaffection among the older members of his flock and so had quietly tendered the resignation of his pastorate. This had been accepted by the bigots of his congregation, amid the protests of the more liberal minority. No sooner had he withdrawn from the field than he had been waited upon by a delegation of his former parishioners who requested him to open an engagement with them to preach as they could not sit under the religious teachings of any other minister.

Accordingly, as the bigots still held the church, a hall was secured in town, from the rostrum of which the minister preached his weekly sermons of toleration and Christian charity to a satisfied and growing congregation.

Henry Lyman was deeply interested in these affairs of his old friend and the two men spent many hours in quiet conversation over them. For the first time the attention of the clergyman was deeply attracted to the mysteries of Spiritualism. The personal experiences which Henry had known in this line were disclosed to him. He desired to learn something of it for himself, and Mrs. Blunt kindly granted him a seance, the result of which satisfied the man of the continuity of life and of the power of the dead to return and communicate with their earthly friends.

Meanwhile May was becoming acquainted with Mrs. Ferguson and her daughter. From the elder lady our heroine learned much of her own mother's girlhood and marriage, which filled her sensitive soul with gladness at having met the lady. Miss Ferguson, too, won her regard at once, for a brighter, more intelligent little lady she had never seen. This woman had been given a sound, solid education by her parents. She had not been reared in ignorance of life, and she had been prepared to take her place in the world as one of its workers when the need should come. She had been a daily governess in a number of wealthy families near her father's home, but now the little woman was projecting the plan of opening a kindergarten

school for the very young, and her mind was full of the interesting problem of how she could give the kind of instruction needed by the children of the poor, and yet make her work sufficiently remunerative to clear its necessary expenses. Miss Ferguson found a ready listener in May, and to her the woman confided her hopes and plans without fear of discouragement.

And now as we have explained how it happened that George Ferguson was the officiating clergyman at the marriage rites of Frank Thornton and Mary Alicia Lyman, we will hasten on to the conclusion of our story.

The newly wedded pair did not leave Mossbank for any wedding tour. The angel of death had spread its bright wings over that peaceful abode, and all who lingered there knew that soon its stroke would fall. How then could the beautiful bride who loved him so well think of leaving the parent whose hours were told, even to be alone with the husband who had won her heart.

Softly and peacefully the arrow fell, smiting the breast of the stricken man, just as the hands of the clock marked the birth of a new day. It had been a glorious summer night with just enough breeze to relieve oppressiveness; the perfume of flowers stole in at the opened window, while the clear light of a radiant moon fell across the bed. He was sitting upon it propped up by pillows, his hand resting upon the head of his beloved child who knelt beside him, when a shower of tiny raps fell upon the floor, the bed and even upon the clasped hands of the two. They seemed to ring with triumph, so jubilant did they sound, and an expression of deep peace stole over the face of the dying man. Close to his young wife knelt Lawyer Thornton, while at the other side of the bed stood George Ferguson, with Mr. and Mrs. Blunt by his side. As the significant taps increased, the sufferer raised his eyes as if to take in some glorious vision unseen to the others, and with the words, "She has come, my angel is here. She—" he sank into that perfect repose of death that is but the foretaste of eternal life.

It had been his old friends' request that Mr. Ferguson conduct the services over his remains, and in due course of time this loving task was rendered.

A more spiritual and truly consoling funeral discourse had never been uttered than that delivered above the still form and placid features of all that was mortal of Henry Lyman; while the gentle raps heard upon the casket lid, both at the house and at the grave where it was lowered beside that other green sown mound, attested to the presence and approval of loving angel friends.

Eleven months have passed since occurred the events recorded above. Again has a buddingspring rolled into blooming summer. A little party is assembled in the pretty parlor of a modest house at Cloverdale. We look

and recognize first our old friends Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson and their hard-working daughter. This is their home, and though simple in furnishing, filled with the light of peace and true harmony. Their guests are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thornton, the latter looking as bright and charming as ever, the former as dignified and as manly.

Mrs. Frank has recently arrived at the responsible age of twenty-one, and has now taken occasion to pay a long-promised visit to her Cloverdale friends, and at the same time look after the little inheritance which her clergyman friend has so long held in trust. In company with her husband and Mr. Ferguson the lady has just been paying a visit to her grandfather's old home. She found it a quaint old-fashioned house, filled with nooks and crannies, but its chief charm to her lay in the fact that it was the birth-place of her mother. The house, though small was surrounded by ample grounds, and Mrs. Thornton had seized upon that fact to open a plan which had fastened in her mind.

It was to establish Mr. Ferguson in the little, old house, and to build for him on the land adjoining a substantial building, the body of which should furnish a comfortable auditorium, and the lower portion, a school-room. The minister should furnish the building according to his own ideas; he to occupy the upper part with his audiences, whenever he chose to deliver a sermon to them; his daughter to fill the school-house with her kindergarten pupils. The property to be furnished them free of all rental provided they keep it in order.

These plans were listened to with amazement by the Fergusons, but not so by Lawyer Thornton, who caught them up and promised to put them into immediate execution. We cannot depict the gratitude of George Ferguson and his child when assured that their respective dreams of usefulness were about to be fulfilled. By the generosity of these young friends, all such restrictions as had hampered them in their work were about to be removed, and the needs of Cloverdale for both a liberal place of assembly, and a school-house upon an improved plan of study for the young supplied.

The Thorntons tarried a few days with their friends, and before their departure the details of the work were not only laid out, but a contractor had been engaged to enter upon it at once. So well did it progress that before another spring, the commodious building was completed and furnished. Mr. and Mrs. Thornton senior, with the young lawyer and his wife, also accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Blunt came on to the dedication. In his opening address, the minister emphasized the fact that the temple was established for the dissemination of spiritual knowledge and the maintenance of liberal thought, which was responded to by the plaudits of the sect, and the soft, expressive

raps of the invisible assembly. Mrs. Frank Thornton volunteered her services in contributing to the musical exercises of the evening, and as her glorious voice rang forth in tones of triumph or sank in notes of praise, the audience rose in one mass and stood as if listening to the music of an angel.

Our friends did not return to their homes for a few days, but tarried with the minister and his family to attend his opening service the following Sunday at the new hall, and listen to his sermon on "Angel Ministry," as well as to be present at the opening exercises of the kindergarten school on the succeeding Monday morning.

Both these plans were successfully executed, and it was with the greatest satisfaction that father and daughter received the commendation of their guests on the good work they had entered upon.

The train that bore the visiting party from Cloverdale, also held a large box, the property of Mrs. Frank Thornton. During her recent visit Mrs. Ferguson had mentioned this box, which nearly eighteen years before had been sent to them for "Mary Alicia Lyman." It was brought down and opened and its owner found it contained, wrapped in silver paper, an elegant robe of white silk and lace, together with a handful of dried rose leaves, that had fallen from their stems, and was told by her hostess who recognized the garment, that it was her mother's wedding dress. Beneath this garment were other laces and fans and trinkets; relics of a past splendor and a buried life. Reverently the young wife refolded the mementoes of her mother, and placing them in the box, gave orders that it should be expressed to her home at Mossbank.

And now our story is done. Its aim has been to show that although one has entered upon crooked paths of sin, he may yet find his way out to the straight road of righteousness, if he but desire and work for atonement; and that no life can sink into vice, nor rise to heights of purity without involving their lives and bearing other destinies along with its own.

There is nothing more to be told. Those with whom our sympathies have rested are happy and prosperous. Secure in the love of her foster parents, and resting content in the successful career of her beloved husband, who in turn is devotedly attached to his gifted wife, the heroine of our tale continues to reside at Mossbank, although every day or two brings her into the home of her husband's parents, who love her as their own child.

George Ferguson continues to minister to the spiritual needs of the enquiring minds of those who flock around him. His genial wife still presides with all the grace of former years, over her little home, while their daughter is still the faithful instructress who spares no pains with her pupils but who doeth her best in starting them well upon the road to knowledge.

Above and overall watch the blessed spirits of those, who, tried through suffering, have ascended to their heavenly home. Patient Alice, purified Henry, saintly Mrs. Graham and angelic little Cora, with hosts of other happy souls, cast their ministrations over the lives of their loved ones on earth, leading them consciously onward toward a diviner road and a more heavenly life.

(The End.)

### The Snow Plant.

BY MRS. M. A. W. MAYO.

The snow plant is a native of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and attracts the attention of the tourist or whoever may be fortunate enough to find one. The scientific name of the plant or flower is *Sarcodes Sanquinæ*, meaning "blooded flesh." May and June are its months of blossoming, and it is found where the snow lies deepest in winter, and where the tall grass grows and casts an unbroken shade. The plant itself is from four to ten inches in height, and is of a bright scarlet color, including leaves and flowers, although the stem or stalk is pink and white. The flowers are attached close to the stem, and the ribbon-like leaves curl over and around, partially hiding them, giving them a very graceful appearance, the whole being somewhat in form of a cone. The leaves have a delicate frost-like edge, which makes them externally beautiful.

How these plants grow is not known to botanists, as they are neither seed nor bulb. They are supposed to be parasitic and cannot be propagated. Localities where they are abundant one season may not produce a single specimen the next.

A beautiful Indian legend is connected with the origin of the flower, which is to the effect that once upon a time a lovely Indian maiden died of a broken heart on account of the faithlessness of her lover; that her spirit sought refuge in the darkest nooks in the forest, where sounds of her sobbing and wailing are frequently heard among the trees; that the tears she sheds are drops of blood, and whenever one of these touches the earth there springs up a crimson plant.

### Bought a Husband.

The lady in Washington who bought a husband for \$100,000 in consideration of his devoting the whole of every evening to the game of whist will probably not have many imitators. But if she does have any the husbands will probably be forthcoming, especially if the other brides, like this one, are seventy years old. Even supposing she should live to play whist ten years more, that would only be 3,650 evenings, including Sundays, and the rate of pay would be about \$27.40 per night—not bad wages, even for a good whist player.—*Epoch*.

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SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 19, 1888.

### WHERE ARE THE CHARITABLE?

In our issue of April 28th was an appeal to the charitable and philanthropic Spiritualists of this city, in aid of an old and worthy Spiritualist, who is an inmate of the poorhouse at San Andreas, Calaveras county. His letter asking for assistance was published, and we hoped would receive a generous response, and steps be taken immediately to remove the old man from his uncongenial quarters to a more suitable home. In this respect we have over-estimated the extent of native San Francisco charity, of which we read so much and see so little. The responses to that appeal have, so far, come from abroad, and should put to shame those in our midst, who have the means but lack the inclination to do this most worthy deed. The following letter just received from a Boston lady, whose name we do not feel at liberty to give without the writer's consent, should have the effect of arousing the careless and indifferent to a realization of the situation, and result in the accomplishment of the desired end:

MY DEAR MRS. SCHLESINGER: In the April 28th issue of your valuable magazine I have read the editorial entitled "Who Will Help Him?" referring to the case of the aged Mr. Hinkson. I would like to know if there is any movement started to remove the gentleman from the poorhouse to more independent quarters, or if you are intending to take contributions toward that object? If so, I wish to add my mite and you may put me down for ten dollars.

It may be however that you have some other plan in view in regard to Mr. Hinkson, but whatever it may prove I would like to learn of it and assist if possible.

I can understand how unwise it would be to remove the old gentleman from even the humble and unhappy shelter of the poorhouse, unless a sufficient sum can be guaran-

teed for his support, for otherwise he might be stranded helpless and destitute upon the world; but if anything can be done in this line I shall be pleased to lend it my sympathy and aid.

With best wishes and regards for you in all good work I remain, your Sister in the Cause of Truth.

In reply to the above letter, we would say, that any contributions sent to the editress of this journal, will be put into the hands of a committee, who will faithfully carry out the instructions of the donors regarding the best methods of applying them for the relief of this most worthy old man.

Other letters of inquiry concerning the matter are omitted for lack of space.

### ANGEL GUARDIANS.

Around us daily, in our homes, in the street, everywhere, are those who have laid aside the mortal and put on immortality. They whisper words of comfort in our sorrow, they rejoice when we are glad, they aid and strengthen us when we are weak, they counsel and advise us when beset with difficulties and uncertainty, and at all times and under all circumstances they are like the shadow of a great rock in the desert, and the strong supporting arm, upon which we can always lean and trust. They can sympathize with us, for they have also suffered: they can rejoice with us, for they have learned the value of happiness; they can help us climb the mountain, for they have attained the height: they can teach us, for experience has made them masters of the lessons we are striving to learn; they can safely lead, for they have traveled the same thorny way before us; and when in our times of need we cry out for invisible aid, to whom could we appeal with such assurance that they would hasten to succor and save, as to the dear ones who loved and cherished us when here in the mortal?

### DR. J. V. MANSFIELD.

The world-renowned medium, Dr. J. V. Mansfield, of Boston, arrived in this city last week, and is the guest of his old friend, Dr. L. Schlesinger. He will be present during the State Camp Meeting in Oakland next month, after which he will be located in this city for a time. The Doctor says his mediumistic powers were never better than at the present time, and although seventy-three years of age, he is hale and hearty, owing to his strictly temperate habits, and abstinence from tobacco and all alcoholic beverages. He is a living refutation of the claim of some Spiritualists that to be a medium one must necessarily give up his individuality and become the irresponsible nonentity, full of weaknesses, faults and follies, which unfortunately characterizes too great a number of the human family among those who are not mediums as well as those who are.

We are glad to welcome this pioneer in the cause among us, and hope that our beautiful country and delightful climate, and the many grand souls in our ranks will so contribute to his comfort and happiness that he will stay with us always.

### MRS. E. L. WATSON'S BASKET PICNIC AT SUNNY BRAE.

Thursday, May 10th, was a red-letter day with the Spiritualists of this vicinity and Santa Clara county. Upon that day the basket picnic, given at her residence, Sunny Brae, seven miles from the city of Santa Clara, by Mrs. Elizabeth L. Watson, in honor of Mr. J. J. Morse and family, was most successfully and gloriously carried out. The weather was indeed lovely, and everything in nature was in keeping with the joyous occasion. At 8:30 A. M. a large number of San Francisco Spiritualists, including most of the more active workers at the Metropolitan Temple, with a contingent from Oakland, departed from this city, via the Southern Pacific Road, en route to Sunny Brae. Arriving at Santa Clara, the happy party were thence conveyed to Mrs. Watson's beautiful home by a number of carryalls provided by her for the purpose. Arriving at Sunny Brae, we found already assembled there a vast throng from San Jose, Santa Clara, and other localities in the adjacent neighborhood,—the entire number on the spacious grounds, including those from San Francisco and vicinity, being in all over two hundred. The loveliness and sweetness of Mrs. Watson's home and its surroundings, including twenty-six acres of land under successful fruit cultivation by herself and son, was the subject of universal remark. It seemed truly a veritable little paradise, and loth were its visitants to tear themselves away from its beauties when the period, all-too-quickly arrived, came for their departure.

After warm greetings from the smiling hostess, the contents of the many lunch-baskets, brought there by the lady-guests, were speedily deposited upon the long tables stationed under the over-spreading branches of the stately trees environing the central mansion; and one and all, male and female, men, women, and children, were soon engaged in the discussion of the savory viands so bounteously provided. Tea, coffee, ice-cream, and lemonade were supplied to everybody by Mrs. Watson,—being handed around by Miss Mina Robinson, Miss Florence Morse, Miss Bonnie Stitt, Miss Lulu Watson, and other young ladies, all of whom made charming Hebes. It was noticed that these maidens as well as many other ladies present, both in the afternoon and evening, were tastily arrayed in simple white dresses, making a pleasing contrast to the dark costumes almost universally utilized by the ladies in San Francisco in summer as in winter.

After the luncheon had been disposed of, music, singing, croquet-playing, promenading, social converse, etc., engaged the attention of the multitude until two o'clock; at which time the assembly was called to order, from the porch or veranda, by the President of the Golden Gate Society, Mr. W. E. Coleman, who made a few introductory remarks stating his pleasure at being present upon that happy occasion, and that although he had been repeatedly invited to visit Sunny Brae, press o

work had always prevented; but at this time he had determined to lay all other matters aside and join the happy crowd. He had heard much of the beauties and attractions of that home, and was thankful the occasion for taking a peep at its charms had at last arrived. The picnic was given he said, by one royal soul, Mrs. E. L. Watson, to another royal soul, J. J. Morse; that under her own vine and fig tree the friends might give greeting to her faithful co-laborer in rational spiritual endeavor.

Mr. Coleman paid a glowing tribute to the services of these two inspired teachers, saying that nowhere in America did he know of their superiors upon the spiritual rostrum, and deeply deplored the departure of Brother Morse from this coast. At the conclusion of his remarks, he introduced Mr. Morse, who spoke in his usual eloquent and felicitous manner. He expressed the great pleasure of himself and family in enjoying the hospitalities of this paradise, the little garden of Eden, of Sister Watson; he spoke of his regret at being compelled so soon to tear himself away from the many California friends who had endeared themselves to him; and the memory of his sojourn on the Pacific Coast would ever abide with him, and he should always look back to this tenth of May with pride and pleasure. He made fitting allusion to the stars and stripes under whose protecting ægis we were then standing (a handsome American flag was swelling with the breeze just above the heads of the listeners),—that flag he said was the emblem of all that was noble and good in this great republic. He also referred to his own native land, England, and of the fraternal ties that unite in peace the two countries. The closing remarks were made by Mrs. Watson, and were of more than usual eloquence and beauty. She paid well-merited tribute to the zeal, efficiency, and power for good of her co-laborer, Mr. Morse, and expressed her regret at the prospect of his early departure from our midst. The invaluable assistance rendered Mr. Morse by his wife and daughter were also pleasingly alluded to. She likewise reminded her hearers of the gratitude due to those faithful workers who had made the Temple meetings a success, and congratulated the society upon the election of its new president; and thanked the good friends, one and all, for their attendance upon that occasion.

At about 3.30 P. M., most of the San Francisco guests were forced to bid farewell to Sunny Brae and its charming hostess, in order to catch the train for the city. At a later hour in the afternoon the guests from San Jose and neighboring localities wended their way homeward.

During the afternoon dancing was indulged in, in the large dining-hall. In the evening a large number of young people arrived, who live in the neighborhood of Mrs. Watson. Over fifty were present, and dancing was kept up until after twelve o'clock; and about 10:30 ice cream

cake, and lemonade were handed around. Most excellent music for the dancing was supplied by Professor Schwartz and wife, of San Jose, and their assistants. Mrs. Schwartz is an active Spiritualistic worker in San Jose.

A most delightful time was experienced by everybody during the evening. In fact, from first to last, this was a gala day indeed,—one of those exceptional days occurring but rarely in a life-time. The heartfelt thanks of every one present are due Mrs. Watson for the grand, good time enjoyed on this day of days. May happiness and peace ever attend her!

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

## Ships.

"Speak thy thought out boldly and bravely,  
Fear not old Opinion's saws;  
What thy soul in clearer vision  
Sees revealed in higher laws,  
Speak out loudly, now and ever,  
Though all men should hate thy cause."

No man ever yet failed till he lost confidence in himself.

Miss Booth of *Harper's Bazaar* is credited with earning \$5,000 a year translating, besides her \$8,000 as editor.

As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool; but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.

A splendid cosmetic is the meal of common almonds rubbed into the flesh. It is also a preventive of wrinkles.

Mrs. Garrett Anderson, the leading woman physician of England, makes an income of ten thousand pounds a year.

A woman has been elected to the Boston School Board. She is Mrs. Dr. Caroline E. Hastings, and she succeeds John C. Crowley, the fugitive lawyer.

Mme. Sollier, a beautiful mulatto woman, the wife of a French professor, has passed her examinations and has been received as a doctor of the Paris faculty.

Regenerated parenthood is the need of the race. A parenthood moved up into the mind and spirit and soul power that lifts humanity towards its ultimate grand proportions.—*Lucinda B. Chandler.*

It is in knowledge as in swimming—he who flounders and splashes on the surface makes more noise and attracts more attention than the pearl diver who quietly dives in quest of treasures to the bottom.

The interesting serial, "Crooked Paths," which was commenced in our holiday issue is concluded in this number. Our many readers will regret to part company here with the talented authoress and gifted medium, Miss M. T. Shelhamer, and we know that we but echo their sentiments in saying that we trust the dear lady will continue to favor us with contributions from her pen whenever time and opportunity will permit.

Mrs. M. E. Thayer, formerly librarian at the Metropolitan Temple, has received her commission as Postmistress at Pine City, Mariposa county, Cal., and commences her duties in that office at once. Her health is much improved in the fine mountain air, amid the pine trees.

Again we have been obliged to defer our Children's Department, on account of making room for other matter which was waiting. We hope to soon arrange the order of contents so that a greater variety will be given in each number. Our correspondents will please remember this and condense as much as possible.

A very excellent and appreciative review of J. J. Morse's "Practical Occultism," by the talented English writer, "M. A. (Oxon)," has lately appeared in the pages of *Light*, London, Eng. It occupied nearly six columns of the journal, and ran through two weeks' issues. The able reviewer cordially commends the book to all English Spiritualists.

The letter of J. Emmett Smith, of San Diego, which appears in our Correspondence Department, asking for information concerning the organization of children's lyceums, should receive the attention of our lyceum workers, whose experience will enable them to advise intelligently concerning the matter. We have a number of such people in this city who have been many years engaged in this noble service and trust they will at once communicate with Mr. Smith. In two weeks we shall present the history of lyceum work in England which will prove of great use and interest to all.

No English writer touching upon American customs has excited more amusement than the woman who says in the *Nineteenth Century* magazine that in San Francisco murder and divorce are of daily occurrence, and that religion and morality are unknown. The statements that the natives of the city wear pigtails, and that the street cars go up and down hill at the same speed without propulsion, would serve equally well to illustrate the accuracy of the author's observing powers. San Francisco lacks prudishness, but the "maiden tribute" business has not yet, as in some centers of English population, attained the distinction of a local industry.—*Freethought.*

We prefer one fact to all the faith that ever blindfolded the race and filled the world with bloodshed. For frightful centuries faith ruled supreme. Her temples were "carpeted with knees," her dungeons filled with the discoveries of new facts. Through that long and dreary period known as the Dark Ages she extinguished the lights of learning in Europe. For fifteen hundred years she claimed the conscience of mankind to creeds, and destroyed all who dared to think. The world has had quite enough of her blind barbaric rule. The desire of to-day is for demonstrated facts. One fact in the scale of science outweighs all the relics and rituals of the religious world.—*Thought of the Times.*

Our sketches of California scenery are concluded in this issue of the DOVE and next week we will give a fine lithograph, of which we have a number already prepared, of prominent mediums and speakers.

*Thought of the Times* for May is at hand, and is sparkling and brimming over with bright new thoughts. It is one of the most wide-awake progressive journals published. All married people should read it.

## Spiritual Meetings.

### SAN FRANCISCO.

#### METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

A wide variety of questions was submitted to the control of Mr. J. J. Morse, at Metropolitan Temple, on Sunday last, among which were: "How is the spiritual body nourished? Where is the spirit world? What is the influence of Jesuit spirits upon the movement? What are our duties towards our fellows? etc., all of which elicited very able and satisfactory replies.

At the evening service there was another large gathering, to whom the control discoursed upon "Crime and criminals as viewed by the spirits," in a manner that won the closest attention and deepest sympathies of all present. The basic arguments presented were, that criminals were persons who were mentally, morally and physically diseased, and that reform and restraint not mere punishment alone were the proper methods of dealing with these diseased members of the community. Various illustrations, apt in character and able in presentation, ran through the lecture which was deeply interesting from first to last.

The vocal solos were rendered by Miss E. Beresford Joy, in her usual charming manner, Senor Arrillaga accompanying her.

Next Sunday is the last but one of Mr. Morse's engagement here, and in the morning there will be, as usual, opportunities for presenting questions to his control. At the evening service a very interesting lecture has been promised by the control, who will narrate some of his experiences in earth and spirit life, and also the incidents of his death and entrance to spirit land, and various particulars of his progress therein.

On the following Sunday, the 27th inst., a grand farewell service to Mr. Morse will be held at night, in which Mrs. E. L. Watson will take part.

#### WASHINGTON HALL.

The usual exercises were opened on Sunday last by the President, Jno. A. Collins, who announced the subject for consideration to be Woman Suffrage.

Mrs. M. J. Hendee made the opening address and was followed by Mr. Bouton, Mrs. Dr. Thompson, Mr. Mills, Mrs. Scott Briggs and Mrs. Brewster. Mr. Collins intro-

duced Dr. J. V. Mansfield of Boston, the veteran writing medium, who has just arrived in this city. Dr. Mansfield stated that he had been a medium thirty-nine years and was now seventy-three years of age and still in the work.

It was decided by a vote of the audience that the subject be continued next Sunday. The large attendance shows the increasing interest in these meetings. The public are cordially invited and the doors are open free to all.

#### MRS. ADA FOYE'S MEETINGS.

A fine, intellectual audience crowded Washington Hall last Sunday evening, to receive the weekly allowance of spiritual food dealt out generously by Mrs. Ada Foye. The remarks by Judge Swift and W. H. Mills were greatly appreciated, and were followed by a conference which allowed the audience to propound many interesting questions that were ably answered. The services closed with one of Mrs. Foye's remarkable seances, during which many startling tests were given. These meetings are creating wide-spread interest and cannot fail to do great good. They will be continued every Sunday evening.

#### OAKLAND.

#### FRATERNITY HALL.

We had a large attendance yesterday afternoon and a very interesting meeting, and last night the hall was full to the utmost. Mrs. Cowell not being well, Dr. McSorley spoke and the audience was well pleased with him. Lizzie Plimley drew a picture under control. Mrs. Seal will speak for us next Sunday. We also have quite a large lyceum now and the children are doing well. E. E. T.

## Correspondence.

Editor CARRIER DOVE: Being desirous of organizing a childrens' lyceum in our city, I come to you for information relative to the best means of conducting the same, and of creating and maintaining an interest therein.

This is a work that is certainly much needed; and it is, also, just as certainly as much neglected.

I have long waited and hoped that more able hands than mine, more comprehensive minds than I possess, would lay hold of the work, and evolve a system of conducting such an important work that would prove so entertaining to both old and young, that public interest therein could be positively relied on, to ever sustain and promote this all important, educational training of the minds of the youth in the principles of liberalism, be they the children of Agnostics, or Spiritualists.

Any information, or suggestion that is deemed good by those experienced in such work, or others; either through the columns

of the DOVE or by private correspondence will be gladly welcomed and appreciated.

If you know of any one in your city who is successful as a leader in lyceum work, will you please be kind enough to hand this letter to them.

Hoping I have not trespassed too much upon your time, I remain earnestly,

J. EMMETT SMITH.

761—12th st., SAN DIEGO, Cal., May 8, 1888.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Five months ago this week, one of our local preachers delivered a discourse here in the Avon Theatre, which he no doubt calculated would sound the death-knell to Spiritualism. To-day it is no exaggeration to say that twice as many people here are interested in the discussion of the subject as there were before that memorable discourse which said, "no one ever saw a spirit, heard a spirit rap or got a spirit message; that Spiritualism was an enemy to good morals and held the marriage relation to be the curse of civilization," and many other equally erroneous charges. While his discourse turned no believers away from Spiritualism, it and the discussions that have since followed have caused many to investigate its claims, and only one result usually follows an honest, earnest investigation of this subject, and that is conviction of the truth of its claims.

We should not charge or credit the parson with producing all the results directly, for the most important factor in the case has been the visit of a number of San Francisco mediums to our city since his discourse.

Of this number was Dr. Schlesinger, who made us a brief visit and we were only sorry it could not have been prolonged, but short as his visit was it was not without its lasting effects.

One of our real estate brokers told me he got most remarkable tests through him, which convinced his wife who is a member of the Presbyterian Church, of the fact of spirit return. Another case was of an elderly gentleman who had just returned from San Francisco, having had sittings with two of the best mediums, and came away with an unsolved mystery. I advised him to try the Doctor, which he did, and had the case cleared up to his entire satisfaction. So enthusiastic did he feel, that he then and there invested ten dollars in CARRIER DOVES to be sent to prisons and hospitals.

Such instances, though of a personal nature, help to swell the grand total of the proofs of spirit communication.

Now, who comes next? After so much convincing phenomena, some good speaking would be in order, and I think would be appreciated. So much for Spiritualism in Stockton. Its progress in San Francisco we are all interested in, and you have no idea how pleasing it is to us of the "rural districts" to see the indications of growing harmony between the different societies there, as well as between individuals.

In the accounts of the anniversary meetings it did us good to see that Metropolitan and Washington Halls were working together for the good of the cause. We see in this an omen of future prosperity for all, and a guarantee of success at our coming camp-meeting, surpassing all previous occasions.

In proportion as this harmony is pleasing to us of the country, so do any indications of jealousy or ill nature grate harshly over our feelings, and when we come to the city put a damper on our contemplation of the beauties of our glorious philosophy.

When the speakers who have, during the past year, given out spiritual food in the city, shall depart for other fields of usefulness if they leave behind them a united body of Spiritualists, they will have performed for us all an inestimable service, and, I am glad to say that indications of such a result are favorable at the present outlook.

L. M. BOWDOIN.

STOCKTON, April 24th.

## Special Notices.

### The Psychograph or Dial Panchette.

This is the perfection of the instrument used by Prof. Robert Hare in his investigation on Spiritualism, and has gained astonishing results, both as to communications given, and development of mediumship. A well-known lady in San Francisco writes that she obtained valuable communications at the first sitting, and has by the means become a writing medium. Numerous letters of commendation might be given. The Psychograph is endorsed by such eminent writers as Dr. Samuel Watson, Dr. Eugene Crowell, Giles Stebbins, W. H. Terry of Australia, etc.

Full instructions with each instrument. It is admirably designed for the home circle. Sent post paid for \$1.00. Address, Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

### English Milk Weed.

J. H. Greensill's English Milk Weed is adding scores of lovely complexions to San Francisco's already large quota of pretty women. Its name suggests what it is, and as it contains no injurious mineral substance, it can be relied upon as being absolutely harmless. It is in powder form, delightfully perfumed, and when properly applied to the skin it is invisible and produces that soft, velvety appearance so much desired. It is cool and refreshing to the skin and stays on without permitting the face to grow shiny. Being invisible it imparts a delightful complexion without the loud, glaring artificial effect that is the inevitable result of the average cheap powders that do not assimilate with the skin. Greensill's English Milk Weed is in four colors—white, flesh, cream and pink. But one size. Price fifty cents. For sale in San Francisco at Edwin W. Joy's, 852 Market street and L. C. Ellerts, corner California and Kearny streets. See that the name is on the box; J. H. Greensill, Wellington Road, London.

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.

Shopping done for ladies out of the city. For particulars and samples address: Miss W.—618 Eddy St., S. F.

## June 3, 1888, July 1. The California Spiritualists Camp Meeting,

will be held at  
Lake Merritt Park, East Oakland, Cal.

(Same place as last year.)

Commencing on

SUNDAY, JUNE 3d, 1888.

Continuing over five Sundays.

President, I. C. STEELE, Pescadero.

### The Meetings.

Lectures, Test meetings, Conferences and Experience meetings will be held every day during each week. The very best talent has been secured.

### The Speakers.

Our foremost advocate this year is the well-known Eastern Inspirational Speaker.

MRS. R. S. LILLIE.

of Boston, Mass., who will be assisted by

J. J. MORSE,

England's Celebrated Trance Speaker, and

W. J. COLVILLE,

the Celebrated Inspirational Lecturer. With the above-named able advocates, and the services of such workers as W. W. McKaig, W. E. Coleman, J. J. Owen, Dr. C. C. Peet, Mrs. J. Schlesinger, Mrs. Sarah A. Harris, and others of our home talent, the platform will leave nothing to be desired.

### The Test Medium.

For this season the exclusive services have been secured of the celebrated and highly recommended test medium,

EDGAR W. EMERSON,

whose reputation in all the leading cities of the East justly place him in the front rank among those in his peculiar line.

NOTE: The public is informed that Mrs. Lillie and Mr. Emerson will not appear at any other place during their visit to this State. They leave the Coast immediately at the close of the camp.

DR. J. V. MANSFIELD.

(the Spirit Postmaster),

will also be with us during the camp meeting.

MRS. ADA FOYE,

will attend the Camp, giving her marvelous "ballot" seances, which have astonished and delighted thousands.

### Music.

The musical arrangements are of the most satisfactory nature, and include the services of

MR. J. T. LILLIE,

who is an able and pleasing soloist, with others whose names will be announced as soon as negotiations are completed. The San Francisco Cornet Band, brass and string, unexcelled for its rendition of pleasing selections, will furnish concerts each Sunday, both outside and inside the grand pavilion.

### Special Assemblies.

These will include a MEMORIAL Day, a CHILDREN'S Day, and a LITERARY entertainment and DANCE every Friday evening.

### A Developing Circle.

Mr. J. J. Morse will hold another of his successful Developing Circles every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings during the Camp. Fee for the series of twelve sittings \$5. No single admissions.

### Spiritual Science Classes.

A class will be held by W. J. Colville every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings during the Camp. Fee for the course of twelve lessons \$2.50. Single admissions 25 cents.

The above gentlemen have generously agreed to donate half the proceeds of their respective meetings to the funds of the Association.

### Times of Meetings.

Sunday meetings will commence at 11 A. M. and 2 and 7:30 P. M.; week day meetings will commence at 10 A. M. and 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.

### Tents.

Tents will be rented at the lowest price, which will only cover their cost to the Association.

### Restaurant.

There will be a good Restaurant upon the grounds where excellent meals can be had at a reasonable price.

Circulars and General Information can be obtained from Mr. Geo. H. Hawes, Corresponding Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

## PHYSIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL SCIENCE, The New System of Character Reading.

### Examination and Advice

UPON

Life, Health, Mind, Physiological Power, Marriage, and the General Unfoldment of Body, Mind and Soul.

GIVEN BY

J. J. MORSE, OF ENGLAND.

Mr. Morse, by his system of "Physio-Psychological Science," is able to give personal delineations, indicating the mental possibilities, spiritual development, psychic powers, bodily health, and functional capacities of those of either sex, thereby imparting sound practical advice to all consulting him upon the above matters.

### A CHART

Upon an entirely new basis, which contains a systematized statement of the organs, functions, divisions, attributes, and physio-psychological composition of the human being, has been prepared for the purpose of marking out the relative powers, capacities, characteristics and development of the individual as ascertained by the examiner; thus enabling all to obtain a tabulated statement of great value in all the relations, duties and engagements of life. With the chart is included

### THE MANUAL

Which contains a complete explanation, including a concise description of the divisions of the chart, over eighty in number, and is in all cases given with the personal examinations. It contains the chart above referred to,

### THE MARRIAGE TABLE

And the advice it presents will prove invaluable to many in the selection of their conjugal companions, and other domestic matters of importance to happiness and morality.

Mr. Morse is quite remarkable as an Inspirational Examiner; often giving very wonderful readings to those consulting him.

For a complete examination marked upon the chart and including the manual..... \$3.00

Ditto with examination and advice written out in full..... \$5.00

Examinations at all times, or by appointment, which can be made in advance, either by letter or personally, at 331 Turk Street, San Francisco, Cal.

### 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.

LECTURE NUMBER FOUR.—Magic, Sorcery and Witchcraft.

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.

The work is printed in clear, readable type, on good paper, and handsomely bound in cloth. All desiring to possess a most valuable work should send for copies at once.

For sale by CARRIER DOVE publishers, 841 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. Price One Dollar.

**A LUCKY TRIAL.**

DEAR SIR: It affords me great pleasure to send you this voluntary statement of my experience in testing the merits of Joy's Sarsaparilla. For the past five years I have been troubled with an exceedingly sluggish liver, and within the past two years it has brought within its trail a thoroughly disordered stomach, including loss of appetite and distress after eating, pains in the back and kidneys, and boils around my neck and face. I have tried several remedies which are advertised as specially for the liver, and never could get more than temporary relief of about a week or two. I was recommended to try a bottle of Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla as a test, and while taking the first bottle I became convinced of its merits for I could feel it was working a change in me. I have taken five bottles, and during that time my troubles have left me. Everything is working full and regular, in fact it has cleansed, purified and braced me up generally. I feel like a new man. You exert perfect liberty to use this as you see fit, or you can refer whom you please to

*Geo. Lee*

With Beamish, corner Third and Market streets, San Francisco.

**Ask for Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla.**

One pint of the juices of Vegetable alteratives peculiar to California, combining the most effective liver and kidney remedy, blood purifier, stomach regulator and vegetable laxative in existence. All druggists. \$1 per bottle; 6 for \$5.

**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. Arrilga, 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, 170 Superior St., every Sunday, 10:45 A. M. The public invited. E. W. Gaylord, Conductor.

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Address her at 1150 Sixth Street, Des Moines Iowa, and she will send, postage paid, on receipt of price named, *Mysteries of the Border Land and Golden Key*, or *Mysteries Beyond the Veil*, \$1.25 (600 pages.) Same in full gilt, a beautiful present for a friend, \$1.50. *The Phantom Form*, or *Experiences in Earth and Spirit Life*, 75 cts. *Quina's Canoe and Christmas Offering*, a nice present for the young, 50 cts. Lectures, poems, and answers to 50 questions by Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond, 50 cts. Same in paper 35 cts. *Joan of Arc*, or *Spiritualism in France*, 400 years ago, 35 cts. *Obituaries of Bible Characters*, an amusing and instructive book, 40 cts.

For 10 cents any of the following: *The Independent Voice*; *Common Sense on Money*; *Spiritualism What Is It?* Including a full account of Abraham Lincoln's Spiritualism, also Reports from Insane Asylums; *Twenty-sixth Anniversary Addresses* by Mrs. Richmond and Mrs. Fox, in one pamphlet; *Modern Faith, vs. Popular Thought*, a Rhythmical Anniversary Lecture by Mrs. Fox.

The following for 5 cents each, six for 25 cents: *Modern Materialization*, Answers to expositors and Fraud Hunters; *The Spiritual Philosophy—What It Is and What It Is Not*; *Relation of Modern Spiritualism to Human Progress*, etc., by J. S. Loveland; *Organization, Words of Inquiry*; *Constitution of the Iowa Conference of Spiritualists*, and other interesting matter; *The Death Penalty a Failure*; one of the most concise and best works on that subject ever published; *Leadership and Organization, Anniversary Oration*, Prof. S. B. Brittan; *God, Heaven and Hell*, In the Light of Modern Spiritualism; *Woman's Right in Government*; *Christ and the Resurrection*, In the light of Modern Spiritualism; *Spiritualism vs the Bible*; *A rare Vindication Charges of Unfair Dealings made by Jno. C. Bundy against Thos. R Hazard: the Decline of Faith.*

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